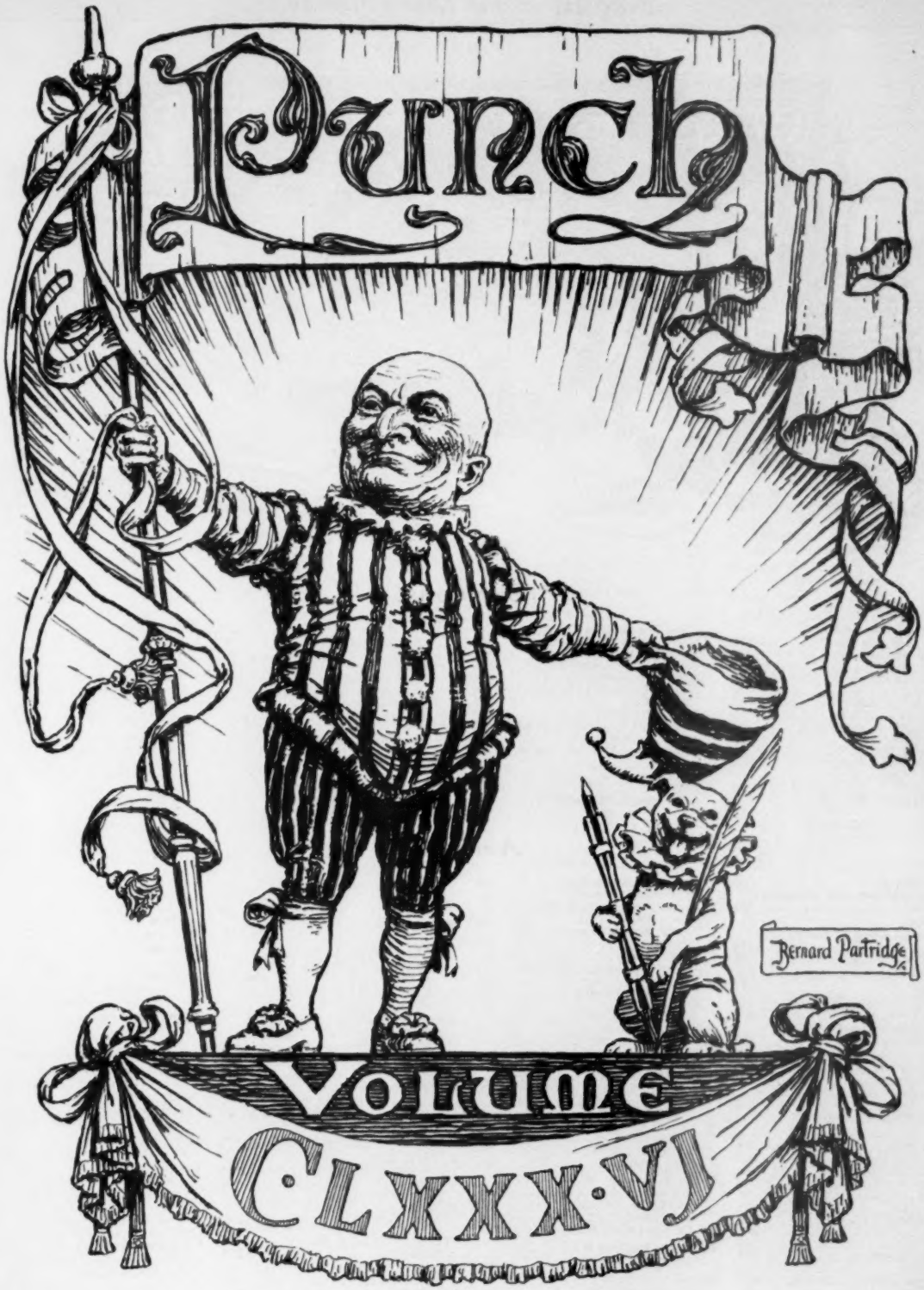


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1934





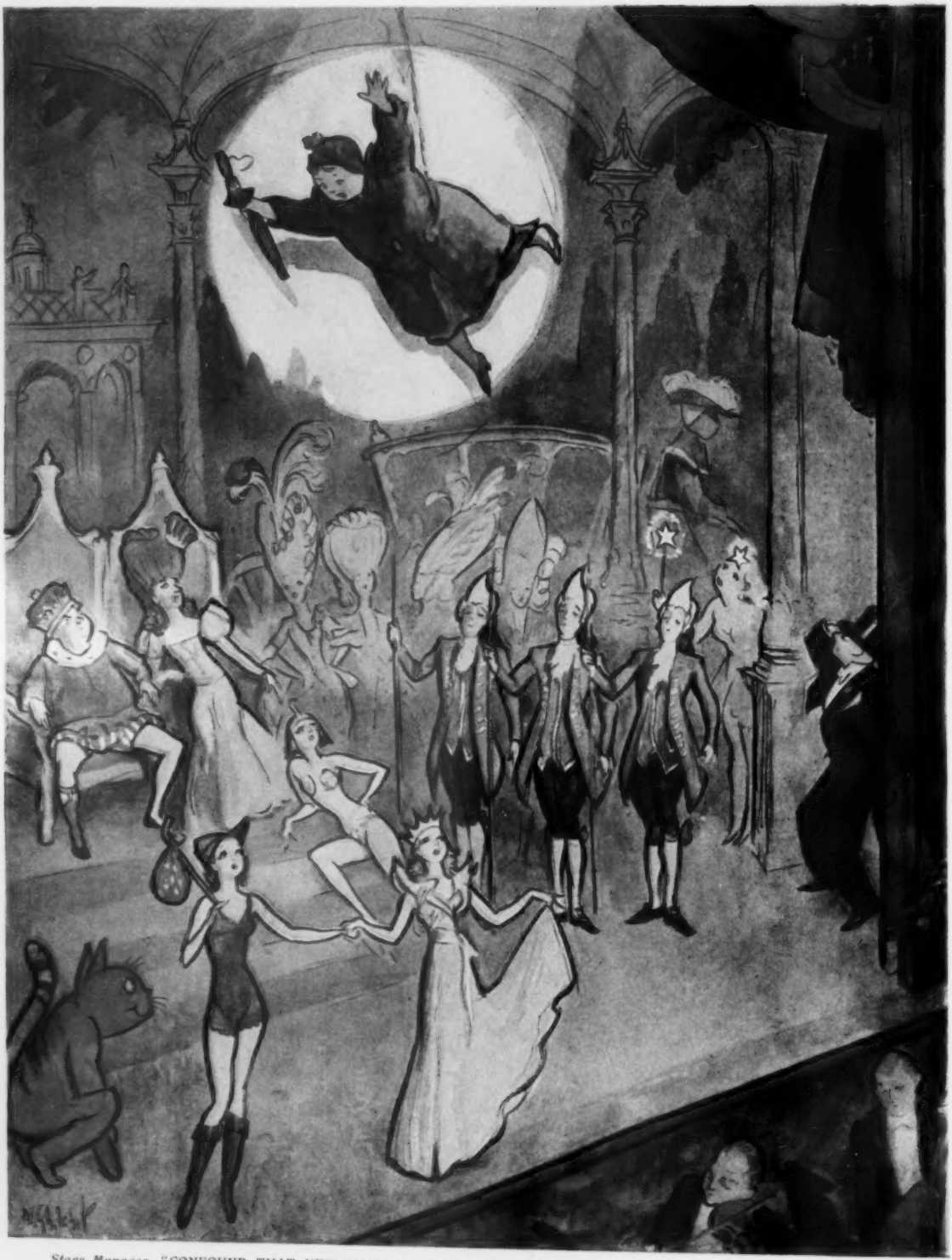
"BOAR'S 'EAD IS ALL VERY NICE AND TASTY, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO ME WORTH THE TROUBLE."



Stage Manager. "CONFOUND THAT NEW MAN! NOW HE'S HOISTED UP THE PRODUCER'S WIFE INSTEAD OF THE FAIRY QUEEN."



"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON A PRIVATE ROAD?"



Stage Manager. "CONFOUND THAT NEW MAN! NOW HE'S HOISTED UP THE PRODUCER'S WIFE INSTEAD OF THE FAIRY QUEEN."



"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON A PRIVATE ROAD?"

AQUARIUS.

In January comes the man
Who bears the giant Watering-Can;
Then down your close-shut window-panes
Stream the relentless winter rains.

PISCES.

And in the flood that follows him
The glittering Fishes idly swim—
Dispassionate, aloof, apart,
And cold as February's heart.

ARIES.

In March, when equinoctial gales
Flutter the catkins' golden tails,
Comes Aries, the Ram of Rams,
And watches o'er the skipping lambs.

TAURUS.

When April's hands with flowers are full
Appears the black and burly Bull;
He walks unchallenged on the hills
And browses mid the daffodils.

GEMINI.

And next the blesséd reign begins
Of those arch-rogues, the Heavenly Twins;
A thousand childish pranks they play
Under the loaded boughs of May.

CANCER.

Then comes the sideways scuttling Crab
With cunning claws outstretched to grab
Incautious heels, unwary toes—
For June hides thorns in every rose.







LEO.

Through the dark thickets of July
A sultry roaring sound draws nigh.
"Thunder!" say some; but others swear
They saw the Lion leave his lair.

VIRGO.

Next comes a Maiden, brown as berry,
Bidding all maids and men make merry
And run together, hand in hand,
Along the golden August sand.

LIBRA.

And now, beneath an orange moon,
With clinking can and rousing tune
We weigh upon September's Scales
The gathered harvest of the dales.

SCORPIO.

October's face, benign and mellow,
Turns nuts to brown and leaves to yellow;
But (like the Scorpion, sting in tail)
He ends with frost and scourging hail.

SAGITTARIUS.

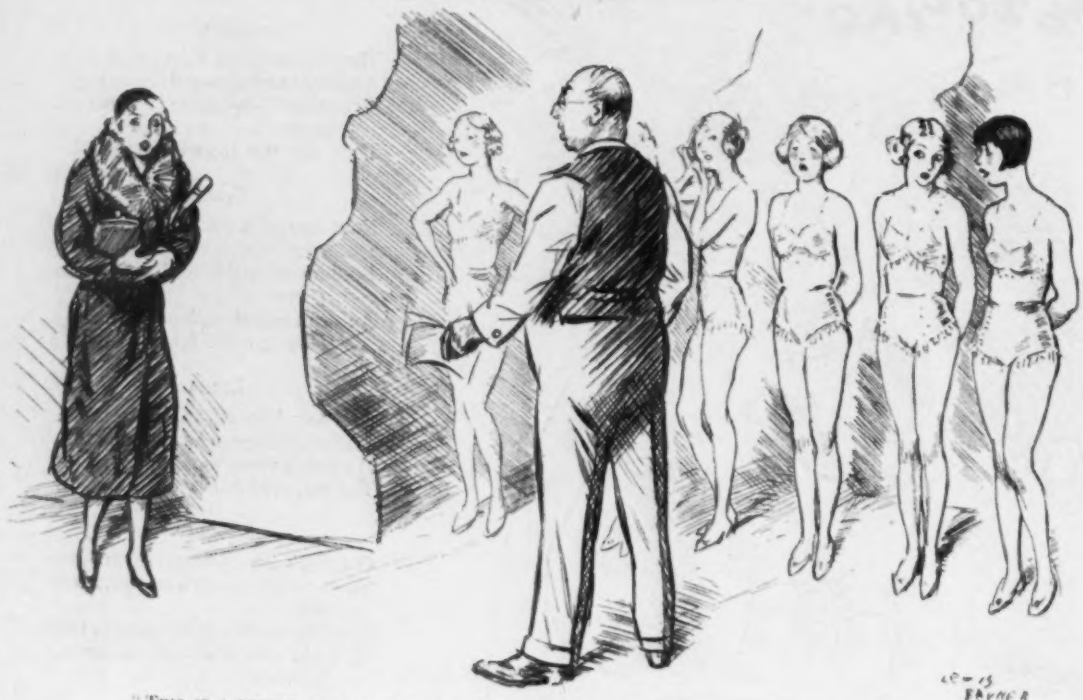
November's Archer next we see
Shoot down the leaves from every tree.
(Straight as an arrow from the bow
From dyke to fence the plough must go.)

CAPRICORNUS.

Last comes the Goat, that sapient fool,
Lord of carousal and misrule,
Skipping with quite impartial mirth
O'er Old Year's death and New Year's birth. JAN.



THE PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.



"THIS IS A PRETTY WAY TO APPEAR! I THOUGHT I SAID 10.30 ON THE STAGE—DRESSED."

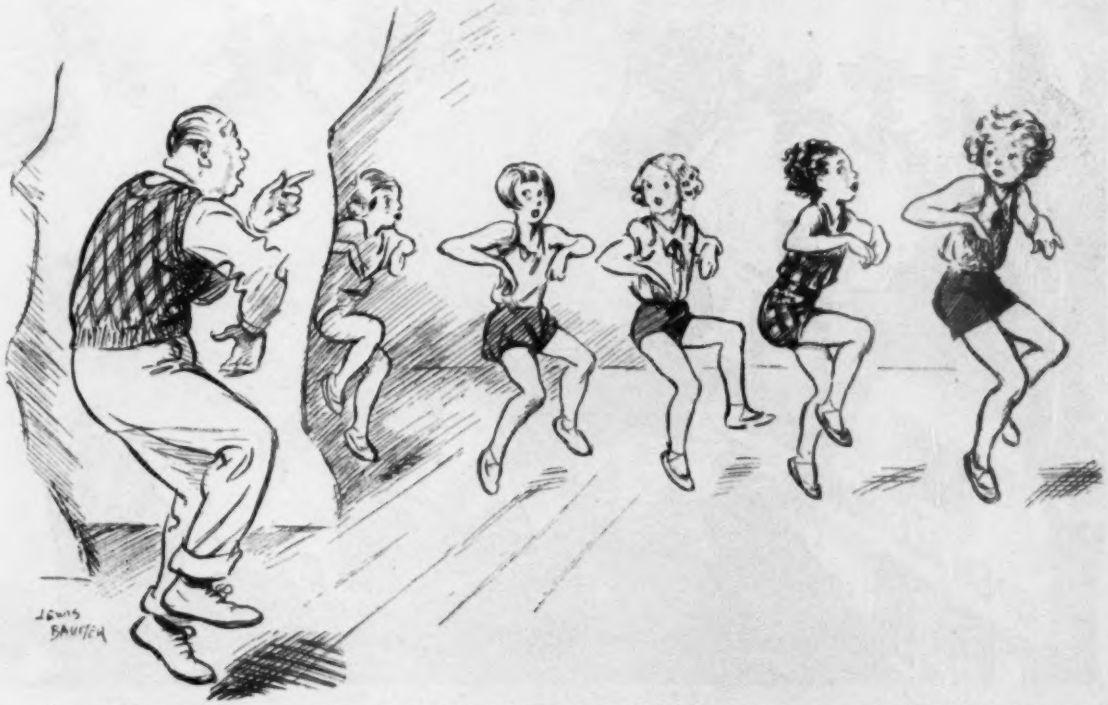


The Cat. "I SAY, HOW ABOUT HAVING THE MUSIC A BIT SLOWER FOR MY EMOTIONAL BIT?"

THE PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.



"NOW LOOK HERE, FAIRY QUEEN, YOU SAY YOUR LINES ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU MUST GET MORE ACTION INTO IT. WHEN YOU BLESS, HOLD YOUR WAND IN YOUR RIGHT HAND; AND WHEN YOU CURSE, SHIFT IT OVER TO THE LEFT—SEE?—

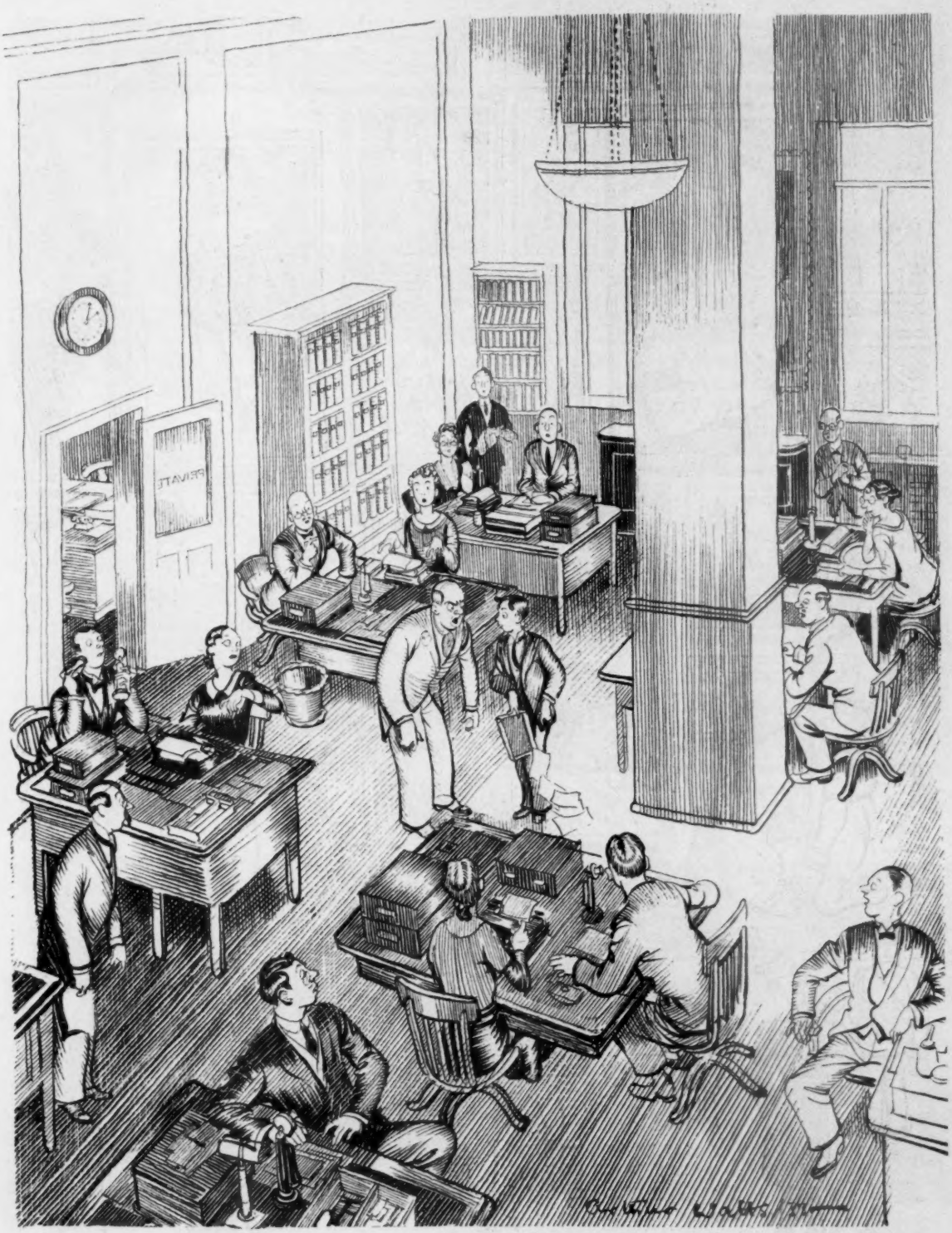


". . . AND AS YOU COME ON YOU FLAP YOUR WINGS AND YOU SAY 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!' AND, MIND YOU, WHEN I SAY 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!' I *MEAN* 'QUACK, QUACK, QUACK'!"

THE SPREAD OF CULTURE: BRIGHTENING RURAL ENGLAND.



THE VILLAGE SETTLES DOWN TO ENJOY A HARD WINTER.



"AND YOU LET ME HEAR YOU SINGING 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS' AGAIN ON THE DAY AFTER BOXING-DAY AND I'LL WRING YOUR LITTLE NECK."



THE KÖNIGLICHE MUSEUM IN BERLIN TO-DAY.



THE TOWN STATUE AT LITTLE BEDDING WAS IN DANGER OF BEING COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED, UNTIL—

THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE CONCEIVED THE BRILLIANT IDEA—



OF USING IT—



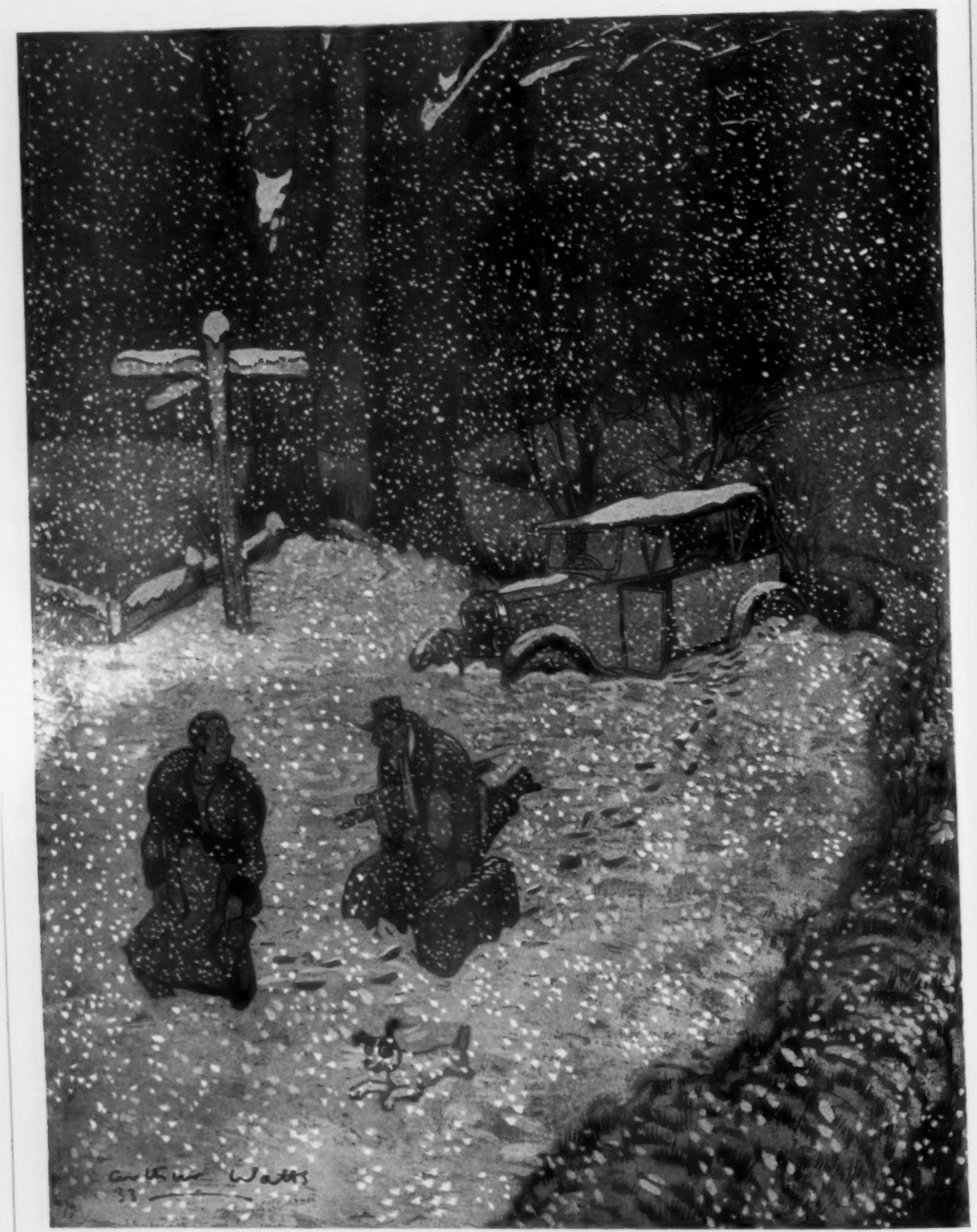
TO ADVERTISE—



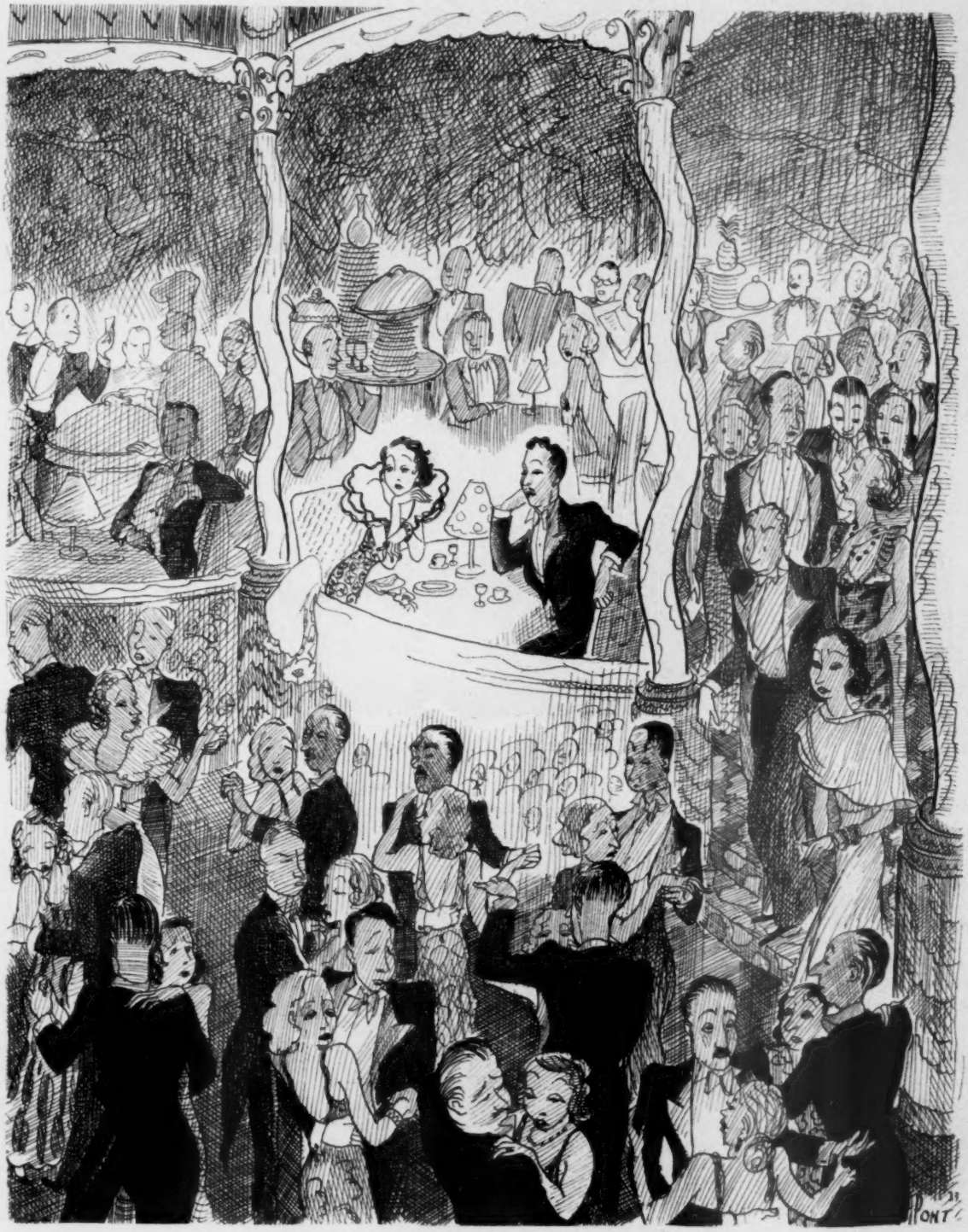
LOCAL—



FESTIVITIES.



"OH, DO STOP GRUMBLING, ARTHUR. YOU WANTED AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS AND NOW YOU'VE GOT ONE."



OUR PARENTS NEVER KNEW GAIETY AS WE KNOW IT NOW.



"I'M NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE SNOW, CAPTAIN BULLFINCH!" HE SAID DISTINCTLY.

African Lure,

or, if you prefer it,

Christmas at Mrs. Crosby's.

A DRAMA OF THE OLD RUM-RUNNING DAYS WHICH WILL HAVE A SPECIAL APPEAL FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a wild winter night in mid-December, and old Mrs. Crosby, sitting comfortably before the roaring log-fire, paused every now and then from her knitting to listen to the wind that howled and shrieked about the chimney-pots, driving the whirling snow ever higher and higher against the window-panes. Suddenly she stirred and sat up more tensely in the wicker-work arm-chair, for clear above the raging tumult of the elements a man's voice had sounded, crying and calling, crying and calling. . . .

"Who called?" she muttered.

"I did," said Captain Anthony Bullfinch, telescoping his cards with the self-satisfied air of a man who knows a good hand when he sees one. "I called a Heart."

A tiresome old woman really, he thought, especially when she had one of her deaf fits on—and anyway she ought to be getting on with her knitting instead of bothering bridge-players with her silly questions. Still, she was his hostess, and if he wanted to prolong his stay in this delightful old house he must try to be polite to her. Besides, there was Arabella, a luscious——

"Pass!" said Mr. Crosby.

—a luscious armful if ever there was one. She was looking at him now, the little minx, with those beautiful bulbous brown eyes of hers, and murmuring "Two Hearts" in a voice whose every inflection was a caress. Under cover of the ace of Spades he shot her a glance of flaring passion.

Two Hearts. The girl must be insane!

Upon Philip Armytage, the fourth member of the quartet, the significance of this little scene had been by no means lost, and the fact that he held a Yarborough served only to add fuel to the flames of jealousy that already threatened to consume his soul. What right had this loud-voiced bearded adventurer to come between himself and Arabella Crosby—Arabella whom he had known and loved since childhood, whose childish affection for him had of late years been slowly but surely ripening into something more intimate, more profound? It was monstrous—monstrous! With a growl, Armytage signified his intention of refraining from entering the bidding.

"That noise you made then," said the Captain, carelessly flicking a cigar into the air and catching it again in his strong white teeth, "reminds me of an encounter I had with a lioness last time I was out in Mashutoland. I'll show you the scar some time if you're interested."

Watching the look of frank admiration that shone in Arabella's pool-like eyes, Philip Armytage decided that he

could stand no more, and at the end of the game he rose and made his excuses to his hostess.

"Hadn't you better wait until the storm's over?" asked Mrs. Crosby in her kindly way when at last he had made himself heard. But Philip only shook his handsome head and was halfway to the door when suddenly—

"You can't possibly go yet," said the Captain.

Slowly, deliberately the younger man retraced his steps across the expensive Persian carpet until he stood fronting the other over the narrow baize-topped bridge-table. He was white to the lips, but in his eyes and the set of his jaw there was something that belied the pallor of his countenance—the indomitable courage of youth which has never known defeat. His upper lip for all its whiteness curled slightly as he spoke.

"*I'm* not afraid of a little snow, Captain Bullfinch!" he said distinctly.

In the silence that followed Mrs. Crosby dropped a stitch.

The very air was charged with the menace of impending conflict.

Taken aback by the suddenness of the attack, the taller of the two antagonists seemed for a while at a loss for words. With his right hand he pulled at his short black imperial; his left played nervously with the score-sheet.

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*," he said at last. "Only——"

"Well?" In Philip's tone lay a challenge that could not be ignored.

"Well, you see, you owe me sixpence," said Captain Anthony Bullfinch.

over the snow-clad fields, strong in the strength of a new-found resolution. He was on his way to say good-bye to Arabella. Yes, it had come to that! He was going away—anywhere, anywhere! away from all sight and sound of his beloved. For only thus, he was determined, could he make her see, poor blind fool that she was, how much she needed him.

"Arabella," said Mrs. Crosby, rising from the breakfast-table to greet him and offering him in her kindly way a piece of toast, "is out snowballing with the Captain. Perhaps you would like to join them?"

Philip shook his head, with difficulty controlling his emotion. Better, after all, to leave without seeing her. He was rotten at snowballing.

"Will you tell her, please," he said as gently as he could, "that I am going away?"

Mrs. Crosby could hardly believe her ears.

"Mowing the *hay*," she said. "In *December?*"

He told her again, less gently.

"I'm *going away*," he said.

"I'M GOING AWAY."

"I'M GOING AWAY."

"I'M GO——"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Crosby; "and where to, may I ask?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"Never heard of it."

"I DON'T KNOW," he shouted wildly. "I DON'T *know*! ANYWHERE . . . ANYWHERE!"

"Oh, *Africa*," said Mrs. Crosby. "Well, why couldn't you say so at first?"

To Philip her words came as a sign direct from Heaven. She thought he was going to the Dark Continent—and, by his halidom, so he would! It would save no end of explanation.

A few minutes later he was crunching blithely down the drive towards the Great Adventure, his breath, as it came and went, making little pools of steam before him in the crisp morning air.

Not that that, of course, has anything to do with the story.



"BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO UNEQUAL."

TWO MEN IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL—AND ONE OF THEM HELD A YARBOROUGH! EVERY WOMAN-MOTORIST SHOULD READ THIS SMASHING TALE OF PASSION AND REVENGE IN FURTHEST TURKESTAN.

CHAPTER II.

Lying awake long into the night and brooding on the humiliations of the past evening, Philip endured agonies of mind and spirit which only a novelist of the utmost eminence could hope to describe; but dawn found him striding

CHAPTER III.

A stillness as of death brooded over the well-nigh impenetrable forest. Lulled by the sun's fierce rays, all nature seemed to have sunk into a tranquil slumber; even the chattering monkeys, as if in obedience to some immutable law, had ceased for a while their discordant chorus. Only the scratching of Philip Armytage's pen broke the intense stillness of the tropical afternoon.

Again and again during the eight or nine months he had spent in the hinterland Philip had set himself the task of writing a few friendly lines to Arabella, but always some unlooked-for difficulty had arisen to prevent its accomplishment. At times snakes would get into his ink-bottle or a rogue-elephant sit down on his half-finished manuscript; at Ngoma (worst blow of all) his supply of foolscap was swallowed by a giraffe. Once indeed—in the Bakoola country—he had actually completed his letter on a strip of snake-skin and sealed it up neatly with gum from the boola-boola tree, but then, deceived by some trick of the fading light, he had posted it in the mouth of a hippopotamus, and its ultimate delivery had become at best a matter

for conjecture. Here, however, in the very heart of Mashutoland it seemed that success must at last be his. The ink-bottle was clear, not an elephant was to be seen, every giraffe within a hundred miles was dead or sleeping. The conditions were ideal for correspondence.

Absorbed in his task, Philip wrote rapidly, and was just beginning a new leaf of the pimento-tree which supplied him with his writing-material when a sudden gust of hot air striking upon the back of his neck brought him abruptly to his feet. He was too experienced a trekker to disregard the first low warning breath of the approaching *seraglio*, scourge of the plains and forests.

SHOULD ELEPHANTS TELL? THOUSANDS OF EMBITTERED NURSEMAIDS WILL FIND AN ANSWER TO THEIR PROBLEMS IN THIS SHATTERING STUDY OF AN EGYPTOLOGIST'S LOVES.

However, it turned out to be a Mashuto warrior breathing heavily down his neck. Two others skulked discreetly in the background.

"Who are you?" asked Philip sternly; but there was no reply. A low colloquy had broken out between the three savages and scattered fragments of their conversation drifted to the Englishman's ears.

"Do we take iron for this?" one of them was saying, swinging his assegai about in a practised manner.

"No, no; your wooden club. It is Timbooboo's order."

"So be it then," said the third, whose name was Umbala. "Let us approach."

Snatching up such weapons as he could lay hands on, Philip rose to meet them, determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. But the odds were too unequal. At the first blow the inkpot was driven from his grasp, another shivered his pen to smithereens, and a third stretched him senseless on the ground.

"Down in three," said Umbala with satisfaction.

* * * * *

It was night and the African moon shone coldly down upon a scene of savage splendour. The Annual Sacrifice was always a popular affair, but on this occasion, with a white man on the bill, the attendance seemed certain to be a record. All Mashutoland was there.

"When is it to be?" said Philip, opening his eyes and taking in with characteristic sagacity the significance of this mighty assembly and the cold flat stone on which he lay.

"It is over," said the witch-doctor curtly, putting away his instruments and hurrying off to take his place in the *hula hula*. Save for an enormous figure in a white top-hat and a singlet of alfalfa grass the Englishman was alone!



"I, TIMBOOBOO, HAVE SPOKEN."

"Can this be death?" he wondered.

"The removal of the appendix," remarked the figure, "is seldom fatal. I, Timbooboo, have spoken."

With a startled cry Philip clapped his hand to his side. It was true; his appendix had gone!

"You dared——" he began.

"Be thankful," interrupted Timbooboo, "that your life was spared. I, Timbooboo, spared it."

"Why?"

"For another's sake. Behold, in your delirium you chanced to call upon the name of one who in the past has done much service to my people. For his sake I spared it."

"Who, then, was this godlike man, O Timbooboo?" asked Philip eagerly.

"His true name," said Timbooboo gravely, "it is forbidden to utter; but among my people he was called Bilgwana the Terrible. I, Timbooboo, have said it."

"But, look here——" began Philip—and found himself alone.

He, Timbooboo, had gone.

LAUNDRESSES!! YOU *DARE* NOT MISS THE AMAZING CLIMAX OF A STORY THAT PLOUGHS ITS WAY RELENTLESSLY THROUGH THE WHOLE GAMUT OF HUMAN EMOTIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

A year has passed and once again the wind howls and shrieks about the chimney-pots of Crosby Manor, driving the whirling snow ever higher and higher against the window-panes. In her wicker-work chair before the roaring log-fire sits old Mrs. Crosby, listening as best she can to the fury of the elements and watching her husband and daughter playing three-handed bridge with Captain Bullfinch. It is a peaceful scene. . . . But stay! What means this sudden commotion without? And who the tall bronzed giant who strides so masterfully into the room, shaking the snow-drops from his tangled beard?

It's all right; it's only Philip Armytage, in need of a shave.

"Good evening, all!" he booms in the powerful voice of one accustomed to life in the great open spaces. "I've just got back from the Dark Continent."

"Good!" says Captain Bullfinch. "We wanted a fourth."

Next morning, determined to lose no time in putting his fortune to the test, Philip sought out Arabella and found her alone in the library, reading, as was her wont, the *Ethics* of SPINOZA.

"Reading?" he said in a voice from which he sought in vain to withhold the tones of passion.

"Yes, Philip," she answered him kindly. "The *Ethics*—SPINOZA, you know."

Something in the way she spoke swept away the last remnants of his self-control, and with a low inarticulate cry he sank on his knee before her, his arms outstretched in supplication.

"Oh, Arabella," he cried wildly, "I love you! I love you! Listen to me! You must—you shall! All this long weary year that dear face of yours has never been absent from my thoughts. In the depths of the forest and on the chill mountain-peaks it was before me; from the dark waters of the Zambesi it smiled up at me; across the Makarikari Salt Pans its sweetness beckoned me on. Waking and sleeping your loved image was at hand to keep me safe from peril. I saw you in the trees, in the flowers, in the very ground I walked on. Once when a rhinoceros was charging me——"

"Rhinos!" exclaimed the Captain, entering unexpectedly through the French-windows. "You don't shoot rhino in that position, my dear fellow. Elephants—yes, and hippopotamus—possibly; but you'll never get a rhino if you kneel down to it, you mark my words!"

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand, Captain Bullfinch," said Arabella frigidly.

"Well, upon my word!" said the Captain, huffed, "I think I may claim to know as much about rhino as any man alive. Why, I remember when I was in Mashutoland——"

"Your experiences in Mashutoland," interrupted Philip, rising to his feet in some annoyance, "were no doubt most remarkable, but they hardly, I think, rival some others I could mention."

Without more ado he plunged into an account of his own adventures, beginning on the day of his departure for the Dark Continent and culminating in the removal of his appendix and the strange manner of his deliverance from death.

It was a stirring tale, well told, as many a reviewer said of it later on its appearance in book-form; and as he ended Philip felt, with a feeling akin to pity in his generous heart, that the Captain's day was over. Had *he* ever played a leading part in an Annual Sacrifice, or spoken face to face to Timboohoo, dread Lord of Mashutoland? Surely there could not be the slightest doubt now upon whom Arabella would bestow hence-forth her sweet, shy glances of admiration?



"FAR OUT AT SEA, CAPTAIN BULLFINCH . . . WAS MAKING MUCH THE SAME REQUEST TO PHILIP ARMYTAGE."

Meanwhile, the Captain was speaking:

"Well, well," he said, with a hearty laugh; "it is pleasant to know that old Timbooboo hasn't forgotten me yet."

"What do you mean? You are surely not going to pretend that *you* know Timbooboo?"

"*Bilgwana*," said the Captain simply, "is Mashuto for a bullfinch."

Far away a sheep coughed plaintively in the snow, but there was no other sound, Philip Armytage had had enough.

CHAPTER V.

Leaning over the rail of the upper deck Philip watched with fairly lack-lustre eyes the hurry and bustle that preceded the departure of the great liner. He had done the only thing that a white man could do, he reflected—stealing away like this back to Africa and leaving the field clear for the man whose name had saved his life. The Code demanded it. Besides, Arabella's face had been so constantly before him during the past year that he was beginning to be a little tired of it. With a sigh he turned to go below and then—

"You!" he gasped. "You—here! What does it mean?"

"I saw you sneaking off," explained Captain Bullfinch, "and I thought I'd come with you. Africa gets you. One yearns for the throbbing of the tom-toms, the insistent——"

"Yes, yes; but Arabella—I thought you—"

"The girl bores me," said the Captain airily. "I only stayed on because the food was good."

"Great Heavens! I must get back to her!"

"Why not stay here and have a whisky instead?"

In the face of such a choice many an older man might have been forgiven for a moment's indecision, but Philip was made of sterner stuff. He turned and made his way along the teeming decks.

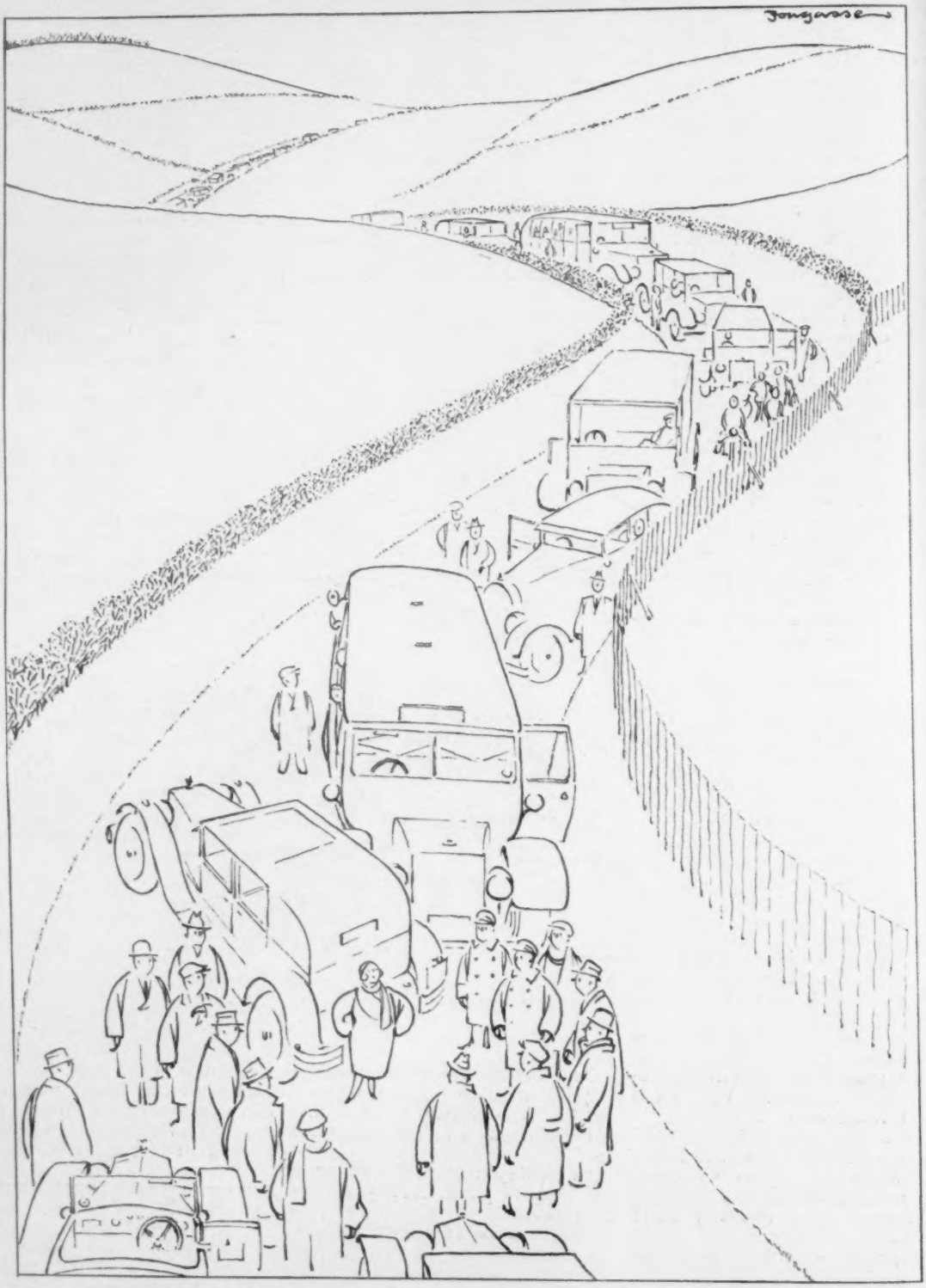
"Any more for the shore?" roared a stentorian voice.

* * * *

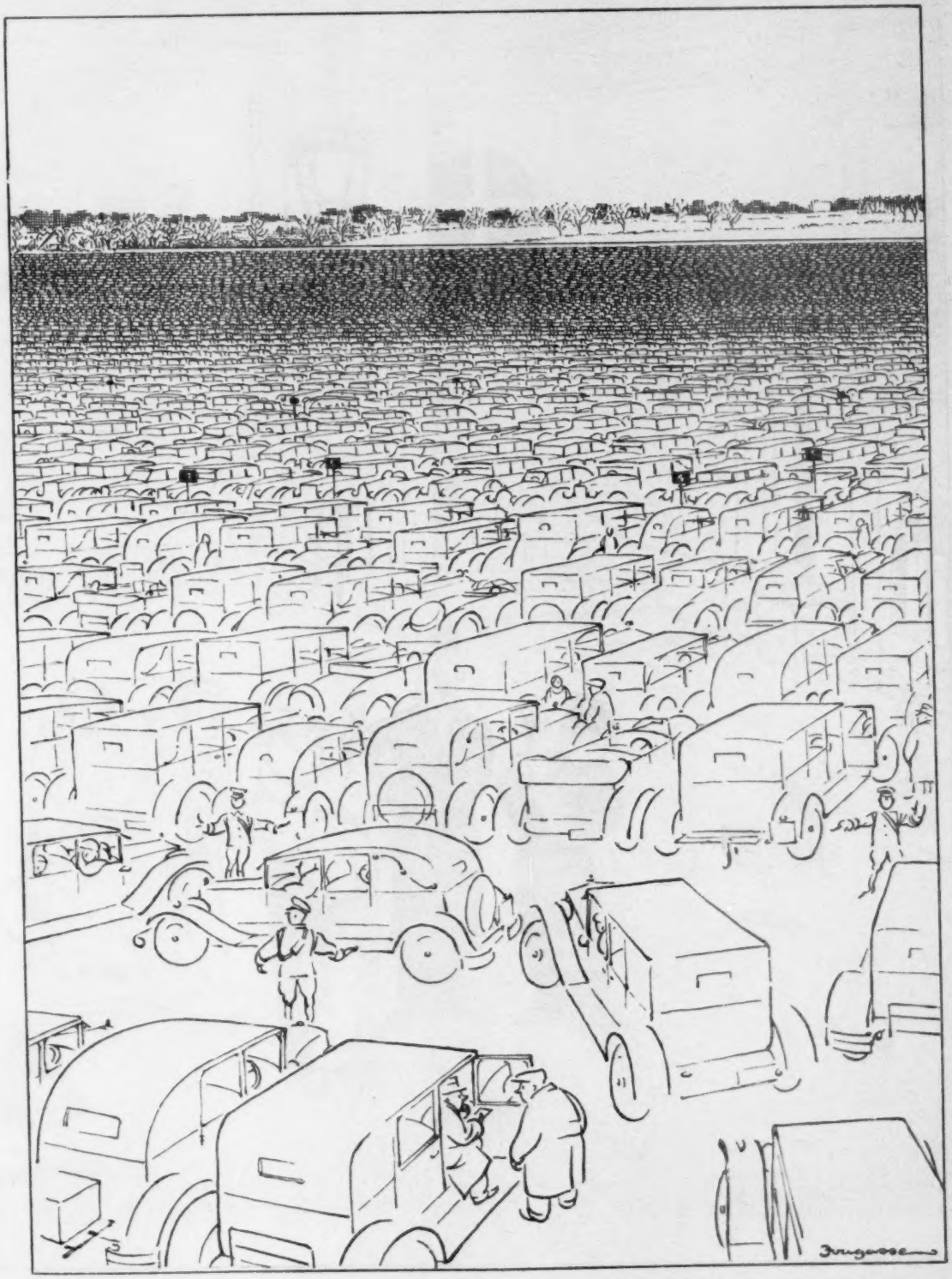
"Now that those two crashing bores," wrote Arabella, a day or two later, to a certain Mr. Scunthorpe of Wantage, "have gone back where they belong, we can have the house to ourselves. Won't that be lovely? Let me know if you're coming over this week—and say when."

NEW READERS START HERE.

Far out at sea, Captain Bullfinch, siphon in hand, was making much the same request to Philip Armytage. H. F. E.



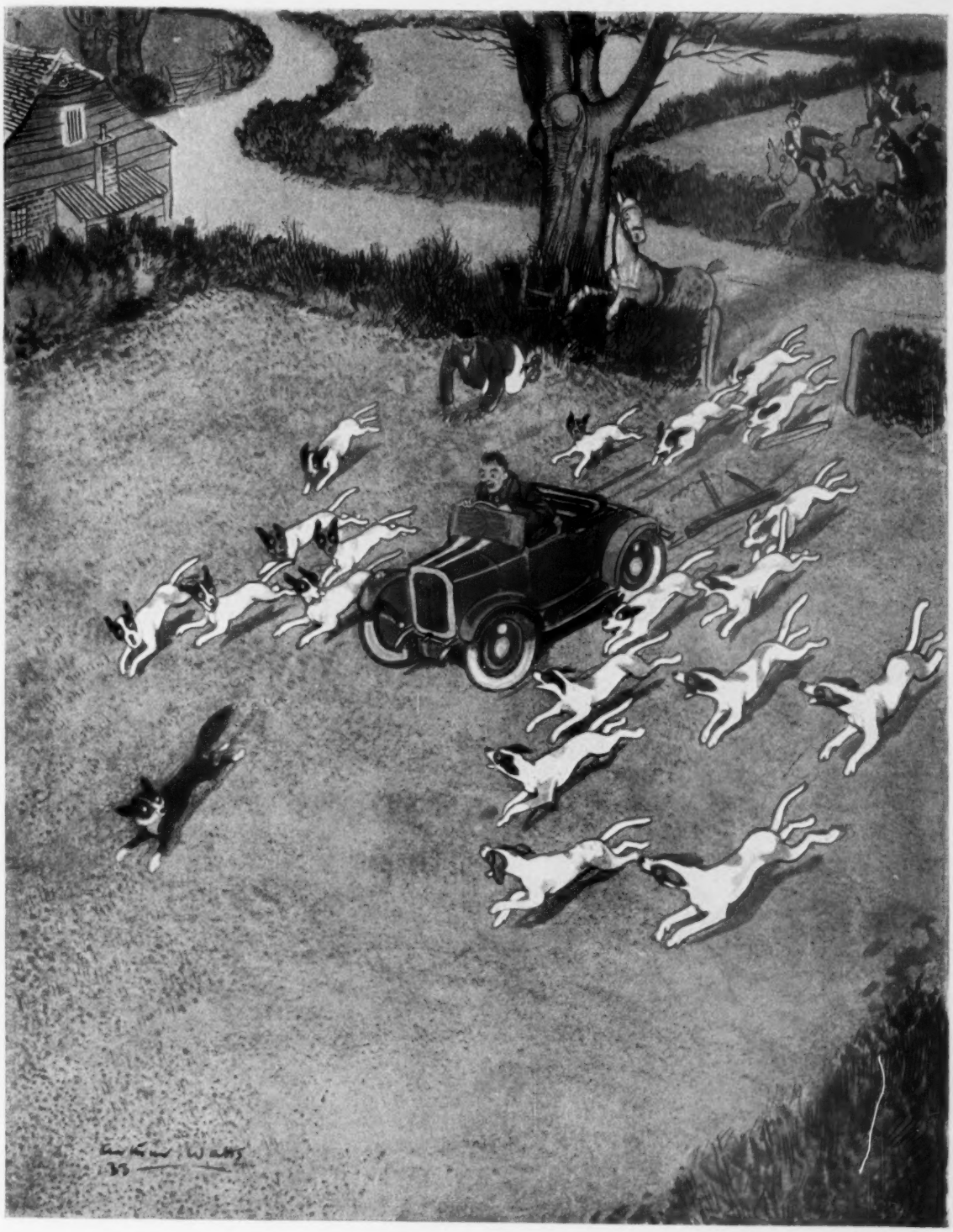
"WELL, ANYHOW, I DON'T MOVE FROM HERE UNTIL A POLICEMAN COMES AND TAKES ALL THE PARTICULARS."



"SHE SAID THE NUMBER OF HER CAR WAS GU 2634, AND SHE'D BRING THE LUNCH AND THE TICKETS."



HOSPITALITY; OR, THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING.



THE OUTSIDER.

THE NON-STOP PARTY.

MRS. WHOOPINGTON-JONES AT HOME.



TEA 4.30



COCKTAILS 6.30

THE NON-STOP PARTY.

MRS. WHOOPINGTON-JONES AT HOME.

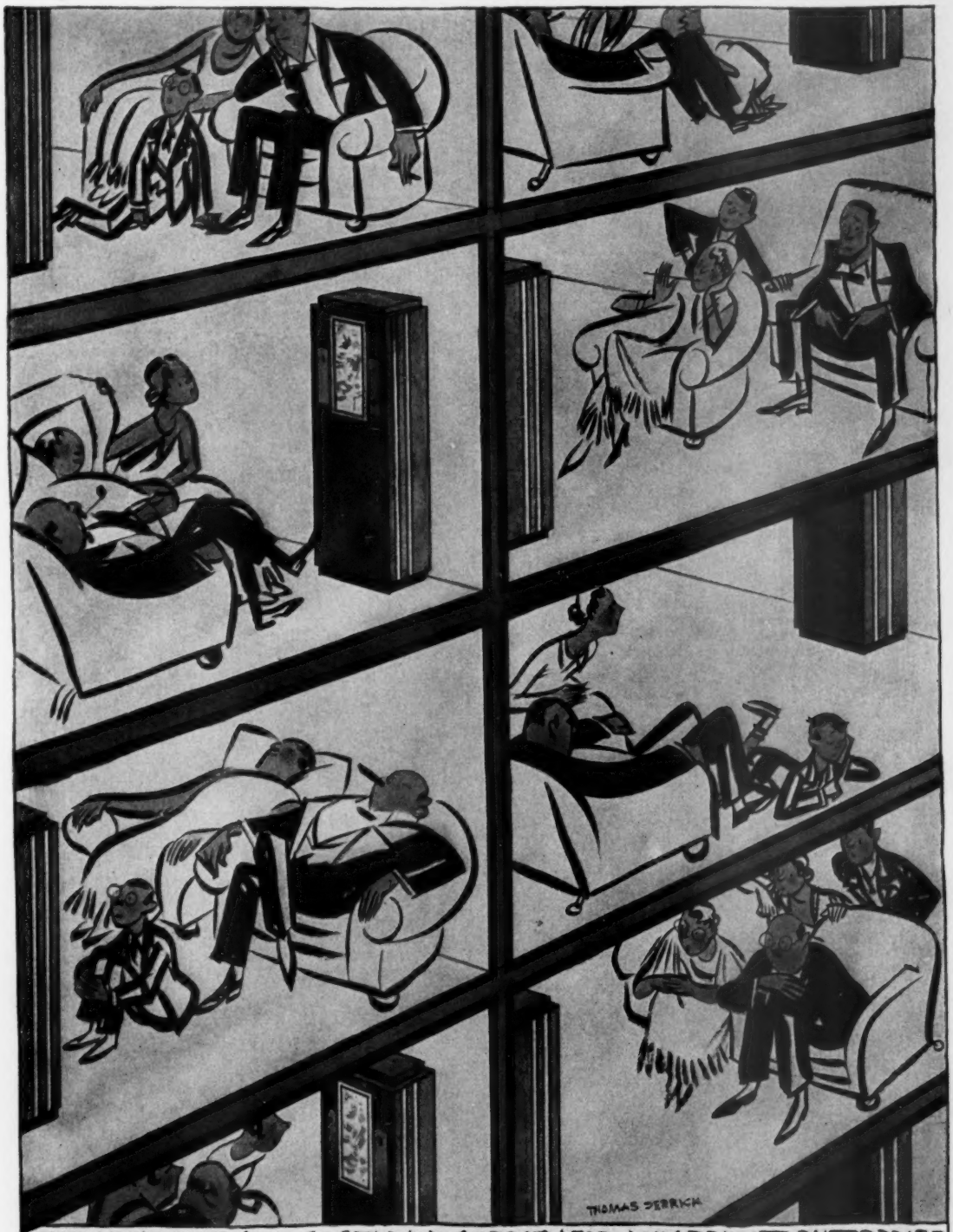


AND



ONWARDS.


SAVE TIME. LABOUR AND MONEY.
LET US CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS FOR YOU: IN YE OLDE FASHIONED WAY.

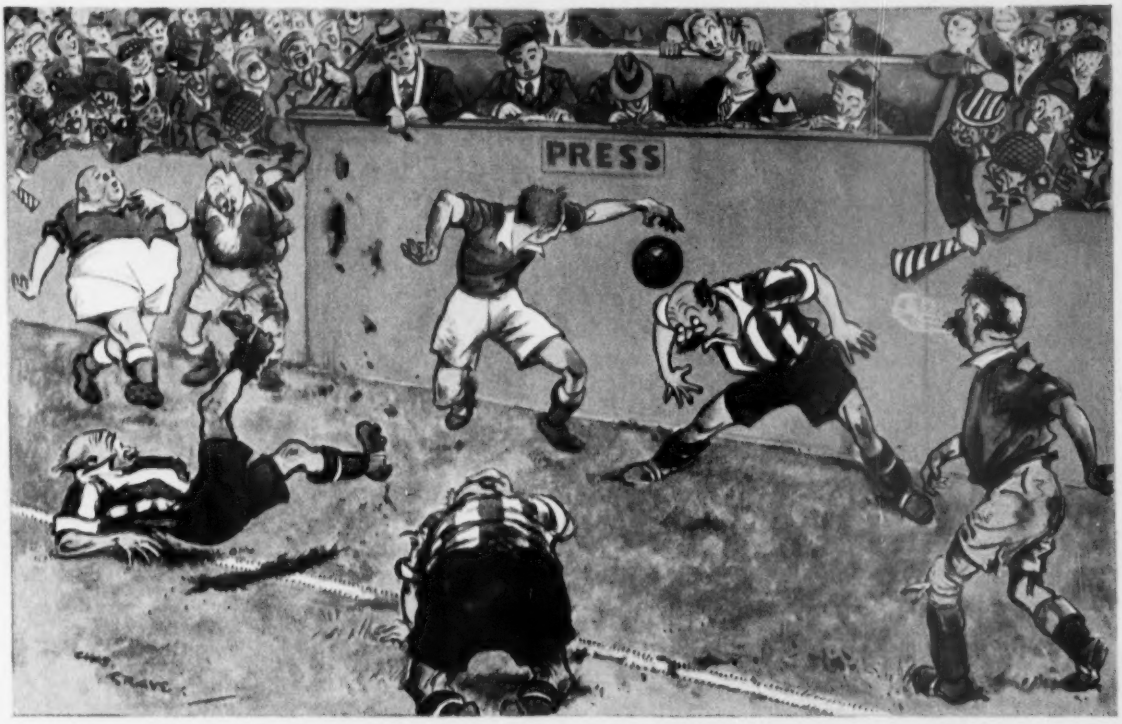


THE IRKSOME AND COSTLY NECESSITY FOR ANY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE OR INITIATIVE, ENTIRELY ELIMINATED BY RADIO AND TELEVISION.

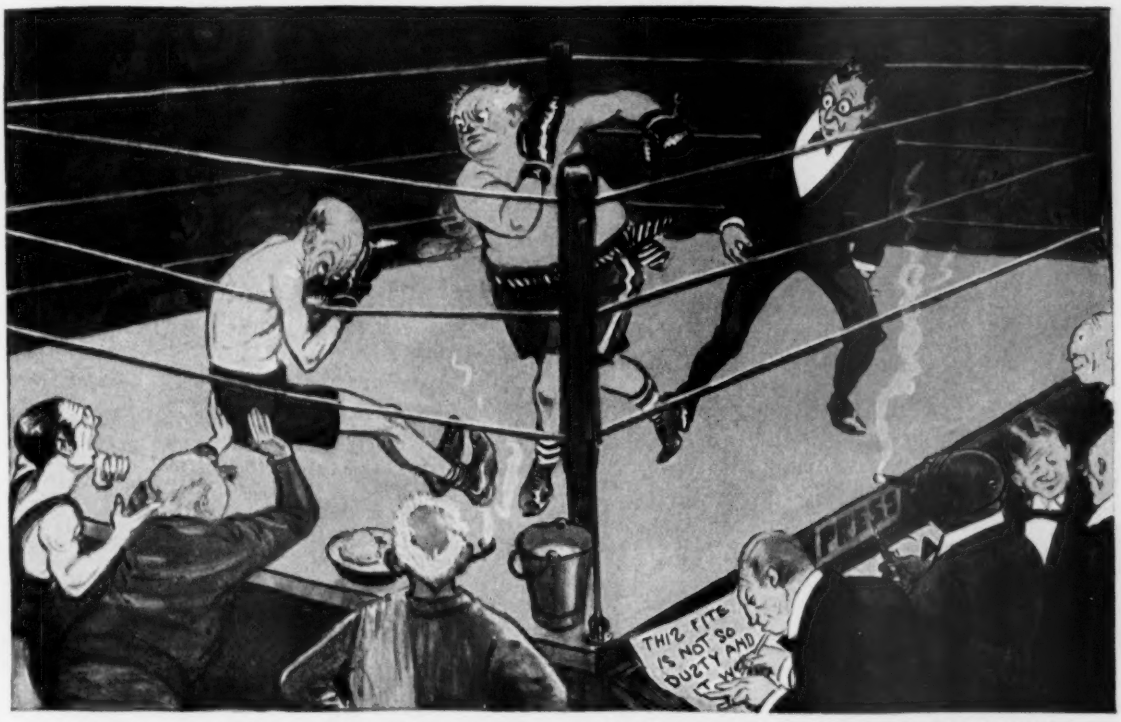


The Artist. "LINE AND PERFECT FORM TO ME IS EVERYTHING. I DON'T GO SO MUCH FOR COLOUR."

SOME QUIDS PRO QUO.



NOW THAT MOST OF OUR PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES WRITE FOR THE PAPERS, IT IS ONLY FAIR TO LET OUR SPORTING REPORTERS TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE SOCCER FIELD—



AND IN THE RING. THEY WOULD PUT UP (IN SOME WAYS) A FAR BETTER SHOW THAN THE PROFESSIONALS.



THE STRANGER.

AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOUR SPENDS A CONVIVIAL EVENING ROYSTERING WITH THE PEASANTS AT THE LOCAL INN.

MANNERS AND MODES: ARMS AND THE CHAIR.



OF COURSE VISITORS ARE OFFERED OUR MOST COMFORTABLE SEATS—



THOUGH IT SEEMS THAT THEIR USE OF THEM—



CALLS FOR SOMETHING NEW IN CHAIR-DESIGN—



AND THIS IS WHAT EVERYBODY WILL DO WITH IT.

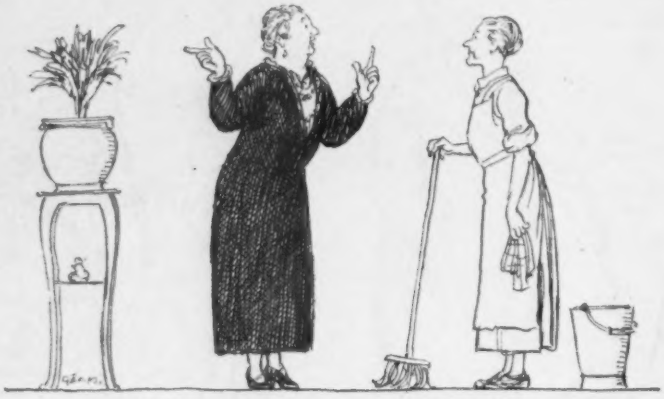
Songs of a Sub-Man.

As I Went Down Laburnum Walk.

As I went down Laburnum Walk
That's near to Potter's Bar,
I heard a Mrs. Brinsley Yorke
A-singing to her char—

A-singing to her loud and clear
An anxious song and high
That percolated to my ear
As I was passing by.

"Oh, char you under every door
And char in every crack;
And char for me the kitchen floor



"Oh, char you not the potted plant."

And char the two-pair back;

"Char diligently every key
And brightly every lock,
And char the pantry sink for me
And char the cuckoo-clock;

"But char you not the potted plant
That came for me last Yule,
For that's a present from my aunt,
A Lady Nettlepool.

"Oh, char you not the potted plant
That came last Yule for me,
For that's a present from my aunt
And must not broken be."

The char she charred the kitchen floor,
She charred it hard and well,
And long she charred the furniture
And loud the front-door bell.

She charred in every nook and chink
And under every chair;
She charred for her the pantry sink,
She charred the frigidaire;

But when she saw the potted plant
So homely and refined,
All recollection of the aunt
Went clean out of her mind.

And when she saw it where it stood
And nodded like a toque,
A madness came into her blood,
She charred it—and it broke.

Then up rose Mrs. Brinsley Y.,
And loudly wailéd She,
And loud she cursed the charlady
With curses fifty-three.

She cursed her with unnumbered woes;
But e'er she cursed her fill
'Twas up the charlady arose
And wailéd louder still.

"Such language from a lady true,"
She cried in grief sincere,
"Such language from the likes of you
I never thought to hear.

"To hear such language in my house
I hope I never may.
Oh, hence I'll creep me like a mouse
And hide myself away.



"A Cotton King."



"Daughter of a Cotton King."

"To hear such language as you sing
I'm not accustoméd,
For I was once a tender thing
And delicately bred;

"A delicately-nurtured thing
And many men's desire,
And daughter of a Cotton King
That ruled in Lancashire."

"Oh, if and that it's truth you talk,
O rude and naughty char,



"Oh, step you up and sit you down
And help yourself to tea."

Punch Almanack for 1934.

How comes it," answered Mrs. Yorke,
"That you are what you are?

"Oh, if that really your papa
A Cotton King has been,
How comes it that you are a char
And not a Cotton Queen?"

"A Cotton King my father was,"
The char she did reply,
"And of the wherefore and because
I'll tell you how and why.

"A Cotton King my father was
In Lancashire so fair,
And of the wherefore and because
I'll tell you if you care.

"Of Cotton Kings he was the best
That ever I did spy;
But Economical Unrest
It done 'im in the eye.

"'Twas Economical Unrest
That knocked 'im off 'is perch;
And now the poor old top's gone West
And left us in the lurch.

"The slump has fairly knocked us queer.
Well, beat it if you can.
Poor Bob, that was a hengineer,
Is now a handy-man;

"Young Brenda's on the comic stage,
And Jane is high and dry,
And Hilda, she's a gossip-page,
And me a charlady."

Then Mrs. Yorke she rent her gown
And loud lamented she:
"Oh, step you up and sit you down
And help yourself to tea.

"More loth were I to risk a breach
With you than with my aunt.
Forget, forget my hasty speech
And I'll forget the plant.

"Oh, help yourself to lemon curds,
To cakes and crumpets hot;
Forget, forget my hasty words
And I'll forget the pot."

So down the charlady did sit
And helped herself to jam,
And talked with dignity and wit
About her diaphragm.

And up rose Mrs. Brinsley Yorke
And called up all her kin,
And all about the town did walk
To fetch the neighbours in.

And wide the casement did she fling
That all the world might see
The daughter of a Cotton King
To be her charlady.



Kindly Soul. "YOU SANG THAT CAROL VERY NICELY. LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME PENNIES FOR YOU."
Leader. "PARDON US, LADY, THIS IS A SILVER COLLECTION WE ARE MAKING."

The Unrest Cure.

Mrs. Frimble lived at Number Four, Begwater Street.

Frankly, I didn't fancy the look of Number Four. I felt that my reactions to it might be shaky.

Now if it had been Number Seven with the primrose curtains and the haughty aspidistra!

But it wasn't Number Seven. That is life all over.

I knocked, with just the right blend of patronage and courtesy, and Mrs. Frimble, after inspecting me through a Window-Which-Needed-Attention, gave me entry. She was a large and disapproving lady with red arms.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Frimble?" I inquired.

"Bad," said Mrs. Frimble as I followed her into the parlour—" cruel bad. Mervyn, take them records off the chair and let the new curick set down. I was jest saying as I 'eard your rap, if doctor can't do more for me than what he's doing now they'll be hiring my private carriage before Christmas."

Mrs. Frimble staggered to stress the point and laid her hand on her waist-line.

"And tremble!" she went on. "Jellies is rocks to me. You can see me fingers now—twitter, twitter. They're always like that. If I go to pick up anything I can't hold it. I breaks more than I buys."

"Perhaps you——?" I began, but Mrs. Frimble was before me.

"Me legs," she pointed out, "is no more than boiled macaroni. I'm forced to lay 'old o' something every time I move or down I should go."

"Perhaps you're sleeping badly?"

I slipped in as she paused for breath.

"Sleep?" she scorned as one disowning for ever a perfidious friend. "I ain't closed an eye for these five nights. Moment I try I'm falling into pits with a motor-lorry on me chest."

"Ah! that's because——"

"An' as for palpitations, your comin' in unexpected-like started me all on a clipper-clop. Doctor says I've broke one 'eart-string already, an' I'm like to snap another at any moment. 'You must keep your bed, Mrs. Frimble,' he sez, an' when I asked 'im, 'Who'll keep *me* if I do, Sir?' he made no more to-do than he turned round and walked out of the 'ouse."

"I expect what you need," I suggested, "is lots of fresh air."

"It stops me breath," Mrs. Frimble explained. "Even openin' the door to you was like gulpin' down snow an' cotton-wool. If I walk a step or two outside I'm forced to stop and pant; an' if I come to a bit of a hill I'm so to say a dead woman."

It seemed here that we had reached saturation point, pathologically speaking, where sympathy was mere impertinence. So I offered no more, and the first silence fell.



"I'M FEELING DIZZY."
"YES, AND WHAT'S WORSE, I CAN'T UNDO THIS KNOT."

Then Mervyn, who had taken cover in the kitchen, whistled, and again the word was with Mrs. Frimble. This time it was a personal word—personal to me, I mean.

"You getting used to your work?" she inquired feebly and lowered herself into a chair.

"Oh, yes; I'm settling down."

"Funny 'ow you remind me of a nephew I lost six year ago. You've got jest 'is chin and 'is chattering ways an' that little sharp 'abit of takin' people up. His complaint was violent information. 'Twas lifting 'im that strained me 'ere."

A lively apprehension that the strain would take us further into Mrs. Frimble's anatomy than I was prepared at the moment to go made me bold. I too was suffering from violent information. I raised my voice.

"I really came from the Rector," I said, "to tell you that, though you haven't been very regular at the Women's Fellowship, one or two of the members are down with this horrid flu, and he wants to offer you a ticket for the Social to-night."

"*Social?*" repeated Mrs. Frimble in a voice which I can only call re-conditioned. "Up at the Parish Hall?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock."

"What's going on at it then?"

"Oh, games and dancing and refreshments," I told her; "and there's to be a big Christmas-tree. We mean to be very young and rompy, you know."

A slow smile twisted the left side of Mrs. Frimble's mouth, displaying a crowded corner in dentures.

"Missis Hillhouse be there?" she inquired.

"Rather. She's one of our most regular members."

The smile broadened until it was *all* teeth.

"Me and old Hillhouse can show them what's what if it comes to two-stepping," she mused.

"Yes, I expect before your illn——"

"I suppose they'll make a ring round the Christmas-tree an' do a scamper?"

"Well——"

"We always did in the last curick's time," she said with a challenge in her voice.

I got up. "Those things are great fun, aren't they?" I said regretfully, for it did seem hard on her. Then I held out my hand.

Mrs. Frimble wiped hers upon her apron and took it.

"I only wish you were up to enjoying them now," I added simply and sincerely.

A peculiar noise came from Mrs. Frimble's throat. It might have been anything from a death-rattle to a chuckle.

"You mid as well leave that ticket," she said.



"OH, HERNANDEZ DEAR, DO YOU *REALLY* THINK YOUR PEOPLE WILL LIKE ME?"

WHAT THE MOVIES HAVE DONE FOR OUR VILLAGE.



YOUNG JARGE WOOS HIS MARY.



OUR VILLAGE WEDDINGS ARE MORE PICTURESQUE.

WHAT THE MOVIES HAVE DONE FOR OUR VILLAGE.



THERE IS MYSTERY WHEN FARMER BATES AND FARMER GILES DO A PIG-DEAL.



AND "THEM TRESPARSEING FURRINERS FROM LONDON" LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE FOR IT; BUT, HOORAY! THE LAW INTERVENED.

VERSATILITY.



DICK WHITTINGTON WAS A KEEN PROVINCIAL LAD DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD IN THE METROPOLIS.



ALADDIN WAS A CHINAMAN WHO DABBLED IN THE OCCULT.



JACK-THE-GIANT-KILLER WAS A YOUNG SPORTSMAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR;



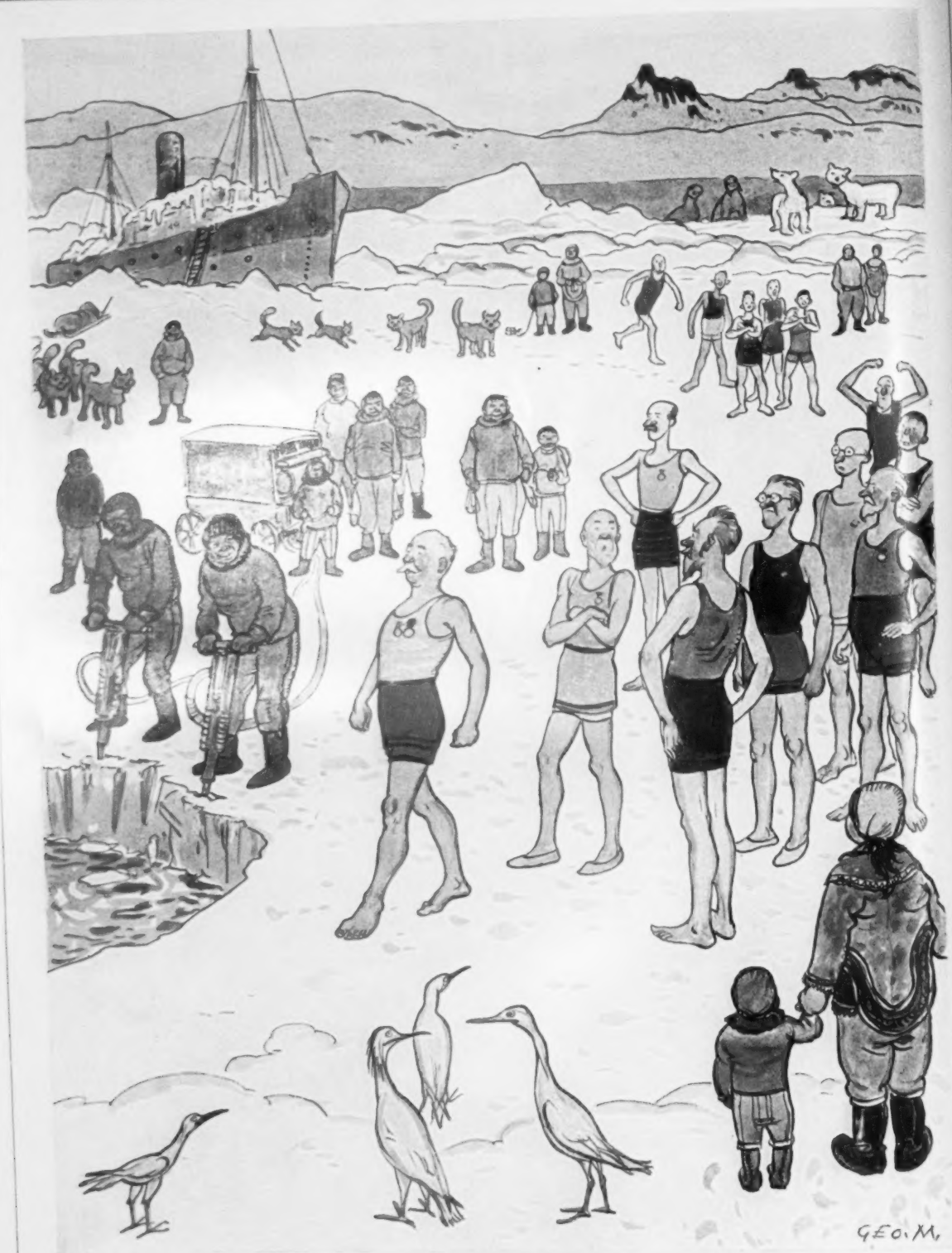
WHILE ROBINSON CRUSOE MUST HAVE BEEN A HEFTY SPECIMEN OF ROUGH-HEWN VIRILITY;



YET MISS FELICITY FOOTLYTE TAKES SUCH A DIVERSITY OF CHARACTERS EASILY IN HER STRIDE.

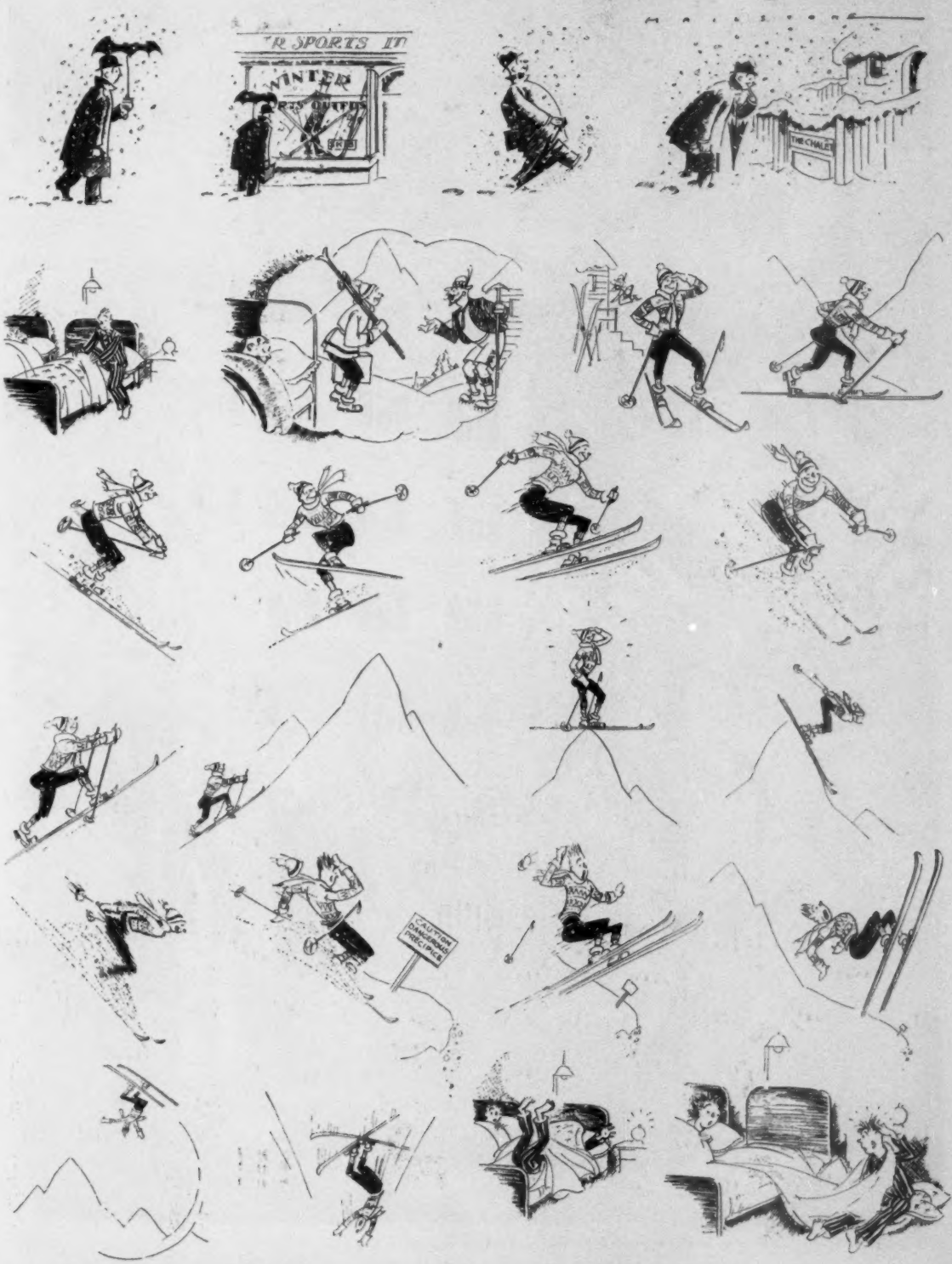


Bungalow Owner. "YES, OLD MAN, I'LL GRANT YOU THEY DON'T LOOK VERY PRETTY, BUT HOW ELSE CAN ONE GET ANY PRIVACY ALONGSIDE THE MAIN ROAD NOWADAYS?"



THE SPARTAN SWIMMING CLUB VISITS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN SEARCH OF SUITABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS.

A (SWISS) BEDTIME STORY.



THE MAN WHO NEVER *DREAMT* IT WAS SO EASY . . .



"SWISS, IS HE? HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY FOREIGNER STAYING IN THE HOTEL."

Punch Almanack for 1934.

THE TOURIST WHO GOT IN FIRST.



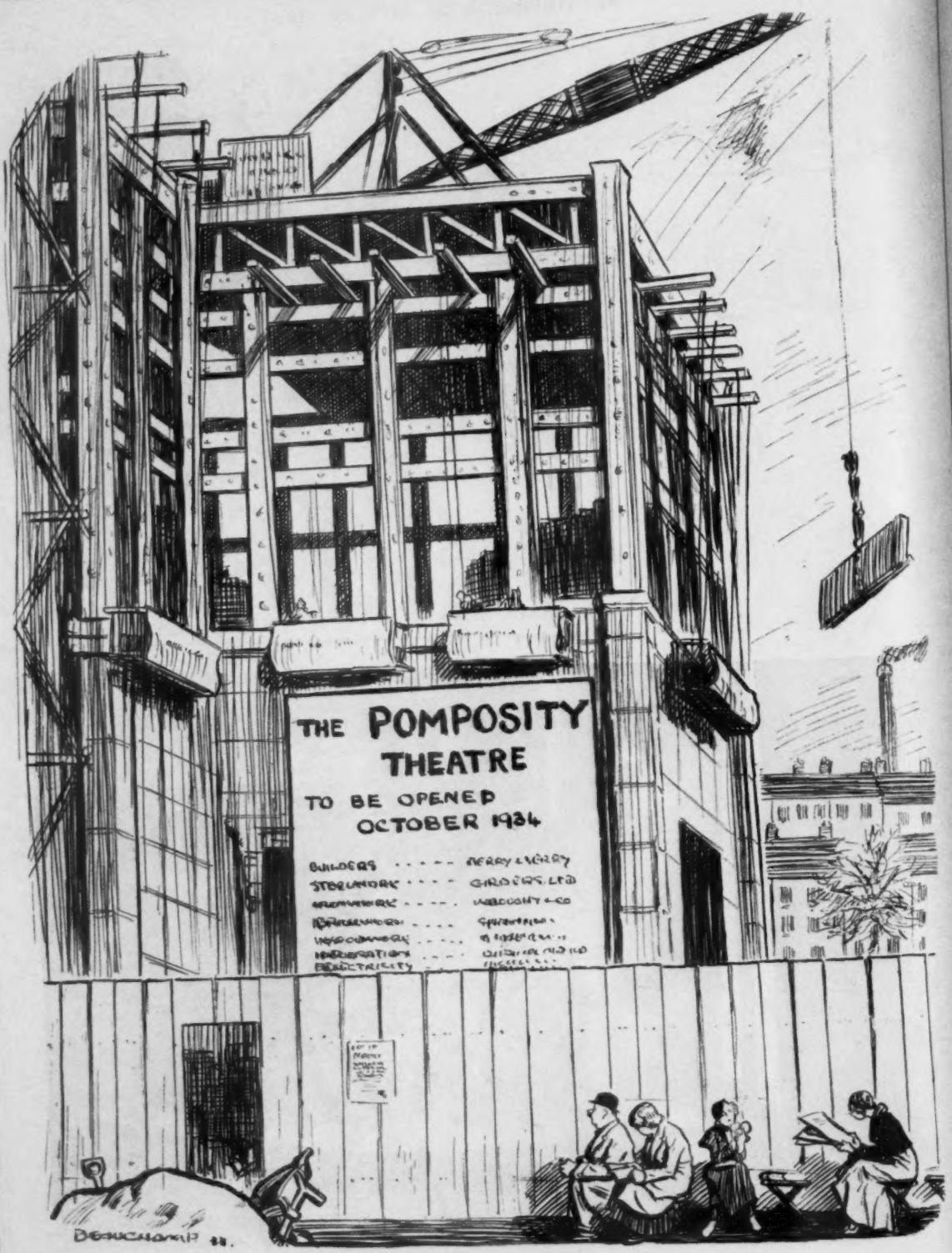
"POSTCARD! POSTCARD!! LOVELY VIEWS OF ENGLAND—YES?"



[5.0 A.M. outside famous author's house.]

First Burglar. "'E'S STILL WRITIN'."

Second Burglar. "OH, IS 'E? WELL, LET'S 'OP IT. WE'LL GET OUR OWN BACK. WE WON'T READ 'IS RUDDY BOOKS."



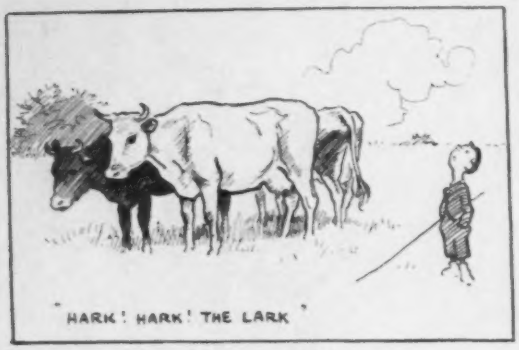
THE QUEUE; OR, THE ENTHUSIASTS.



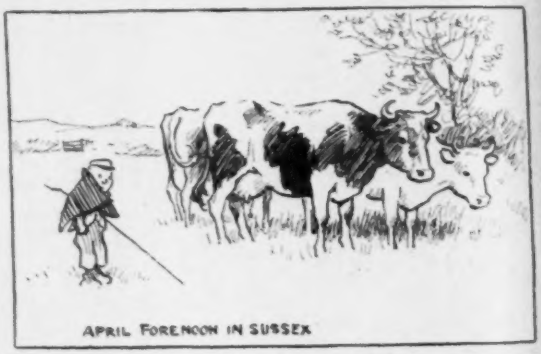
HAVING SEARCHED THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR A TRULY RURAL-LOOKING CHARACTER, WE FIND HIM ON OUR TOWN DOORSTEP ON OUR RETURN.



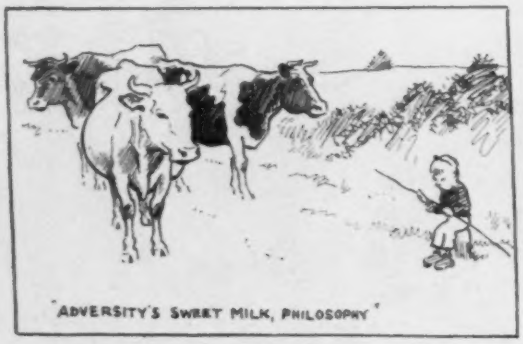
One of the old School. "YOU YOUNGSTERS NEVER PAINT A SUBJECT-PICTURE NOWADAYS—



BUT IF YOU LOOK UP—



THE OLD ACADEMY CATALOGUES—



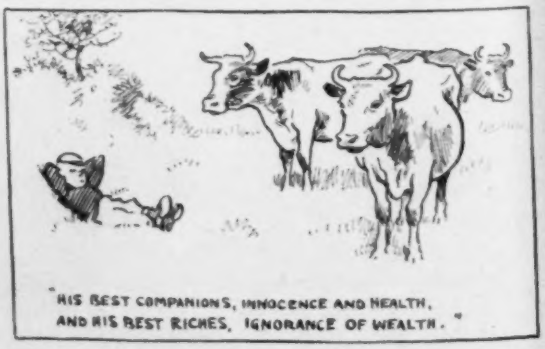
YOU WILL SEE—



FROM THE TITLES—



I GAVE THE PUBLIC—



A DIFFERENT STORY EVERY YEAR."



BUT IT WAS ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT.



The Egoist. "THIS *WOULD* HAPPEN, JUST TO MAKE ME MISS THAT APPOINTMENT."



THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL SPIRIT.



THE NEW COCKTAIL.



Charivaria.

RAIDERS threw a brick wrapped in a piece of felt through the window of a London jeweller's shop last week. The campaign to lessen street noises is evidently having its effect.

***

"The *Codex Sinaiticus*," says a newspaper, "reached the British Museum in a brown-paper parcel." Cleverly disguised as the Keeper's lunch, we presume.

***

Astronomers at Mount Wilson Observatory have just discovered a stellar catastrophe that occurred three thousand years ago. Speaking for the whole of Fleet Street, we congratulate them on being first with the news.

***

An armistice having been signed between Bolivia and Paraguay, both these countries are once again plunged into peace.

***

Somebody living in Brighton states that he misses the old type of steam trains. But doubtless not so often as the new type of electric trains.

***

During a recent gale the roof of a post-office was blown off. An eye-witness says that almost immediately the air was black with blotting-paper.

An early-rising cook surprised burglars in a suburban house recently. It would surprise anybody.

***

"Thanks to the new rules," says a New York message, "only twenty-six deaths occurred in American football last year." Many claim, however, that the mollycoddle spirit has already crept into the game since the use of knuckle-dusters was prohibited in the first half.

***

A man in Michigan and a girl in Stockholm were recently married by Transatlantic telephone. It was an emotional moment, we learn, when the parson said, "Wilt thou take —— —— for thy lawful wedded wife?" and the bridegroom answered, "Tzrrrp, Trrrzzzzp."

***

A large number of broken engagements were announced at the New Year. Ring off, wild belles!

***

An animal-trainer states that lions form quite rapid attachments. We look upon this as one of their principal drawbacks.

***

"Influenza is abroad," says a writer. Let us hope it stays there.

Yuletidiness.

It is with grave anxiety that I learn not only from the Press, who are sometimes (I have heard it said) unreliable, but also from the statistics of poulterers and grocers, who are of course—noble fellows!—unimpeachable, that the old spirit of Yuletide is dying out. Good cheer is *démodé*. Holly has slumped. Mistletoe's a back-number.

Now I feel very strongly that this serious state of things should be taken in hand or we shall go from bad to worse, and another few years will see us all dining in restaurants from Christmas Day to Twelfth Night, like the people in Oppenheim's novels. I have therefore consulted my Member and old friend, Major Twissleton Poltwhistle, O.B.E., M.P., as I do in all my troubles. He agrees with me—and I for one entirely agree with him—that something must be done about it. As he points out, people have already tried altering the Prayer-Book. Now they are getting lax about Christmas. They'll be tampering with *Bradshaw* next, and then where shall we all be?

What Major Poltwhistle (O.B.E.), suggests is that it is high time Government action was taken to protect us from this heresy that is threatening our land; and he further proposes that he should introduce it himself as a Private Member's Bill. It would be registered as The Yuletide Conformity (Prevention of Abuses) Consolidation Act, 1934, and would so obviously benefit the whole community and also stimulate trade, both dry and liquid, that even the Cabinet, Major Poltwhistle thinks, would be struck by the force of it.

To show you with what elaborate care and efficiency the Major (who, it must be mentioned, was awarded the O.B.E. for his excellent system of filing meat-cards during the Great War) has devoted to the scheme I have only to quote one or two extracts from the proposed Forms—*Notes in Regard to the Assessment of Christmas Liabilities and Seasonable Dues*—which will have to be filled up by every taxpayer six weeks before Christmas Day:—

As for instance:—

1. *All Relations*, which term includes all Parents, Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Godparents and other Beneficent Bodies, whether corpulent or non-corpulent, to the extent that they possess younger relatives or dependents, are liable to seasonal disbursement in proportion to their income as per Section 3 (*d*) (*e*) of Schedule L.

What could be fairer than that? I have two rich aunts who never attempted to give me any Christmas present at all. They both pay super-tax. Why not assess them for super-presents? But to continue:—

2. *Annual Provender to be consumed in the United Kingdom by all persons not exempted under Form K* (Sections 5 & 6), *i.e.*, Invalids, Vegetarians and Dyspeptics, who may apply for relief (*see* Note 10 (*b*)).

(*a*) Turkeys or other gallinaceous fowls in proportion to the consumption computed to every household (*see* Computation of Appetites in Section 7 (H)).

(*b*) Farinaceous compounds containing certain registered quota of raisins and sultanas, with no allowance deducted from the sauce, to include coin of the realm to the value of not less than 6*d*. (less tax).

Exception.—A person who proves that he or she is not liable to the gross consumption of above under the Indigestion Act may claim exemption for same by filling up Form J, Sections C & D (Mince Pies).

What a fine idea! A turkey and plum-pudding in every household! Think of the stimulus to trade. Imagine to yourselves the jolly Government inspectors making their festive Christmas-Eve tour—popular with every householder, playfully snowballed by the children. (For Snowball Returns, *see* Form N.) And yet the Act is compiled with such tact and discrimination that every disability is taken into consideration. Take, for instance, the allowances in respect of mistletoe:—

Persons exempted from compulsory osculation under the parasitic evergreen, partly or wholly dependent from the ceiling, known as Mistletoe. When the osculatee can be proved to be an unmarried female of over forty years of age, or incapacitated by absence of good looks, or a godparent from whom no profits are expected, exemption may be claimed. (For Bluff Uncles, *see* Buff Forms O & Y.)

Nothing, in short, could possibly be more comprehensive or scrupulously fair. There is even a clause for Licentious Objectors, and other allowances made in respect of *Losses of Temper*, *Depreciation of Wife*, and *Wear and Tear of Parents*; while anyone not wishing to keep Christmas at all can apply for exemption on Form X and may rest assured that they will receive a reply by December 25th of the following year.

Well, there's the scheme. Major Poltwhistle (O.B.E.) does not generally approve of Lord Beaverbrook, but in this case we think he might be useful in getting the thing started.

Swiss Yearnings.

When from November's mist and rain
I know that winter's here again,
Bright snowy visions throng my brain
Of Lenk or Saanenmoser.
I wonder who is going where?
Will Pamela and Sue be there?
What strange new outfits will appear
From Zürich to Mte. Rosa?

I go and hide me in the park
And practise yodels (after dark)
And brood upon the telemark
Or on the christiana,
And wonder if I'll learn to ski
This time, or must I always be
Like one who inadvertently
Has stepped on a banana?

I wonder what it costs by air
(But anyhow I'd never dare),
And since they have reduced the fare
(The time-tables record it),
Despite the oscillating franc
And distant mutterings at my bank,
I shall set out with all the swank
Of one who can't afford it.

The Tyranny in Berlin.

"Screeching syrens heralded Herr Hitler's broadcast of his final electoral appeal . . . Guests in restaurants and cafés were asked to eat quietly to enable them to hear Herr Hitler."—*Indian Paper.*

"Linoleum.—Active, experienced representative to cover all Scotland wanted by well-known linoleum manufacturers. Apply, etc." *Daily Paper.*

Copies of *In Search of Scotland* should be in great demand after the process.



EUROPA IN THE DISARMAMENT WONDERLAND.

"SOME DAY," SAID THE MOCK TURTLE DOVE AT LAST WITH A DEEP SIGH, "I HOPE TO BE A REAL TURTLE DOVE."



POOR THINGS, THEY COULDN'T THINK OF ANY FANCY-DRESS FOR THE BOHEMIAN ARTS BALL.

"Dear Mr. Brumsher. . . ."

[" Handwriting : Most shocking cases cured by specialist."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*]

To possess friends, quite half of whose letters are unreadable, is, I suppose, the lot of us all. Sometimes we know them well and correspond with them just often enough to get a fair working knowledge of their various idiosyncrasies; with others we know that of their words we, like the *Ancient Mariner*, can only hope to "stop" one in three. And thus, when Lucy in the South of France tells us on the thinnest of foreign paper that "yesterday"—(she writes it "yrrry")—"I went to Momle Oobo and fled to bump the Brnk," we realise for all time that she went to Monte Carlo and failed to break the Bank. And we overcome this because, when all's said, the fact of whether Lucy did or did not succeed in bumping the Brnk doesn't affect either our happiness, incomes or engagements.

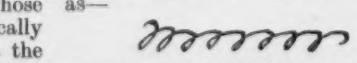
Similarly one weathers the great-aunts who *will* address one on envelopes as "Mips," on the principle, I suppose, that a Mips is as good as a mile. Also Mips is historically allowable and reeks of Victoriana and Miss Pinkerton's Academy, The Mall, Chiswick.

And one has learned to unravel the meaning of that monstrous regiment of letter-writers who will make loops to their *t*'s and fail to cross them; whose *u*'s, *v*'s, *m*'s, *h*'s and *n*'s are practically indistinguishable, and who place the dots of their *i*'s over letters much further on in the word.

Then there is the horrid contingent which abbreviates and ends letters with what looks like "Yours affectedly," and writes "Xtian," "Xtianity" and "Xmas"; and I have a novelist friend who, taken quotatious, once wrote to me that "It is a case of the dog returning to his v."

But the real serious dilemmas, as against those which are merely annoying), into which professional and business men and women are thrown by atrocious handwriting have never been told, and if this specialist can do something about that he will probably retire a millionaire.

First, there is that too-common manifestation, the completely illegible signature from someone writing us an important business communication requiring an answer. The letter itself is plain-sailing, being invariably typewritten, but the signature, in ink, is either an apparent chain of looped *m*'s, as—



or an autograph which one ponders over for half-an-hour with a magnifying-glass and the additional expedient of holding the letter from one's eyes at various ranges. The question is: Is the name "Brumsher," "Bannistolp" or "Blunintree"? Then one goes to the telephone-book as a last resort to see if there are such names in the world. There aren't, and one either answers the letter in ink, carefully copying each upward and downward stroke of the surname, or on one's typewriter, in which case one is so ashamed of openly coming out on the side of either Brumsher, Bannistolp or Blunintree that one invents a name for the gentleman—a sane name of the Bannister-

Baynton-Brailsford type—and spends the rest of the day realising that he may as a result never receive one's answer at all. . . .

I once had a charming business letter from an editor whose signature I was forced to conclude was "Crowmbe." It looked, in my reply, dismayingly silly typewritten, subtly suggestive of a comic song, though it rhymed with nothing on earth. My astonishment was very real on learning that the name was "Crocombe." And twice in my life have I been reduced to asking the office liftman the real name, as opposed to those fancy ones I had been forced to invent for them, of the men with whom I had appointments. At once an atmosphere of suspicion was generated, I arrived at the office damaged from the start and at my worst—all through bad handwriting.

But perhaps the cases which most truly deserve the specialist's epithet of "shocking" are those in which one is offered advice in letters which are either completely indecipherable or partially so. The advice often comes from excellent critics whose judgment one reveres. The only snag is that one either can't read it, or misreads it, or begins to be unable to read it at vital points.

One sends the typescript of a novel to an eminent man of letters. One thinks the book is good here and there, but unhappily feels that the part is greater than the whole. What to do?

Back comes a prompt reply, of which I can read the first three words because I am accustomed to the formal "My dear" and at least know my own surname. Then the fun begins.

My critic has much to say. He is interested (three sheets).

Says my literary master, with a great deal of emphasis:—

"Yr haircream's psiology is envenomed in fits 1 and 2."

This I discover to be "Your heroine's psychology is involved in parts 1 and 2."

But the rest of the advice runs:—

"But, om the *retzdiddle* of this [then? thus?] I can stiggit in conference [confidence? conscience?] the *meeper* of the Malay. Sugden! Gub a wholly farminker *goldsum glabberglue*, and tell that rampus and *wistletone*. Bath excellent. And the *mopsy* Malay in glabberglue pansink."

By this time I am taking a morbid interest in this hypothetical Malay and am wondering if after all I have overlooked the possibilities of the bungaloid novel and the servant who murmurs "*Tuan*." And then the Malay disappears for ever and I am faced with references to a "musket-ball," which is unjust, "being," as JAMES, Duke of MONMOUTH used to say, that I know nothing of musket-balls and have made no allusion in my typescript to so much as one. Does the *maître* think I should have? Is the musket-ball the latest fashionable fad? (But at long last I discover that he means "music-hall.")

Finally he says (most kindly?) that my work "is *extremely* finastication"—a point that I am left hoping that the reviewers will not overlook.

The letter is beyond me. Re-reading is no good at all. It is one of those mysteries which, like the *Marie Céleste* affair, will now never be solved. My letter of thanks for the criticism presents extreme difficulty, as I must be grateful enough in case my critic was kind, yet sufficiently humble in case he was not. When the book is published and he finds matters exactly as they were before he took a hand in improving it and that I have ungratefully and impertinently omitted to gub a glabberglue that is wholly farminker he will probably be offended.

The question then arises: Is it bad manners to confess that his handwriting is utterly unreadable?

RACHEL.



"HOW IS THE SNOW YOUR WAY, DEAR? OUGHT I TO PUT ON CHAINS?"
"DON'T BOTHER, DARLING. WEAR ANYTHING YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE IN."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.



VII.

Harry's Taxi—Motoring Problems—A Hint to the Government—Asking for Trouble—Punishment Fitting the Crime—An Ode to the Snail—Many Beaux to one String.

"WHICH is Rex?" I asked Harry on her next visit.

"What do you mean—which?"

"That young man in the yellow car," I said. "Where does he come in numerical order? Is he first or second or where?"

"Oh, Rex!" she said. "Rex isn't on that kind of list at all. Rex is just useful. The yellow car is, so to speak, my taxi and Rex is the driver, only you don't have to stand by while he hunts for change."

"I hope he drives carefully," I said.

"So-so. Come with us one day and see."

"Me? In that roller-skate? Certainly not. I'm not fond of motoring anyway. It makes me nervous, both for myself and for everyone else; but I wouldn't go in a car like that for anything."

"Well, Uncle, you can make up your mind to this. Motoring will never be any better. There are not going to be fewer cars, but more, so you'll be wise to accept them."

"There may be more restrictions, though," I said. "A time may come when every car, and particularly those great vans with impenetrable backs, will have to carry an automatic signal and use it. Why it hasn't come yet beats me. What is the matter with motoring at the present moment is partly the foolishness of the authorities in not making such signals compulsory, and largely the lawlessness and slovenliness of the English character. If I were a Duce (which Heaven forbid!) I should consider the motorists first. I'd have such a system of fines and punishments that the roads would soon be as safe as a garden-path, and I'd open a Government factory for the compulsory signals and make a profit for the country."

"I daresay you're right," said Harry, "but you needn't look so angrily at me. No one is more careful than I am to put out my hand. But my experience in the driving-seat is," she went on, "that people want to be run over. They would rather be run over than not. The way in which they don't stop, don't look and don't listen is something fierce."

"I'm glad you're careful," I said. "But if you go to America you must be even more so. I saw in the paper that a woman driving there who has just maimed a child was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and on one day each year she is to be taken to a hospital for children injured in motor-accidents and made to visit every patient."

"How she'll look forward to that day!" said Harry.

"I see also," I said, "that in Italy a motorist whose car killed a hare was summoned for pursuing game without a licence; so you must be careful about dumb animals too."

"I always am," she said. "The lambs!"

"This was a hare," I reminded her.

"The lamb!" she exclaimed.

"The whole trouble," I said, "is this frantic and absurd desire to get somewhere first. If I had a car I should forbid the chauffeur ever to pass anything, except perhaps a coal-cart drawn by a big slow horse."

"I know," cried Harry—"one with a great kind face and feathers all round his feet. The lamb!"

"That's the one," I said. "I might pass him, but not anything else."

"You'd be very unpopular on the road," she said.

"That wouldn't worry me. And I've noticed too that there is very little point in passing things. The cars that come screaming up behind one and rush by like tornadoes, one finds again farther along the road, and soon passes oneself. No, the whole idea of excessive speed is ridiculous. The world was created to go no faster than a horse, and for æons it went no faster than a horse and did jolly well. And then trains were invented and it went, along well-ordered tracks, faster than a horse, but since the tracks were well-ordered and kept to themselves the increased pace didn't matter much. And then, a very few years ago, motor-cars were invented, but, being let loose on the roads, this increased pace mattered a lot. What I say is that there is no need to go faster than a horse. PLATO didn't; CÆSAR didn't; DANTE didn't; SHAKESPEARE didn't; NAPOLEON didn't. DICKENS did, and paid heavily for the privilege, for he was in a bad railway-accident. No place to-day is worth getting to several hours sooner than our ancestors could reach it."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Harry. "Monte Carlo!"

"A very poor example," I said. "No. What is wrong with the world is this insane passion for speed. I feel it so much that I have been writing an ode to the snail. 'O thou who fiercely loiters,' it begins. That at the moment is my favourite figure in natural history. There should be a series of films about him called *Helix the Snail*, so attractive that everyone would want to go slow too. Everyone of course but your friend Rex."

"How does your ode go on?" Harry asked.

"It doesn't," I said. "Like its subject, it has stopped. I do only one line a day, you see."

"There are very few rhymes to 'loiters,'" said Harry.

"Only 'goitres' and 'Reuters,'" I said, "and they are useless, because snails don't have swelled necks and are rarely interested in foreign telegrams. That's another reason why I don't continue."

"I wish you'd be serious," said Harry.

"All right," I replied. "Tell me—if Rex isn't on the list, who is number one?"

"There isn't one," she said. "I'm not ready. Besides, directly you're engaged the others drop away, and I like to have lots in tow." E. V. L.

The Ardbeg Obelix.

SURE it isn't onct in the whole winther-time that annyone will go up to the top of Ardbeg from below here, but the visitors that comes in the summer do be mad to get up to th' ould obelix above. You'd think bad of them climbin' an' puffin' on the hottest day to look at it, an' then comin' down to tanta-lise us wid queskions about who put th' obelix there, an' how was the stuff got up, an' what memoir was in it, an' I dunno the dickens what all.

They'll prowl around it, an' there's some of them'll stay fin-eerin' it for a day; but they're as full as wise afther, for that obelix never axed to pass no remarks.

But we do have to tell them some sort of a histhory when they're outrageous altogether for news; an' accordin' as the visitors would be comin' more an' more these years past, we'd put in our time in the winther institutin'



"My good man, you can't go to a funeral feast like that."

every kind of a romance to paci-fy them. I dunno would we ever have thought of the famine only for the man out of Dublin puttin' it into our minds.

"Has th' obelix annything to do wid the Famine?" he says, an' bedad we lepped at the bare idea, for we weren't too averse in the matther of story-tellin' at that time, although we got a whole lot betther at it since then, thanks be to God.

"You can take your alfa davitt it had plenty to do wid the Famine," says Gab Doyle; an' the rest of us was all speculation to know what in the living earth he was goin' to make out of it. "Didn't me father often tell me the way he'd keep lookin' at the obelix when he'd be diggin' the potato-dhrills below, God be good to him, until the ridges was all like curly cues an' the spuds never did a ha'porth of good?"

The fella's eyes was on two sticks, an' he listenin' to Gab Doyle. "Well," says he, "I heard tell of some quare ould yarns about the same famine, but I never come across greater ram-lash than that," an' off wid him in a pet.

Gab Doyle wasn't plazed wid him at all. "I gev him the best answer I could on the minute," he says, "but wasn't it twict the ram-lash for a grown man like him to be axin' if th' obelix had anny hand in the famine? I was full sure he was a pure eejut."

Sure we heard afther that he didn't mean it that way at all. 'Twas relief-works he was thinkin' of, it seems, an' he never blemt th' obelix for banishin' the crops. Be all accounts there do be obelixes all over Ireland that was built up at that time, whatever charm was in them. They say the counthry is powdhered wid them, an' they all rounded wid great exactness. An' always they must be upon the top of some hill, howsomever they figured it out—I suppose it was the way it'd take a long time an' give plenty of emplyment. But how did we know the Dublin fella meant annything like that? We knew no more nor an infant child.

An' then a lady from England put it into our heads about the horse. "It must the grave of a favourite charger," says she to Pether Dolan, an' he never was great at the talk.

"Do ye mean a bull, Ma'am?" he says, "for there's no favouritism about the like of them; they'll charge all that comes in their way."

"There's no horses berrit round here," he says when she med it plainer, "on account of the Hunt kennels bein' so contagious to the place."

The summer afther Pether told everyone that come how 'twas Finn McCool put up th' obelix over a great lepper he had that shwep all before him at the Pint-to-Pint; but a lad out of Waterford ruz a commotion, for he said we was makin' little of Finn McCool.

Only for the way the tarrier went off on me last Sunda was a week the dear knows when we'd hear a word about the way th' obelix was all as one as good as blew up since the summer. The minute I seen the big hole in the side of it, "Bedad!" says I, "politics is mixed up some way wid this affair, an' none of us thought of that."

Wasn't the whole thing wrote out in the papers since I brought down the word? It seems th' obelix was put up be th' ould Lord for Queen Victoria's Jubilee, so that was why the spite was took agen it at long last. But he never divulged a ha'porth at the time; an' Gab Doyle says 'tis only a chanct if the King of England ever hears tell of it at all afther the throuble some-one took over it.

D. M. L.



"LET ME INTRODUCE—— WELL, I HAD NO *IDEA* YOU WERE OLD FRIENDS."

With Love from Aunt Hildegarde.

THERE are three ways of choosing presents for other people. The first is to choose something you think they would like; the second, something you would like yourself; the third, something you think they ought to have. Of these methods the first is the wisest but the least common; the second is foolish but the most usually followed; while the third is wholly unforgivable and accounts for much of the post-Christmas bitterness from which we are apt to suffer.

My great-aunt Hildegarde is an almost fanatical devotee of the third method. Many people would call her an ideal aunt; that is to say, she gives us presents not only at Christmas but for each of our birthdays and often in between times as well. But her gifts have, so to speak, a sting in the tail; they represent her unspoken criticisms on our habits, customs and whole mode of living. Whenever we see her firm capable handwriting on a parcel, or when a box arrives from a shop with one of her cards enclosed, we pause before unpacking it any further, sit back on our haunches and wonder what we've done wrong now.

"I know," says Thomas. "Last time she dined here the spout of the coffee-pot was chipped and it dribbled all down her frock."

"No," I reply, "I know what it is. The menu-card was propped up against the candlestick, and she said how awkward it was the way it kept slipping down."

And when we open it, sure enough, if it isn't a new china coffee-pot it is a pair of menu-holders—contrivances which we particularly dislike, even when they are not made from tooled gun-metal in the form of two hedge-sparrows rampant, regardant and proper.

Once she came to tea with me on a pouring wet day and found nowhere to park her umbrella. The next day arrived a large tubular object with distinctly military associations, though it had been so converted and distorted that it was difficult to tell whether it had originally been a large German shell or part of a small field-gun used in the Russo-Japanese War; a third possibility was that it had been a moth-proof travelling container for a Balkan field-marshal's top-boots. Anyway it takes up a great deal of room in the hall.

And another time, I remember, she wanted to write a note at my writing-table and was scandalised at there being no proper pen and ink—although, as I told her, I had three fountain-pens, any of which I was willing to lend her. Four days elapsed and I was beginning to breathe more freely. But on the fifth there came a small square parcel containing a silver-mounted inkpot with my initials irrevocably engraved upon it (which accounted no doubt for the delay). Like the umbrella-stand, it was a convert; but in this case there was no difficulty whatever in guessing its original function. To make matters quite clear, Aunt Hildegarde had attached a note saying: "I feel sure

you will like to have this little memento of poor dear Blackie, on whose back you took your first ride. This is the very hoof which she used to lift so prettily to shake hands. May it bring you lots of inspiration for your little poems!!!"

I groaned, filled it with fountain-pen ink and set it fair and square in the middle of my writing-table, where it remains to this day, a constant reminder of the agonies and humiliations of childhood; for it was the selfsame hoof with which Blackie once stood for a full five minutes on my toe, I having neither the strength nor the courage to remove her.

I do not wish to look a gift-hoof in the mouth or to seem in any way ungrateful, but the thing is getting on our nerves. Not only are we developing an inferiority complex about our own home but we are becoming self-conscious about entertaining Aunt Hildegarde. We dare not give her grapes lest she should think we are hinting at grape-scissors; nor lobster for fear of invoking a set of silver-plated picks. But however careful we are we cannot think of everything. We did not, for instance, foresee that she would give us an electric clock for Christmas.

It is true that when she came to stay with us a month ago our drawing-room clock was not behaving altogether as a good clock should. One day it was a few minutes slow and she missed the weather forecast on the wireless. And another day it ran down altogether and made her late for church. "Your Uncle Julian," she said gently, "used to wind *all* the clocks in the house *every* Sunday morning." But this mild fragment of reminiscence did not at all prepare us, though perhaps it should have, for the grey maple rhomboid which now adorns our mantelpiece.

At least it looks like maple, but it is actually (so the accompanying leaflet informed us) made of steel, which can neither shrink nor warp, neither rust nor tarnish. It runs off the electric mains; it needs no winding; it is guaranteed to keep absolutely perfect time; and ever since it came into the house we have felt acutely ill at ease.

Our old happy-go-lucky days are over. No more can we think comfortingly as we start out rather late for a dinner-party: "Oh, well, perhaps our clock is fast," nor, when we arrive there to find hostess champing and fellow-guests ravenous, can we murmur, "We are dreadfully sorry, but our clock was slow," for our friends have already got to know about our new, our abominable possession. Gone too are sundry minor pleasures, such as listening for the radio Time Signal and leaping up to make a half-minute adjustment; and, better still, squandering pennies in a lordly way on inquiring the hour of the telephone-operator. (How cool, how serene, how unvaryingly cautious was her reply: "You will be charged for the call. The taime by the Exchange clock is naine-fifty-thrrree"!)

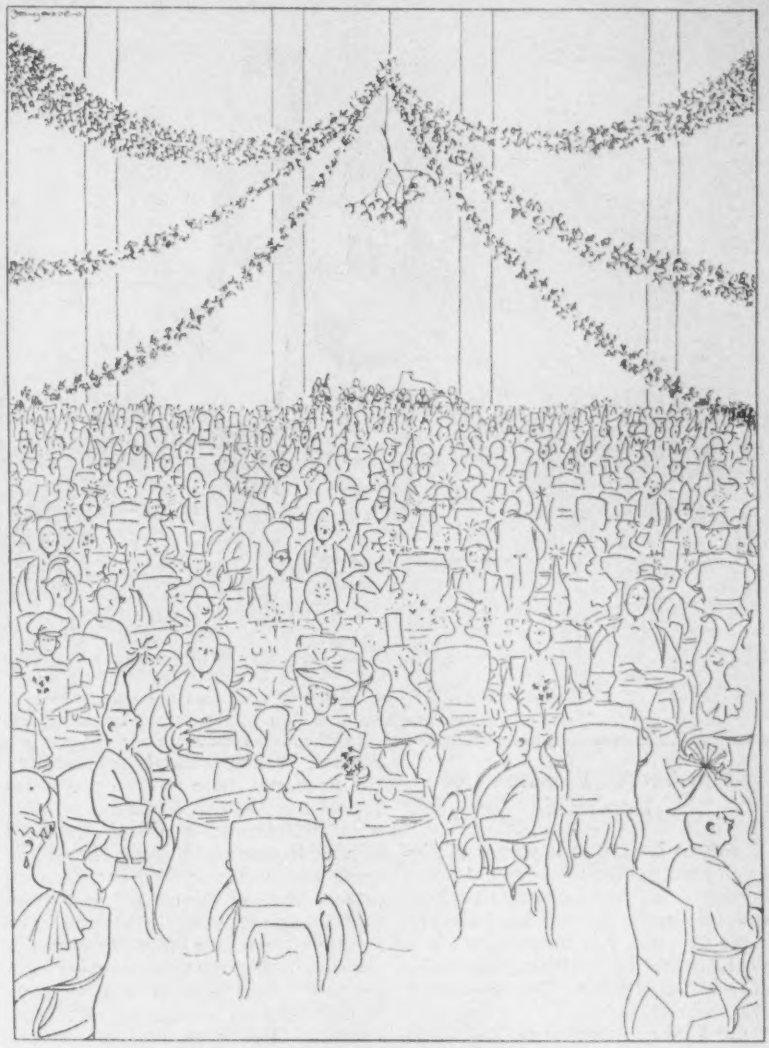
And gone—worst of all—is the small friendly sound which used to accompany our thoughts, the balanced alternation of *tick* and *tock*, like the footsteps of a little dog walking very quickly beside you on the pavement. Time now proceeds for us in a series of hard metallic clicks, one every minute, each identical with the last: it is a large slow hopping bird of prey which follows relentlessly behind us. For fifty-nine seconds it stands still; we escape it; we are immortal; and then with a sudden deft leap it catches us up again. Better never to escape; better to have our little trotting dog.

But there is nothing to be done about it. If we did not use the clock, or if we banished it to the dining-room, Aunt Hildegarde would not only think us both mad and decadent—for what sane responsible citizen would not jump at the opportunity of being always certain of the time?—but she would also be terribly hurt. It was touching to see her when she came to tea yesterday, gazing up with reverent eyes at the angular, impersonal, implacable monster on the mantelpiece.

"Your Uncle Julian," she said, "would have found it *such* a boon."

The vulture took another hop forward.

JAN.



YE ENGLISSHE REVELRYE.



Mistress. "WHAT A LONG TIME YOU ARE SHOWING PEOPLE UP?"
Maid. "IT'S THE MISTLETOE, MA'AM. YOU WOULD INSIST ON HANGING IT IN THE HALL."

The Secret Pleasures of Reginald.

I FOUND Reggie in a corner of the silence room of the club one Saturday afternoon. He was reclining in a long chair, motionless, his eyes fixed glassily on the ceiling. His manner, when I poked him in the ribs with my umbrella, struck me as strange. Not cordial. I felt a little aggrieved.

"Am I interrupting you?"

"You are."

"But you don't seem to be doing anything."

"It's not what I'm doing, it's what I'm not doing that matters."

"I beg your pardon?"

He sighed. "Ah, well," he said, "I suppose the sooner I tell you the sooner you'll go. Do you know a man in this club named Bodfish?"

I shuddered. "Wilkinson Bodfish? I do."

"Have you ever spent a week-end at Bodfish's cottage in Sussex?"

I shuddered again. "I have."

"Well, I'm not spending the week-end at Bodfish's cottage in Sussex."

"I see you are not. But——"

"You don't understand. And yet I should have thought that the thing would have been within the grasp of the meanest intelligence. I am not merely absent from Bodfish's cottage in Sussex; I am deliberately not spending the week-end there. When you interrupted me just now I was not walking with Bodfish in his garden, in the teeth of a north-east wind being shown the spots where there would have been a perfect blaze of flowers if I had come a little earlier. Soon, when you have left me—if you have other engagements please do not let me detain you—I shall not return to the house and listen to Mrs. Bodfish on the subject of Master Bodfish's triumphs at his private school."

"You mean you are thanking your stars you aren't there?"

"That is it, put very crudely. But I go further. I do not indulge in a momentary self-congratulation. I do the thing thoroughly. If I were week-ending at Bodfish's I should have arrived there about an hour ago. I therefore selected that moment for beginning not to week-end with Bodfish. I settled myself in this chair and did not have my back slapped at the station. I few minutes later I was not whirling along the country roads trying to steer the car with my legs and an elbow. Time passed, and I was not shaking hands with Mrs. Bodfish. I have had a most delightful time, and, shortly, when you have remembered an appointment, I shall go on having it. What I am really looking forward to is the after-dinner period, which I shall pass in not playing bridge for fish counters."

"Do you often do this?"

"Virtually every week-end. Do you know a man named Pringle? I am not going to stay with him next Saturday. I forget who is not to be my host the Saturday after that. I should have to consult my book. I have so many engagements of this kind that I lose track of them."

"But, Reggie, this is genius! You have hit on the greatest idea of the age. You might extend this system."

"I do. Some of the jolliest evenings I have spent have been not at the theatre."

"I have often wondered what it was that made you look so fit and happy."

"Yes. These little non-visits of mine do pick me up quite a bit. I get up on Monday morning feeling like a lion. The reason I selected Bodfish to-day, though I was practically engaged to a man named Bunce who lives out Reigate way, was that I felt a little run down and needed a real rest. I shall be all right on Monday."

"And so shall I," I said, sinking into the chair beside him.

"You are not leaving me?" he said wistfully.

"On the contrary I am joining you—at Bodfish's. I too need a tonic."

I closed my eyes and a great peace settled upon me.



THE STARS OF OLYMPIA, 1934: A SAWDUST SYMPHONY.

At the Pictures.

ALICE IN HOLLYWOOD.

"I'M not really a White Queen," she said, speaking in a rather affected voice. "I'm Louise Fazenda."

"How strange!" thought Alice.

"And I'm not really a Mad Hatter," said another voice. "I'm Edward Everett Horton."

"And I'm not Tweedledum, not nohow. I'm Jack Oakie."

"And I'm not a White Knight. You may not believe it, but I'm Gary Cooper. I've had far more practice in riding than you might suppose from the way I keep tumbling off."

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice. "Why, I do believe if things go on like this I shall be getting an American accent myself in a moment!"

And, strange to say, she did.

* * *

Nobody could help feeling that there was a sort of kindly condescension, a stooping of the great stars in their courses to enter into the spirit of this quaint old Victorian fantasy. Nobly they had striven to enter into their parts; but the effort to be quite so fatuously naïve or so naïvely foolish as Charles Dodgson created them and John Tenniel drew them was a little too much for these great ones of the glittering firmament.

I except Humpty Dumpty. He had wrapped himself somehow into the real personality of the world's most notable egg. He spoke as Humpty Dumpty might have spoken. And how he managed to make a mouth so huge as that move properly in speaking it is beyond me to imagine.

"There's glory for you." I think for Humpty Dumpty there truly was. But when the White Knight, who didn't look nearly as mild and dreamy as he ought to have looked, had finished tumbling off in the foreground and getting on by means of a step-ladder, Alice watched him riding away. And he still kept falling off. But lest, I suppose, we should forget, he dispensed with the step-ladder and swung himself on to the saddle once and again with the good old cowboy action we have known since Hollywood began.

And when Alice went through the Looking-Glass she found herself for some reason known only to the film-maker looking at a picture of the backs of her uncle and aunt, whose faces she had known so well in the sitting-room. Her uncle, she found, had a large light-coloured patch in the back of his trousers. He explained to her—for he was a speaking likeness—"If you'd been standing here for fifty years you'd have a patch in the back of your trousers." And, supposing that it had been the desire of the director to show how vast, how unbridgeable are the gulfs of thought as well as time between Lewis Carroll and Los Angeles, he could not have chosen a better way of doing it. What was Uncle Gilbert doing there anyway? How shall you create in the twinkling of an American eye a Rabbit, a Cheshire Cat, a Gryphon, a March Hare, who have inhabited the minds of English children for three generations?

But am I right? Probably I am entirely wrong. Alice has been changing her character and outlook for years. So have the Mad Hatter and the Duchess and the Dormouse and the White King. If they are still liked by children they must already be less Victorian, more Occidentalised than they used to be.

* * *

"What a number of creatures there are to be sure!" reflected Alice as she wandered through the holly wood, "and all so fond of speaking and telling one what to do. How wonderful it would be if they turned out not to be animals after all, but real screen-stars in disguise! Supposing the Gryphon were William Austin and the Frog were Sterling Holloway, and the Dormouse should turn out to be Jackie Searl!"

"But we are, you know," said a small voice at her elbow.

"How simply marvellous!" exclaimed Alice, clapping her hands with delight. "This is much more exciting than 'The Three Little Pigs'!"

* * *

But not to me, of course. To me "The Three Little Pigs" is perfection. It is true Hollywood, true film-stuff, the best in the comic line that Hollywood can possibly do. I shall never be able to pass over the great gulf. I am afraid of the Big Bad Stars. And the American accents of the Small Beau-



ECLIPSE OF FILM-FACE VALUES.

The Frog	STERLING HOLLOWAY.
Humpty Dumpty	W. C. FIELDS.
The Dodo Bird	POLLY MORAN.
Tweedledum	JACK OAKIE.
The Duchess	ALISON SKIPWORTH.
The March Hare	CHARLIE RUGGLES.
The Cheshire Cat	RICHARD ARLEN.
The Gryphon	WILLIAM AUSTIN.
The Mock Turtle	CARY GRANT.



A ROMANTIC IDOL
(THE WHITE KNIGHT).

Charlotte Henry (lapsing as Alice). "IT'S THRILLING TO BE ABLE TO SAY 'I'VE PLAYED OPPOSITE *GARY COOPER*.'"



STAGE FRIGHT.

tiful Stars drive me to frenzy and despair.

Needless to say the mechanical and magical effects of Alice in Hollywood were unremittingly ingenious, and there was no surprising transformation imagined by the brain of Mr. Dodgson which the screen did not faithfully portray. EVOE.

History.

THE following quotations from *Every Child's Book of the Past*, published in the year 2033, may help us to see the year that has just closed in a right perspective:—

"1933 will always be remembered as the Body-Line Year. A controversy that shook the world raged with unparalleled fury from early spring until late December. The exact nature of the controversy cannot be discovered, as most of the documents were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1966. There seems, however, no doubt that HITLER, at that time Dictator of Germany, was at the bottom of it. It will be remembered that the European War had officially ceased in 1918, but that there was still much bitterness between the nations.

America was at that time ruled by ROOSEVELT and HENRY FORD, two well-known Chicago gangsters, and ROOSEVELT made several attempts to inflate HITLER. This annoyed the German.

England appears to have taken a more or less neutral part in the controversy. A body known as the M.C.C. (presumably the Middlesex County Council) did their utmost to smooth matters over by despatching cables at regular intervals. At last it was decided to hold a conference at Geneva, with Lord ASHFIELD, President of the L.P.T.B. (the initials are believed to stand for 'Let's prevent trouble, Brother') as Chairman.

England, however, was not solid for peace. An organisation known as the Oxford Movement, whose members wore green shorts, were continually holding mass-meetings. Their leader was an Irishman named O'DUFFY.

Despite these political troubles, however, the world seems to have enjoyed a period of unparalleled prosperity. Prices were extremely low, and there was so much over-production that stores of various commodities, such as coffee, had to be burned.

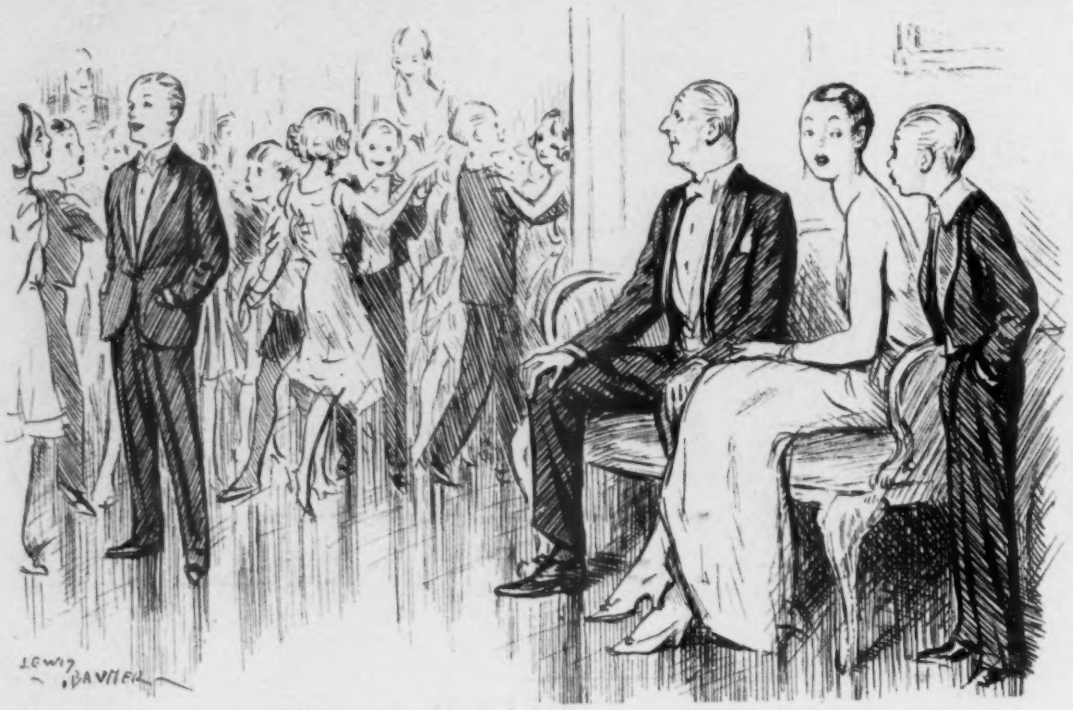
So anxious were producers to dispose of surplus goods that it was difficult to buy anything without being given something else as well. If one bought a packet of cigarettes, a pair of boots, a flannel suit or a set of toilet requisites were immediately handed over the counter.

The Newspaper Press in 1933 was distinguished by an almost touching modesty. Realising that their columns contained nothing edifying, editors salved their consciences by presenting to every reader a set of the works of CHARLES DICKENS, an encyclopædia or a Bible.

Further evidence of prosperity is found in the astonishing fact that between two and three million men were not required to work at all. According to some accounts in contemporary literature these 'unemployed' men were allowed to starve, and died like flies. Other authors of the period, however, assert that they lived on the fat of the land.

The healing arts in 1933 reached a very high level. The common cold, which is so prevalent to-day, must have been much rarer in those happy times. It is estimated that there were 3,462 specifics which absolutely guaranteed to prevent the common cold and 38,124 specifics which absolutely guaranteed to cure the common cold when caught. The ready sale of these latter specifics throws an interesting sidelight on the lack of foresight of our ancestors in not taking one or more of the 3,462 preventive specifics.

The few gramophone records that still exist prove that the quaint old English accent was not quite dead. Already, however, the more cultured accent of America was commonly heard in the streets and almost exclusively used in places of public entertainment."



"MOTHER, I'M SURE YOU DON'T *MEAN* TO BE RUDE, BUT YOUR 'NICE-LOOKING BOY' HAPPENS TO BE OUR FOOTER CAPTAIN."

London Nocturne.

["Motorists driving in London in the near future will probably be forbidden to use motor-horns in certain areas during some hours of the night."—*Daily Paper.*]

COME, lovely night! Now dies the din of day
And healing silence folds the city's hum,
Hushed is the siren's peace-destroying bray,
Mute are the hooters and the klaxons dumb.

Nerveless now drops the taxi-driver's hand
From off his bulb, with constant use kept clean;
No more obtrudes the buses' loud demand;
Unpressed the button in the limousine.

Now in his bed the country yokel wakes
To curse some cow that loweth for her calf,
Or cock that moonrise for the dawn mistakes;
But we in London beds, shall we not laugh?

For us no sheep with ceaseless cough and dry
Shall plague, no screech-owl's horrid wail affright;
Nor, in the weasel's grip, shall rabbit's cry
Tear as a sheet the silence of our night.

Only perhaps a few times every hour
Will flakes of whitewash from the ceiling fly
As, rubber-shod, exulting in its power,
Some petrol-driven juggernaut goes by.

Who shall complain if sometime it may hap,
Deep 'neath the footings of this quiet spot,
An Inner Circle train add yet a lap
And shake the house from base to chimney-pot?

Two doors away Terpsichore hath held
Her court till late—and now the guests depart.
How joyously are Good-night greetings yelled!
O Morpheus, will that starter never start?

And now the laggard taxi doth appear
With sullen drone and stridulating brake;
Bang goes the door; the driver misses gear,
And half-a-score of slumbering echoes wake.

The milkman soon will come and jangling glass
Clatter like cymbals to the rising sun.
Courage, my heart! the night will surely pass.
Hark! the first distant hooter. Day's begun!



TEAM WORK.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S RENEWED COMPLIMENTS TO MAC AND SIMON IN THEIR REFINED EQUESTRIAN ACT.

You Asked Me Who She Was.

Myopia, Goddess of Tact, was walking in her garden thinking about bulbs and a new problem. She was expecting Fastidia, Goddess of Taste, who was coming to discuss the problem with her. Fastidia always shuddered when she had to come into that garden, for, in keeping with her deity (Myopia's), the garden was a mixture of all styles, in a rather blind hope of pleasing everybody. It started at one end by being quite Lenôtre, and, passing rapidly through stages of English, Dutch, formal and informal, finished up by being, in the corner by the shrine, a mess. By this shrine, which will be mentioned later, was a slag-heap for discarded classical figures, the largest relic being Melpomene caught reading a novel of OUIDA'S, executed by an unknown sculptor, but later attributed to the guiding spirit of Mr. EPSTEIN.

Fastidia, well-primed with aspirin to face this hateful garden, then arrived and joined Myopia in her perambulations. After discussing the weather and the new bulbs and Vulcan's new affair and one or two other scandals, they were forced to come to the problem in hand.

This was about a lady in Boston, Mass., who served in a champagne-bar (this was before Prohibition—about 1900); but that was not her crime. She had been sufficiently foolish to refuse in marriage an American millionaire and an English peer who had money. The gods had been quite rightly incensed at this lack of correct feeling on the part of a mortal, and a sub-committee of interested gods and goddesses had been set up to deal with the matter. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of this Committee were Myopia and Fastidia.

The reason for Maisie's outrageous conduct—you can guess who Maisie was—was, it appeared, a man, whom this foolish girl pretended to love—or did, as may be. He was, it had transpired, a cashier in a bank. That was about as far as the Committee had got in their deliberations.

The only piece of really clear thinking on the subject done by the two goddesses was to come to the conclusion that this young man must be very attractive. They had not imparted this conclusion to the other members of the Committee.

The time had come for a little action, and that was the reason for this meeting of these two goddesses.

"What are we to do in this matter?" said Fastidia.



Wife. "MIND YOU, DEARIE, 'E AIN'T 'ANDSOME, BUT 'IS FACE DOES IMPROVE WHEN YOU GET IT BETWEEN A CLEAN COLLAR AN' A NEW 'AT."

"I have a plan," replied Myopia. "I think I will get permission to appear on earth; Jupiter will grant it, seeing the circumstances. I will appear in the bank as a singularly attractive young woman and attempt to draw his attention away from this outrageous barmaid. What do you think of my plan? Of course it won't be as rapid as that, but as soon as I have made his acquaintance I can get to work, and I shall soon see if I am going to be successful. What do you think of my plan?" she said again, expectantly.

The other did not at first reply. She was thinking how much better it would be if she had the *rôle* of the attractive young woman, and was wondering how she could make the suggestion tactfully and tastefully.

They passed in silence the shrine, wherein was a cabinet photograph of

the Duchesse de Mautuis de Bonpensier. This portrait, a little faded now, was of the lady (above-mentioned) who had been awarded the palm for tact on earth during the nineteenth century.

"I think, my dear, seeing how interested Apollo is in you at the moment, it would be more tactful not to go beguiling a mortal." Thus spoke Fastidia, but to no avail.

Since Myopia was so bent on her plan and certain of its approval by the Committee and by Jupiter, Fastidia soon left her in a temper.

Myopia had been right in her surmise of universal approval for her plan—or almost universal. And so, after the committee-meeting on the day after her discussion with Fastidia, she went off to Jupiter to obtain permission and necessary support. Jupiter assented very kindly and agreed to assist in every way. He showed her various incarnations of herself, of which she chose the one she liked the best. He also gave her some bank-notes to deposit at the bank.

I regret, as I have another engagement, that I must cut this story a little short.

Well, Myopia was only too successful in her scheme. She managed to alienate the love of Dave Brown (yes, that was his name) for his barmaid. He fell in love with Myopia and, as Fastidia loves to tell, she fell in love with him. Outrageous as it may seem, she wanted to marry him, and eventually obtained Jupiter's permission to do so. She was, however, expelled from the gods; but not cruelly, and was given a satisfactory income to live on here below.

Incidentally Maisie managed to grab the peer before he got away. He had cooled off, but she managed to warm him up again. She died not long ago after many years of happy married life, in which she bore seven children, all legitimate, and opened two-hundred-and-seventeen bazaars, all rather illegal. There is a fine statue of her in Kirkudghillie, in red granite—draped, but symbolical, however, of plenty.

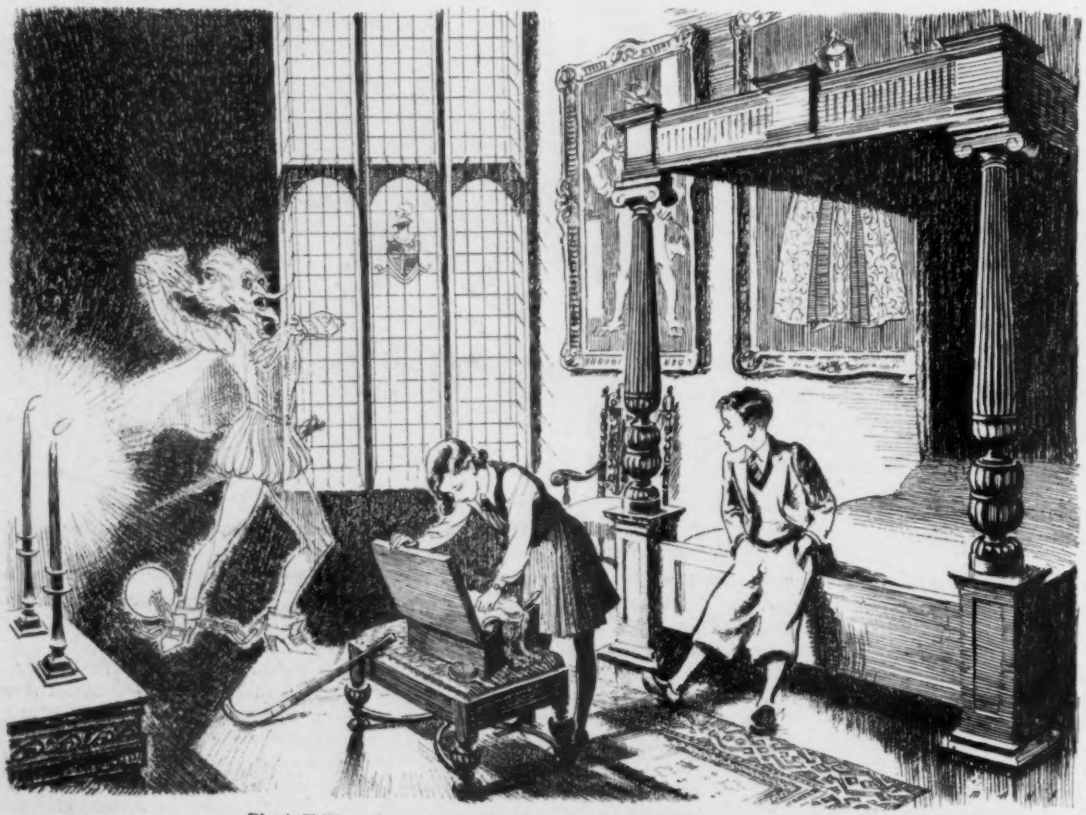
I really ought to be going, but I'll just tell you about Myopia.

Myopia dragged her husband to Europe after their marriage; I say "dragged" because he didn't want to go. They lived most of the time at Monte Carlo. Her husband died in 1914 of a surfeit of some American speciality made only in Monte Carlo. Since then Myopia has made numerous applications for readmission to the gods, but has so far been unlucky, Fastidia being a firm opponent to her re-election. Myopia is of course very upset about this and also about something else. You see, the gods can't quite decide whether, even though human, she is mortal or immortal. Myopia sincerely hopes she is mortal, as her rheumatism and other ailments get worse every year. She is now to be found going from ill to worse and from Bad to Bad all over Europe, but she prefers Carlsbad.

Good-bye!

Question in a Cape Town Examination Paper: "A lady bought a dozen eggs. The first day she boiled three; the second day four; how many were left to boil on the last day?"

Answer by a small coloured boy: "On the last day no one will boil eggs."



Blasé Child. "I SAY, DAPHNE, WHAT A THRILL FOR THE PARENTS!"



GETTING READY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE
An attempted gate-crash by the Moderns is frustrated

[*The Exhibition of British Art promoted by the R.A. opens on January 6th.*]

At the Opera.

"HÄNSEL AND GRETEL" (CAMBRIDGE).

IT is all but thirty years since the GRIMM-WETTE-HUMPERDINCK fairy opera-cum-pantomime, *Hänsel and Gretel*, was first performed in London. It seems steadily to grow in popular favour, especially of late years. In friendly rivalry with the Old Vic, presenting its accustomed and simpler version, Mr. SYDNEY CARROLL, in a more expansive and expensive mood, presents his excerpts and embroideries with the co-operation of a team of the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. MICHAEL SCOTT'S conscientious baton; of Mr. BASIL DEAN as producer and inventor of effects; of Mr. RUPERT DOONE as choreographer, and—a peculiarly happy if, when you come to think of it, obvious inspiration—of Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM as decorator.

Ingenious anonymous stage-carpenters and Mr. ALICK JOHNSTONE'S clever impressionistic brush have translated the artists' elaborate sinisterliness into three-dimensional form with more success than could have been foretold, especially in the sombre forest, which, when the revolving stage of the Cambridge had done its little bit of showing-off, was a scene of authentic theatrical enchantment—the living gnomes, witches, old men of the woods and whatnot having indeed some difficulty in competing with the formidable glowing-eyed tree-sprites of the artists' fancy. A charming drop-curtain of broom-mounted crones, Rackhamish toucans, goblins and starveling cats, with innocent *Hänsel* and *Gretel* at ease in the foreground, fronted us encouragingly while the orchestra played the enchanting little overture, which, I am proud to report, was listened to with unusual good manners by both adults and children.

Miss VICTORIA HOPPER fully justifies her *entrepreneur's* choice for the part of *Gretel*. She has a pretty voice and an attractive air of artlessness, and moves with an easy grace. Mr. LESLIE FRENCH, pleasant and excellently audible *diseur* rather than singer, was an entirely satisfactory *Hänsel* for an English audience, though perhaps a little too hearty, material-minded and tom-boyish to fit his author's more sentimental conception. The heartiness was evidently hereditary, his father, *Peter* the broom-maker, as interpreted by Mr. GAVIN GORDON, possessing it in a marked degree. Mr. GORDON sang his part with a truly admirable gusto in a full round baritone of excellent quality and capered nimbly back and forth.

Angels perhaps are not much in Mr. RACKHAM'S line, and are anyway not in general much of a success on the stage. Mr. BASIL DEAN and Mr. RUPERT DOONE, however, took them over with enthusiasm and sent them down from the flies by a solid staircase thrust forward and withdrawn under cover of heavy gauze curtains, and set them busily to work weaving their favourable spells upon the sleeping children. Having rather a worm's-eye view of these manœuvres I could not quite understand the choreographic pattern, but can testify that the angelic ballet was much appreciated. The neatness of the rudimentary silver wings did not escape me—an improvement on the full-size models and much less prone to entanglement and depreciation in action.

The children are the true critics of this sort of show, and their verdict was unanimously favourable, while the music is always a delight to their instructed elders.

And perhaps primarily for the elders the ingenious, inconsequent and amusing if rather over-sophisticated and a little too protracted moving silhouette film by LOTTE REINIGER, *Harlequin and Columbine*, was presented as a curtain-raiser. *Harlequin* commits many light-hearted crimes and meets his end on the scaffold, but is raised to life by pitying *Amoretti* because of his expert gallantry, of which we have had much evidence. All this to a musical accompaniment of more than ordinary distinction—SCARLATTI, LULLY, RAMEAU, COUPERIN, PERGOLESI—by members of the L.P.O.

T.



A RIGHT-AND-LEFT.

Gretel . . . . . MISS VICTORIA HOPPER.
The Witch . . . . . MISS CONSTANCE WILLIS.
Hänsel . . . . . MR. LESLIE FRENCH.

At the Pantomime.

"QUEEN OF HEARTS" (LYCEUM).

IT is an odd thing, which so far no eugenist outside the Portland Club has yet explained, that the Royal Court-card families continue to produce but one child, and that invariably a male of marked criminal tendency; and it is therefore all the more pleasant to come across a paste-board monarch and his consort solaced by a daughter of beauty and virtue.

The dress-rehearsal lasted four hours, and even then was shorn of its Harlequinade, but into this time an astounding amount of diverse material is packed; and I must report that a youthful audience seemed amply satisfied with it—which is all that matters.

As you remember, the pretty domesticity of the Hearts Court was rudely shattered by that distressing episode of the pilfered tarts; and in this up-to-date version of the story not even the general X-ray suggested by the practical *Queen* solves the crime, which proves itself devilishly baffling before it is finally cleared up. On a broad basis of pastry Messrs. WALTER and FREDERICK MELVILLE have constructed a seasonable *vol-au-vent* of ballet, song, music-hall slapstick and acrobatics. Their final ingredient is the least Christmassy—a parade of armorially-girt young women representing our seaside towns, the names of most of which are enough in this weather to set a whole house a-shiver.

The spells and counter-spells of the *Witch* and the *Good Fairy*, advancing in turn the chances of the *Yellow Dwarf* and the *Beggar Boy* for the hand of *Viola, Princess of Hearts*, leave plenty of room for irrelevant and brightly decorated interlude. The *King of Hearts* himself (Mr. DICK HENDERSON) is very short and very stout and cooms from Lancashire, while the *Queen* is very tall and thin and coy, and hasn't been cuddled since the Diamond Jubilee and is really, if you can believe it, a Mr. DICK TUBB. The decided eccentricities of the Court are due partly to the extraordinary series of gate-crashers who drop in, and partly to the *King's* questionable appointment to the royal police-force of CHARLIE NAUGHTON and JIMMY GOLD, two music-hall favourites whose conduct of the case is vastly inferior to their egg-bursting and paint-sloshing performances; and of course there can be little real dignity in a palace of such O. SOGLOW peculiarity that the *King* carries a dartboard on his back for the improvement of his courtiers' aim.

The cream of the programme is the *Fairy Ballet* arranged by Miss EUPHAN MACLAREN, some of which is very charming, particularly the beautiful rubber-jointed measures of Miss RENIE JOLLIFFE, who softens contortion with an unusual grace, and the delightful dancing of SYLVIA and ERROL ADDISON; the springboard wizardry of the FIVE MARYWARDS, who think nothing of catching a colleague falling little-mary-wards from a desperate height, or of being shot up into an aerial armchair; and the game of cards between the *King*, his two policemen and the *Knave*, in which conversation is forbidden but understanding established owing to a remarkable trick which the *Knave*, Mr. GEORGE JACKLEY, possesses of *whistling words*. I think he must also possess some uncanny little instrument which he holds in his mouth, but it is quite invisible. The show owes a good deal to this hard-working comedian and to the way in which early on he wins the confidence of his young audience, whom he lures into valiant communal song.

Miss EVE BENSON made a pretty *Princess*, Miss MOLLY VYVYAN deputised effectively as the *Beggar Boy*, and Miss IRENE RICH looked a thoroughly *Good Fairy*. *Old Mother Shipton* did haggish credit to Mr. GEORGE BELMORE, while Mr. FRED DAVISS' *Yellow Dwarf* is as sinister as you could wish. One of the best stage dogs I have ever seen is Mr. ERIC BROCK'S *Towser*, which has got CRUFT'S in its pocket if it cares for that sort of thing. ERIC.



PASTRY-CROOK DRAMA.
THE SLEUTH HOT ON THE SCENT.
Towser . . . . . MR. ERIC BROCK.
The Knave of Hearts . . . MR. GEORGE JACKLEY.



SOLO DUEL.
Valentine (the Beggar Boy) . . . . . MISS MOLLY VYVYAN.
Rumble Grumble (The Yellow Dwarf) . MR. FRED D. DAVISS.

H.A.T.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your issue dated March 23rd, 1932, "A. P. H." warmly sponsored the claim of the Internal Combustion Engine as a means of propulsion for the hypothetical "Water-Pybus" (what a word!) on which he proposed carrying us up and down the river Thames.

Now, alas! the I.C.E., "besides being the most dangerous instrument of war, is the root of most of the ills of peace" ("A. P. H." in *Punch*, 27th December, 1933).

What will the "water-pybus" (golly!) do now, poor thing? Is it likely that "A. P. H." and his fellow publicists (help!) will permit any organised form of internal combustion traffic to "corrupt," "uglify" and "imperil" our lovely river?

I suggest, dear Mr. Punch, that Hot Air Traffic would meet the emergency adequately enough. "Hot Air" may be a nuisance, but it does not corrupt, uglify or imperil anything to any great extent. If it did this would be a wicked and perilous world indeed. I need scarcely point out to "A. P. H." and his fellow-publicists (oh, my!) that the beauty of H.A.T. is that it can be maintained simply by continuing to talk through a H A T. Yours, etc.,
INTERNAL COMBUSTION FAN.

This Publicity.

"Miss Jordan began her private life as one of the beauties who sat in a glass case at the Wembley Exhibition."
Daily Paper.

"The Railway Ministry in Nanking has re-opened the question of repairing the Canton-Kowloon Railway with the British Minister in China."
Singapore Paper.

We resent the inference that our Ambassadors are sleepers.



PRELIMINARIES.

"EVER HAD A BLACK EYE?" "ONLY ON MY KNUCKLES."

Cautionary Tales for Young Golfers.

IV.—Ahasuerus Binks, who Declined to Observe the Rules of Golf and Dug His Own Grave.

AGED ten, Ahasuerus Binks
Was loosed upon the local links
And started off to play
Old Harry with the Rules of Golf,
At which he'd arrogantly scoff
In his offensive way.
"This rule about the ladies' tee,"
He'd say, "does not apply to me;
For rules I do not care."
And always in a bunker he
Would ground his club quite openly
And never turn a hair.
He never shouted "Fore!" to those
In front of him, which you'd suppose
A decent child would do,
But drove, and, if he chanced to hit
A player, didn't care a bit
But shouted, "Let me through!"
He putted with his niblick or
His mashie, making holes galore
With each successive hack;
And if, when playing on the "Fair"
He sent huge divots in the air,
He never put them back.

He dug deep pits all round the links.
In short, Ahasuerus Binks
Became a public pest;
And when the members said to him,
"You ought to leave the club, you limb!"
He answered, "You be—blest!"

Now, mark you, what a shocking fate
(Shocking, but how appropriate!)
Was destined for the lad.
It chanced, when after heavy rain
Ahasuerus played again,
The horrid little cad
Fell into one of those same pits
He'd dug by not replacing bits
Of turf he'd scattered round.
The rain had filled it to the brim;
Ahasuerus couldn't swim,
And consequently drowned.

A Psychic Bid.

"THE most remarkable hand I ever held," said George, "was this——"

He scribbled it down on a scrap of paper and handed it to me.

This is what I read: "Spades—2, 3, 4, 5. Hearts—2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Diamonds—2, 3, 4, 6. No Clubs."

"I went Five Spades," he said; "but I was one down."

"What cards your partner must have held!"

"On the contrary," said George, "she had nothing above a ten.

"I was staying at Swampley-on-Slush in the off-season, when the visitors at 'Sea View' had to make their own amusements. Boarding-house bridge used to be a harmless pastime. But now that everybody is a follower of 'Joker' in *The Daily Screed* or 'Colonel Colander' in *Modern Cookery* the game has become altogether too strenuous.

"For several evenings I managed to stand out, but at last I was roped in. I partnered Miss Witherley, an acidulated disciple of 'Colonel Colander,' against Mr. Brown-Smith, who swore by 'Joker,' and Mrs. Brown-Smith, who swore at her husband.

"I had the first deal, and as soon as I looked at my hand promptly bid Five Spades. My intention was to wait for the inevitable inquest and then say with a sickly smile, 'I don't play much bridge, you know. I thought I had to say how many Spades I had.'"

I glanced at the scrap of paper. "That

won't wash, George. You only had four."

"That was just a little extra refinement. It is remarkable how those little touches will keep people from wanting you to play bridge with them.

"Everybody passed, and Brown-Smith led the Ace of Clubs. He hoped to bring me down at once with that and his Ace, King of Hearts, leaving his Ace, Queen of Trumps comfortably ahead of my King, Knave."

"But you didn't have the King, Knave."

"No, but Brown-Smith thought I had. He naturally supposed I was calling on *something*. Anyway, he led the Ace of Clubs. Miss Witherley put her cards on the table. 'I hope they are what you want, partner?' she said in a rather vinegary voice."

George scribbled dummy's hand on the paper: Spades—6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Diamonds—5. Clubs—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

"You will observe," he said, "that our top card in every suit was below our opponents' smallest. It was that remarkable feature of the hand that made me determined to win every possible trick. I think ten was as many as I could reasonably expect."

"You had nine trumps," I said, studying the paper, "but that's not ten tricks, even if you had made them all by ruffing; which isn't possible—Clubs won't hold out for more than three rounds."

"Quite so. And Mrs. Brown-Smith had only two Hearts. I cross-ruffed three Clubs and two Hearts, leaving the lead in my own hand. The cards were now——"

George scribbled again:—

George. Spades—5. Hearts—4, 5, 6. Diamonds—2, 3, 4, 6.

Mr. B.-S. Spades—A, Q. Hearts—A, K, 10, 9. Diamonds—Q, J.

Dummy. Spades—8, 9, 10. Diamonds—5. Clubs—5, 6, 7, 8.

Mrs. B.-S. Spades—K, J. Diamonds—A, K, 10, 9, 8, 7.

"A less resourceful player," said George complacently, "might well have wondered where his next trick was coming from. I led my Five of Trumps. Brown-Smith played the Queen and his wife threw the Knave with an ugly look. If only he had now led a Heart they had me six down. Fortunately he was obsessed by my King of Trumps."

"But——" said I.

"That's right," said George, "but Brown-Smith, who prided himself on his exact count of the cards, now placed me with the King bare and led his Ace to catch it. His wife's expression as she played her King and watched me discard the Two of Diamonds was a complete guide to matrimony in one volume. After that of course it didn't matter what he led. Dummy made the last trump and four tricks in Clubs.

"The inquest was long and complicated. I kept my end up fairly well, pointing out that my pre-emptive bid was the only way of stopping a grand slam in Hearts, Diamonds or No Trumps.

"Mrs. Brown-Smith raised the question of her husband's leads. What with his arguing on the cards as they ought to have been and her arguing on the cards as they actually were, we didn't have time for another hand. I'm afraid that I poured oil on the flames by pointing out that his lead of the Ace of Trumps gave away the rest of the tricks, even if I *had* had the King.

"The next evening they asked the landlady to make up the four. They said my play was too advanced for them."

"And so," I said, "I suppose you were satisfied?"

"No," said George, "not *satisfied*. I should have liked to make my contract. But I really don't see a trick in Diamonds. Do you?"

And I was forced to admit that I didn't.



"WHY YOU WEAR DEM DARK GLASSES? IS DERE SOMETIN' WRONG WID YO' EYES?"
"NO; BUT DEY GO WID MA FACE."

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XIV.

November 1st. Visit the World Fair in company with Arthur and his family. Buildings all very modern and austere, except for colouring, which is inclined to be violent, but aspect as a whole is effective and impressive and much to be preferred to customary imitations of Ancient Greece. Individual exhibits admirably displayed, and total area of space covered must be enormous, whether lake—of which I see large bits here and there—is included or not. Private cars not admitted—which I think quite sensible—but rickshaws available, drawn by university students (to whom everybody says It's Interesting to Talk), and small motor-buses also go quietly round and round the Fair.

Arthur and I patronise rickshaws—I take a good look at my university student and decide that conversation would probably benefit neither of us—and visit various buildings. Hall of Science not amongst our successes unfortunately, as the sight of whole skeletons, portions of the human frame executed in plaster, and realistic maps of sinews and blood-vessels, all ranged against the wall in glass show-cases, merely causes me to hurry past with my eyes shut. Arthur is sympathetic and tells me that there *is* an exhibit of Live Babies in Incubators to be seen, but cannot decide whether he means that this would be better than scientific wonders at present surrounding us, or worse.

Resume rickshaws and visit Jade Chinese Temple, which is lovely, Prehistoric Animals—unpleasant impression of primitive man's existence derived from these, but should like to have seen a brontosaurus in the flesh nevertheless—and Belgian Village, said to be replica of fifteenth century. (If not fifteenth, then sixteenth—cannot be sure.)

Here Arthur and I descend and walk up and down stone steps and cobbled streets and watch incredibly clean-looking peasants in picturesque costumes dancing hand-in-hand and every now and then stamping. Have always hitherto associated this with Russians, but evidently wrong.

Just as old Flemish Clock on old Flemish Tower clangs out old Flemish air, and Arthur and I tell one another that this really is beautifully done,



"Oh, boy! what about that new tooth-paste?"

rather brassy voice from concealed loud-speaker is inspired to inquire: Oh, boy! what about that new tooth-paste? Old Flemish atmosphere goes



"Wah! Wah!"

completely to bits, and Arthur and I in disgust retire to club, where we meet his family and have most excellent lunch.

Everyone asks what I want to see next, and Arthur's mother says that she has a few friends coming to dinner, but is thrown into consternation by Arthur's father, who says that he has invited two South Americans to come in afterwards. Everyone says: South Americans? as if they were pterodactyls at the very least, and antecedents are inquired into; but nothing whatever transpires except that they are South Americans and that nobody knows anything about them, not even their names.

Return to Fair after lunch. New rickshaw student, less forbidding-looking than the last, and I say feebly that It is very hot for November, and he replies that he can tell by my accent that I come from England and he supposes it's always foggy there; and I say, No, not always, and nothing further passes between us. Am evidently not gifted where interesting students from American colleges are concerned, and decide to do nothing more in this line. More exhibits follow—mostly very good—and Arthur says that he thinks we ought to see the North American Indians.

He accordingly pays large sum of money which admits us into special enclosures where authentic Red Indians are stamping about (stamping definitely discredited henceforward as a Russian monopoly) and uttering sounds exclusively on two notes, all of which, so far as I can tell, consist of Wah! Wah! and nothing else. Listen to this for nearly forty minutes, but am not enthusiastic. Neither is Arthur; and we shortly afterwards go home.

Write postcards to Rose, the children and Robert, and after some thought send one to Cook, although entirely uncertain as to whether this will gratify her or not. Am surprised and rather disturbed to find that wording of Cook's postcard takes more thought than that on all the others put together.

Small dinner takes place later on and consists of about sixteen people, including a lady whose novel won the Pulitzer Prize, and a lady who writes poetry—very, very well-known, though not, unhappily, to me—a young gentleman who has something to do with

Films; an older one who is connected with Museums; and delightful woman in green who says that she knows Devonshire and has stayed with the Frobishers. Did she, I rashly inquire, enjoy it? Well, she replies tolerantly, Devonshire is a lovely part of the world, but she is afraid Sir William Frobisher dislikes Americans. I protest, and then she adds conclusively that Sir W. told her *himself* how much he disliked Americans. Feel that it would indeed be idle to try to get round this, so begin to talk at once about the Fair.

Dinner marvellous, as usual; company very agreeable; and my neighbour—Museums—offers to conduct me to see Chicago Historical Museum at ten o'clock next morning. Just as dinner is over two extremely elegant young gentlemen with waists and superbly smooth *coiffures*, come in and bow gracefully to our hostess. New York friend, Billy, hisses at me: "*The South Americans!*" and I nod assent and wonder how on earth they are going to be introduced when nobody knows their names. This, however, is achieved by hostess, who simply asks them what they are called. Am told afterwards that neither of them speaks much English, and that Arthur's father asked them questions all the evening. No one tells me whether they answered or not, and I remain mildly curious on the point.

November 4th. Singular and interesting opportunity is offered me to contrast Sunday spent on Long Island and Sunday spent in equivalent country district outside Chicago, called Lake Forest, where I am invited to lunch and spend the afternoon. Inquire of Arthur quite early if this is to be large party. He supposes About Thirty. Decide at once to put on the Coming Molyneux's best effort—white daisies on blue silk. But, says Arthur, country clothes. Decide to substitute wool coat and skirt with red béret. And, says Arthur, he is taking me on to dinner with very, very rich acquaintance, also at Lake Forest. I revert mentally to blue silk and daisies, and say that I suppose it won't matter if we're not in evening dress? Oh, replies Arthur, we've got to take evening clothes with us and change there. Our hostess won't hear of anything else.

I take a violent dislike to her on the spot, and say that I'm not sure I want to go at all. At this Arthur is gloomy but firm. *He* doesn't want to go either, and neither does Billy, but we can't get out of it now. We must simply pack our evening clothes in bags and *go*.

Have not sufficient moral courage to rebel any further, and instead consider the question of packing up my evening clothes. Suit-case is much too large and attaché-case too small, but finally decide on the latter, which will probably mean ruin to evening frock. E. M. D.

(*To be continued.*)



"Miss Camilla Wedgwood," says a gossiper, "spent her Christmas party in the midst of New Guinea cannibals." It would have been more reassuring to have said simply "with."

★ ★ ★

A railway waiting-room recently caught fire. We understand, however, that an alert porter extinguished the flames by flinging a shovelful of waiting-room coal on them.

★ ★ ★

In some countries it is illegal for a girl under eighteen to be out after 10 P.M. The police, however, are no doubt quite ready to wink at a little thing like that.

A Cure for All Evils.

(Suggested by the letter in "Praise of Bloaters" in "The Times."

THE list of the world's greatest wonders,
The treasures most fit to be prized,
Is one of the world's greatest blunders
And needs to be wholly revised;
For what satisfied PTOLEMY SOTER,
Or CÆSAR, seems painfully small
Compared with the marvellous Bloater,
The greatest of all.

The herring in song and in story
Of fishes is hailed as the king,
But he boasts a peculiar glory
Of which I am prompted to sing.
In life as a swimmer and floater
(In the literal sense of the noun)
He shines, but in death as a Bloater
Wins greater renown.

Oh, sweet are the beauties of Barmouth;
Sweet, Oxford's delectable squish;
But sweeter, far sweeter is Yarmouth,
The home of this exquisite dish,
Where Socialists, peers and promoters—
The MAXTONS, the STANLEYS, the MONDS—
Are linked by their passion for Bloaters
In intimate bonds.

Strange omens and monsters affright us,
Uncannily Scottish in mien,
But here is a way to unite us
In harmony safe and serene;
For I feel in my bones that our voters
Will sweep into power at the polls
The Leader who offers "Free Bloaters"
To comfort our souls.

C. L. G.

Terpsichore on the Water-Cart.

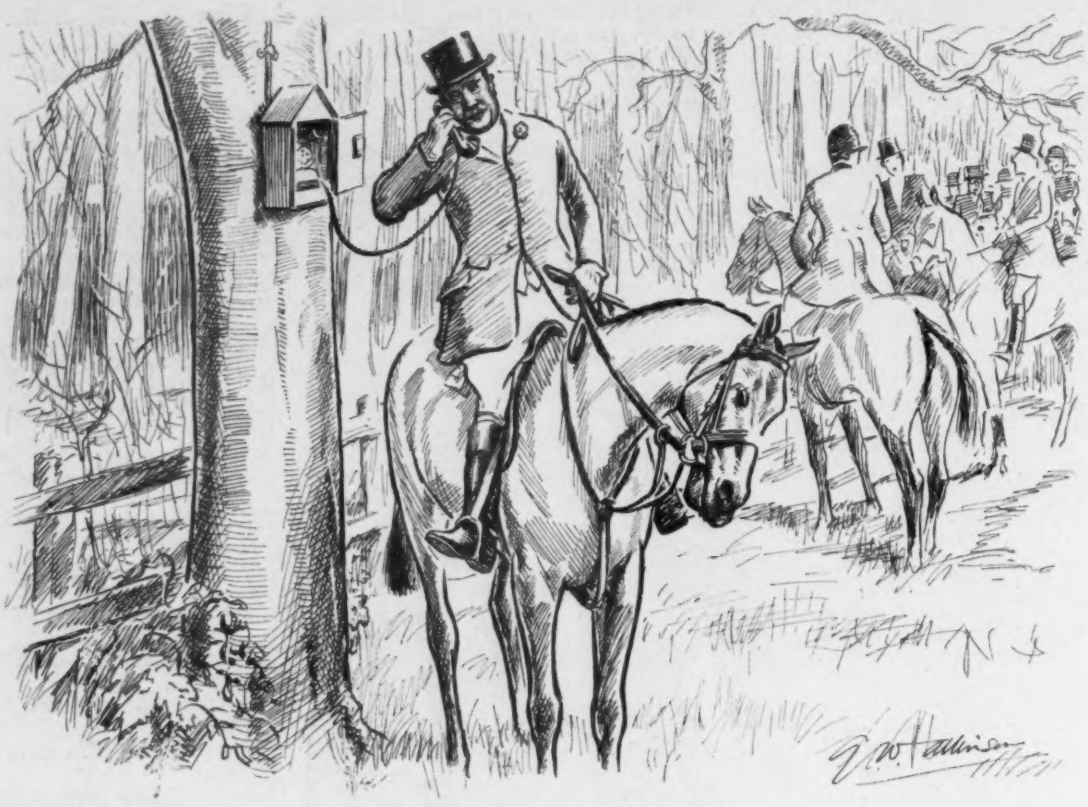
"Draughtsmen's Masked Ball.—The hall was decorated by Mr. —— and the lighting effects produced were splendid. Music was supplied by ——'s Band, ——, and the watering was by Messrs. ——."

Staffordshire Paper.

"SEAN PEEL HUNT
DANCE AT KILLUMNEY HALL
(Two miles from Ballincollig)
FRIDAY, JAN. 5th."

Cork Paper.

"D'ye ken Sean Peel" wi' his shirt so blue?



THE COVERT-SIDE TELEPHONE.

OUR BUSINESS MEN KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE MARKETS WHILE HOUNDS ARE DRAWING.

Our Booking-Office.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A Southern Poet Turns Novelist.

MR. HERVEY ALLEN is reported to have said to a Transatlantic interviewer that the idea for his vast picaresque novel, *Anthony Adverse* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), was partly conceived as he watched the automobiles "rolling along the road . . . full of people . . . looking for something that they cannot find." Certainly the interminable *longueurs* and scattered happy vistas of his book reacted, as far as I was concerned, much as a similar progress would have done. Its obvious lure undoubtedly resides in its variegated settings—the Auvergne, Leghorn, Paris, Pisa, London, Cuba, Mexico and what-not of Napoleonic times. Its style is seldom above competence—a more subtle medium would possibly, you feel, have hindered the impetus of the narrative. *Anthony* himself, the love-child of a pathetic intrigue, adopted unawares by his grandfather and launched on a career of mingled finance and adventure, fills with adequacy and grace the stock *rôle* of the hero, but wholly fails to support the magnificent burden of psychological conversion laid on him in the last chapters. Yet it is for this conversion and its sacramental transmutation of a world that the discerning will read *Anthony Adverse*.

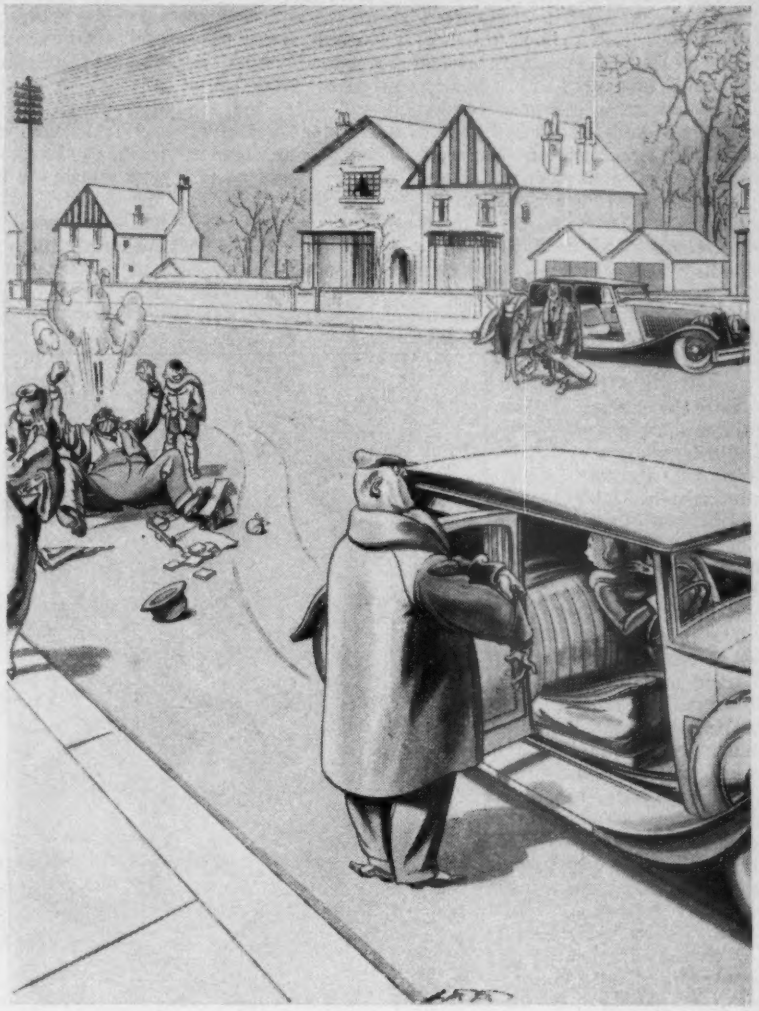
The Invaders.

Although Miss G. B. STERN has labelled her latest novel, *The Augs* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), "an exaggeration," she does not really make it any easier to classify, for it might be considered a joke—rather a far-fetched one—or misread as a treatise on the danger of tampering with the too literal minds of children. Her description of the warfare between the yearly invaders of a seaside town and the residents whose sensibilities are butchered to make an August holiday is amusing, but I should have liked less psychology and more orange-peel. And I wish the well-brought-up children of the book had not been so fanatical about their secret society. The society, formed after reading the satirical notes of an uncle about the habits of *Augs*—"a species always worse round the edges; clotting wherever there is water," about whom "the legend has grown up that they do not exist at all except during their one month of the year"—had one purpose, to examine the habits of this strange race. Murder, mania and hysteria are among the indirect results of the society; but the book ends in peace. Even if Miss STERN'S story is as crowded as an August beach and not quite consistent in its exaggeration, she has given us much to laugh at and has added a word to the language.

A Lawyer's Legacy.

The POLLOCKS have long been famous figures in law, with occasional excursions into letters; and now Sir FREDERICK of that ilk, having attained his eighty-eighth year, has collected what he calls the Remembrances of an Ancient Victorian into a volume entitled *For My Grandson* (MURRAY, 10/6), so that the youngster when he grows up may learn something of the manners and customs of a bygone age and of the great names of the past. No better qualified guide

to these than Sir FREDERICK could well be found, for he seems to have known almost everyone of importance in many circles, from statesmen, lawyers and literary men to Alpine climbers and fencers. "IONICA" JOHNSON was his tutor at Eton; at Trinity, Cambridge, whither he proceeded in due course, he was elected in his second year to that famous society known as the Apostles—an honour which he regards as the greatest piece of good fortune that befell him at the University; for through this he made the acquaintance of men like TENNYSON and BROOKFIELD, SPEDDING and KINGLAKE, and from these giant names of antiquity he takes us down through HARDY and MEREDITH to the late GERTRUDE BELL, whom he acclaims as the most eminent among the good talkers of his day. Then there was journalism in the *Saturday*; and it is interesting to note that he confesses to a review of SAMUEL BUTLER'S *Evolution Old and New*—interesting also to learn that the author wrote to ask if he might know the reviewer's name, adding that he felt sure it was a woman. Perhaps this decided Sir FREDERICK not to depart from the rule of anonymity, and the two never met. A pity—but there are fish enough in this capacious net.



"WHAT'S HE SAYING, GEORGE?"
"OH, JUST THE USUAL BIASSED STUFF FROM THE PEDESTRIAN'S POINT OF VIEW."

Facts in Fancy Dress.

Much of history is really fiction grown to maturity, but Mr. BRUNO BREHM has reversed the process, and in a series of vividly imaginative episodes deals with the story of Servian liberation from 1903 to 1916. The trouble with facts presented as fiction is that the reader knows the end, and I suppose as good a test as any of success is whether the result makes him hope against hope that the tragic events which he knows are coming will not take place. That is what the author almost succeeds in doing in *They Call it Patriotism* (GEOFFREY BLES, 8/6). With the murdered King of 1903 we have little sympathy, but the conspirators are so heartless that we wish them to fail. And so well are we made to visualise the Grand Duke FRANCIS FERDINAND and his Duchess and the priggish gang of young patriots who in 1914 assassinated them at the instigation of the Black Hand that the inevitable facts seem too awful even for these days of callous novel-writing. But they have to happen, and consolation is found only in the death in 1916 (not so well known) of the Black Hand leader from the bullets of a firing-squad.

Johnson Stripped of Boswell.

It is wholly in the interests of truth that *Samuel Johnson* (BARKER, 10/-) should have for his showman some other than the sanguine BOSWELL. JOHNSON on JOHNSON—a confessor with the candour, the terrible seriousness of a ST. AUGUSTINE—is the mainstay of Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL'S study; and if the result is sobering and pathetic, it is none the less honest for that. Starting with an old man's child "who leads such a life, I think, as a little boy's dog," it shows how the melancholia which overtook JOHNSON at Oxford determined the set of his life as a resolute campaign for sanity. The pugnaciously rational outlook he forced on others was his own defence against himself; and all his domestic contentment and social intercourse—"TETTY," Mrs. WILLIAMS, Mrs. THRALE, GARRICK, the BURNEYS and LEVETT—were the bulwarks of a manly and successful effort to remain in the workaday world. Mr. KINGSMILL, I think, gains his case and handles it with a winnowed simplicity that means much where so much evidence is available. His arraignment of the nightmare element in *Rasselas* should give pause to educationalists who are apt to set that dismal book as an examination-piece.

Floreat Gens Togata.

There are few Etonians, whether "on the Foundation" or not, who have not in their time prayed loudly that *stet domus Collegii Disciplinæ sedes*, and this is the story of that very centre and nucleus of the school, *College at*

Eton (MACMILLAN, 7/6), for the last hundred years. Mr. ERIC PARKER, himself a fanatical Collegeer (and quite right too!) has written a book which is essentially a record—if Sir HENRY MAXWELL LYTE had not already used the title *Fasti Etonenses* Mr. PARKER might have claimed it—for he has most carefully condensed and extracted the contents of annals that Collegers have kept for themselves generation by generation. The result is hardly a continuous story, nor one that can appeal much to the outside world; but to Collegers themselves it will be a fascinating book of reference. It very properly devotes many pages to the Wall Game, and next to that to "College Pop" (the debating society) and—a curious piece of social history—to a temporary disorganisation in the life of the place due to War conditions, and its successful recovery. *Stat (et stabit) domus Collegii super antiquas vias.*

The Sporty Life.

Here they are again, these old familiar characters—the drunken greengrocer, his devoted wife and two delightful daughters. Major GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST has made these figures perform once more in *Fortune's Favourites* (PUTNAM, 7/6). One daughter is a home-bird; the other starts as a manicurist and essays the gay life, but in the end falls into the arms of her faithful admirer who has previously put her wise, on page 161, to the character of his rival in these words: "He just wants you as a plaything and when he's finished with you he'll chuck you aside. And you, who are ignorant of the world and all its foibles—you don't realise that passion never lasts." The plot is complicated by some trouble about a winning sweep ticket and a rather unconvincing trial for murder. It is set out with a certain gusto and informed by a rather cloying sentiment. An old-fashioned novelette, except for its frankness; the slang employed is no longer heard in our streets.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

"I SAY, YOU CADS, THIS IS HARDLY CRICKET, IS IT?"

Troubled Waters.

The Unforgotten Prisoner (CASSELL, 8/-), by R. C. HUTCHINSON, is a queer, exciting, sombre story of oddly irregular construction; and the telling is occasionally so needlessly indirect as to be all but incomprehensible without the most deliberate concentration on the part of the reader. It opens with romantic exchanges in a country vicarage between a German governess and the parson's son. The offspring of this illicit union is one *Klaus*, whose putative father, *Colonel Gotthold*, is, a dozen years or so later, shot as a spy, the Englishman responsible for his capture being as it happens the brother of *Klaus's* real father. The story of the boy's disappearance and discovery, of his adventures at the strange monastic school and, after his escape therefrom, in famine-stricken Birnewald with a desperate gang of revolutionaries, of the clouding and restoration of his mind and the exorcising of his anti-English hatreds is movingly told. The author invents character and incidents easily. I rather wonder whether this facility hasn't betrayed him into overcrowding his canvas.

Stories from the Bible.

When I first saw the title of Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE'S book, *Stories from the Bible* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), which now appears in its third edition, with wood-engravings by Mr. JOHN FARLEIGH, my thought was that the stories needed no retelling. In a charmingly apologetic preface the author shows very convincingly that "the very simplicity and austerity of the Old Testament stories, their conciseness, the slight changes that have occurred in the meaning or bearing of English words, occasional obscurities and repetitions in the text" all present difficulties, particularly to the young, which it has been one of his aims to overcome. Another aim was to put into words a remembrance, still fresh and vivid in mind, of what the matchless originals meant to him as a child. I can only say that his task has been admirably performed, and that I (no longer a child) have read the book with real delight.

Easy Travel.

East Again (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 18/-) is the posthumous work of Mr. WALTER B. HARRIS who died in April last, after having been for thirty-six years *The Times* Correspondent in Tangier. This book recounts his journeys in Asia as an ordinary passenger in the year 1931. Since he covers Palestine, Iraq, India, Burma, Formosa, China, Japan and the Philippines in 338 pages, he is necessarily superficial, but his vivid descriptions and his brisk anecdotes carry the reader on at an easy pace. He is always entertaining and full of quiet humour. In a more serious mood he becomes indignant at the conduct and manners of certain Europeans in the East. His political estimates are very cautiously worded and he is definitely shy of prophecy.

Queer People.

Mr. C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE may not be a subtle writer of short stories, but in *Absent Friends* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6), at any rate, he wastes no time in getting down to his job, although as regards material he must be considered a spendthrift. I can for instance imagine that some of our more exuberant novelists could produce a tale of a thousand pages from the matter which Mr. HYNE, in "The Perfumer," compresses into twelve. Some of these yarns deal with members of "The Gone-Under Club," while others are devoted to "The Pulled-Rounders," but whether the characters have been completely submerged or have recovered from temporary submersion, Mr. HYNE'S rather caustic wit gives a flavour to this grim and unusual collection.

Charivaria.

"What is it that makes a man popular?" asks a writer. Perpetual bad luck at cards, among other things.

***

A lineal descendant of Alexander Selkirk, the original of *Robinson Crusoe*, relates that his ancestor used to train goats and cats to perform tricks. This suggests that what the famous castaway had in view was not the pantomime but the circus.

***

A foreign visitor wants to know why an article in the basement of a London store is priced cheaper than a similar article in an upper floor. That no doubt is another storey.

***

"Refrigeration has helped to build the Empire," says a writer. At that rate we owe a debt of gratitude to our railway-station waiting-rooms.

***

"The cream of Society," declares a gossip-monger, "spends nearly all its time abroad." A sort of vanishing cream.

***

A set of false teeth were recently found in a bunker on a suburban golf-course. It is stated that they were still grimly clenched.

***

We understand that a gangster who killed another with a machine-gun is now pleading that he didn't know it was loaded.

***

A church clock in Hampshire continued to strike nine every two minutes until a man could be obtained from a neighbouring town to put it right. One heavyweight boxer, who was passing at the time, is reported to have caught a severe chill from lying so long on the damp ground.

***

It is said that foreigners just love a London fog. We do not quite know what they see in it.

***

Bright red costumes, with hats, shoes and stockings to match, are to be all the craze in the spring. Smart women will have to be careful not to yawn in the streets in case some short-sighted person is on his way to post a letter.

***

"Tall strong men are usually good-tempered," observes a doctor. So are short weak ones; they have to be.

***

A business man of obviously Semitic appearance is said to attribute his escape from molestation in Berlin to his practice of wearing a distinctively English hat and carrying a copy of *The Times*. If this should fail he might try the effect of a tam-o'-shanter and *The Aberdeen Journal*.

***

There are days in every man's life, according to a novelist, when nothing whatever seems to happen. We think that our diary for 1934 will prove this up to the hilt.

***

In a town in Germany there is a women's secret society which has been in existence for twenty years. It has been the talk of the place since 1913.

***

"Aids to beauty, such as lipsticks, rouge and so on, cost the women of this country £40,000,000 last year," we are told. Cost the *women* of this country, if you please!

***

A writer says that he refuses to stay anywhere if there is central heating installed. An unkind correspondent replies that ultimately he may have to.

***

Bagpipes are said to be really of French origin. Scotland, however, seems quite content to bear the blame.

***

A film-actress declares that her next picture will be the story of her own life. The orchestra will get very tired of playing "The Wedding March."

***

Among this year's anniversaries is the jubilee of the opening of the Inner Circle. Confidence is felt that any commemorative joy-rides that may be arranged will not be marred by up roariousness.

***

An article in a contemporary gives hints on how to make a cocktail party go. One infallible method is to run out of gin.

***

A Warsaw woman obtained a divorce because her husband had left her to go to Hollywood. Now they are Poles apart.

***

A bank-manager thinks it possible to blister the fingers by continually counting treasury notes. Possible, but how worth while!

***

A French visitor says that the chief characteristic of English hotels seems to be palms. Chiefly horizontal ones.

***

A political writer thinks it would be a good thing if France understood German foreign policy. And wouldn't it be a good idea if Germany did too?



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

"Take care, Alfred; if you do not beat a hasty retreat I shall be constrained to administer a severe blow on your inferior maxillary."

This and That.

We two must have been almost the last human mammals except the keepers, in the Zoological Gardens on the last afternoon of the old year. (But that was because she would go on giving lumps of sugar to the Agoutis in order to listen to the queer scraping noise they made as they ate them.) That was after we had fed everybody that would take them —I mean every animal body—with apples; especially the Tarpan, or Mongolian Horse, which bangs with one forehoof against the wooden boarding of its paddock until it is fed. But, you may be sure, we did not forget the Warthog, nor the Takin from Tibet (goat? deer? sheep? oh, mercy!) two of the queerest aliens in this land. So queer that, as we walked home through the December gloom, these beautiful if rather bombastic lines came into my head:—

Perplexed between the peerless pair
I oft have meditated long
Whether the Warthog is more fair
Or the Takin is more strong.

The Warthog has the type of face,
When viewed from either of its ends,
That one would find it hard to place
Even amongst one's friends.

Only with unbelieving eyes
One contemplates the curious thing;
It takes December with surprise,
Like the daffodils in Spring.

It stumbles in a rootling pose,
The hair upon its hide is sparse,
Its teeth are folded round its nose,
Its features are a farce.

It was not made for gauds and pomps,
It has no fever in its blood;
I think its habitat is swamps,
Its menu mainly mud.

But, oh! the Takin on his rock,
Alone, aloof, apart, unblest—
What old-world secrets does it lock
Inside that careworn breast?

They say the traveller in Tibet,
Beneath a solitary star,
Knows, though he has not seen it yet,
The Takin from afar,

And, like Linnæus when he knelt
To praise the golden gorse in bloom,
Bows down in silence, having smelt
That memorable fume.

They say the lone Tibetan monk,
In thoughts of the occult immersed,
Compares the Takin with the Skunk
And counts the Takin first.

And even keepers at the Zoo,
Loving all things—they care not which—
Have sometimes found the Takin too,
Too absolutely rich.

Not mine to judge. I merely bless
That Providence which year by year
Fashions the Warthog's loveliness,
The Takin's atmosphere,
And muse awhile on Nature's plan
Which, working forward by degrees,
Gives us a larger faith in man
By moulding things like these.

★ ★ ★

It is to be observed, by the way, that the monster of Loch Ness, in some of the fanciful representations that have been given to it, has a head rather like that of the warthog if you take the tusks away. Perhaps it really is a sea-warthog. Or a sea-takin.

Whatever it may be, this letter reaches me from Rhyl:—

"Dear Mr. Punch,—It might interest you to hear that I too have seen a strange monster in the sea near here. Perhaps you will not mind passing on the news.

Needless to say, I keep a large public-house, a petrol-pump, tea-gardens and any number of boats for hire."

And this from Glasgow:—

"Dear Sir,—On the morning of January 1st I distinctly saw two strange, pink-coloured heads, surmounting long necks, breaking the surface of the waters of Loch Ness. I believe this is the first indication that the lonely monster has found a mate."

To which I can only reply that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sea-serpent (the best sea-serpent in fiction) was attended by a very loyal wife.

★ ★ ★

The Times has attacked recently the weird pronunciations recommended by the B.B.C., and Mr. Bernard Shaw has defended them. Mr. Punch commented on some of these ridiculous pronunciations a good while ago.

They remind me of the Oxford Freshman who said to a fellow Freshman on first meeting him: "Why, mon, what a strong Soothern accent ye've got!"

But then there was a very famous Greek scholar who not only neglected his aspirates in English, but deliberately removed them from all Greek words as well and lost no reputation on that account. And Dr. Emil Reich (an Austrian) used to say to English classes: "There is no one here who can pronounce the word 'involuntarily.'" How does the B.B.C. deal with that word?

It is doubtful whether the scansion used by poets is entirely helpful in pronunciation. One of the finest vagaries that I know (how do *you* pronounce "vagaries"?) is Swinburne's use of "supreme"—

"That hides too deep the supreme head of song."

"Too deep" in this line should of course be pronounced in the manner of a platoon-sergeant.

And so far as G. B. S. is concerned, a simple revenge is to call him, as I have always called him and shall continue to call him, George Bernard Shore.

★ ★ ★

I am drawing up a list of the six worst-dressed men in London. Photographs are earnestly invited. Evoe.

New Year Gift Suggestions.

"Great Watch for Loch Monster."
Heading in Daily Paper.

Something on the scale of Big Ben would have been suitable.

"Mr. R. A. Oxlade, chairman of the Australian Cricket Board of Control, receives the C.B.E."—*Daily Paper.*

The original idea, to give Mr. Oxlade the Garter, was defeated by a failure to find one to fit the leg theory.



CUSTODY OF THE DOG.

THE BUTLER (*Sir JOHN SIMON*) TO THE FOOTMAN (*Mr. EDEN*). "IN FUTURE, ANTHONY, YOU WILL HAVE MORE EXTENDED LEISURE TO EXERCISE THIS DELIGHTFUL IF OCCASIONALLY DIFFICULT LITTLE QUADRUPED."

[It is expected that Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, having been appointed Lord Privy Seal, will relieve the Foreign Secretary of some of his onerous duties abroad.]



"YES, THAT'S BERT ALL RIGHT. WELL, CONNIE, AS SHAKESPEARE SAYS, 'GENTLEMEN WAS DECEIVERS EVER.'"

Reminiscences of Royalty.

I HAD just returned home to Ireland on leave when I met my old friend Slattery. He greeted me with effusion and a salute of Guards-like rigidity.

"Welcome home, Captain! That's a grand harse ye're riding. Faith, it's you'll be the proud man when ye have him at the head of your squadron!"

(For Ensign of Foot to be addressed as Captain of Horse is flattery indeed. I succumbed.)

"Thank ye kindly, Captain. Sure it's aisy seen ye belong to the rale army and not the ribbidge that's in it now. Ah, God be with the ould times! Maybe ye niver soldiered with th' ould Dubs, as they called us? Wait now till I tell ye what th' ould Queen said when she seen us.

"There she was, sitting in her barouche, and she surrounded with Princesses and high-up Ginerals and the like, and the whole army preparin' to march past.

"'Who's them fellers?' sez she.

"'Them's the Oozars,' sez the Prince of Wales.

"'Och! What good is them ould horse-soldiers?' sez she. 'I'll go bail there's not ten of thim—no, nor six, would ride a hunt from Copelands to Cryhelp. Them narrar banks would have them all massacreed, let alone the thorny wire that has the whole counthry desthroyed.'

"'Thrue for you,' sez the Prince.

"'Who's them fellers?' sez she.

"'Them's the Guards,' sez he.

"'Och! I'm fed-up with them ould Guardees,' sez she, 'with all their swank,' sez she. 'Such condishoors of fellers,' sez she. 'Nothin' good enough for them,' sez she.

"'Divil doubt ye,' sez he.

"'Who's them fellers?' sez she.

"'Them's th' ould Dubs,' sez he, 'the foinest rigiment in the British Army,' sez he. 'Look at the line of them,' sez he. 'Not the black o' yer nail out o' dressin,' sez he.

"'That's a thrue word,' sez she.

"Right-hand man of the leading Company, I was, for I was a foine man in those days—and am yet, thanks be to God!

"'Eyes right!' sez the Captain. And I looked at the Queen and the Queen she looked at me.

"'By ——, *them*'s throops!' sez she."

About a Dog.

Slumber Cottage,
Nov. 27.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—I like your dog, but not among my tulips. Kindly point out to him that these beds are for spring display purposes and not for canine recreation.

Yours sincerely, EGBERT HUNK.

Mon Repos,
Nov. 29.

DEAR MR. HUNK,—I am sorry Ferdinand has been in your garden, but I am sure he meant no harm. He is the sweetest and most obedient of dogs, but after all he must have exercise. Most people are glad to welcome him, but in view of your attitude I will see he does not pay you a further visit. He is the last dog to put himself forward where he is clearly not wanted.

Sincerely yours,
AMELIA MEAZLE.

Slumber Cottage,
Nov. 30.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—I too need exercise, but do not scratch up tulip-bulbs in search of it. He has been at it again. Please take steps.

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Mon Repos,
Dec. 1.

DEAR MR. HUNK,—It is clear you are determined to be disagreeable. I find it hard to believe that dear Ferdinand is really the cause of this unpleasantness. It is much more probably some stray dog which finds its way into your garden, while you fix the blame on poor Ferdinand from sheer malice. Yours truly,
AMELIA MEAZLE.

Mon Repos,
Dec. 4.

DEAR MR. HUNK,—Ferdinand has been missing for two days. The police know nothing, and I am about to advertise throughout the neighbourhood. I take it you are unable to throw any light upon this matter?

Yours, AMELIA MEAZLE.

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 4.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—I could have saved you a good deal of trouble, as Ferdinand has been lodging with me during the week-end. He has had the time of his life. If you care to call I will return him to you, together with a sample of a biscuit which he finds very palatable. Perhaps you will now agree I was not mistaken about his identity?

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Mon Repos,
Dec. 4.

MR. HUNK,—Kindly hand bearer Ferdinand. If any harm has come to him as a result of this episode you have not yet heard the last of the matter.

A. MEAZLE.

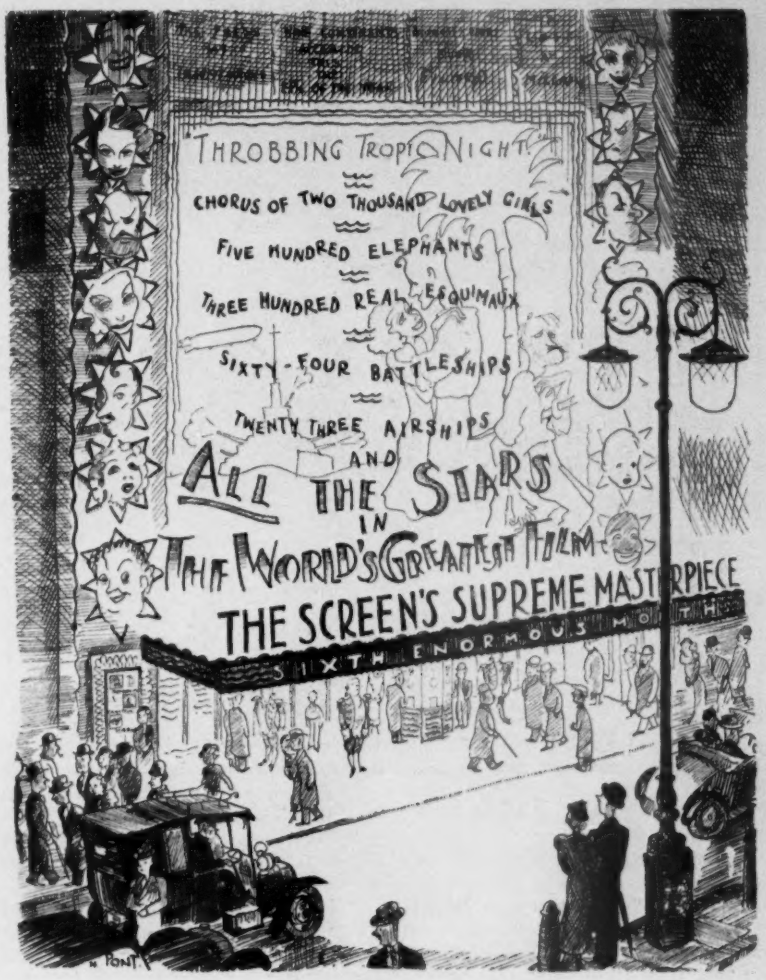
Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 4.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—Bearer has Ferdinand and biscuit. Ferdinand seems sorry to go.

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 6.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—Ferdinand is back again and refuses to leave the door-step. Will you please have him removed? Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.



"I WONDER IF IT'S WORTH SEEING?"

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 8.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—Do you think Ferdinand lacks intelligence? He seems unable to distinguish which of us is his owner and has again been here all the morning. Can you do nothing?

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 9.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—Please see about Ferdinand. I think he is trying to forsake you.

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 11.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—Is Ferdinand fed properly?

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.

Mon Repos,
Dec. 12.

MR. HUNK,—Will you please stop pushing imbecile notes through my letter-box? This is just to inform you that, having had an excellent offer for Ferdinand through a friend, I disposed of him yesterday. He was getting a little difficult.

I trust this will put an end to your ridiculous correspondence.

AMELIA MEAZLE.

Slumber Cottage,
Dec. 13.

DEAR MISS MEAZLE,—You may like to know that Ferdinand is now your neighbour. I acquired him through a friend. I hope he won't scratch up your tulips.

Yours sincerely,
EGBERT HUNK.



"No help there, Edna—quite a hopeless lot; don't even play contract!"

Alfred of the Talkies.

I HAVE been congratulating my friend the film-producer. "Don't forget," I say, "that, although HENRY VIII. takes up such a lot of room, there are plenty of other English kings, and that they all have private lives—of a sort. You are on to a good thing with the English kings."

"That's fine," he says. "Do you think there would be a book with some account of them all in it? Pretty useful to us if there is some such book."

I promise to look, at the British Museum and elsewhere.

But I know of one other king for certain, I tell him, with a sure winner of a private life—ALFRED THE GREAT, of whom everybody has fortunately heard. I am invited to fire away.

"You begin in the home of the boy's father, ETHELWULF, King of Wessex. The three eldest sons, ETHELBALD, ETHELBERT and ETHELRED, are swaggering carousing fellows, not of a thoughtful type. ALFRED, on the other hand, wonders about things and aspires to learn how to read."

"I get you!" he says at once—"the boy wandering in a country lane and seeing some advertisements and wondering what it is all about."

"You want to be careful about anachronism," I remind him.

"Oh," he says—"oh, we could get round that all right; we could make it an advert. for shield-polish."

"The whole conception of organised advertising comes rather later," I say grandly, "unless you consider that those white horses cut in the turf are advertisements. You might of course take that line. But anyway you get the main idea. It is really the *Cinderella motif*."

"Fine!" he says. "If we could get JACKIE COOPER to play the part of young ALFRED we'd have a very moving tale. I suppose he succeeds in learning how to read?"

"Yes, he does," I answered, "and he receives a fine handsome book as a reward. What is more, he gets a free trip to Rome with his mamma."

"Rome?" he says. "We can do a lot with Rome. Look what they did in *Ben Hur*. I suppose we could make ALFRED fight a few lions in the arena, taking him as a Christian?"

"Anyway," I go on, "you can have fine big effects in Rome. It is somewhat after the time of NERO, but remind the public that Rome is the Eternal City and you can do pretty well what you like with it. Then there comes a fine scenic transition as you show the Danes, fed up with life at home, setting out in boats to raid and invade the shores of Old England. ETHELBERT, ETHELBALD, ETHELRED all fall in battle against raiding-parties, and young ALFRED, the fair-haired scholar, with the visions of Rome before his eyes, finds himself King of Wessex."

"That's fine," he says. "We've got plenty of handsome young kings among our film-actors."

"Now you show a scene in the Danish King's palace. But the Danish King, HUBBA (perhaps it will be another part for Mr. LAUGHTON), is shown flown with insolence and wine, revelling and making merry, everything having gone well. ALFRED, whose accomplishments include the harp——"

"I suppose we couldn't have HARPO MARX?" interjects my friend.

"—include the harp," I go on severely, "comes disguised as a minstrel and hangs about to see what information he can pick up."

"It's a regular party, is it?"

"Yes. This is the moment for you to bring in your big cabaret effects, the beauty chorus, the dancing and the like, and ALFRED could hang around the pillars and make friends with the waiters and pick up news."

"The makings of a swell picture here," says my friend.

"But wait," I proceed—"it gets even better than that. Perhaps you wonder what's been happening to the strong Love Interest. Here it comes. Owing to mistakes in what he is told by the waiters, ALFRED miscalculates—lays ambushes for the Danes which go hopelessly wrong. He is overwhelmingly defeated and compelled to flee; and the moment may well be described as 'Wessex's Darkest Hour.'"

"I get you," he says.

"Very well. ALFRED now wanders disguised, always thinking and planning how he can get back on HUBBA. One day he comes to a cottage where the swineherd's wife—I would recommend Miss MARIE DRESSLER for this part if she can be secured—is baking cakes. ALFRED agrees to watch the cakes. Then comes ALFRED'S dream. Dreams are very useful; they lend themselves to all sorts of transpositions and other lively effects. What you want to show is ALFRED dreaming of victory, of the future greatness of his country, of Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Revolution of 1688, and the long and glorious reign of QUEEN VICTORIA—in fact a sort of *Cavalcade*. *Cavalcade* was a very successful film."

"Better and better," he says. "I'll make a note of that—'ALFRED'S dream of England's greatness.' Go ahead."

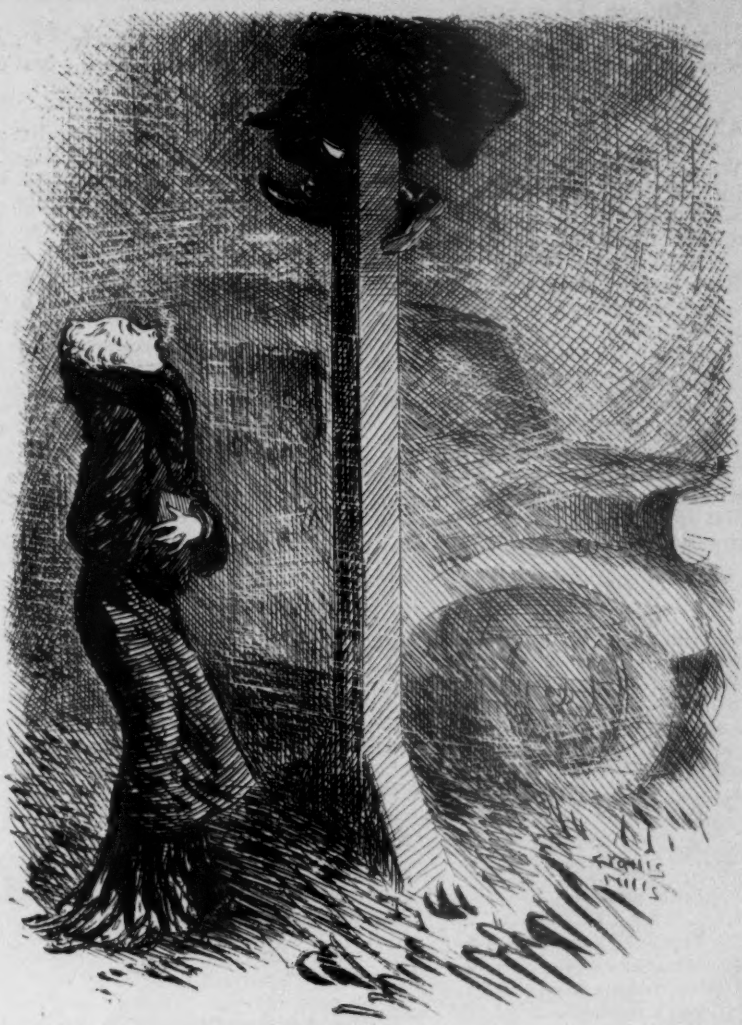
"Well, his dream is so long that the audience also will have forgotten all about the cakes. The photographer must cut back every few minutes to show the cakes yet a little blacker."

"Fine!" says he.

"Then there is a dickens of a row. The swineherd's wife comes in, loses her temper, rates him soundly, and he takes it all very meekly. She says her husband will have more to say and to do when he comes home. But just at that moment in run frightened messengers with the news that the Danes are at hand, that they have burned the farm and killed the swineherd. The widow, as she now is, has to be comforted, and ALFRED does the comforting. He leads her out that they may gather assistance. She goes with him, the picture of Injured England.

"ALFRED still refrains from disclosing himself. When he has a large company he leads them to a hillside, where they lie in wait for the Danes. The Danes appear, and then ALFRED, throwing off his disguise, cries out that he is ALFRED and leads his men to a smashing victory. The swineherd's wife can be shown belabouring the Danes with a broom, which will give a welcome touch of comic relief."

"And then, I suppose, ALFRED marries the swineherd's widow?"



"WHAT'S IT SAY, DARLING?"
"*EAT MORE FRUIT.*"

"That is as you fancy. There is no objection to it. It is a democratic touch. ALFRED was a democratic king. What is important is that the film shall go with a swing towards the crowning of ALFRED at Winchester and the rapid development of the South of England as the pleasure-resort it has subsequently become. You can do a lot in the way of travel-talk at this point, and travel-films are very popular. There is also, as you know, a growing interest in the scientific film which shows how things work. And so, unless you think your film is getting too long, I should now proceed to show ALFRED at his leisure, inventing windows, alarm-clocks and other useful articles with works that can be shown in slow motion..

"Lastly, remember that ALFRED has a strapping daughter, ETHELFREDA, afterwards known as the Lady of the Mercians. A few slight liberties will easily be pardoned for the sake of pictures of your youngest and most attractive star learning to shoot with bow and arrows. You will thus be able to close your picture on a family note perhaps more completely than the producers of *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* have been able to do."

"Who would ever have thought," he murmured to himself, "that there would be all this money in history."

D.W.

"——, the foundress of the school in 1886, snapped after laying the first of the two stones."—*Caption in Local Paper.*

Then who laid the other?

Modern Love-Song.

["Evening fashions include copper hair, gold eyelids and silver eyebrows."
Evening Paper.]

We've heard the song of the soulful swain
Whose love's like a bunch of roses,
With now and then a star thrown in,
While pearls her mouth discloses.
But that won't do for the modern girl,
Her scheme of assembly's trimmer;
So here's an up-to-the-minute song
In which all men may hymn her:—

Sing, chaps, sing,
From Peckham to Golders Green:
Sing, chaps, sing
From everywhere in between!
My love is like a dynamo,
Full up with energy, and, oh,
Her eyes like wireless valves do glow,
My chromium-plated queen!

She's cellulose on her finger-nails
And her cheeks are spray-enamelled,
While 'neath her bonnet metal threads
In orderly curves are trammelled.
Her ears are neat and barely break
Her streamline, off- and near-side,
And adequate lashes serve to dim
Her glance that she seem not fierce-eyed.

Sing, chaps, sing,
From attic and mezzanine;
Sing, chaps, sing
From every floor between!
My love is like a sports saloon;
When she elects to call the tune,
Say, can't she make the jazz-bands croon?
My chromium-plated queen!

Her bodywork's smart and strikes the eye
Clean-swept as though with a Hoover,
And every line from stem to stern
Reveals her as a mover.
I've tested her on a dozen floors
From Shepherd's Bush to Dagenham,
And sweet as a nut she floated round
At a hundred laps a magnum.

Sing, chaps, sing,
In cruiser or submarine;
Sing, chaps, sing
From messes and magazine!
My love is like a pavement-drill;
She finds life one perpetual thrill,
And that is why she's seldom still,
My chromium-plated queen!

She starts from cold at the merest touch
At the dullest sort of party,
And stays the course with the best of them,
To end up fit and hearty,
And when, maybe from time to time
She finds that her revs. are falling,
She puts herself in her doctor's hands
For a thorough good overhauling.

Sing, chaps, sing,
Let everyone know you're keen;
Sing, chaps, sing
Till your voices need vaseline!
My love is like a wireless thing
That always needs refurbishing;
They mend her at a place near Tring,
My chromium-plated queen!

To Starting Car.

On a cold and frosty morning a little while ago my car refused to start, and before catching the train I rang up Gasket and Gudgeon and asked them to send a man down to cope with the situation. In due course I received the bill:—

To locating cause of car not starting taking out jets examining finding O.K. replacing jets inspecting carburettor finding in order removing plugs cleaning putting plugs back starting car driving to garage taking batteries off car charging batteries putting batteries back on car setting all to rights testing bringing car back . . . 21/-

On receipt of this invoice I wrote the following note to Gasket and Gudgeon:

Dear Sirs,—I am much obliged to you for the vivid pen-picture of your morning's work. You have not, however, mentioned picking up telephone listening to telephone saying yes putting telephone down. I am of course everlastingly grateful to you for starting my car, and I should not like you to think for one moment that I am complaining in any way about the price charged. Indeed you appear to have made no charge at all for getting spanner out of bag dropping spanner on paint-work bulging near-side wing hammering dint in off-side wing making all square. Nor have you mentioned locating position of spanner under car writhing shuffling picking spanner up off floor squirming wriggling contemplating spanner wiping spanner putting spanner back in bag.

My wife, who was present when some of the operations were performed, wonders why no reference has been made to showing dirty plug to gardener borrowing dirty rag from gardener telling some kind of story to gardener wiping oily plug on rag wiping oily rag on hands wiping hands on steering-wheel.

It seems to me that you have passed over the episode of the actual removal of the plugs in a needlessly terse manner. Surely more particulars could be given in connection with the matter of fitting spanner to plug, wrenching forcing straining hitting spanner with hammer unscrewing unscrewing unscrewing. . . . Again it seems hardly right to dismiss in a few short sentences the account of driving car down road jamming on brakes at robot signalling to vehicles behind plunging forward again skidding round corner signalling to vehicles in front swerving avoiding dog signalling to chemist's daughter driving driving driving . . .

The garage people made a courteous reply:—

Dear Sir,—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter and must apologise for the oversight on the part of our invoice clerk (due entirely to pressure of work). We have pleasure, however, in enclosing a corrected invoice amounting to £1 10*s.* 6*d.*

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, Yours faithfully,
Gasket and Gudgeon.

In Memoriam.

H. W. Fowler.

Learned, yet master of a style that lit
His erudition with unfailing wit,
He strove, from fame and fortune self-exiled,
To keep the well of English undefiled
By jargon and base coinage, yet was loth
To set pedantic limits to its growth,
Holding it wiser (as John Dryden said)
To traffic with the living and the dead.
Light lie the earth upon his honoured grave
Who with a lavish hand his treasures gave
And sacrificed his labour's scanty meed
To serve his country in her hour of need.

Big Babies.

"They were a wonderfully-matched eight. All flame-crowned Titan beauties."
Story in Weekly Paper.

"Nudism in England.
By The Rev. C. E. Norwood, B.A.
A true account of undism and its benefits, Physiological and Scientific."
Indian Bookseller's Catalogue.

For more about undism see the Sales Advts.



THE TRAFFIC CENSUS SHOWS THAT AN AVERAGE OF A HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTEEN BARROWS PASS HYDE PARK CORNER EVERY TWELVE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT. WE TREMBLE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL THESE TRIED TO PASS AT THE SAME TIME.

"Let Nothing You Dismay!"

A Retrospect.

THERE is a paragraph in this week's *Toolbury Magna Gazette*. It runs as follows:—

"As the result of the efforts of the Toolbury Magna Carol Party the sum of eight pounds four shillings has been sent to the National Institute for the Indigent."

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Sounds as though all we had to do was to walk round and sing a few carols and collect the money. Reader, you little know! But you shall, by my halidom you shall! Permit me to recall the process by which that magnificent result was obtained.

Preliminary Considerations.

(1) Shall we or shall we not take Miss Thunder? Miss Thunder is our alto, and as such valuable with the value of uniqueness. *But* Miss Thunder has rheumatism and cannot walk at more than one mile per hour. Question: Shall we take Miss Thunder and go to a few places singing four parts, or not take Miss Thunder and go to many places singing three?

Resolved — To take Miss Thunder, since the emotional appeal of a gallant but crippled figure tottering pathetically round will almost certainly result in larger subscriptions.

Mem.—To put Miss Thunder near the front and tell her to limp a lot.

(2) Shall we or shall we not take Mr. Cheadle, that superb example of the Dying Fall Tenor?

Resolved—That much as we should like not to take Mr. Cheadle, it is difficult to see how it can be avoided, as he has been a feature of every Toolbury Magna Carol Party for at least twenty years.

(3) Shall we sing "*Puer Nobis Nascitur*" in Latin, thereby antagonising the Vicar and laying ourselves open to a charge of Popery, or shall we sing it in English, thereby horrifying Mr. Linney, a purist?

Resolved—Mr. Linney is good for ten shillings; the Vicar for five only. We will sing "*Puer Nobis Nascitur*" in Latin.

(4) Shall we take a pitch-pipe or shall we rely on the conductor's rather fallible sense of pitch?

Resolved—That since Mr. Cheadle always sings in his own favourite key (a key unknown to musicians at large) a pitch-pipe is an anachronism.

(5) The Noble Lord who always pays us heavily not to come has only sent us ten shillings instead of a pound. Mr. Blott, who is keenly conscious of not being County, tends to follow the lead of the Noble Lord and he is our first call. Shall we risk the wrath of the Recording Angel and enter the Noble Lord in the book as having given a pound, *pour encourager les autres?*

Resolved—That the end justifies the means.



"NEW BO'SUN 'S A TOUGH 'UN, AIN'T 'E?"
"TOUGH! SEEN HIM EAT SARDINES? DON'T EVEN BOTHER ABAHT OPENIN' THE TIN."

Difficulties encountered en route.

(1) In what key may a party consisting of three sopranos, one alto, two tenors, Mr. Cheadle, two basses and three camp-followers be expected to put up the best performance?

(2) Is it better to pitch too low, in which case Miss Thunder and the basses are merely making the appropriate faces for their lower notes, or too high, in which case the sopranos and the tenors are squalling like souls in torment?

(3) Mr. Toombs (a sure half-crown) is out. Shall we sing, which seems rather silly, to an empty house, or shall we go away and call later, claiming that we have sung and demanding a subscription?

(4) Shall we keep the hurricane lantern alight, in which case its bearer will assuredly be sick very shortly, or shall we put it out, in which case no one will be able to see?

(5) Shall we sing in the "Pig and Whistle"? If we do its bar will probably yield a hatful of coppers, but it will take about half-an-hour to get the party out of the bar.

Resolved—To sing in the "Pig and Whistle."

(6) Mr. Cheadle, weighed down by a carriage-umbrella, a lantern, half-a-hundredweight of coppers and the collecting-book, has threatened to go home. Shall we seize this golden opportunity of losing Mr. Cheadle, or shall we be pacific?

Resolved—Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men.

(7) We have just sung "The First Nowell." A very deaf old lady emerges and offers us an extra shilling if we will sing her "The First Nowell."

Resolved — To sing "The First Nowell" again, very loudly.

(8) A rival party has appeared and is singing next-door.

Resolved—To sing a very loud carol.

(9) Mr. Cheadle (usually a teetotaler) has been ringing a bell for five minutes without result.

Resolved—That Mr. Cheadle has been ringing the Yale lock. He has had too much to drink.

Musical Record.

Times sung	74
Times flat	37
Times sharp	32
Times broke down	4
(Lantern went out, 2; pitched up out of sight, 1; pitched down out of sight, 1)	
Times in tune	1*

Tunes Sung.

"*Puer Nobis Nascitur*"	28
"The Holly and the Ivy"	22
"Shepherds in the Fields Abiding"	34
"The Coventry Carol"	18
"While Shepherds Watched"	57
"The Moon Shines Bright"	50
"Good King Wenceslas"	38
"The First Nowell"	2†

* Mr. Cheadle was collecting. † Old Lady.

Financial Record.

Paid	57
Paid to go away	12
Refused	3
Refused pointedly	1
Sang to haystack in error (thought house)	1
Total sum collected	£8 4*s.*

Sickness and Accident Record.

Colds	8
Sore throats	10
„ feet	20
Sprained ankle (concealed drain)	1
Hurricane-lantern poisoning	1
Frayed tempers	1
Slight hysteria	10
Headaches (*per* "Pig and Whistle")	1

E. & O.E.

* * * * *

Resolved—To go carol-singing again next year.

The Methodical Man.

My friend, W. Willoughby-Porpoise, pointed out to me a large framed notice hanging in his hall, which to my astonishment bore the heading in large black letters—

NOTICE TO BURGLARS!

"Read that, my boy," he said. "You knew that I was going to spend the winter on the Riviera. How's that for system and preparation?"

I read the long neatly-printed document with growing astonishment. It was surrounded by luminous paint and ran as follows:—

"The owner of this house is a very methodical man and would be much obliged if BURGLARS would observe the following RULES:—

1. Use ash-trays when smoking.

2. Wipe your feet on the mat before going to upstairs rooms.

3. Make no finger-prints—for the owner's sake as much as your own.

4. Leave the rooms as tidy as you find them. No cupboards or drawers are locked.

5. Fasten up the safe before leaving and place the key on the top where you found it. Papers inside are only valuable to the owner, and might be damaged by fire, flood, etc.

6. Please leave knives, forks, etc., in the pantry as they will be wanted by the owner for a meal on his return. They are worthless—all plate, jewellery and other valuables having been placed in the bank.

7. Take care that you do not allow any dogs, cats or other animals to enter the house.

8. Please remove quantity of old razor-blades in the bath-room, also old suitcases and clothing.

9. Please ensure that all windows, skylights, etc., are locked, and drop a reassuring postcard to the owner, W. Willoughby-Porpoise, Esq., Villa Lulu, Nice, A.M., France.

10. Please forward all letters to this address.

(*Signed*) W. WILLOUGHBY-PORPOISE."

I turned to the composer of this document with mingled admiration and surprise.

"Very ingenious," I remarked; "but what's the use when you come back and find your house burgled?"

He chuckled at this, and his face glowed like the sun. "I think you ought to know," said he, "that *all* the time they are reading that notice they are standing on a hidden bell-push which rings an alarm-signal in the local police-station."



DIANA AND NIMROD.

FROM VERY PRIMITIVE BAS-RELIEF LATELY DISCOVERED, SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A HUNTING SCENE IN THE EPSTEIN COUNTRY.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

VIII.

The Difficulties of Authorship—Unfair Competition—"The Lives of the Lottery Winners"—The Barber of Tarascon—The Mechanic of Marseilles—The Perils of Good Fortune.

My nephew Brian, who has not yet made up his mind what to do, but leans periodically towards almost every calling, is now wondering whether it might not be best to be a successful author.

"Excellent!" I said. "Why not?"

"But what am I to write about?" he asked.

"You should decide on that first," I said. "I'm no author, but I have always fancied that the impulse comes from within."

"But wouldn't it be a good way to look around and see what subjects had not been treated and then tackle one of them?"

"A very good idea," I said, "but I doubt if it will answer the purpose. So far as I can judge, not only is every subject treated, but two books on each come out at the same time."

"But, if one were intensely topical," said Brian, "one could get in first."

"You could hardly hope to beat the papers," I suggested.

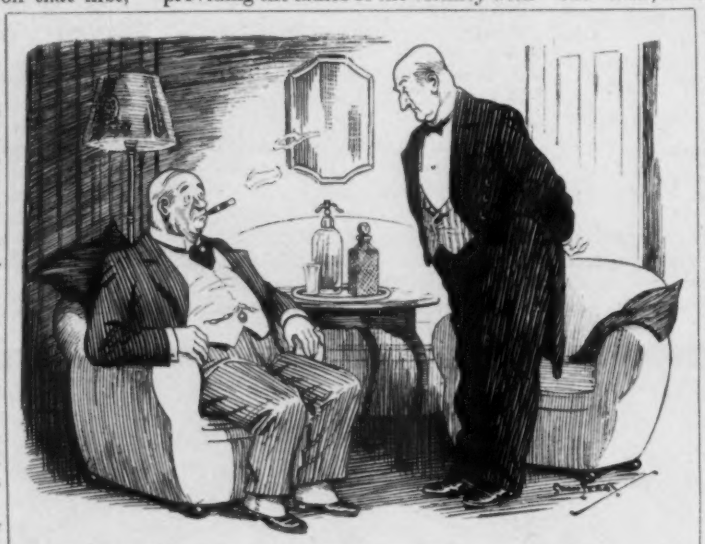
"No," he said, "they're a nuisance."

"But, on the other hand," I reminded him, "they are ephemeral. They live only for a day, whereas you would write for posterity."

"True," he said.

"One of the few books that don't exist and that I want to read," I went on, "is *The Lives of the Lottery Winners*. There's a good theme, if you like. I don't know whether you've noticed, but the winners, or at any rate the only winners we hear about, are always in humble circumstances. The rich have no chance. It has even been said that to ensure any luck at all one must first open a fried-fish shop. In France they are saying you must first move to the Midi, which is much the same thing.

"Look," I continued, "at the lotteries they've been holding in Paris—where, although millions of francs have gone to the buyers of tickets, the Government has netted sixty per cent. of the subscribed funds and therefore has done the country a bit of good and no harm to anyone. Note that one of the winners of the first prize was a barber, and note further that he lived at Tarascon. Two profitable lines for you here, Brian: one, the profession of barbers as a whole—talkative friendly men—have their listeners at a disadvantage—*Figaro—Leander Tweddle*; and, secondly, Tarascon, the home of *Tartarin*—what a magnificent splash *Tartarin* would have made had he won such a fortune—his boasts, his banquets and so forth! At first the barber of Tarascon seems to have intended to remain at his post, shaving, clipping, talking, applying friction, perhaps providing the ladies of the vicinity with those permanent waves which so frequently have to be renewed; and, in the flush of success and excitement, for a day or so he treated every client free. Afterwards he decided to be a swell, and I read that he has bought a château, probably from some impoverished French nobleman.



"I fear, Sir, that with the termination of the present month my services here cease."

"Wot—yer leaving?"

"That's one winner for you. At the next drawing of prizes the first fell to a mechanic at Marseilles. He had bought, like the barber, one ticket only, and he had forgotten all about it until, on his way to work, he stopped at a café for a consommation and was congratulated by the innkeeper.

"'But I don't know where my ticket is,' he said.

"'That doesn't matter,' said the innkeeper, 'I made a note of the number. You'll find it right enough.'

"And he did. He neither went to his work nor, in his haste, paid for the consommation, but rushed home to tell his wife. In short, the brick came down once more."

"What do you mean," said my nephew, "'The brick came down'?"

I sighed. "That's what comes of talking to the young," I said. "They remember nothing. There was a very good comic song," I explained, "long before you were born, called 'The Brick Came Down.' It was an Irish song about some labourers on their way to work on a Monday morning, and as it was a fine day, and drink and idleness seemed more attractive than toil, they decided to throw a brick into the air, and if it stayed up they would go to work and if it came down they would take the day off. Well, it came down."

"I see," said Brian; "and that was funny?"

"We rather liked it," I admitted sadly.

"And then there was that other man," I continued, "the Italian who won the Irish prize and had to go to law. I read somewhere that he had not derived much happiness from his good luck. But of course the whole point of the book would be the after-effects of sudden wealth, whether good or ill. In any case I should like to read it. *The Lives of Lottery Winners*—yes, a really interesting theme."

"It doesn't interest me," said Brian.

E. V. L.

New Catchwords for Old.

In Victorian days,
If you needed a phrase,
There was always one shot in your locker
To sum up the norm
Of impeccable form,
Which must be "according to Cocker."

But phrases, like grass,
Fade, wither and pass,
And we've ceased to pay homage to Cocker,
Though one letter's enough
And quite *quantum suff.*
To replace him again on his rocker.

To give the K.O.
To the fire-raising show
You have got to be up to the knocker;
And the best of all ways
Of preventing a blaze
Is the way that's "according to Crocker."

C. L. G.

Stoke Charity: A Hampshire Place-Name.

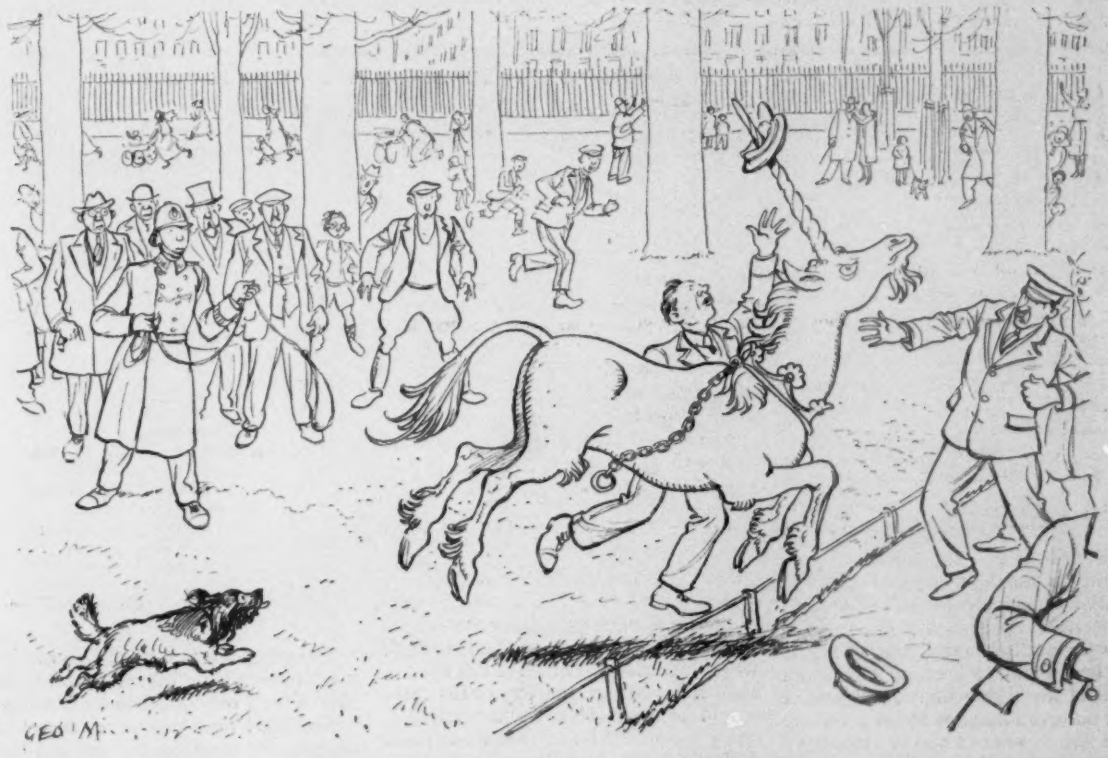
Of all the names of ford and town,
Hamlet and bridge and furzy down,
That make sweet music to the ear
By troutful Test and Itchen clear,
The Clatfords and the Sombornes twain,
Freefolk and Farley Chamberlayne,
Shy Bransbury and St. Mary Bourne,
The ford dead Rufus passed forlorn,
The Candovers, the Worthys three,
The sweetest is Stoke Charity.

"Stoke Charity!" The tall elms shade
The grey old church the Normans made;
The yew-tree lifts its noon-dark head
By mounds where sleep the quiet dead;
Through mellowed panes the sunlight passes
To splash with gold the graven brasses
Of knight and lady, son and daughter,
Who went their ways as went the water
That turned, years past, the vanished mill
Whose mouldering wheel has long stood still.
A kindly name—a kindly place,
Where life still keeps its peaceful pace,
Where nothing day by day is found
But man's and nature's homely round,
But joys and sorrows, hopes and fears
And passing of unstoried years,
Toil, rest and slumber—all the same
As when old furious Cobbett came
This way, with generous heart aflame,
Drew rein and paused awhile to see
How fared it with Stoke Charity.*

To-day, as then, the willows shiver
All green and grey along the river
Where in the pools Jack Heron fishes
And through the weed the moorhen swishes,
And in the bank the bright-eyed vole
Peers shy and watchful from his hole;
The whole wide valley fills and glows
With dawn-fires and with sunset rose;
In meadows bare to wind and sun
The mad March hares rejoicing run,
And gathering plovers flock and fly,
Soar, turn and gleam with plaintive cry;
Season by season brings again
The former and the latter rain,
And Spring's first swallow oversea
To England—and Stoke Charity.

C. F. S.

* Vide *Rural Rides.*



A UNICORN ESCAPES FROM THE COLLEGE OF ARMS.



"WELL, ENJOYING THE HOLIDAYS, HEH? LOTS O' CHILDREN'S PARTIES—WHAT?"
"THERE 'S BEEN A GOOD DEAL OF ENTERTAINING FOR THE YOUNGER SET, IF THAT 'S WHAT YOU MEAN."

An Old Way to Keep a New Diary.

THE passing of the festive season has left me encumbered with a litter of diaries for 1934. These seem to mock my lifelong unfulfilled desire to keep a personal journal and to challenge me derisively to make an article out of them and the threadbare subject of diary-keeping.

Without wishing to decry modern methods, it does seem to me that in the matter of keeping a diary there is a lot to be said for the technique of the old-timers. Consider this typical entry from *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*:—

A.D. 743. This year Ethelbald, King of Mercia, fought with the Welsh.

I admire the way the chronicler goes straight to the high spot of A.D. 743 and allows no niggling detail to weaken the interest. If only I had grasped the old boy's method in my youth I might have been equal to keeping a personal record of my whole life. As it was, I could not even manage to keep a diary in the Army, where I had the incentive that it was forbidden to do so; but I daresay I might have been able to record my war years by the ancient method:—

A.D. 1915. This year Egfred * fought with the Turks, and they remained masters of the field.

A.D. 1916. This year Egfred fought with the Bulgars, and they remained masters of the field.

A.D. 1917. This year Egfred took a refresher course, and the same year were the Turks driven northwards beyond Jerusalem.

A.D. 1918. This year was the left-hand salute abolished, and the same year were the Turks driven northwards beyond Aleppo.

Nor would there have been much difficulty in dealing with the year that has just passed:—

A.D. 1933. This year was the great overdraft.

But perhaps this entry errs a little on the side of austerity. The poignancy of this topic might well have caused one of the old chroniclers of the first rank to let himself go a little. I am certain that Etheldeaf at the top of his form would have considered that a metrical entry was called for to keep the subject fittingly on a high emotional plane. Something like this:—

A.D. 1933. Here
Egfred scribe,
author and framer
of matters for mirth.
He stood erect
before high-seated men,
but his head was bowed
by many unrighteousnesses
and evil unjust deeds
of a gatherer of taxes
who demanded tribute
out of all reason
a few days after
the calends of May,
and deaf to appeals
on the nones of July
sent his Final Notice.
There was never
a worse deed done
than this was,
to make harassing inroads
in the purse of a fool,
and thereby to hamstring
the blithe spirit of him
who jested for bread,
unfitting him to follow
His Trade, Profession or Vocation.

The great advantage of this method is that there is no indecent haste. My New Year's resolution to keep a diary during 1934 does not worry me at all, because by working on the old-time chronicler's system nothing need be done about it until at least this time next year.

* = Me.



THE LINK-BOY.

THE NEW YEAR. "IT'S A BIT THICK STILL, GUV'NOR; BUT I THINK I CAN GET YOU THROUGH IT."

Modern Toys.

THERE were some wonderful toys this Christmas time. As I wandered through Barrage's Toy Department I was considerably impressed by the changes which scientific knowledge and progressive thinking have brought about. Constructional sets are more complex than ever. Instead of the common or garden box of bricks with which you and I used to build such jolly houses, bridges and churches, the present buyer of 1933 is confronted with a welter of engineering outfits with infinitely more attractive possibilities. The new Krupp Building Set caught my eye at once. Not only does it comprise materials for putting together a powerful armoured car and a submarine that will submerge, but it also includes all the necessary components for making a tank that will crush its way over any ordinary nursery obstacle, and a destroyer that will really destroy.

I saw a number of delightful model aeroplanes. One of them, the Bludgeon Toy Manufacturing Company's "Big Bomber," interested me greatly. According to the label on the box, this fascinating plaything carries a full load of ammunition, and drops bombs periodically as it flies, the bombs being sufficiently realistic to explode with a loud bang and make a small hole in the ground where they fall.

"An interesting toy, Sir," said an assistant politely; "intelligent and at the same time instructive."

"Yes," I said.

"Amazing the progress made in toy-designing," he continued chattily.

"Amazing," I agreed.

"Toys are made to-day with the definite intention of giving the young idea the right idea," he said, talking easily.

"Indeed?"

"After all, boyhood years are formative years. Was there anything you were wanting, Sir?"

"Oh, just a simple gift—something not too instructive."

He frowned slightly. "There's an air-pistol here which will kill an imaginary man at fifty yards."

I couldn't understand this.

The assistant noticed my baffled look and passed smoothly on. "Have you seen the new 'Red' Chemical Box? A thoroughly practical outfit. By following the instructions which accompany it any normal boy can make all kinds of useful substances."

"Gunpowder?"

"High explosives of all types."

"Poison-gas?"



Doctor's Wife. "I'M OFF NOW, DARLING. I SHALL BE BACK ON TUESDAY. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, AND PROMISE ME YOU WON'T GO NEAR THIS HORRIBLE INFLUENZA."

"All kinds—mustard-gas, tear-gas . . ."

"Lovely!" I said.

"The more advanced set," continued the assistant, waving an airy hand in the direction of a highly-polished wooden cabinet, "contains a set of germs in bottles, with which the fortunate boy can perform many valuable experiments."

"It sounds rather warlike to me," I commented. "As a matter of fact I have to be rather careful what I give in this case; you see, the child's father is a strong pacifist."

The assistant looked a little perplexed. "About how much," he said, "do you want to spend?"

"Oh, about a pound," I said. "It's for my nephew."

"About a pound to twenty-five shillings," murmured the assistant thoughtfully. "Might I ask how old the child is?"

"My nephew's about nine," I informed him.

"Ah!" said the assistant. "Boy or girl?"

"It's—well, as a matter of fact it's a boy-nephew," I replied.

"Then," he said, seeming to understand, "it's no good me showing you this doll—definitely the latest achievement of foreign brains and genius. Not only does it walk, roll its eyes, smile, glance back over its shoulder and nod, but it also clicks its heels, holds up its right arm and says, 'Heil, HITLER!'"

"No, you're quite right," I agreed. "It's no good showing me that."

The assistant glanced round him. On his left were lead soldiers of all types, armed and accoutred in all kinds of ways. On his right was an armoury of



Beauty Specialist. "I UNDERSTAND, MADAM, YOU WISH TO CONSULT ME ABOUT HAVING YOUR FACE LIFTED?"
Client. "WELL, NO. I WAS WONDERING WHETHER, IN MY CASE, IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO HAVE IT LOWERED A LITTLE?"

swords, rifles and bayonets. Behind him were the quick-firing machine-guns, anti-aircraft guns, naval guns (mounted for field operations) and field-guns (unmounted—for garden operations).

"This is the model of an eighteen-inch heavy howitzer," he recited. "It will fire a shell projected by an explosive charge at a velocity of no less than 20.46 feet per second. The average boy——"

"The father of this boy," I said slowly and distinctly, "is a member of the Passive Resistance Corps. He addresses them at their rallies. He is a prominent pacifist."

"Pacifist?" said the assistant. "I thought you said Fascist!"

"No," I said, "I never do."

"I'm sorry," said the assistant.

"Not at all," I assured him. "What I really want is something that has nothing to do with armies or soldiers—something connected with the arts of Peace."

"The arts," said the salesman, viewing the subject from a new angle—"of Peace. Of course there's the music department, practically adjoining this. Just round the corner and through the arch. You'll find a wonderful selection of musical instruments at moderate prices."

I bought the boy a bugle.

Food Fit for Heroes.

IT was my misfortune the other day to come across the following passages in a novel. Edward, its hero, was on a walking-tour in Sussex:—

"Tired and hungry, for he had eaten nothing since early morning, Edward threw himself down in the lee of a bush which screened him from the blazing August sun, and, as he slowly untied Mrs. Mason's brown-paper packet, gave himself up to a luxurious speculation upon its contents. A good meat-pie was certain, a slab of mellow Stilton more than likely, and he had not forgotten Mrs. Mason's trick of making up a salad so that it kept marvellously cool and fresh."

So far so good. But when I tell you that a moment later the poor famished boy discovers that, owing to some domestic error, he has been carting a pound of candles halfway across Sussex instead of his lunch, you would think that here was sheer brutality enough to satisfy the petty malice of any author. But no. Edward drags his aching limbs together, disregards the nail which bores into his foot, and totters off again in search of a pub. After about four miles, mainly across ploughland, he staggers into the village of Little Doddering and to his unspeakable joy sees "The Pickled Ploughboy" shimmering in the heat like a mirage. His tongue lolls out (and so by this time does ours). He goes to open the taproom door—and, if you can believe it possible, the place proves to be, practically speaking, a mirage; for from an upper window a loutish landlord growls two eloquent words: *"Poob's shut!"*

I flung the wretched book with a curse into the fire. And I should have thrust it altogether out of memory if it did not exemplify so well a point which is continually being missed by writers of fiction. Clearly we shouldn't mind what fate overtook anyone in a novel if it were not for the fact that we read novels mainly for the short holiday provided by identifying ourselves with

their characters; and I have no hesitation in saying that, when I trailed through all those weary miles with Edward, at his best mighty poor company, I did so only that I might prepare myself vicariously to share his final splendid ecstasy of pie and beer. As a matter of fact it is difficult to think of any other reason, æsthetic or commonsense, for contemplating through sixty pages the squalid miseries of an August hike. The kind of novelist who could perpetrate such a low trick as this may flatter himself it is good art, but I can assure him it is very bad business.

The truth is that the psychological effects on the public (and therefore on sales) of fictional refreshment are scarcely considered at all, most characters in literature being consistently under-nourished. Writers are content to fortify their puppets between chapters, which is cowardly; or else to keep them going with the most indigestible snacks, which is detestable.

Some are maliciously ungenerous to their readers. There is a type of novel which opens with the hero being taken by a gourmet-millionaire to lunch at a famous restaurant, when the following melancholy conversation occurs:—

"*I suppose you know this place? Benito's lobster* à la Bordelaise *and his duckling* aux mandarines *are the best in Europe. Let's start with them and some Chablis.*"

"*So sorry, but I'm in training for the London-Brighton hop-skip-and-jump. If I could just have a couple of poached eggs and perhaps a plate of prunes?*"

You see what I mean? Why raise our hopes and then drag in a human dustbin just to disappoint us? We do not ask for rich or riotous living in our reading, but having paid seven-shillings-and-sixpence we surely have a right to expect that the simple pleasures shall not be needlessly denied us. And if there are to be any gastronomic surprises they may as well be on the side of the angels-on-horseback.

How much pleasanter, for instance, will it be to read in my own forthcoming novel of how Robert and Arethusa, tied by a spavined gearbox to an English county town at dinner-time, enter the mouldering hall of the "Old Red Lion" with gloomy forebodings of scarlet sirloin and leaden pastry, and come upon a menu and a wine-list which include—— I won't spoil it for you, but I promise a few really memorable pages. Further I promise that at least once a day throughout the book Robert will consume at leisure an exquisitely-considered meal, a barmecide treat for the army of my readers.



Employer. "HOW DARE YOU RIDE MY BIKE WITHOUT PERMISSION?"
Servant. "NO, MASSA, EXCUSE, BUT I NO RIDE HIM. I ONLY MAKE LEARN TO RIDE HIM."

I mentioned sales, I think. Are we to believe that it gives anyone pleasure to be confronted with this sort of thing, possibly in a draughty railway-carriage or a sick-bed:—

"*Evangeline had left herself no time for lunch. In the larder she came upon a cold sago pudding, a quantity of which she swallowed mechanically before going back to her work*"?

Or this:—

"*Arthur was one of those simple fellows to whom bread was in fact the staff of life. It was his habit when he roamed the moors to take a hunk of the roughest rye-crust in his pocket and to munch it when he felt inclined; but to-day he chuckled to himself as he added to his spartan banquet a thick slice of fat pork wrapped in newspaper*"?

Is this truly the stuff which sets the great presses thundering to the tune of fresh editions? I doubt it. In literature as in life one can tire quickly of the too-elaborate; and, recognising the necessity for a proper balance, I have made all arrangements in my novel for a character named Hubert, a bit of a sahib in his limited way, to lunch in alternative chapters off bread-and-butter, a commodity whose importance my publisher rates very highly; but out of a decent respect for the sensibilities of my dear public there is no reason why it should not be thinly cut and even smeared with a vague film of *foie gras*.

ERIC.

At the Play.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (LYRIC).

THE town having most unwarrantably turned its back on Mr. ROBERT SHERWOOD's interesting *Acropolis* and before that having treated his *Road to Rome* with quite unmerited disdain, has now the opportunity to make belated amends. It will unquestionably do so. *Reunion in Vienna* is a comedy full of wit and sparkle, posing questions of contemporary interest and laced with audacities which would win it attention from the worldly-minded even if it lacked more solid merit. It is produced by Mr. ALFRED LUNT with that brilliant if perhaps somewhat over-emphasised finish which we associate with the work of the New York Theatre Guild.

The reunion in question is incidentally between the exiled *Archduke Rudolf Maximillian* (Mr. ALFRED LUNT) and a small coterie of now sadly-diminished aristocrats; primarily it is between this sedulous gallant and his former mistress, *Elena* (Miss LYNN FONTANNE), who, once the darling and the sole bright flame of this dull Court clique, has realised that the old Vienna is definitely dead. She is now the adored and well-contented wife of the fashionable psychiatrist, *Dr. Anton Krug* (Mr. CECIL PARKER).

The author handles illuminatingly the conflict set up by the reaction of these three personalities, and his treatment is full of those unexpected maskings and surprises which give life and sustained interest to intelligent comedy.

Dr. Anton has always been uncomfortably aware of the faint shadow of his wife's former lover cast vaguely between them. *Elena*, thinking that she has successfully stifled her romantic memories, is not so sure when *Rudolf's* imminent visit is announced. She accordingly refuses to attend the reception. Her husband, accustomed to prescribe for various matrimonial maladjustments, now prescribes for his own trouble. He understands the reason of her refusal to be fear, as fear is the cause of his own disquiet; advises her to meet *Rudolf* that these fears may be finally exorcised. He must take the risk of the encounter.

Elena, though falling again under the spell of *Rudolf's* flattering ardours, is able to put up a sound defence against his conquering airs and arrogant assumptions, but weakens as that arch-egotist's belief in his irresistibility and his divine right to all that is on the earth weakens, revealing a genuine need and a real fidelity after his fashion. *Anton* fights his own battle for intellectual and professional integrity against possessive instincts, and conquers. With what skill the author resolves the situation so as to give the satisfying sense that his conclusion was inherent in the premises, I beg you to go and discover. The background, characters, situations and assumptions may be fantastic. They are. But author and players give them perfect plausibility for the time being—which is complete success in the kind.

Miss LYNN FONTANNE's *Elena* is a lovely portrait; and Mr. LUNT's *Rudolf* is as brilliantly reproduced as it is brilliantly invented. T.



FACING FACTS.

Douglas Wilton . . . . . MR. FRANK ALLENBY.
Sybil Kingdom . . . . . MISS NORA SWINBURNE.



Douglas Wilton (*Mr. FRANK ALLENBY*). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BEDROOM?"
Steven Rains (*Mr. RONALD WARD*). "IT'S THE ONLY PLACE YOU CAN HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE."
Liza Kingdom . . . . MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (QUEEN'S).

So closely do the parts of old *Professor Kingdom* and his wife, *Lady Jane*, fit the individual talents of Mr. GRAHAM-BROWNE and Miss MARIE TEMPEST that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they were carefully made to measure. Though this may not be in general a good method of play-making, in this instance it is welcome, for Miss TEMPEST has not been too well served of late, and here she has scope both for her fine sense of mischievous comedy and air of worldly wisdom and for a deeper pathos which brings out her reserves of feeling. Her admirers may safely go to this show to renew the ardours of their idolatry.

Mr. H. M. HARWOOD can always be relied on for neat plausible construction, for excellent individual lines and for playable parts. When he is specifically interested, as here, he gives us something more, though he never allows himself to be so deeply moved about anything as to be tiresome about it.

And his theme-in-chief? I should judge it to be that the younger generation has little on its predecessors but the noisy vulgarity of its method. Sex, curiously enough, was not first discovered in 1930. Nor were infidelities (if that is to be the test of the good life) unknown to the Victorians and Edwardians. But there was a good deal less talk about them, much less exhibitionism and self-deception. These old-fashioned people, if they took on a job, such as being a good wife to a man, tried to see it through, and if they failed in one part of their duty, as *Lady Jane* herself failed, they kept discreetly silent about it and saved the substantial happiness of many a family. They had their follies and snobbishnesses, but also

had some standards. They did not, for instance, sell their faces to owners of face-creams. They had their follies and their snobbishnesses, but tradition still counted for something. Paragraphers and paragraphed had not achieved the shameless co-operative technique of the present mode. And so forth.

Lady Jane's business in this affair is to make sure that her daughter-in-law, *Sybil* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE), really does want to throw over her husband for the philandering novelist, *Douglas Wilton* (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY)—a caricature both by author and player, but amusing—and takes a way to test her which is more in the new tradition than the old.

A secondary theme with a primary excitement value is introduced in the person of *Lady Jane's* daughter, *Liza* (Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS), a reckless votary of the new freedom, with the faint saving grace of a suspicion that she is a fool and a cad. An exciting encounter between her and a dissolute admirer, *Steven Rains* (Mr. RONALD WARD—who played with a most wisely calculated restraint and therefore enhanced effect), shocks the girl into self-examination; and the confession by her mother of her long-concealed, irregular and happy love-affair completes, for reasons which space does not allow me to develop, the first stage of her conversion. A gallant, solid and faithful young airman (Mr. ARTHUR PUSEY), standing by to readjust the balance in favour of the younger generation, is evidently destined to carry the conversion a stage further.

The general level of the playing was exceptionally good. Miss RAWLINGS has temperament and grows in technical accomplishment. And there was—to me—an unexpected subtlety in the playing of the stupid self-centred *Sybil* by Miss NORAH SWINBURNE. T.

"WITHOUT WITNESS" (EMBASSY).

Nowadays if your boy is bent on becoming a dramatic critic you cannot do better than let him begin with a few hard years in the C.I.D., for on a mere social acquaintance, built up in speed-traps and car-parks, one cannot attempt to answer such vital questions as: Do detective-inspectors really think with such ALEKHINE clarity? It is therefore to be hoped that the new Police College will see about producing a school of critics competent to review the procedure of their stage colleagues.

Ten Minute Alibi, which has just completed its four-hundredth performance at the Haymarket, has not only proved Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S mastery of the intelligent thriller, but also how much theatre-goers enjoy having their wits put on the rack. In this new play, which Mr. ARMSTRONG has written with Mr. HAROLD SIMPSON, the theme is again the close connection between crime and time, and again the alibi repartee of the suspected persons and the constabulary progresses at such lightning speed and with such plausibility that if I were to pronounce it flawless I should be a hypocrite. But it seems so, and I have no doubt it is.



GARDEN-LOVING DETECTIVE FORCES A DELICATE PLANT.

Detective-Inspector Mayhew . . . . . MR. HUGH E. WRIGHT.
Phyllis Treyford . . . . . MISS CECILY BYRNE.
Detective-Constable Tallington . . . . . MR. FREDERICK PIPER.

Hampstead is the scene—a Hampstead of neat whiskies on the one hand and of neat butlers on the other. *Phyllis* had once been the wife of *Geoffrey Harting*, who wrote beautifully about begonias and lived in a comfortable house with several telephones; but, finding him dull, she ran away—though not very far, about a quarter-of-a-mile—to *Maurice Treyford*, a little man whose increasing addiction to spirits kept things moving at a lively pace. The chivalrous *Harting* had insisted on being himself divorced; while *Treyford*, always in liquor, grew rapidly intolerable. One night, at the beginning of our Prologue, he hits *Phyllis*, and we guess that the hand of our authors has, very properly, marked him down for death.

We are right. For *Phyllis*, who is about to leave him permanently, pours a dose of her sleeping-draught into his brandy to keep him quiet, and to her horror he just dies. Brokenly she retraces the quarter-mile to *Harting*, who welcomes her with the most commendable clemency and refuses to let her give herself up to the police. Why shouldn't it be suicide? he asks. There is unfortunately a good reason, because in her terror she has brought the dope-bottle away with her, and, picking it up, *Harting* discovers that it is empty. What has happened to the rest of the stuff? *Phyllis* remains positive that she gave *Treyford* only one dose.

Harting takes her latch-key and goes off to put the bottle back in the flat. We are there when he arrives; but so also, owing to a wretched but possible piece of luck, are *Detective-Inspector Mayhew* and his men.

Beyond that point it would be very unfair for me to go. The focus of the mystery is the inexplicable emptiness of the bottle, and upon this the suspense of the play is successfully balanced. The unravelling is essentially a static intellectual exercise, though sufficiently exciting. I had a feeling that Act I. would be the better for a little more movement, and that *Phyllis's* indecision to let *Geoffrey* take a risk might profitably be condensed; but these are small matters. The humour which we demand to salt our crime is, as we might expect from these authors, plentifully distributed between a Cockney lift-boy, a woman-doctor (the extension of her frozen mitt to the official police-surgeon is altogether charming), and Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT, whose delightful *Inspector* is outstandingly good, never for a moment overdone and yet always quietly dominating. Miss CECILY BYRNE wins our sympathy as the wandering wife, and Mr. IAN HUNTER makes an admirable *Harting*. This play should certainly pass on to amuse and puzzle the West-End. ERIC.

Scotch and Italian.

["An Italian equivalent of the Loch Ness 'monster' has appeared in the marshy ground near Perugia."—*Morning Post.*]

Now looms beyond the land of whin
This mystery of the fang and fin
Since Italy has butted in.

The sheets of our remorseless Press
May soon be giving less and less
Intelligence from Inverness.

Be it a serpent or a squid
That in the Umbrian Marsh lies hid,
Stands Drumnadrochit where it did?

A Mixed Reception.

DURING the day a friend had impressed me very much with the possibilities of Broadcast Drama as a new art form, and as I never like to feel that I am missing anything I made a point of tuning-in to a radio play that very evening.

I was late for the performance—through waiting about at the wrong station—but I soon got the hang of the play: Whilst a young couple are being shown round a coal-mine by an Old Miner they are cut off in a disused working by a fall of rock, and the water begins to rise. I began here, so to speak, and lay back in my chair to have my emotions worked upon.

Girl's Voice (hysterically). *It's horrible! I can't bear it. I don't want to die. I'm too young to*——

(*Enter* my wife noisily, swamping the drama.)

Wife. What's this? A talk?

Myself. No, drama. Young couple sight-seeing in mine. Guide, Old Miner. Roof falls. Water rises.

Wife. Shall I leave it on? Or do you think it will become funny?

Myself. Yes. No. S-sh.

Swain's Voice. *I tell you, you* must *get us out. It's all very well for you—you're an old man. But I don't want to die. I've got all my*——

(*Enter* Daphne, my sister-in-law, drowning radio drama with the Hot Rhythm song on her lips. I begin to realise that late-comers to a broadcast play are a bigger nuisance than in a real theatre.)

Daphne. What's this? Anything funny?

Myself (*with commendable patience*). No, drama. Young couple sight-seeing in mine. Old Miner guide. Roof falls. Water rises.

Daphne. Sounds like a stumer. Are you going to give it a run?

Myself. Yes.

(The room gradually quietens until the radio play prevails.)

Girl's Voice. *The water's nearly up to my knees. Oh, it's*——

Wife (*to Daphne*). I'm casting off six stitches and ribbing to the end of the row. That's right, isn't it?

Girl's Voice. *I want light and laughter. I want*——

Daphne (*with a squeal of dismay*). No, no, *no!* You don't cast off yet; you——

Girl's Voice (screaming). *I want to live!*

Wife. But, Daphne, you distinctly said——

Myself. Please. *Please!*

(They argue in penetrating undertones, so that to follow the radio play is as much of a strain as reading the original writing on a palimpsest. By the time they have settled the technical point in knitting at issue the Girl's Voice has ceased and all that can be heard is the sucking and gurgling of rising water. Suddenly there is the sound of the picks of the rescue-party and then a frantic scream of "Help!" from the Girl. Most convincing. I begin to be gripped by the play and break into a cold sweat. Again the noise of picks working feverishly, and again the Girl's scream, louder and more blood-curdling.)

Wife. Darling, can't you hear the cat miaowing and clawing up the mat? I expect he wants to come in or go out.

(I rise and go out into the hall. On the mat is our cat, Bubastes—a cat with a genius for being on the wrong side of a door. He conducts me to the hall-door. I open it for him, but, observing that it is raining hard outside, he rushes off to a door at the back, where he hopes that the weather will be more auspicious. Here I am firm and shove him out, as I want to get back to the drama and have no time to let Bubastes prove the prevalence of rain at all exits from our house by the empirical method. I return to assist at the radio play pondering the question: Does Bubastes' trick denote reasoning power or is it that our cat is a fool?

I find that it is now the Old Miner's turn to give reasons why he does not want to die. As I settle myself in my chair a buff envelope marked "On His Majesty's Service" catches my eye. My mind goes off at a tangent. These players, I reflect, who throw themselves into a frenzy in a fictitious drama in an imaginary coal-mine—what would they do if they had to deal with my income-tax inspector and had the "motive and the cue for passion that I have"? Then, ashamed of my inattention, I close my eyes to assist concentration.)

Girl's Voice (with a scream). *The water—it's up to my chin!*

(Up to her chin, she said. Then we must be nearing the climax. Suddenly the sound of rushing water ceases. Complete silence. Is this the end? No; the Old Miner's voice bursts forth. He is speaking in Welsh, but there is an unmistakable note of courage and hope in his voice. Welsh—then the *décor* is probably anthracite. I had imagined all along that the drama was being enacted in a setting of Derby Brights. His spirit is infectious, for hardly has he ceased speaking than the Girl's voice breaks bravely into a SCHUBERT song, with full orchestral accompaniment.)

It was at this point that I gave up, for a muffled snigger from Daphne had developed into a noisy fit of giggles. I opened my eyes and reproved her:—

"If your mirth is evoked by the idea of the Old Miner lapsing into Welsh, let me tell you that in emotional crises men often revert to the language of their childhood. The use of Welsh here is in fact a very subtle piece of psychology, and yet you snigger at the author, Daphne, instead of raising your hat to him. As for the presence of a full orchestra in a disused working of a coal-mine, I don't see why you should giggle at radio-drama for boldly borrowing from the technique of the film."

"You poor mutt!" Daphne retorted without bringing any protest from my wife, "while your eyes were closed I switched the radio over to Luxemburg. You have just been listening to the fag-end of the Fat Stock Prices in Flemish, followed by a prima-donna in '*Horch, Horch, die Lerche.*'"

* * * * *

I shall not resume my serious study of radio drama until on one and the same evening my womenfolk have taken themselves off somewhere and Bubastes is fulfilling an engagement that will keep him out late.

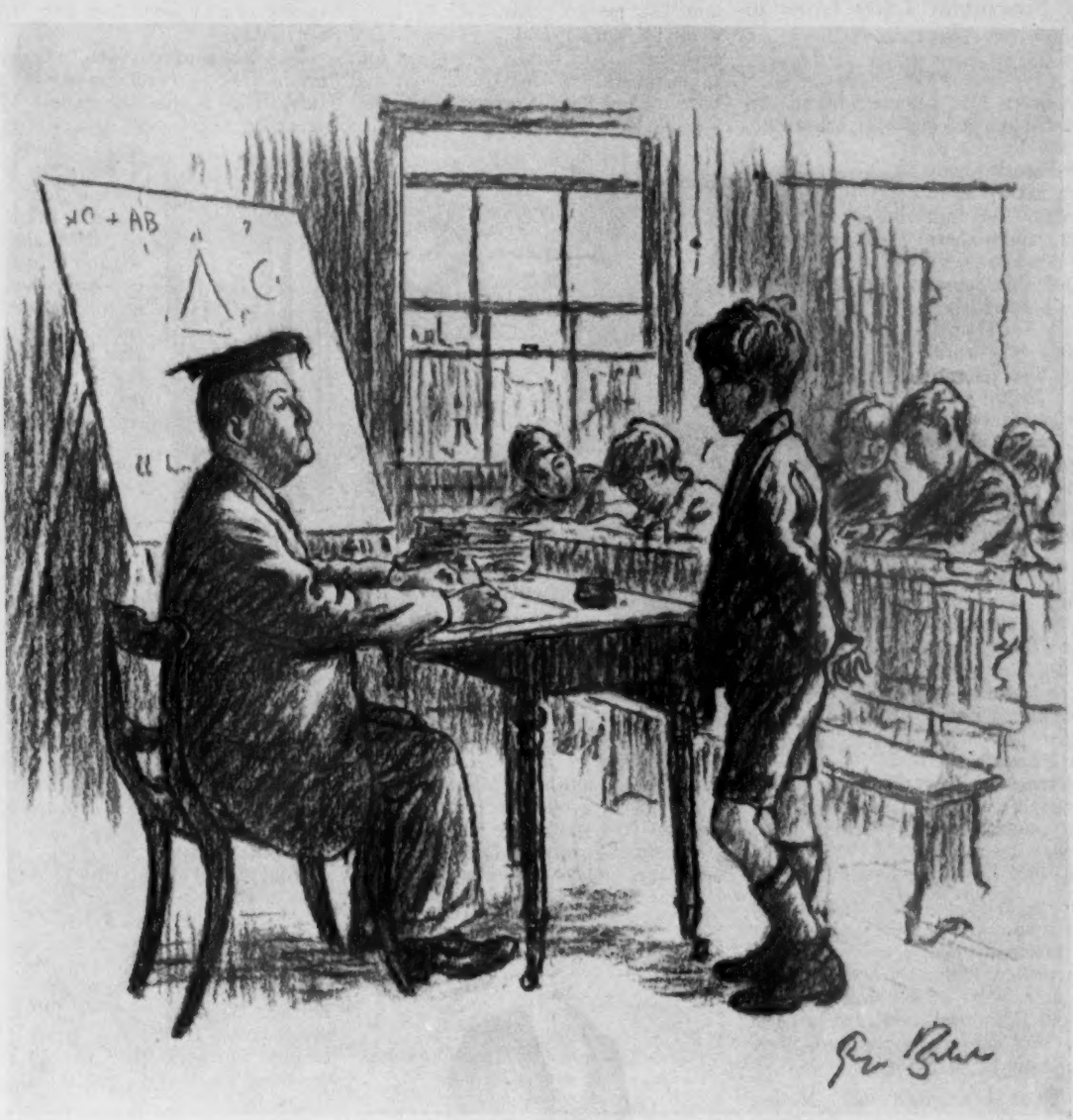
Fishy Chess.

"CHESS CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.

Alexander held his own against Flohr, except that he lost a pawn in the middle game, but came to the ending with queen and three pawns to the queen and four prawns for Flohr."—*Daily Paper.*

"Ulster's Prime Minister said yesterday that there could be no question of an All-Ireland Parliament. It would be nothing more than talk."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Would that disqualify it?



Small Boy. "ARE WE PUNISHED FOR ANYTHING WE HAVEN'T DONE, SIR?"
Master. "NO, OF COURSE NOT."
Small Boy. "BECAUSE I HAVEN'T DONE MY HOMEWORK, SIR."

Here a Nit-Wit Lies.

HERE a nit-wit lies
Between myrtles serried
Mourners, dry your eyes,
He is better buried.

He from toe to crown
Wooden like a tree was,
Never yet was clown
Purer clown than he was.

Other fools have been
Foolish for a season,
Yet at times have seen
Glimmerings of reason.

He, the arch-fools' butt,
Could do nothing clever,
But, conceived a mutt,
Stayed a mutt for ever.

No redeeming sparks
From his brain rebounded;
His obtuse remarks
Kept the world astounded.

Start his watch, and he
Would be sure to stop it;
Give the fool a free
Drink and he would drop it.

Mourners pass him by
Without word or mention;
Such a prodigy
Passes comprehension.

Here a nit-wit lies;
Let us not regret him.
When the dead shall rise
He 'll forget to. Let him. P. B.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XV.

November 5th. Literary friend Arthur, still plunged in gloom, takes Billy and me by car to Lake Forest, about thirty miles from Chicago. We talk about grandmothers—do not know why or how this comes to pass—and then about Scotland. Scenery very beautiful, but climate bad. Arthur once went to Holyrood but saw no blood-stains. Billy has a relative who married the owner of a castle in Ross-shire, and they live there and have pipers every evening. I counter this by saying that I have a friend married to a distinguished historian or something at Edinburgh University. Wish I hadn't said "or something," as this casts an air of spuriousness over the whole story. Try to improve on it by adding firmly that they live in Wardie Avenue, Edinburgh—but this is received in silence.

(*Query:* Why are facts invariably received so much less sympathetically than fictions? Had I only said that distinguished historian and his wife lived in a cellar of Edinburgh Castle and sold Edinburgh rock, reactions of Arthur and Billy probably much more enthusiastic.)

Arrive at about one o'clock. House, explains Arthur, belongs to great friends of his—charming people—Mrs. F. writes novels; sister won Pulitzer Prize with another novel. At this I interject, Yes, yes; I met her the other day—and feel like a dear old friend of the family.

House, says Arthur all over again—at which I perceive that I must have interrupted him before he had finished and suddenly remember that Robert has occasionally complained of this—house belongs to Mr. and Mrs. F. and has been left entirely unaltered since it was first built in 1874—furniture and all. It is, in fact, practically a museum piece.

Discover this to be indeed no overstatement, and am enchanted with house, which is completely Victorian and has fretwork brackets in every available corner and a great deal of furniture. Am kindly welcomed and taken upstairs to leave my coat and take off my hat. Spend the time instead in looking at gilt clock under glass



"Which is completely Victorian."

shade, wool-and-bead mats, and coloured pictures of little girls in pinafores playing with large white kittens. Have to be retrieved by hostess's daughter, who explains that she



"Superb and monumental butler."

thought I might have lost my way. I apologise and hope that I'm not late for lunch.

This fear turns out later to be entirely groundless, as luncheon-party—about thirty-five people—assembles by degrees on porch and drinks cocktails, and nobody sits down to lunch until three o'clock. Have pleasant neighbours on either side, and slightly tiresome one opposite, who insists on talking across the table and telling me that I must go to the South, whatever I do. She herself comes of a Southern family, and has never lost her Southern accent, as I have no doubt noticed. Am aware that she intends me to assent to this, but do not do so, and conversation turns to *Anthony Adverse*—as usual—and the popularity of ice-cream in America. Lunch over at about four o'clock—can understand why tea as a meal does not exist in the U.S.A.—and we return to the porch, and everyone says that this is the Indian summer.

Find myself sitting with elderly man who civilly remarks that he wants to hear about the book I have written. Am aware that this cannot possibly be true, but take it in the spirit in which it is meant, and discuss instead the British Museum (which he knows much better than I do), trout fishing (about which neither of us knows anything whatever), and the state of the dollar.

Soon afterwards Arthur, with fearful recrudescence of despair, tells me that there is nothing for it, as we've got another forty miles to drive, but to say good-bye and go. We may not *want* to, but we simply haven't any choice, he says.

After this we linger for about thirty-five minutes longer, repeating how sorry we are that we've got to go and hearing how very sorry everybody else is as well. Eventually find ourselves in car again, suit-cases with evening clothes occupying quite a lot of space, and again causing Arthur to lament pertinacity of hostess who declined to receive us in ordinary day-clothes. Fog comes on—is this a peculiarity of Indian summer?—chauffeur takes two

or three wrong turnings, but says that he knows where we shall come out, and Billy goes quietly to sleep. Arthur and I talk in subdued voices for several minutes, but get louder and louder as we become more interested, and Billy wakes up and denies that he has ever closed an eye at all.

Silence then descends upon us all, and I lapse into thoughts of Robert, the children, and immense width and depth of the Atlantic Ocean. Have, as usual, killed and buried us all—myself included—several times over before we arrive.

Just as we get out of the car Billy falls over one of the suit-cases and says Damn! Arthur mutters that I *must* remember to look at the pictures. Wonderful collection, and hostess likes them to be admired. This throws me off my balance completely, and I follow very superb and monumental butler with my eyes fixed on every picture I see in series of immense rooms through which we are led.

Result of this is that I practically collide with hostess, advancing gracefully to receive us, and that my rejoinders to her cries of welcome are totally lacking in *empressement*, as I am still wondering how soon I ought to say anything about the pictures, and what means I can adopt to sound as if I really knew something about them.

Hostess recalls me to myself by inquiring passionately if we have brought evening things, as she has rooms all ready for us to change in.

Am struck by this preoccupation with evening clothes, and interesting little speculation presents itself as to whether she suffers from obsession on the point, and, if so, could psychoanalysis be of any help? Treatment undoubtedly very expensive, but need not in this case be considered.

Just as I have mentally consigned her to luxurious nursing-home with two specialists and a trained nurse, hostess again refers to our evening clothes and says that we had better come up and see the rooms in which we are to dress. Follow her upstairs—more pictures all the way up and in corridor of vast length. I hear Arthur referring to "that marvellous Toulouse-Lautrec," and look madly about, but cannot guess which one he means, as all look to me marvellously alike, except occasional still-life, which I always detest—and shortly afterwards I am parted from Arthur and Billy and shown into complete suite, with bedroom, bathroom and sitting-room. Hostess says solicitously, Can I manage?

Yes, on the whole, I think I can.

(Wonder what she would feel about extremely shabby bedroom at home, total absence of either private bathroom or Toulouse-Lautrec, and sitting-room downstairs in which Robert, children, cat, dog and myself all congregate together round indifferent wood-fire. This vision, however, once more conducive to home-sickness, and hastily put it aside and look at all the books in the five book-cases to see what I can read in the bath.)



"Falls over one of the suitcases."

Am surprised and gratified to find that I have remembered to pack everything I want, and perform satisfactory toilette, twice interrupted by offers of assistance from lady's-maid, who looks astonished when I refuse them. Look at myself in three different mirrors, decide—rather ungenerously—that I am better-looking than my hostess, and on this reassuring reflection proceed downstairs. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Puero Ignoto.

Berkshire, November, 1933.

The night was black as ever hat could be,
Darker than any bag,
When, stayed with toast and comforted with tea,
I left "The Spotted Stag."

The wind blew chill; it was indeed a night
Fit for all evil works;
But aided by the wan moon's fitful light
I gained Great Coxwell, Berks.

And there it seemed that I was fairly stuck;
Which way to turn my feet
I did not know, until a stroke of luck
Sent you along the street.

You set me on my way with friendly chat
And tolerably clear
Directions; but it is not all for that
I hold your memory dear;

Nor had you any very taking way
By Nature's hand bestowed;
'Tis rather for your parting words: "They say
There's robbers on the road!"

Back rolled thereat the long grey years until
I felt in every vein
The genuine, the inimitable thrill
Of boyhood once again.

By every bush I saw a hideous form
Lurking with club or knife,
And heard above the tumult of the storm,
"Your money or your life!"

I wondered how they'd do the horrid job—
With courtesy or with scoff;
And then I wondered if they'd take ten bob
To call the whole thing off.

And now the longed-for goal is safely won
I feel extremely braced,
Snug in "The Unicorn" at Faringdon,
To think of what I've faced.

And ere the glamour wholly dies away,
Ere once again intrude
Shades of the prison-house, I pen this lay
Of heartfelt gratitude.



O.T.C. Instructor. "PUT YER 'AT ON STRAIGHT. WE ONLY ALLOW BEATTY AN' 'IS ROYAL 'IGHNESS TO DO THAT."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Solvitur Navigando.

MISS HELEN ASHTON'S pet formula, which combines character-drawing with a background of decorative circumstance, is to my mind more adroitly exemplified in *Family Cruise* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) than it was in *Belinda Grove*. Taking for her theme an outwardly prosperous legal family whose domestic and, in some respects, professional relations have got to the end of their emotional tether, she manœuvres *Henry* and *Rose Delamere*, their daughters, *Fanny* and *Martha*, and *Martha's* husband, *Hilary*, into a Mediterranean cruise, and sets about solving their problems of over-propinquity with the aid of their more easy-going shipmates. These comprise the junior Fellow of an Oxford college, resolute to retrieve *Fanny* from an unfortunate entanglement at home; a typical vamp who plays an entirely untypical part in relation to *Fanny*, *Giles* and the misunderstood *Henry*; and *Miss Alison Pilgrim*, a schoolmistress solely bent on getting her cultural money's-worth out of the trip. Miss ASHTON'S travel-notes are pleasant and occasionally excellent—witness her descriptions of gondolas, "like black swans at feeding-time," and her vignette of *Miss Pilgrim* among the flora of Cattaro. It is perhaps over-fastidious to detect an occasional sense of strain in their bearing on the plot.

Skimming the Roof.

First Over Everest (BODLEY HEAD, 12/6), written by Air-Commodore P. F. M. FELLOWES, D.S.O., L. V. STEWART BLACKER, O.B.E., Colonel P.T. ETHERTON, the Marquess of CLYDESDALE and Mr. GEOFFREY BARKAS, is divided (roughly) into the preparation and staff-work of the Expedition, the technical equipment, and the flights over the mountain. One would expect the chapters on oxygen and photographic fittings to be dull, but they are certainly not that. The mental and physical strain on the observers must have been enormous. One notes, however, that all parachutes and safety-belts were discarded to save weight and make sure of the aeroplanes getting their full "ceiling." Owing to the down-draught the clearance between peak and wheels was only a few hundred feet—a low margin at 31,000! But the best part of this wonderful story is the reason given for performing the feat again after the first flight photographs had been found unsatisfactory for survey purposes. In spite of a spate of telegrams (including one from their patroness), imploring them to rest on their laurels, the party decided they could not break their word to the State of Nepal that scientific value would be gained.

Their punctilious code was rewarded, and the wonderful pictures in this book make the reader grateful for that decision.

Change and Decay in Suffolk.

The collapse of a town and of one of that town's leading families is not precisely an exhilarating topic, and I found Mr. NEIL BELL's opening chapters on Senwich and its shipbuilders by far the most captivating passages of *Bredon and Sons* (COLLINS, 8/6). It is not of course Mr. BELL's fault, but the misfortune of the age, that a firm of doughty Suffolk craftsmen, original in outlook, speech and action, should be transmuted between 1844 and to-day into a handful of individualist money-makers (and money-losers), purveying such ephemeral goods as mackintoshes and best-sellers in place of the great yawls of their forbears. An unnecessary fatalism, however, attends his handling of the *Bredon* heredity—the notion that every generation runs to one virtuous and one disreputable *Bredon* until we reach *David* the novelist, who makes a vain bid for magnanimity and succumbs to ignominious egoism. That this decline runs parallel with the erosion of Senwich strikes me as too artificial a point to stress in a book whose mainstay is historical accuracy. The women of the piece are more memorable on the whole than their menfolk and import a welcome element of initiative into the resolute defeatism of the story.

"The Glory of the Garden."

JOHN PARKINSON'S phrase, "this speaking garden," used to describe his seventeenth-century herbal, would make a good sub-title for *Landscape Gardening* (WARD, LOCK, 21/-), by Mr. RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A., A.R.H.S., for, though the latter uses less flowery phrases, preferring to italicise his platitudes occasionally, every picture and every page tell some story of development or achievement in garden planning. And, though at first glance the diagrams of rock, water, wild, formal and orchard gardens are as tantalising as the advertisements of old country houses, there is consolation in the author's proof of what can be done in small spaces, on roofs and in window-boxes. As an adviser he is never superior, and has given many useful lists of plants suited to various soils, and aspects of trees which will give colour in autumn, and of quick-growers, besides time-tables and ready-reckoners for amateurs. I hope he may be forgiven for recommending the aspidistra (or "parlour-palm") as an hotel decoration, since he advocates the planting of fruit-trees, particularly cherries, in towns, and makes sound pleas for the beautifying of seaside resorts, taking Torquay as a model for garden and other architects to copy.



"OH, CYNTHIA, IS THIS SORT OF THING ANY USE TO YOU? I'M TURNING IT DOWN."

Curmudgeons in Cumberland.

The notion that squalor in the theme implies strength in the novelist has been responsible for a good deal of perverted talent, and Mr. W. R. CALVERT's latest story of Cumberland strikes me as a singularly dreary instance of the applicability of my text. You feel about *The Hungry Hills* (PUTNAM, 7/6) that there is enough cruelty, half-wittedness, epilepsy, moral depravity and the mismating and obstetrical bungling that sometimes prelude these horrors to last half-a-score of country parishes; and that their accumulation in one solitary farmhouse and its immediate neighbourhood is not only unpleasant but inartistic. It is obvious that the common round of the small farmer and his more brutal pastimes have their ugly side, but there is so much clean simplicity left with those among whom WORDSWORTH saw the primal virtues of life that it is sheer wanton distortion to dwell wholly on the evil. This the story of *Hester* and *Riley Musgrave* relentlessly does; and, although the fortunes of their son are allowed to make belated reparation, few readers, I think, will persevere on the course long enough to arrive at the tape.

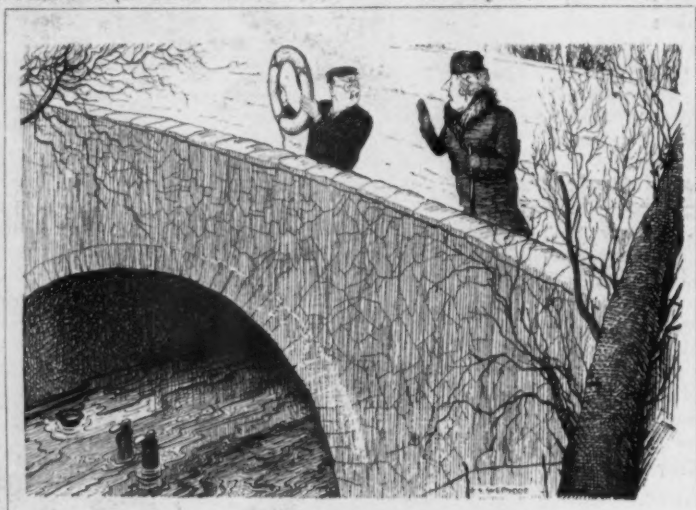
Bittersweet.

No-one could be better qualified to sing the praises of good wine than Mr. H. WARNER ALLEN, who as a pious

pilgrim has attended nearly every major vintage in Europe, and whose pen is tuned to a pure lyric note when it plays upon the grape. *Sherry* (CONSTABLE, 5/-) is a very informative and extremely readable little book, and it is to be recommended to the legion of recent converts from Mr. WARNER ALLEN'S anathema, the cocktail. Technically the most interesting things about sherry are its strange habit of second fermentation, shared unaccountably by both the red and white wines of Arbois; and the ancient *solera* system of the Jerez shippers, by which the young wines as they grow up are gradually permitted to mix with their elders so as to produce that wide range, from the driest of *apéritif* Manzanillas to the mellowest of Old East India Browns, which makes sherry the only all-round wine. If the palate be prepared with Mr. WARNER ALLEN'S description of a Spanish vintage, when under a full moon the gipsies sing all night to the farmer and his guests, a glass of Tio Pepe will be found to gain vastly in aroma.

A Man with a Lamp.

Yes, *With the Guards We Shall Go* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 15/-), and in imagination we may go to the Crimea 3,000 strong and return with 150 effectives. Colonel JOCELYN did that, and his diary of Crimean events makes tragically up-to-date reading. I must review by quotations: "France in a flame. . . . England blazing with indignation. . . . There were only 30,000 troops in Great Britain. . . . They carried no great-coats, tents or huts. . . . Their guns had only 120 rounds of ammunition each. . . . I have no doubt all is to bring down the pride of the country, for indeed it is surprising to us to see the vainglorious way people in England talk." This is a good diary, written by a brave man for private reading (his editress, MABELL, Countess of AIRLIE, has done well). The writer saw the worst horrors of war—the excuses of those at home for parsimony and maladministration. If and when another war comes one of our first hundred thousand may provide a similar record of complacency, bellicosity, panic and inefficiency. But after all we have always had to pay for our unreadiness, and we shall do so again. I can only ask those interested in the wars of 1914 or 1857 to study this book. The parallels are only too clear.



"STOP! IS THAT A BRITISH-MADE LIFEBELT?"

The C. I. D.

Mr. GEORGE DILNOT, himself a writer of sensational novels, has, in *The Real Detective* (GEOFFREY BLES, 10/6), provided us with a book in which many of the facts are as strange and exciting as any to be found in lurid fiction. Here is an account of Scotland Yard as it pursues its daily task of dealing with crime, and I cannot imagine that anyone could have written this chronicle with more care and efficiency. Mr. DILNOT has many moods. He can be terse enough when exposing the exaggerations of newspapers. "I saw the other day a placard, '50,000 Police Comb England in Murder Hunt.' That looked thrilling, but it was just bunk. . . . There are only fifty thousand police in England." But his chapter, "Cigarettes and Crime," is delightfully amusing, and in "Realities of Detection" he waxes righteously indignant. An excellent book, which is packed with interesting information.

The Three C's.

Mystery of the London Banker (HARRAP, 7/6) is the seventh entry in the "case-book" of Mr. J. S. FLETCHER'S detective, *Ronald Camberwell*; but in their previous investigations *Camberwell*, *Chaney* and the excellent *Chippendale* have often been given tougher problems to solve. In fact, from the outset even those who profess no skill in sleuthing will put their fingers firmly and correctly on the principal villain. I do not, however, wish to disparage this story, for to try to discover by what means the rogue contrived to commit his crimes is neither simple nor unentertaining. And Mr. FLETCHER is always a sound craftsman.

Flames.

Archie Burford, Mr. VICTOR MACCLURE'S detective, must have had little difficulty in knowing to whom *The Clue of the Dead Goldfish* (HARRAP, 7/6), was leading him. Indeed the villain from the moment when he steps upon the stage seems almost anxious to arouse suspicion. To those who regard mystery stories as a kind of guessing game Mr. MACCLURE'S frankness may be annoying, but for my own part I enjoyed *Burford's* determined pursuit of a man who among other crimes was guilty of arson, murder and theft. And, although on one occasion *Burford's* "blue-grey eyes were cold with mastered rage," I have seldom gone a-hunting with a more humane and well-mannered sleuth.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

AN Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at The Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool, until January 13th; at The Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, from January 20th to February 17th; at Kidderminster, February 24th to March 24th; at Hastings, March 31st to April 28th; and at Bristol, May 5th to June 2nd. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

The First Bloom of Youth.

"Miss —— is the eldest of Major and Mrs. ——'s three girls. All of them were named after flowers, the others being Daphne and Jasmine. Jasmine came out last year."—*Evening Paper.*

Now that the three-letter registration plate for cars has arrived, we foresee keen competition among doctors to obtain SAY 99.

Charivaria.

A FASHION-EXPERT predicts a return to Victorian lines, but observes that the bustle is a thing of the past. Women have long ago put it behind them.

***

On February 1 the Disarmament Conference at Geneva will celebrate its second birthday. Very quietly.

***

An octogenarian housebreaker who was sent to prison recently was stated to be very clever and wonderfully active for his years. Still, it was high time he made way for a younger man.

***

"When coal goes up in price nobody is more concerned than the London coalman," says a writer. It is pathetic to think of them driving their vanloads of coal about with great lumps in their throats.

***

A writer asks for a good way to restore an old oil-painting. The best way would be for him to take it back himself.

***

"Patchy," said to be the world's oldest pigeon, has just died at Ravenstone, Leicestershire, at the age of 24. It seems hard to believe that the one we had in Soho last week was only the runner-up.

***

Broadcasting in Soviet Russia has to be conducted in sixty-four different languages. And without the aid, we suppose, of a corresponding number of Committees of authorities on pronunciation.

***

An ornithologist writing on the longevity of birds considers it remarkable that a woodcock should have escaped the guns for twelve years. Well, there are guns and guns.

***

Hostilities have broken out again between Paraguay and Bolivia. All the same the public are not taking much interest in third-division wars just now.

***

In connection with a new inn to be erected on the Great North Road, we understand that it will include a room in which DICK TURPIN died.

***

Though the two million daggers bought by HITLER for his army are said to be purely decorative, they would no doubt serve to give an anti-Nazi a sharp reminder.

***

The axis of the earth is said to be shifting. This is serious, but no doubt we shall be able to get round it somehow.

***

A woman has complained to a magistrate that because she called a constable "a hog-faced mule" he arrested her. It must have been the nasty way she said it.

***

In a marvellous new talking picture, when a character uses the telephone, the voice at the other end of the wire is also audible. This is going one better than real life.

***

"Necessity is the mother of invention," a critic reminds us. On the other hand when small children ask awkward questions invention is the necessity of Mother.

***

Attention is drawn to the fact that GEORGE ROMNEY was never an R.A. A violent objection raised in Chelsea to the idea of making him a posthumous one is that no artist would feel safe.

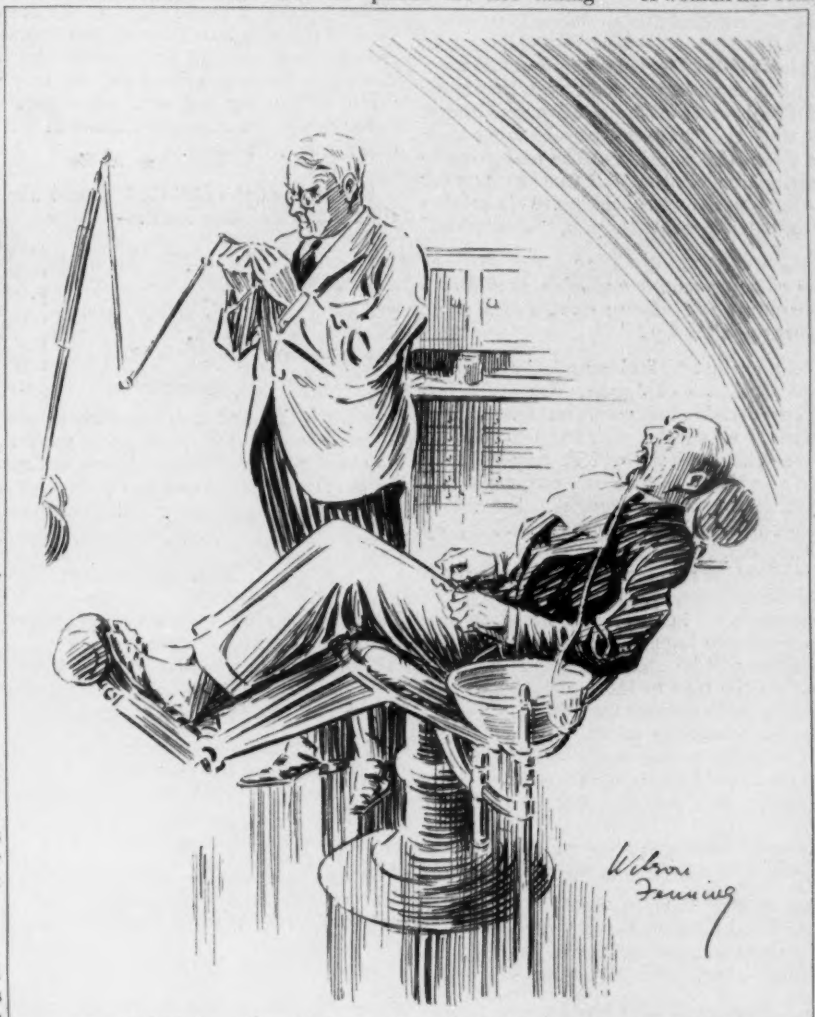
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It is stated that 20,000,000 people use automatic weighing-machines in this country every year. The Weigh of all Flesh.

***

At certain times of the year natives of Central Africa perform a frenzied dance round holes they have dug in the ground. Golf, in fact, is spreading everywhere.

"The safest thing is to say *pideant dum diligant.*"—*Daily Paper Supplement.*
Is it?



Dentist (grimly). "LET ME SEE—I DON'T THINK WE'VE MET SINCE YOU KNOCKED ME OUT OF THE 'CAPTAIN'S PRIZE' ON THE LAST GREEN BY SINKING THAT LONG PUTT!"

This and That.

"In the vast welter of despair and slime
That serves the Omnipotent Being's sense of fun
I saw the twofold spectres, Space and Time,
Feeding like maggots on the rotted sun"

writes "POETICUS" from Hendon, asking what I think of his lines.

Frankly, I do not believe that the situation is so grave as he supposes. True that there have been fogs of late; true that the Indo-Japanese Cotton Agreement appears to have left Lancashire with the worst of the deal; true that there is an unprecedented drought; true that the French Cabinet is all anyhow, and that the Germans are changing their calendar; true that there is no solution of the motor-traffic problem nor any indication of what the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER means to do with that sixty-six-million surplus; but, as a greater poet than you, "POETICUS," has written—

"Why should we go on grumbling and whining at things that we cannot possibly stop? Every cloud has a silver lining, every lift goes up to the top!"

One has only to look around to find consolation.

Take, for instance, the case of Japan. Once she has collared the whole export trade of all possible manufactures to the whole of the world we shall merely have to cease to send her any raw materials and she will be ruined. Any economist would tell you that. In fact, any economist will tell you anything. Take again the drought. Even as I write the glorious sleet is bursting through the leaden-gray sky and bedewing the land.

Take, again, the road-traffic problem, especially the road-traffic problem in the Metropolis. We have only to increase the number of motor-cars used in London by about twenty thousand (which is certain to happen during the next few years) and none of them will be able to move at all. We can then walk about on the tops of them, or lay roads on the top, and everything will continue as before. Patience and contentment are the ideals to aim at.

In fifteen years, I have been told, at the present rate of increase, there will be a larger number of lunatics than sane persons in Great Britain. But will that matter much? I do not think it will.

I now see, "POETICUS," that you have written another stanza on the other side of the sheet. It runs as follows:—

"The lifted face of Mrs. Lumpley-Smith
Grins at the threshold of the Great Unknown;
She has a few short hours to dally with
Till Putrefaction claims her for its own."

I gather from this, "POETICUS," that you have had some slight difference of opinion with Mrs. Lumpley-Smith, that you do not find yourself entirely *en rapport* with her. But we are surely able to correct our first impressions of our fellow-creatures by exercising a sense of tolerance and by remembering that *tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. There also seems to be a mild metaphysical discrepancy between stanzas one and two in your poem. With Space and Time behaving in the way that you mention, it seems to me very doubtful whether Mrs. Lumpley-Smith can be said to be anywhere at all, or, if so, doing what you say she is, poor darling. Let that be a bright thought for the New Year.

And if you need any further comfort, remember what Mr. H. G. WELLS told us only a week ago on the wireless. In a talk entitled "Whither Britain?" but mistakenly printed "Whiter Britain" in one of the evening newspapers, "There are reasons," he said, "why this state of affairs in the monetary system should have come about. But there is no invincible reason on earth why it should continue. There is every reason why it should *whr-r-r-r-r-r-ump—whr-r-r-r-r-r-ump—whr-r-r-r-r-r-ump.*"

I am always having a man in to mend my wireless, which is a very expensive machine, and some day he will probably succeed. Electricity in the home is one of the main advantages of modern civilisation. Yesterday it was rather cold, and I thought I would turn on the second electric fire. I pushed the plug into the wall and pressed down the switch. Nothing happened to the electric fire, but from the other side of the room a voice asked me very suddenly who was afraid of the big bad wolf, then gave a rasping cry and faded away. How people existed in the old pre-plug era I don't know, I'm sure.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the B.B.C., I should like to inquire what is the exact pronunciation of—

accite	*maugre*
bubucles	*oeilliades*
cautelous	*poperin*
evitate	*renege*
forgetive	*vaward*
hebenon	*wannion* and
imperseverant	*yare*—

words which I find are constantly creeping into my conversation through my familiarity with the dramas of the greatest poet in the world, yet always give me a slight sense of uneasiness as soon as I have uttered them, especially when two or three occur in the same sentence. EVOE.

The Bulgarian Road.

THE road is always the same, crawling over the plain
And slowly turning again
To the North, where the hills knit arms, where the snow on the peak
In summer melts for a week.

All that passes—the peasants' goats, the water-cart,
Boys bearing fruit to the mart
In the village below, the girls with red skirts and small feet
And skins golden as wheat.

The wild narcissus in spring kisses the tulip's mouth,
But further down to the south
Where the bells of the farm-carts jingle, the sprawling melon grows,
And everywhere is the rose—

Acres of roses, grown for the demoiselles of France
To scent their lips at the dance,
For brides to put in their hair as with music they pass down the road
To live in their new abode.

Always something to see—a gallant cavalry squad,
A friar sandal-shod,
A Church procession, the Virgin in front with a crown of gold,
Her smile three dynasties old.

The Romans marched here once; the Turk, unclean, unjust,
Shuffled next through the dust;
The French, the Austrians each for a moment came;
But the road is always the same.



THE WATER FAMINE.

FATHER THAMES ASKS FOR MORE.



"I WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT, ENID, BUT I FEEL JUST A TINGE OF HEARTBURN, AND I QUITE FORGOT MY PHYSICAL JERKS THIS MORNING."

Blurb.

From Messrs. Dickens and Scott, Publishers, to Arthur Perkins, Esq.

DEAR MR. PERKINS,—You are probably aware that the brief account of a novel which is printed on the inside of the dust cover is usually written by the author of the book in question.

That being so, we shall be obliged if you will let us have at your early convenience a few words descriptive of your novel, *Desperate Sins*, which we are bringing out in the spring.

Yours faithfully,
DICKENS AND SCOTT.

From Arthur Perkins, Esq., to Messrs. Dickens and Scott.

DEAR SIRS,—Thank you for your letter. As you know, *Desperate Sins* is my first novel, and I have therefore had no experience of writing notices such as you require. However, I have done my best, and hope the following will be suitable:—

Desperate Sins introduces to the public a new author, Mr. Anthony Perrier, but we venture to think that his name will not long be unfamiliar. This, his first novel, is a sincere attempt to deal with the problems of young people of to-day; and in his heroine, Jill, he has created an unforgettable character. The setting of the story is in the gracious Cotswold country, which Mr. Perrier obviously knows and loves; and his descriptions of natural beauties are not the least attraction in an attractive book.

I hope this does not sound too conceited, but in the circumstances I suppose one is expected to blow one's own trumpet a little.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR PERKINS.

From Messrs. Dickens and Scott to Arthur Perkins, Esq.

DEAR MR. PERKINS,—Thank you for your letter containing a summary of *Desperate Sins*. We are, however, rather doubtful whether this is quite suitable for the purpose. If we may be permitted to say so, it is a trifle too modest in tone.

Further, it should not be forgotten that the average reader is more interested in the human aspect of the story than in the setting, and that it is desirable to suggest that the novel is primarily concerned with what is popularly known as "heart interest."

We trust that with the aid of these suggestions you will be able to let us have a more eulogistic notice for *Desperate Sins*.

Yours faithfully,
DICKENS AND SCOTT.

From Arthur Perkins, Esq., to Messrs. Dickens and Scott.

DEAR SIRS,—I am sorry to hear that my "blurb" for *Desperate Sins* does not meet with your approval. Acting upon your suggestions I have produced the following. It makes me blush to read it, but I hope it is more in accordance with your requirements:—

Desperate Sins is the first novel of a new author, Mr. Anthony Perrier, whose name, we venture to think, will not long be unknown. He has

attacked in a masterly fashion the problems of modern youth, and the love-story of his heroine, Jill, will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of every woman of to-day. Mr. Perrier is highly original in his conceptions, and no student of present-day society can afford to miss this arresting contribution to the literature of our times.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR PERKINS.

From Messrs. Dickens and Scott to Arthur Perkins, Esq.

DEAR MR. PERKINS,—Many thanks for your revised notice of *Desperate Sins*. This is a great improvement, but we should still like a little stronger phrasing. It should be remembered that the general public is not aware of the fact that these notices are written by the author, so that a little exaggeration is quite allowable. Something really striking is necessary to catch the eye of the prospective purchaser.

Trusting to hear from you in the near future,

We are, Yours faithfully,
DICKENS AND SCOTT.

From Arthur Perkins, Esq., to Messrs. Dickens and Scott.

DEAR SIRS,—I appear to have been under a misapprehension, which I deeply regret. It seems that you require something in the style of a motion-picture trailer. Very well:—

It is no exaggeration to say that *Desperate Sins*, by Mr. Anthony Perrier, is the greatest novel of this generation. Miraculous in its insight, breath-taking in its suspense, and sublimely daring in its indictment of modern society, it can only be described by one word—"Stupendous!" You will adore Jill Bannister, the lovely and wayward heroine, who sacrifices all for love. Every woman of to-day will find an answer to her problem in *Desperate Sins*. Buy it for yourself! Buy it for your friends! You can't afford to say that you haven't read *Desperate Sins*!

In other words, do the job yourselves. Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR PERKINS.

From Messrs. Dickens and Scott to Arthur Perkins, Esq.

DEAR MR. PERKINS,—Very many thanks for the excellent notice of *Desperate Sins*. This will suit us admirably, and there will be no need, as you suggest, for us to write it ourselves.

With renewed thanks,

We are, Yours faithfully,
DICKENS AND SCOTT.



"JACK, *DON'T* RING, WE *CAN'T* DINE HERE AFTER ALL. I WORE THIS DRESS HERE EIGHT WEEKS AGO!"

Evolution.

[It is suggested that Nature may equip us with the means of avoiding motor-accidents.]

WHEN DARWIN'S theory first was heard
Gigantic was the rumpus,
Indignant millions all averred
The man was blatantly absurd
With fish and fleas and chimpanzees
Inclusively to lump us;

But bit by bit the feeling grew
Midst people of all stations
That like enough the thing was true,
And those who visited the Zoo
Gave up their japes about the apes
And hailed them as relations.

And now our faith in Nature shows
How greatly we respect her;
Ourselves, we cannot cure our woes
Till Evolution's course bestows
On each child born a motor-horn
Besides a rear reflector.

ffoolhardy's Gambit.

I AM frankly puzzled by this Hastings Chess Conference business. What is a man to make of an affair in which people resign at the tenth move because they have lost a pawn? Surely one of the most glorious characteristics of the British race is that it never knows when it is beaten? Resign because you have lost a pawn! And at the tenth move! How about Admiral BENBOW, having lost both his legs (by chain shot—by chain sh-o-o-t!!)? Did *he* resign? No. He just had himself propped up on the quarter-deck or the poop or the marlinspike or something and carried on.

It is, I think, that BENBOW spirit which is the chief characteristic of the dour struggles which take place between ffoolhardy and myself in the private bar of the "Old Lion." With the greatest stretch of the imagination one could not call ffoolhardy a *good* chess-player, and I am afraid my own style has never lost the traces of an earlier acquaintance with draughts and ludo. But whatever else may be said against us, we don't resign because we lose a pawn. In fact only the other night ffoolhardy, his King left entirely alone, provided me with a thrilling run of quite ten minutes, with a four-mile point, before hounds rolled him over in the open. And many times we have regretfully left drawn games in which the two Kings were the sole remaining pieces.

Personally I feel that ffoolhardy might do well at Hastings if people resign just because they have lost a pawn. For a more inveterate taker of pawns never lived. His theory is that you can't possibly play chess with all that mess about on the board, and that the presence of pawns makes it quite impossible to play his favourite gambit—the Publican's Opening.

As a matter of fact I am rather proud of ffoolhardy's chess. He is my first (and probably last) pupil. Yet he evolved the Publican's Opening entirely unaided. Let me give you an example of the devastating effects of this beautiful combination in actual play:—

BLACK. MR. FFOOLHARDY. (*The Publican's Opening*)	WHITE. ME. (*The Sharepusher's Defence*)
(1) P to R's 4th.	P to K's 4th. (*a*)
(2) P to K's Kt's 4th.	P to Q's 4th. (*b*)
(3) P to K's B's 4th.	1 purl, 1 pl.
(4) Castles (*c*)	K to K's 1st. (*d*)
(5) P x P.	P x P.
(6) P x P!	P x P!
(7) P x P!!	P x P!!!
(8) P x P. (*e*)	39/6 – 39/9 – 39/-. (*f*)
(9) Q to Q 1st and back again. (*g*)	Cast off Kt on to second needles. (*h*)
(10) K's Kt to Q's B's 6 (ch.) (*i*)	P x P. (*j*)
(11) P x P. (*k*)	Sm. Conf. and Tob. (*l*)

(*a*) The gambit declined.
(*b*) The gambit still declined.
(*c*) At once striking the note of unorthodoxy.
(*d*) Clearly, because if not, then Q's B's pawn to second base and then where are you?
(*e*) You see my point about not resigning?
(*f*) *Ex* dividend.
(*g*) Summer return fare. Deceiving White into thinking he has moved.
(*h*) Pretty.
(*i*) R.D.
(*j*) White *should* have played P x P!
(*k*) Obviously.
(*l*) S.a.v.

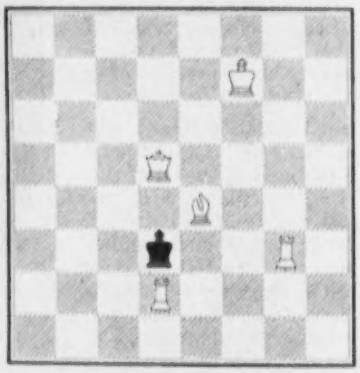
(12) K to K's 2	K to K's 2. (*m*)
(13) K to K's 4. (*n*)	Castles (ch.) (*o*)
(14) 1933—*nil*. (*p*)	P x Q. (*q*)
(15) Kt's Bridge to Q's Rd. (*r*)	(*s*)
(16) K's X St. Pancras	(*t*)
(17) P x P. (*u*)	Castles. (*v*)
(18) K to K's 5!	? (*w*)
(19) K to K's 6!!	? ! * ! ? £ ! (*x*)
(20) K to K's 7!!!	P x P. (*y*)

Extras, b 17, lb 7, w 5, nb 126. Total, 155.
Innings declared closed. (*z*)

(*m*) Snap!
(*n*) Avoiding the long snake which would take him back to the start.
(*o*) If White had played Q's Kt's P to R's 4, Heaven knows what would have happened.
(*p*) In voluntary liquidation.
(*q*) He might have played P x P, only all White's P's had been already X'd.
(*r*) An unexpected move.
(*s*) Fetching XXX.
(*t*) Still fetching XXX.
(*u*) Inevitably, for if not, then P x taxi.
(*v*) Not yet fully conscious of the state of affairs.
(*w*) Clearly puzzled.
(*x*) Puzzled, but not so clearly.
(*y*) In desperation.
(*z*) Black has a very fine game.

At this point we both got into trouble with the clock (10.10; but the "Old Lion" clocks are always fast). But, as you can see, it was a lively tussle, without any of this resigning business.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM.



BLACK TO PLAY AND DRAW IN ONE SHARP MOVEMENT.

The Old Canal.

So you've been out there to Rio, Pernambuco, Lisbon? Well,
If you like it, boy, you're welcome; if you don't, you'll never tell.
You're a prentice; what you then did
To fool land-folk must seem splendid;
You'll not own it's all a sell.

And you'll say how you remember furling sail in 'Frisco Bay
When the sea was like hot copper at the golden end o' day,
And the gaping fools'll treat you,
While your mammy's fit to eat you,
Though her curls are growing grey.



"DID *you* THROW THAT, YOU LITTLE DEMON?"

Just to think I knew her granny! We were schoolmates up in Shields
When a steamer never knew it and the docks were open fields,
Where the long stalks used to wallow,
Tipped with plumes, and green and hollow
On the briny-sodden wealds.

Trains for coaches, steam for canvas, man and woman's just the same,
Living hard as though they liked it or just laughing at the game;
And if any think they're fitter,
Life more sweet or death less bitter,
Well, it isn't me to blame.

Do I like this old canal-life? Well, I sort of think I do.
If you had your own home with you when you travelled, wouldn't you?
Better this than any coaster;
You may laugh, you brazen boaster,
But you do not love the blue.

With the young bay mare a-pulling steady, steady on the rope
Up the hill that nears the sluices, on the level, down the slope,
With the crazy steeples ringing,
And the crazy birds a-singing,
Ay, you'd like the life, I hope.

Here you need no log nor compass, and no pilot-boat nor tug;
Groom your mare and bring her fodder, crack your whip and chew your plug;
And you needn't take your sounding,
For there's never fear o' grounding,
And your little berth's all snug.

When you're weary o' the country? Sail for town and load your coal;
Buy your water-boots and worsted, and the young bay mare a foal.
I'd let every filly couple
While she's keen o' sense and supple
And her shaggy fetlocks whole.

When the ice is all around you and you're far from thorp or town;
When your breath slips out like kettle-steam, and trees are bare and brown?
You can smoke, unhook your cable,
Let your mare crop all she's able
Till the clammy fog comes down.

But I've heard your ships all squealing and baa-baaing like the lambs
When they're lost along the moor at night, and calling for their dams.
Bah! you'd sooner be on dry land,
Anywhere in this old island;
What's the use of all your shams?

"It is also important to cultivate the habit of eating whatever is put in front of the child."—*Manchester Paper.*

And so the poor child has none.



"WHY DON'T WE START?"
"THEY TOSSED FOR KICK-OFF, BUT THEY CAN'T FIND THE PENNY."

Crown and Cripps.

I AM quite sure that anything Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS says must have more sense in it than many other people think. Because he gave me my football colours at school, and a man who began life so promisingly can surely not have gone completely off the rails so soon.

I have therefore studied carefully the published explanation of the reference to "Buckingham Palace" which caused so much excitement in the newspapers.

The learned King's Counsel said (as reported in *The Times*): "There is no doubt that we shall have to overcome opposition from Buckingham Palace and other places as well." But he did not mean what everybody thought he meant. According to the illustrious organ mentioned already he "most certainly was not referring to the Crown. The term 'Buckingham Palace' is a well-known expression used to describe Court circles and the officials and other people who surround the KING at Buckingham Palace."

Personally, remembering with satisfaction and gratitude the receipt of my football colours, I accepted this explanation at once. Further, in order to be able to make it plainer to the uninformed, I looked up a certain Almanack (1934) to see exactly what are the forces that Sir STAFFORD had in mind. On paper, I confess, they are pretty formidable. When Sir STAFFORD, in his —— shirt, at last proposes to Parliament his Bill for the Nationalisation of the Means of Production, Distribution and Exchange (or has that whiskered panacea been abandoned? I forget) he will at once have to face, for example, the unscrupulous opposition of the Keeper of the King's Archives, the Assistant-Keeper and the Registrar. Demons all.

But there is worse than that. There is, for example, the High Almoner (His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY); there is the Sub-Almoner; there is (hush!) Gold Stick (indeed, looking again, I see that there are *three* Gold Sticks). There is also the Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant (a Brigadier-General). But, by the way, is the Almanack quite right? I thought that the rank of Brigadier-General had been abolished. However, no doubt the Almanack is right; for that is what Almanacks are for. Anyhow, there is this terrible fellow, the Clerk of the Cheque, conspiring with the High Almoner to prevent the Voice of the People (as interpreted by my old school-friend and football-captain) from being obeyed.

And I ought to say at once that this is not all. Behind this deadly little reactionary cabal there is the sinister Group headed by the Keeper of the Jewel House. The principal members of this Group are the Groom of the Robes, the Surveyor of the King's Pictures, the Surveyor of the King's Works of Art (a nice distinction, that), the Master of the King's Music (a notorious intriguer called ELGAR), the Poet Laureate (name of MASEFIELD, hand-in-glove with the industrial bosses), the Clerk of the Closet (the Bishop of OXFORD), the Serjeant Surgeon and the Physicians Extraordinary (of whom there are no fewer than three).

If you do not believe all this you can buy an Almanack for yourself, and you will then see the kind of thing my poor old STAFFORD is up against. Dropping in at the Palace to-day, I myself ran into a nasty little host of

political intriguers conspiring in a bathroom; and before I was flung out I heard the following significant dialogue:—

The Keeper of the King's Archives. This CRIPPS is dangerous.

The Keeper of the Jewel House. It's me he's after.

First Physician Extraordinary. No—me!

The Master of the King's Music. Me, I think.

The High Almoner. We must get CRIPPS.

The Poet Laureate. Cripes!

The Groom of the Robes. Let us all get CRIPPS.

Second Physician Extraordinary. Let us take CRIPPS for a ride.

The Gentleman Usher to the Sword of State. Blast him!

The Surgeon Apothecary to His Majesty. He shall *not* nationalise the Banks!

The Laryngologist to the Household. Rather than submit to the institution of Import Boards——

The Surgeon Dentist. I stand for a strong Second Chamber.

The King's Bargemaster (J. J. PHELPS). A prolonged study of the spasmodic utterances of the ex-SOLICITOR-GENERAL has produced in my mind an impression that they are erroneous and ought to be opposed.

The Keeper of the Swans. CRIPPS? Hell!

Third Physician Extraordinary. If that man enters the Palace I shall remove his appendix.

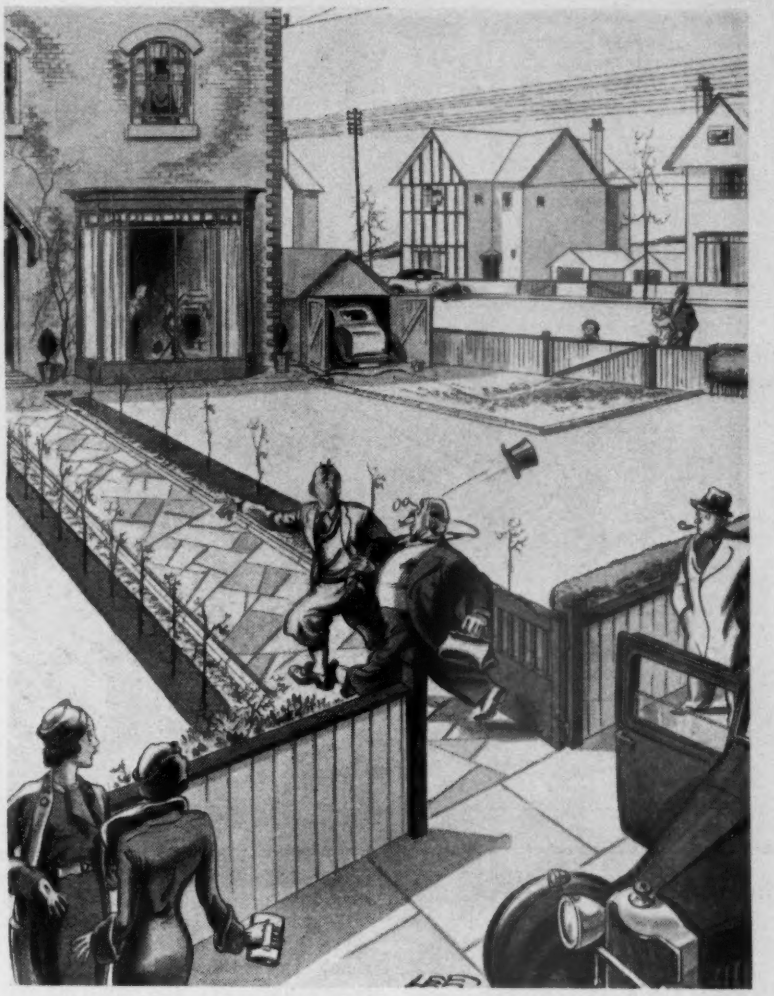
The Keeper of Virginia Water. *À bas* Democracy!

The Examiner of Plays. Gentlemen, you may count on me.

The Superintendent of the Royal Mews. Wait till my horses get at him!

First Gold Stick. Death!

And even now I have not mentioned the mute but dangerous reactionaries in the background—the numerous Yeomen of the Guard, the Marshal and Assistant-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Precentor, the Priests in Ordinary, Deputy and Honorary Priests, the Organist and Composer, and the Palace Steward, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Showers of State Apartments, the Gentlemen Ushers and all the Extra Equerries. Unorganised yet, there is here a solid mass of man-and-brain-power which will certainly be mobilised in the Mall when Sir STAFFORD approaches the Palace with the Mandate of the People in his pocket; and he does right to warn the People in time.

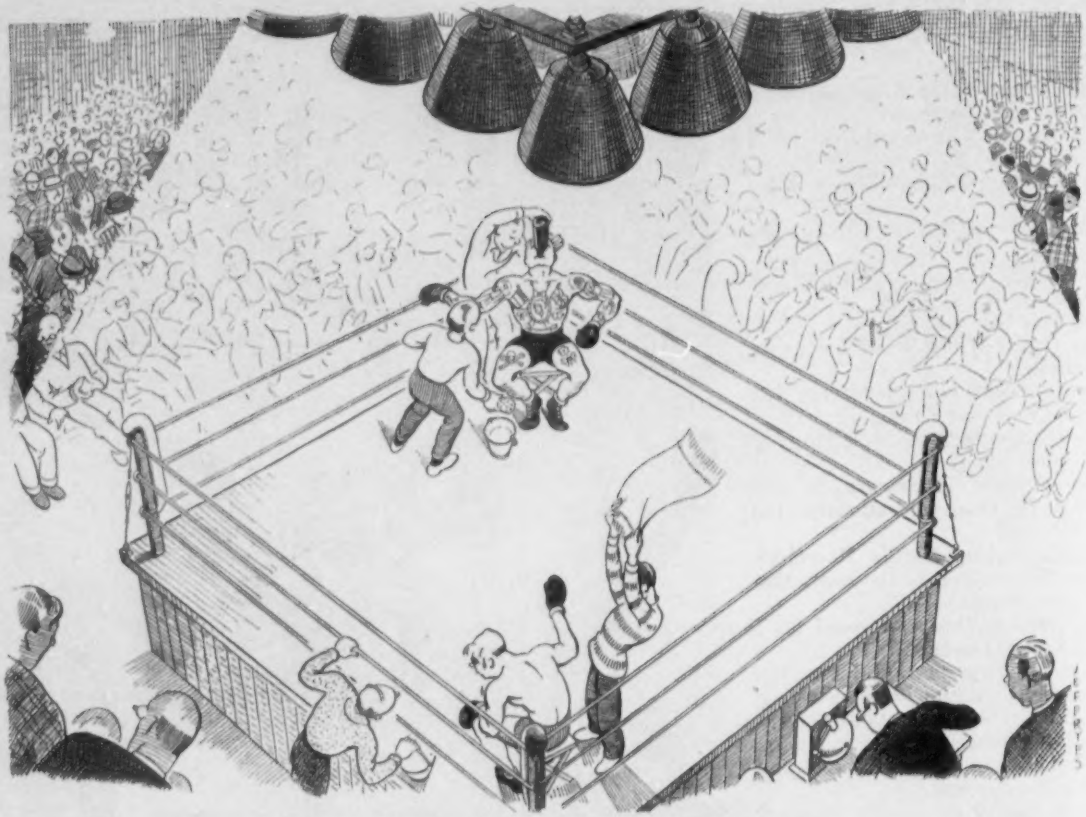


"YES, DOCTOR. THEN SHE SAID, 'I DON'T THINK I SHALL GO TO THE SALES THIS YEAR. THEY'RE SURE TO BE CROWDED; AND AFTER ALL WHAT'S THE USE OF BUYING THINGS SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY'RE CHEAP?'"

But he spoke not only of "Buckingham Palace" but of "other places." And what, some have said, did he mean by that? Looking at my Almanack I see very clearly what he meant. He was thinking of HIS MAJESTY'S Household in *Scotland!* Of the Great Steward of Scotland, the Hereditary High Constable, the Hereditary Master of Household, the Hereditary Standard-Bearer, the Domestic Chaplain, the Historiographer, the Botanist, the Painter and Limner, the Extra Surgeon, and all the Chaplains in Ordinary. All these unprincipled officers are capable of ringing up HIS MAJESTY when Sir STAFFORD becomes Prime and saying, "Here, don't you let him nationalise the means of distribution and exchange!" Formidable enemies—Sir STAFFORD is right. And if persuasion fails they have armed force to call upon. They have the King's Bodyguard for Scotland—no less! And what is that composed of? *Archers!* The Royal Company of Archers! Archers, brothers! With bows and arrows! And a Captain-General and an Adjutant too.

That, I have no doubt, is the sort of thing Sir STAFFORD had in mind when he said that the People's Government would have to "overcome opposition . . . from Court circles and the officials and other people who surround the KING at Buckingham Palace"—and other places. And shall we blame him? No. *I* shall buy my bow and arrow tomorrow. The Will of the People *shall* prevail, whatever the Keeper of the King's Archives may say.

A. P. H.



"This ain't a fair scrap. I gets interested in the pictures."

Information for the Novice in Switzerland.

The Swiss language is very easy to learn; in fact there is no uphill work about it. The only phrases you need bother about express, with three exceptions, your desire to check descent.

We will first deal with the exceptions. These are *Hel*, *Dunkel* and *Kirsch*.

Hel means light beer;

Dunkel means dark beer.

Having drunk however deeply, you need not flatter or encourage yourself with the idea that either has gone to your legs. Nothing will make any difference to the latter after your skis are on.

Kirsch means *Kirsch*, and spells that pride which goes before a fall. It also goes to the head, giving Swiss courage, and accelerating descent down to a point (probably the point of someone else's ski-stick).

*Ach*tung is an ejaculation meaning "Hi!" "Get out!!" "Hell!!!" or "Oh, dear!!!!" according to number of exclamation-marks indicated by the intonation. It is used to express the fact that you are going faster than you can and that recumbent or more slowly-moving bodies must look out for themselves.

Ach*tung* (archaic) means "Fore!" and is shouted arrogantly by those who are masters of their skis. Novices need not try to perfect this pronunciation.

Achdamn! (corruption of *Ach*tung), used in prolonged emergencies.

Ach-*damn* (corruption of *Ach*tung); the hyphen indicates the moment of collision.

Ach! (abbreviation of *Ach*tung). You will seldom have time to say more than this before (*a*) discovering what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable barrier, or (*b*) making a *sitzmark*.

Sitzmark (indelicate). This is not an ejaculation, though it may be followed by some, but a gesture (ungraceful). In soft snow the *sitz* is silent and the *mark* is stressed. On hard snow the *sitz* is stressed and so is the *mark* (the latter on *you!*).

The rest of the Swiss language is mainly gesture. In fact—

The Telemark (an attempt on the part of the left ski to hinder the right's descent and *vice-versâ*)

The Step Turn (or human T)

The Stem (in which you must imagine you are the tide, and try to stem it by v-ing your skis)

The Christiana (an involuntary skid, but *do* pretend you have done it on purpose)

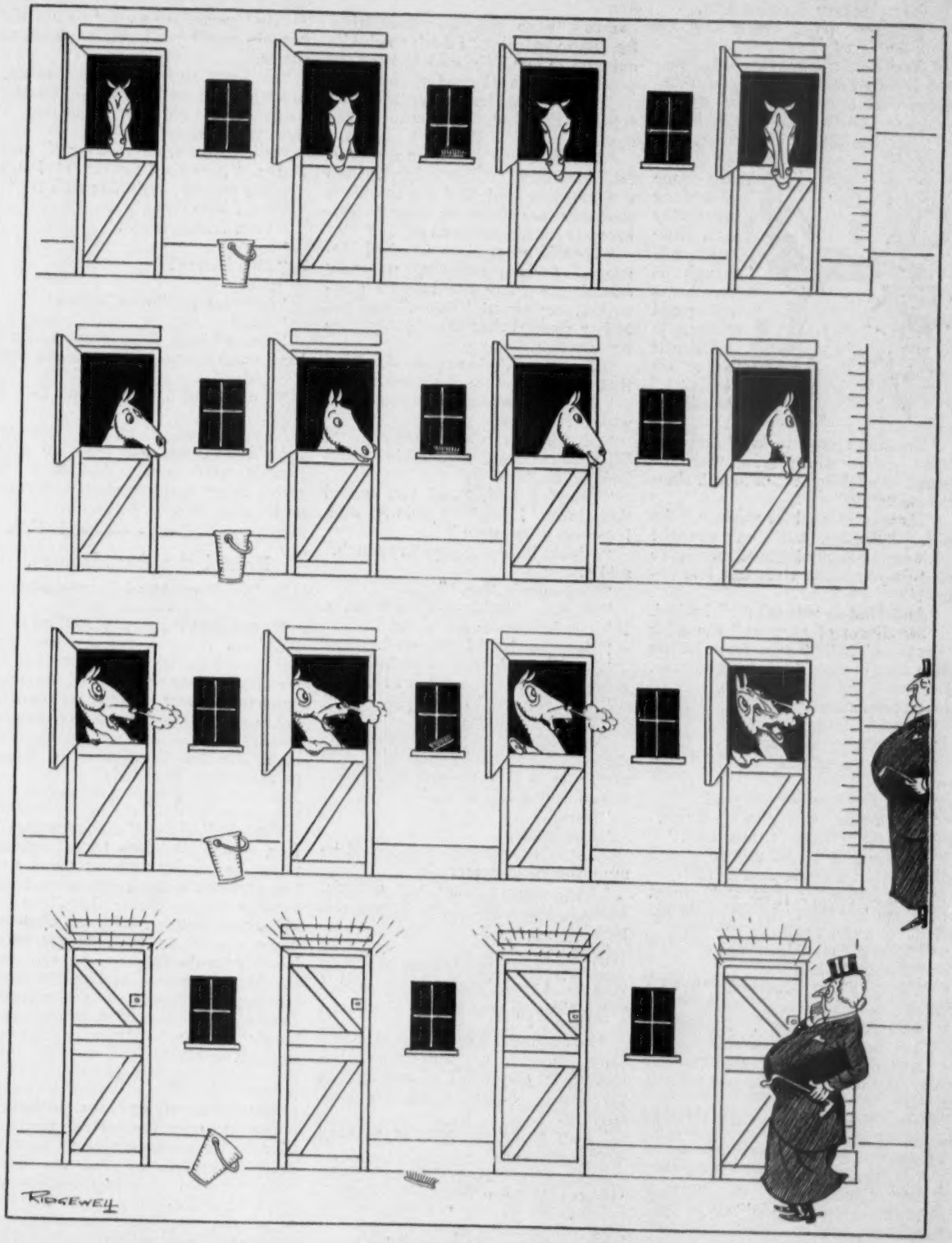
The Jump (or leg-breaker)

are all gestures or semi-convulsive efforts to prevent your skis from runing away with you.

Ski. There is controversy over the pronunciation of this word, some preference is shown by its victims for the harsh *skee*, which is more in keeping with the pain inflicted. But the majority of married Englishmen insist that the instrument is contrary and impetuous, therefore must be feminine and should be pronounced *She*.

Irish Stew.

"Three armed and masked men entered the Dublin-Kerry train at Rathmore, held up the guard and seized all copies of the Government organ, the *Irish Press*. These they stewed along the line over a distance of six miles."—*Indian Paper*.



HACKS FOR HIRE.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

IX.

A New Year's Conversion—A Crossword Word—The Canine Alphabet Resumed—The Chow-Chow—The Cocker—Dogs in London—The Fox Terrier—Gold-Digger's Triumph.



HARRY came in looking very pretty in a little hat, although it gave her a one-eyed stance.

"The next letter on the list," she said, "is C."

"You don't mean to say," I replied, "that you're still playing with the kennel idea? Why, it's a month since you started it."

"There is no need for sarcasm," she said. "Besides, can't one change? Can't one suddenly begin to have more what-do-you-call-it than one had before?"

"And what *do* you call it?" I asked.

"Steadiness of purpose," she said; "but there's a single word for it. Daddy often uses it when he is lecturing me. *You* would know it, of course, with all these books about."

"Eight letters?" I suggested.

"Very likely," she said.

"The first four a film-star?" I suggested.

"No, I can't guess," she said.

"A film-star tending to blackness," I continued. "Doesn't that help?"

"It would if I had the crossword mind. What's the second half?"

"Four letters. I think they would clue them like this: 'An article in the middle of a short railway.'"

"Please tell me," said Harry.

"Polarity," I told her.

"Yes, that's it!" she cried. "That's one of Daddy's favourite words."

"And 'concentration'?" I asked.

"Yes, he's potty about that too."

"And apparently," I said, "not in vain. The little black sheep is turning white."

"Yes," she said. "And now for dogs beginning with C."

I groaned.

"C," she said firmly.

"Isn't there a bushy Oriental dog with an indigo tongue called the Chow?" I asked.

"The Chow-chow," said Harry.

"Very well; the Chow-chow. How about him? I mean how-how about him?"

Harry gave me her down-with-facetiousness look. "I don't think I'm quite up to him," she said. "Very expensive to start a kennel of Chows."

"Good!" I said hurriedly; "I should rule him right out. The Cocker comes next."

"Ah! there you've spoken a mouthful," said Harry. "The Cocker. There's a dog, if you like! But the trouble is that there are almost as many cocker-breeders as chicken-farmers. D."

"There's no need to use bad language," I said, assuming naturally enough that, like the modern playwright, she meant "damn," and yet feeling puzzled that she should be so coy about it.

"The letter D," she explained, adding that when she swore she swore in full.

"But are there any dogs that begin with D?" I asked.

"Oh, Uncle, don't be such a mutt! Why, you yourself were talking about Dalmatians."

"True," I said, "and you turned them down. I wonder if you were wise. I've seen a lot lately."

"I doubt if they're popular enough," said Harry.

"Deerhounds, then?"

"Oh, no. Too big and too delicate. It's pet dogs we're discussing."

"Dachshunds?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's better. Which do you think—the black-and-tan or the red?"

"I like the red," I said.

"Would you buy one?"

"Certainly not. My dog-owning days are over. I live wholly in London, and my belief is that no one in London should keep a dog at all."

"Uncle!"

"Absolutely."

"But it's Londoners who would be my principal customers."

"That doesn't alter my opinion. Besides, when did I encourage this plan?"

"E?" said Harry.

"I can't think of any dogs beginning with E," I said, "and, what's more, I don't want to."

"Then F?"

"Fox-terriers. Why don't you choose them, smooth or wire-haired, but smooth for choice? I've had both in my time. Sharp, eager, amusing, devoted."

"They're not so popular as they were," said Harry.

"No, but they're bound to come back. That's my vote. Fox-terriers."

"But, Uncle, there are lots of letters yet."

"I don't care," I said—"I don't care if the alphabet contained a hundred letters and every one had a breed of dog. I've finished. Fox-terriers."

"And you'll help me to start the kennels, won't you? Only a loan, of course."

"I? Certainly not. I've got nothing to spare. I'm very hard up. Besides, I don't hold with it, as I told you. I want you to marry."

"Oh, this eternal marriage!" said Harry. "How tired I am of it! Don't you like griffons, beginning with G?"

"No, I hate them."

"Then Irish terriers?"

"No."

"Blue Kerrys?"

"No."

"Pointers, retrievers, setters?"

"No."

"But without them you wouldn't have game to eat, and you know you love game."

"For Heaven's sake let me be!" I cried.

"Fox-terriers, then. I promise. And, Uncle, you *will* lend me fifty pounds, won't you? And then I'll never worry you any more. You're such an old darling, you know."

E. V. L.

Round the Aerodromes.

(*By Our Aeronautical Correspondent.*)

THERE are plenty of indications that 1934 will prove a bumper year for aviation. The Mayor of Hogspuddock, speaking at the opening of the new municipal airport, uttered these striking words: "Flying is undoubtedly the coming thing, and in my opinion it is high time that the citizens of Hogspuddock took to the air."

★ ★ ★

Captain Rudolph ("Undercarriage") Egg, who is just back from Lapland, where he has been giving a series of free joy-rides to the inhabitants of the tundras ("looping the Lap," as he amusingly put it), tells me that he hopes shortly to push even further North with the object of popularising the light aeroplane among the seal-hunting Esquimaux of Franz Josef Land. All that is needed, he says, is a handy little aero-engine capable of running on blubber.

★ ★ ★

The private flying-clubs are full of bright ideas for the coming year. I hear of an admirable stunt that is being planned in the Midlands. Club "aces" intend to swoop down upon the local Point-to-Point meeting and pepper the crowd with bombs between the events. Each bomb, which will be comparatively harmless, will contain



BIRD-WATCHERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT STUDYING THE NESTING HABITS OF THE PHŒNIX.

a "tip" for the next race. This novel diversion is expected to prove extremely popular with racegoers.

★ ★ ★

Originally it had been intended that Club members should accompany the South Mudshire Hunt on one of its outings, observing the fox from the air and indicating its whereabouts by a discharge of Verey lights. The Master, however, with a regrettable lack of air-mindedness, adopted such a frankly unhelpful attitude that the scheme had reluctantly to be abandoned. Experiences of this kind indicate that there is still much need for well-directed propaganda in the backward rural areas.

★ ★ ★

From America comes news of the first record of the year. Miss Bleta Spangle, the well-known film-star, has flown upside-down for forty minutes over the State of Oklahoma. She claims to be the first platinum blonde to accomplish this feat.

★ ★ ★

This is the second record Miss Spangle has placed to her credit. It will be remembered that she recently chartered an air-liner at Reno and, taking up with her the judge, court officials and witnesses, achieved the distinction of being the first woman to obtain a divorce decree in the air.

★ ★ ★

Among the many new types of aircraft promised for the spring, the Orpington Household Four should prove deservedly popular with the family flier. Specially designed for suburban and domestic use, with a collapsible fuselage, this reliable machine can easily be garaged in the tool-shed or, alternatively, can be converted and utilised as a chicken-coop.

★ ★ ★

For the unattached owner-pilot the new single-seater Mono-Strut Bacillus will be just the thing for dashing about the place in. Available in three stock sizes or made to measure at a slight additional cost, this speedy little bus is fitted with a luggage-rack to accommodate tooth-brush and one clean collar.

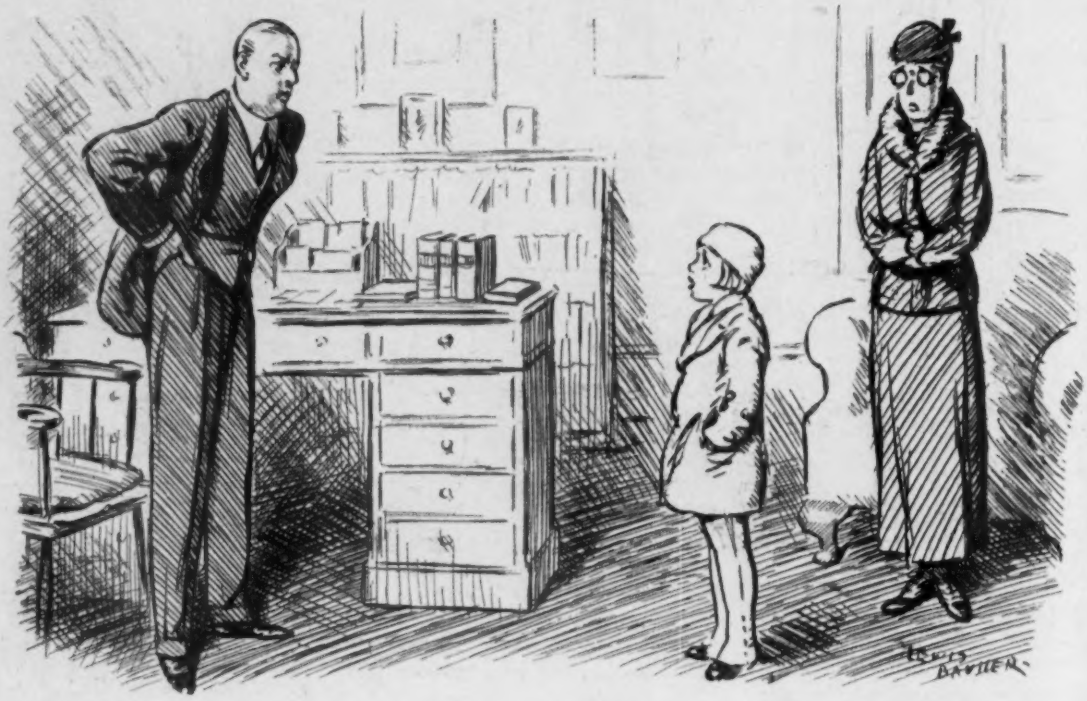
★ ★ ★

A large and hearty crowd of flying-folk assembled at Hesport to welcome the Wurrages back from their East African honeymoon trip, and the cocktails rev'd pretty freely in the Club-house afterwards. "Everything went according to plan," Janet told us, "except for one rather tiresome forced landing in the Mount Kenya district. We were immediately surrounded by vast herds of elephant, lion, giraffe, bongo, gnu, quagga, rhino, hartebeest and other large local fauna. The creatures stood about expectantly for some time, but as soon as they realised that we had not come to make a film of Wild Life in the Untrodden African Forests—Nature Red in Tooth and Claw—they quickly dispersed, looking a trifle crestfallen."

★ ★ ★

One does not see a great deal of our long-distance fliers these days. They are closeted with their atlases, feverishly searching for new and even more distant places to fly to in record time. The truth is that so much space and time have been annihilated by aircraft during recent years that already a serious shortage of these commodities has begun to make itself felt.

C. L. M.



"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN RUDE TO MISS PRINGLE AGAIN. NOW LOOK HERE—THIS HAPPENS FAR TOO OFTEN."
"HOW OFTEN MIGHT I BE RUDE TO HER, DADDY?"

A Song at Twaylaight.

SEATED one day at the telephone
I was given a number not my own.
Silvery sweet and crystal clear
A voice was wafted upon my ear.
Soft it was as an angel's breath;
Sweet it was as a dream of death;
Faint it was as the dawn of day,
And these are the words it seemed to say:—

"It's naice of you not to maind, Mr. Whaiteway;
It's naice of you not to maind, Ay declare.
Ay'm bahnd to say Ay faind
That it's naice of you not to maind;
But fects are fects, so there!
It's naice of you to take it in a polaite way,
But Ay can't contraive a favourable replay;
Ay'm bahnd to say Ay faind
That it's naice of you not to maind;
But it's better for us to say 'Good-bay,' Mr. Whaiteway;
It's better for us to say 'Good-bay' in a polaite way;
It's better for us to say 'Good-bay.'"

Sweet as the song of an elfin choir
The voice was wafted across the wire;
Clear it came as an evening bell—
Then sudden it ceased and silence fell.
That voice and I are leagues apart,
But to that voice I have lost my heart.
Oh, still that voice, as it haunts my brain,
Is torturing me with its sweet refrain:—

"It's naice of you not to maind, Mr. Whaiteway;
It's naice of you not to maind, Ay declare.
Ay'm bahnd to say Ay faind
That it's naice of you not to maind;
But fects are fects, so there!
It's naice of you to take it in a polaite way,
But Ay can't contraive a favourable replay;
Ay'm bahnd to say Ay faind
That it's naice of you not to maind;
But it's better for us to bid 'Good-bay,' Mr. Whaiteway;
It's better for us to bid 'Good-bay' in a polaite way;
It's better for us to bid 'Good-bay.'"

P. B.



FASHIONS IN FINANCIAL PETS.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "DON'T YOU FEEL NERVOUS, BEING PULLED ALONG LIKE THAT?"
MISS COLUMBIA. "OH, NO; I'VE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN THIS HUGE OLD THING."

Barrack-Room B.B.C.

WE are always being told that the Empire is going-to-the-dogs-my-dear, but I never believed it till I heard that at a parade of three thousand men in India, wireless loud-speakers replaced the usual word of command. If this sort of thing goes on the sergeant-major will become so microphone-conscious that he will stay in bed and conduct morning parade by television, facial expression only visible.

On the whole, wireless will cramp his style. What he is saying on the parade-ground may be audible in the Officers' Mess, and he will always have an uneasy feeling that the Colonel has chosen to tune in just at the moment when he is describing Private Bloggins' ancestry and probable future. Then I don't think many sergeants have B.B.C. voices. They are inclined to over-emphasise and even to strain their upper registers, so that the troops cannot hope for much æsthetic satisfaction from listening-in to them, and many a promising wireless fan may have his enthusiasm nipped in the bud. Indeed, if this loud-speaker habit spreads, wireless will become as unpopular with discharged soldiers as bully-beef. The associations of even the Children's Hour will be too painful.

Sooner or later the B.B.C. will put its mark on every department of Army life. Soldiers will buy their beer at an *atelier*, pronounced "áttelliay," and when over-indulgence makes a man neglect his "wóosted" stockings he will be given a "vénnew" before a military "trybéwnal" and the "indytement" read. If the Court decides that he is a "shárlatan" he will probably be ordered fatigue duty, consisting of carrying water from the "cristallyne" barrack "cóndewit." In these circumstances he will decide that happiness is a "kyméera" and volunteer for foreign service at Labuan, which he will of course remember to pronounce as "Labbóoan."

In the light of this tragedy the Army use of loud-speakers seems a pity. Great commanders of the past had no need of amplifiers. The Ironsides were not told "We are now going to switch over to G.H.Q. to hear a talk by Colonel CROMWELL on the importance of keeping musketry powder free from extraneous moisture." The Old Guard did not gather round their sets to listen-in to NAPOLEON on the knapsack-baton system of promotion in the Imperial Army. "This is *Macduff* calling. Let each man procure himself a bough from Birnam Wood and advance in close order on Dunsinane Castle" might have been a notable broadcast, but then *Macbeth* would probably have picked it up on the castle set and so outwitted the witches.

All the same, if this Army wireless craze had come a little earlier it would have changed history. Every schoolboy would now be able to tell you how RICHARD III.'s broadcast S.O.S., "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" resulted in the passing of the English crown to one John Smith, who had a hack handy and rushed it to Bosworth. Or how WOLFE, being rowed down the St. Lawrence, insisted on listening to the good-night poem and thus fell an easy prey to the French. The interrupting of the British forces when listening-in on the eve of Waterloo; DRAKE'S famous remark "There is time to hear the Fat Stock Prices and beat the Spaniards too," and the first French broadcast relayed by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR after Hastings would be other important memories. But it is no use regretting the past. We have just heard an impression of what might have been. Let us now switch over to the "immede-yet fewtyure."



"EXCUSE ME—AM I GOING RIGHT FOR LOCH NESS?"

"HANDCUFFS

No. R.1., 6/6; Do., but neater for inspector's use, 10/6."—*Store's List.*

More snobbery in the Force?

"Some women have their bedroom windows flung open and uncurtained always and, if the light bothers them, they sleep with a chiffon scarf or a dark bandage over the eyes to prevent early waking—and winkles!"

New Zealand Paper.

This seems better than the old-fashioned way of keeping them at bay with a pin.

Vacant Possession.

When Rogers comes back from his leave he will say we were quite mad. But there was no living with it any longer. A bush station in West Africa gets on the nerves at the best of times, but the continual presence of a thing like that in camp—well, to come to the point, Rogers' mud rest-house was demolished by fire and pick yesterday.

When Rogers went home on leave he asked us to look after it.

"Keep an eye on that house of mine, you chaps. It's pretty free from white ants at present, and I don't want to find the roof gone when I get back."

Of course we would. Up to then and occupied by Rogers it had seemed like any other bush house—an ordinary round mud hut, thatched, with a bamboo fence round it, that stood on a little rise at the far end of the compound.

It was after he had gone that the thing acquired personality. When Simpson pointed out its perfectly asinine appearance we agreed at once. It had been in our minds for a day or two. There was now something definitely half-wit about it.



"Something definitely half-wit about it."

There was no avoiding it. On the tennis-court, from the Mess-window or the club verandah, the fool thing asserted itself in the most uncanny way. One lived under the vacant stare of a village idiot in sun-dried clay. One evening Tantrum, serving from the end of the tennis-court that faced it, flung down his racket after three double-faults in succession.

"It's that tom-fool house of Rogers," he said. "It puts me off my game. Sorry, you fellows, but I'll take the other court——"

Seems childish, of course, but there was something about it.

Simpson, who lives opposite, says it was preying on his mind. He had his entrance plastered up and knocked out another doorway at the back so as not to have to face it.

"Another week and I should have been scatty," he explained. "It was always catching my eye."

All this led to rumours among the black staff. Uneasy murmurs got about that Rogers' house was "no good," and it was finally pronounced "ju-ju."

That was when things began to move. Up to that point it had been, so to speak, static. Then one night a tornado blew up from the south and Nafadam awoke to find it wearing its roof in a rakish manner.



"In a rakish manner."

The news spread. "Have you noticed," asked Meagrim after breakfast, "that Rogers' house has gone gay?" and after Tantrum had gazed at in a puzzled way for some time he said it reminded him of Henry VIII.

A week of this was quite enough. It certainly looked less idiotic, but there was now a leering familiarity that was harder to bear.

So Simpson straightened its roof again with the help of half-a-dozen boys. They must have weakened the thatch-binding while doing so, because the roof collapsed during parade a few days later, its thatch apparently on end with fright.



"On end with fright."

It couldn't be left at that. The cumulative effect was most irritating, especially to Meagrim, who has not had a proper hair-cut for months. As we pointed out to him, there was now a distinct resemblance. The limit was reached when a pilgrimage of pagans from a distant village came along and sacrificed a couple of cockerels to it in order to propitiate its apparently evil powers.

When Tantrum heard of this he flew off the handle. "Good Lord!" he said, "making a ju-ju house in the middle of a properly gazetted township of the third class!" and put a native contractor on to re-roof it.

Our feelings for Rogers were thoroughly tested, and anybody else's house would have had to go. But a new roof was constructed, with a new palm-trunk centre-pole to prevent collapse, and for some weeks we reverted to our former state. For some weeks. Then a suspicion grew that all was not normal. And not only suspicion, for the palm-trunk rooted and flung out a couple of fronds that gave the effect of ostrich-feathers on a rather plain hat. Rather an improvement really. "After all," we said, "we can cut 'em off the day before Rogers returns."

But the climax arrived last week. The flag-pole on the parade-ground had been erected and our new Union Jack run up to its permanent home. There was the usual salutation ceremony, with the half-company on the square.

The next day we noticed that the rest-house had joined in. The growing centre-pole had given it a suggestion of hat-raising that could not be mistaken.



"Suggestion of hat-raising."

One has to consider the effect on the native mind. When even a dullard like Private Suli Bima points out that the house is possessed of a devil that pokes fun at the Flag something has to be done.

It was done yesterday. It was utterly removed by fire and pick, and if Rogers still wants a separate establishment when he comes back he will have to build another.

But he will certainly say we are quite mad.

T. R. H.

The Complex.

My eighth brother, Yussuf (said the barber), after many years of vicissitudes, during which he was several times reduced to beggary and even to the indignity of work, obtained a situation as Court Astrologer and Psychologist to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. Such was his success that the Caliph gave him the appointment I have mentioned in the following manner:—

"Dog of a physician," he said, "I am told that you have discovered a new way of evading the afflictions of Allah?"

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Yussuf, "that statement requires considerable qualification. It is true that Allah invariably permits the afflicted to recover when they are confided to my care. Beyond that simple assertion I should not care to go."

"Give some details," said the Caliph, "of the invalids whom he has permitted to recover. Do they include patients with broken limbs, cuts or wounds inflicted by blunt instruments?"

"Commander of the Faithful," re-

plied Yussuf, "I will not deceive you. They do not. Perhaps I ought to inform you that I am a physician of the mind, or psychologist."

"Enumerate your successes," said the Caliph.

"Life is short," replied Yussuf; "nevertheless I may mention one of the more startling cases. The Commander of the Palace Guard had a complex."

"What is that?" asked the Caliph.

"It is difficult to explain," replied Yussuf with a slightly patronising air. "It took the form of imagining, after the fifth flagon of sweet wine of Shiraz, that the walls of the guard-room were covered with iridescent two-headed serpents and other reptilian curiosities too numerous to mention. I have now limited the Commander of the Guard to four flagons and the complex is resolved."

"How marvellous are the methods of the psychologist!" said Haroun. "I hereby appoint you Psychologist to the Harem."

"Have the ladies of the harem a complex?" inquired Yussuf.

"I do not know," replied the Caliph. "The discipline of the establishment is excellent, but I have frequently noticed that the mental level of the inmates is rather low. Hitherto I have put it down to the will of Allah. You will enter on your new duties at once."

Accordingly my brother Yussuf was created Psychologist to the Harem, with emoluments to correspond. For a fortnight he carried out his duties with every hope of success. At the expiry of that period he was again summoned to the Hall of Audience.

"In the Name of the Compassionate," ordered the Caliph, "detail the treatment you have been prescribing for the ladies of the harem."

"Commander of the Faithful," asked Yussuf in some trepidation, "has not the treatment been successful?"

"That," replied the Caliph, "is a matter of opinion. What complexes did you find and what methods did you employ?"

"Commander of the Faithful," said Yussuf, "I found that the ladies were suffering not from a complex but from a repression. Their standard of intelligence, measured by the correct psychometric tests, turned out to be not low but exceedingly high."

"So they give me to understand," said the Caliph with an ominous frown. "Proceed."

"I discovered," went on Yussuf, "that their apparent unintelligence was due to a repression caused by the fact that they had never been permitted to share in the legislative, executive and judicial duties which you discharge to the unbounded satisfaction of your subjects."



"IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SNEER, YOUNG MAN, BUT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO STAND HERE AND GUIDE THE NATION."

"I do," said the Caliph, "and I shall continue to do. Go on."

"I then," said Yussuf, "applied myself to remove this repression. I pointed out that many ladies consider woman to be the equal of man, if not his superior. 'Why,' I asked, 'should woman, whose brain is, on the average, larger than man's, be subject to man's tyranny? Why should woman, whose skill in ruling and governing the domestic sphere is unquestioned, be crushed under man-made laws in framing which she had no share? Why should she be at the beck and call of her husband? Why should she be a bird in a gilded cage, to sing as and when required? Why should she always be silent save when spoken to?' The Commander of the Faithful will of course understand that I used these specious arguments to remove the repression of which I spoke. I trust that my efforts meet with his approval?"

"Your success as a psychologist," replied Haroun, "is so great that I hereby appoint you Governor of the remote Province of Mosul, and present you, as a further mark of my favour, with my harem. Its members will, I trust, assist you in the legislative, executive and judicial duties to which you referred. May Allah help you! Praise be to the Merciful, who removes afflictions! Go!" W. G.

At the Play.

"THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP" (VAUDEVILLE).

Joe Stuyvesant (Mr. BASIL FOSTER), a monstrously-successful stockbroker, suddenly discovers that all his success is Dead Sea fruit, ashes in the mouth. He toils with his army of a hundred-and-twenty-seven clerks, "half of them wantons and half of them prudes"—for what? To keep a tiresome wife (Miss BARBARA COUPER) housed and clothed and cosseted. This seems to him an insufficient reward for his labours, especially as while he is busy a flower-like complacent young man, *Kenneth Squire* (Mr. BRIAN OULTON), and a romantic inexperienced Scot, *Donald Geddes* (Mr. ALAISTAIR SIM), with the developed nationalist sensitiveness of a Nazi, dance alternate or simultaneous attendance on his *Nina*—and appear to have all the fun. He will, he announces, betake himself to a lay monastic establishment (designed for the fed-up) in Cornwall.

His wife must divorce him. But she will not. Then locking her with the anæmic *Kenneth* in her bedroom for an hour before dinner will provide sufficient evidence to release him. *Kenneth*, however, who looks upon marriage as the ultimate disaster, entirely refuses to consider himself compromised or to do what is known as the right thing. *Donald*, the romantic, volunteers. *Joe*, a nervous wreck, departs to his monastery.

On the day before the decree *nisi* is to be made absolute and *Nina* and *Donald* to be married *Joe* returns very bluff and hearty in a bushy beard and a formidable covering of monastery-made homespuns. *Donald* and *Nina* having by now discovered their mutual incompatibility, it is only necessary for the author to repeat his invention of the First Act and trap poor *Joe* in *Nina's* bedroom for this ingenuous comedy—that was the oddly chosen label of what was essentially a farce without the rapid movement or varied invention of farce—to end appropriately.

No doubt a higher degree of general competence in the acting might have mitigated some of the crudities of this piece, but, apart from the diverting spectacle of Mr. BASIL FOSTER in his beard and cardboard suit and a sound enough caricature of the hyper-sensitive Scot by Mr. ALAISTAIR SIM, there was little to commend. The players were also unaccountably noisy, which rather tends to add to our discomfort when the fun runs thin.



SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS.
Donald Geddes . . MR. ALAISTAIR SIM.

I confess I should have preferred this business if there had been a good deal more actual naughtiness and a good deal less furtive sniggering and innuendo, which can indeed be unbearably tiresome. The author has no "hands" with the bedroom motif.

One considerable benefit the management did confer, for which I am really grateful. A competent little orchestra played some attractive dance-music with a good sense of rhythm—a most welcome contrast to the now usual insulting mechanical hurdy-gurdyism.

T.



ABSENCE MAKES THE BEARD GROW LONGER.
Joe Stuyvesant . . . . . MR. BASIL FOSTER.
Nina Stuyvesant . . . . . MISS BARBARA COUPER.

For the Foundling Site.

BETWEEN Friday, January 19th and Wednesday, January 24th, five performances will be given at the Imperial Institute Theatre, Exhibition Road, S.W.7, of an original play by Lady MARGARET SACKVILLE, entitled *The Prince Who Was Harassed by Dreams.* The cast will be provided by the Everyman Theatre Players, under the direction of CONSUELO DE REYES, and a Harlequinade will be given by the Daphne Saxon School of Dancing. All concerned are generously presenting their services in view of the fact that the proceeds will be divided by those admirable charities, the Foundling Site and the Mary Ward Settlement.

Tickets, which range from 3/6 for children to 10/6 for adults, may be obtained from the organiser, Miss L. TERRY LEWIS, Imperial Institute Theatre, S.W.7.

Sir William Morris.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS has
been made a lord
Because he makes a better
car than ——
And shows the simple Britisher the way
To hold his own against the U.S.A.,
And, if he has an automatic gear
That 's truly silent, to our new-made peer
I'll take my hat off, as I pass his lorries,
In honour of My Lord of Oxford (MORRIS).

P.S.—I hear he calls himself Lord NUFFIELD.

Arms: motor, azure, passant, on a buff field?

IVOR.

The Last Word in Hospitality.

"Doctor (lady) offers comfortable home to guest; country, pines, grave."
Announcement in Daily Paper.



Maid. "I DO LOVE THAT MUSIC, MA'AM! SAY WOT THEY WILL, THERE 'S NOTHING BEATS THE 'OME-MADE, TO MY MIND."

The Vicious Circle.

WE were helping the Officer of the Day to beguile an interval between duties by playing a foursome of shove-halfpenny in the sloop's wardroom.

"Some people have all the luck," said the Navigator enviously, watching him chalk up a score of five points.

"Yes, I do believe I'm the exception which proves the proverb about 'Lucky at gambling, unlucky in love.' Many's the time I've quoted that to Boozy."

"What an unfortunate name!" I murmured, taking his place at the board.

"My dear," he was practically T.T.!" exclaimed the Navigator's wife, scandalised. "That's how he earned the nickname.

"He was also a notable athlete and the finest shove-halfpenny player in the Home Fleet," explained the Officer of the Day. "He won everything during the Spring Cruise: tournaments, wagers, sweepstakes. No horse which he backed at Gibraltar Races ever dreamt of running unplaced, and it says a good deal for blind chance when you consider that most of the jockeys are Naval officers. However, the luck turned directly he became engaged."

"She was daughter to the Admiral out there. Such a charming girl," said the Navigator. He heaved a sentimental sigh, caught his wife's eye and converted it into a cough. "From the first they weren't really suited to each other. She liked society, and Boozy was the sort of man who preferred to run a mile before breakfast, play rugger or golf all the afternoon, and top up with a hard game of squash to exercise his muscles. By dinner-time he was always rather sleepy, naturally."

"Trouble began on the night when the Admiral gave a party for them both," continued the Officer of the Day, playing rapidly. "He took a box for the Amateur Theatricals and placed the



GETTING THINGS DONE.

A.B. (*with a grievance*). "WE 'VE LUGGED THIS GRUB UP FROM THE DOCKS TO ARSK YOU, AS THE LOCAL MANAGER, IF YOU CALL *THAT* COOKIN'."

happy couple in front so that they could receive the congratulations of their friends. Mercifully he himself had to leave at half-time."

"Why mercifully?"

"Well, there was a painful scene," said the Navigator with gusto. "You've not been to the Assembly Rooms at Gibraltar, I suppose? Never mind, if you're a good girl and marry into the Service that will be a pleasure to come. When the local dramatic club gives an annual show all the Fleet and its wives flock there and divide their attention between the actors (who are jolly good) and the spectators (who are more amusing when they are not). I shall never forget our alarm. We were having a cheerful party opposite when we discovered that Boozy had vanished."

He paused with dramatic effect to "milk" a disc neatly into the top bed.

"After the Second Act some of us nipped round to see what had happened. We found Boozy laid out on the floor, sleeping like a little child, with his head on his *fiancée's* fur-coat. She explained rather coldly that she had suggested the arrangement, being unable to support him for another hour."

"You must remember that he'd once held the heavyweight championship of the Navy," added the Officer of the Day. "He scaled quite sixteen stone. When he trod on the Governor's daughter's toe during the Flagship's ball the poor girl had to go to hospital."

"Yes," the Navigator went on, "it was his unluckiest evening. First that happened; then his *fiancée* found him in some corner with his head on another fairy's shoulder. She accused him of cutting her dances (though he protested that he was dreaming of her all the time) and returned his ring."

"Boozy seemed awfully upset when he called on me next forenoon," said the Officer of the Day, making a cannon. "He confessed that he'd tried every known prescription for keeping awake: black coffee, lobster-salad and remorse; but in vain. Even conscience used to cease her pricking duties about midnight and he just drifted into healthful slumber."

"Tragic," agreed the Navigator briskly. "So was his return to Home waters. Quarter-day found him with nothing in the wide, wide world but his broken heart, a sub-lieutenant's pay and the ring."

"Was it a pretty one?" asked his wife.

"Frightfully handsome. You see, he'd bought it on the chance that his godmother might die and leave him a legacy to pay for it. We discussed the financial situation very seriously, and at last he had the brilliant idea of raffling it in order to buy a car with whom he'd just fallen in love. She was a sweet little sports model, worth a dozen girls to anybody with a taste for speed."

"I suppose his *fiancée* won the ring?" I said, agog for a romantic ending.

"No. She was a thousand miles away, consoling herself with her father's flag-lieutenant. The winner was a hefty

matron at Chatham. But she had a beautiful daughter."

"Ah, ha!" cried I and my fellow-female in chorus.

"Boozy was engaged to her before you could say even that," continued the Navigator soberly. "By the time he'd bought the car and paid for it (because ready cash was a condition of the sale) his second *fiancée* was talking wistfully about jewellery. Of course he could not present her with the ring, because Mother was wearing it."

"Did he buy it back?"

"My good girl, haven't I just told you that he had not got the price of a pink gin to bless himself with? Immediately and with touching self-denial he issued pound tickets for the car. He'd been boasting that her price was far above rubies, so he thought that he ought to raise the value of a modest sapphire or so on her."

"I hope he succeeded," said the Navigator's wife, winning the game with what is known in billiards as a "kiss."

"Well, I was ordered out to China before the draw, but when I last heard of Boozy he'd been fined thirty pounds for organising an illegal lottery at his home port."

"A Letter of Advice."

From a Victorian Grand-Aunt.

(*With acknowledgments to* PRAED.)

O GAYEST and best of grandnieces,
Although I'm contented to learn
That from scenes where surprise never ceases
You don't yet propose to return,
I regret that, while leading the fashion
At sporting resorts in the Alps,
You have not been cured of your passion
For gathering masculine scalps.

'Tis a game that's attended by dangers,
This weaving of amorous spells
Round the hearts of inflammable strangers
Who haunt Continental hotels;
And in view of your hint of a "crisis"
Inspired by "reciprocal glow,"
My urgent and solemn advice is:
Think twice ere you let yourself go.

You are young and undoubtedly winsome;
Your loveliness rivets the gaze;
You are rich, or at any rate "tinsome,"
To borrow an old Scottish phrase;
But if he's a penniless climber
With several strings to his bow,
In the words of the Regency rhymer,
"My own Araminta, say No!"

If he's only a bogus Prince Charming,
Without any back to his head,
Who shrieks at the thought of disarming
Though always inclined to see red;
If he's only a plausible cadger
With eyes firmly fixed on the "dough"
To replenish his overdrawn badger,
"My own Araminta, say No!"

If he writes about feminine chiffon
And boasts of his knowledge of wines,
If he fondles a Pom or a Griffon
And speaks in the mode of Rathmines,
If he foams at the mention of BROWNING
And dubs "DIZZY'S" novels "old clo',"
If he castigates DICKENS for clowning,
"My own Araminta, say No!"

Don't ask for a FALKLAND or SIDNEY
Or hope with an eagle to mate,
So long as he's of the right kidney,
Intrepid and manly and straight,
With the grit of a Cumberland dalesman,
Foursquare to all tempests that blow—
If he's only a Sheikh or a salesman,
"My own Araminta, say No!"

C. L. G.



THE ROAD-SIGN PAINTER WHO WAS UNDER NOTICE.

In Germany To-Day.

"GERMAN PASTORS IN REVOLT.

Dr. Niemöller then read the declaration of protest to which the congregation listened in dense silence."—*Daily Paper.*

"ADVENTUROUS HOLIDAY FOR BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS.

. . . They will carry their food. This will consist of dried pelican."

Hampshire Paper.

Fishy, but crammed with vitamins.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XVI.

November 5th (continued). Decide that I am, beyond a doubt, making acquaintance with Millionaire Life in America, and that I must take mental notes of everything I see and eat for benefit of Robert and the Women's Institute. Hostess, waiting in the drawing-room, has now gone into mauve chiffon, triple necklace of large uncut amethysts, and at least sixteen amethyst bracelets. Do not think much of mauve chiffon, but am definitely envious of uncut amethysts and think to myself that they would look well on me.

Hostess is vivacious. Talks to me in a sparkling manner about World Fair, the South—which I must at all costs visit—and California, which is, she says, over-rated. But not, I urge, the climate? Oh, yes, the climate too. Am disillusioned by this, and think of saying that even Wealth cannot purchase Ideal Climatic Conditions; but this far too reminiscent of *The Fairchild Family*, and is instantly dismissed.

Arthur and Billy come down, and I experience renewed tendency to cling to their society in the midst of so much that is unfamiliar, and reflect that I shall never again blame dear Robin for invariably electing to sit next to his own relations at parties. Guests arrive; agreeable man with bald head comes and talks to me and says that he has been looking forward to meeting me again, and I try—I hope successfully—to conceal fact that I had no idea that we had ever met before.

Dinner follows; table is made of looking-glass, floor has looking-glass let into it and so has ceiling. This arrangement impressive in the extreme, though no doubt more agreeable to some of us than to others. Try to imagine Robert, Our Vicar, or even old Mrs. Blenkinsop in these surroundings, and fail completely.

After dinner retire to quite another drawing-room, and sit next yellow-satin lady with iron-grey hair, who cross-questions me rather severely on my impressions of America and tells me that I don't really like Chicago, as English people never do, but that I shall adore Boston. Am just preparing to contradict her when she spills her coffee all over me. We all scream, and I get to my feet, dripping coffee over no-doubt-invaluable Persian rug, and iron-grey lady, with more presence of mind than regard for truth, exclaims that I must have done it with my elbow and what a pity it is! Cannot, in the stress of the moment, think of any form of words combining both perfect candour and absolute courtesy in which to tell her that she is not speaking the truth and that her own clumsiness is entirely responsible for disaster. Iron-grey woman takes the initiative and calls for cold water—hot water no good at all; the colder the better for coffee.

(*Query:* Why does she know so much about it? Is it an old habit of hers to spill coffee? Probably.)

Extensive sponging follows, and everybody except myself says that It ought to be All Right now, which I know very well only means that they are all thoroughly tired of the subject and wish to stop talking about it.

Sit down again at furthest possible distance from iron-grey woman—who is now informing us that if my frock had been velvet she would have advised steaming, not sponging—and realise that, besides having ruined my frock, I am also running grave risk of rheumatic fever, owing to general dampness.

Remainder of the evening, so far as I am concerned, lacks *entrain*.

November 6th. Chicago visit draws to a close, and Pete, after a last solemn warning to me about the importance of visiting book-stores in all the towns I go to, returns to New York, but tells me that we shall meet again somewhere or other very soon. Hope that this is meant as a pleasant augury rather than a threat, but am by no means certain.

November 7th. Wake up in the middle of the night and remember that I never asked Robert to water indoor bulbs planted by me in September and left, as usual, in attic. Decide to send him a cable in the morning. Doze again, but wake once more with strong conviction that cable would not be a success as (*a*) it might give Robert a shock, and (*b*) he would think it extravagant. Decide to write letter about bulbs instead.

Final spate of social activities marks the day, and includes further visit to



"AND WHAT A PITY IT IS."



"HOSTESS WAITING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

World Fair, when I talk a great deal about buying presents for everybody at home, but in the long run only buy Indian silver bracelet with turquoise for Caroline C. (Will take up no extra room in flat, and am hoping she will wear it rather than leave it about.)

Telegram is brought in the course of the afternoon. Am seized by insane conviction that it must be from Robert to say he *has* watered the bulbs, but this stretching long arm of coincidence altogether too far, and decide instead that Robin has been mortally injured at football. Turns out to be communication of enormous length inviting me to lecture in New York some weeks hence followed by lunch at which many distinguished writers hope to be present which will mean many important contacts also publicity stop very cordially Katherine Ellen Blatt. Read all this through at least four times before any of it really sinks in, and then send back brief, but I hope civil, refusal.

Eat final dinner with Arthur and his family—tell them how much I hope they will all come and stay with Robert and myself next summer—and part from them with extreme regret.

Just as I am leaving another telegram arrives: Please reconsider decision cannot take no for an answer literary luncheon really important function will receive wide Press publicity letter follows stop very sincerely Katherine Ellen Blatt.

Am a good deal stunned by this and decide to wait a little before answering.

Arthur sees me off at station, and I board immense train, on which I appear to be the only passenger. Procedure ensues with which I am rapidly becoming familiar, including unsatisfactory wash in small Toilet Compartment, which only provides revolting little machine that oozes powder instead of decent soap. Reflect how much Robert would dislike this. Thought of Robert is, as usual, too much for me, and I retire to sleeping accommodation behind customary green curtain and prepare to sink into sentimental reverie, but discover that I am sitting on green paper-bag into which porter has put my hat. Revulsion of feeling follows, and I give way to anger instead of sorrow. E. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Cars for 1934.

PERHAPS the best is the Triumphant Tot. The sleek attendant, with hair parted down the fairway (known to the trade as central change), told me in the show-room that steering was by patented reversible worm, whose castor-like action keeps him straight until trodden on, when he turns automatically.

The Tot has synchromium teeth, which are so well cut that chatter is eliminated. The feed is by suction. The mixture is lifted through Duplex tubes to the throttle, over-eating being avoided by by-passing any surplus to the sump. Being thoroughly up-to-date, the driver has only remote control, so that provision against accident has been necessary. The frame is double-dropped before it leaves the works. Whenever the works part company at the first drop they are discarded.

One cannot fail to be struck with the provision made for every special need. For hospital use, down-draught mixtures, special carriers, pneumatic cushions and temperature gauges are provided, the whole specially designed for quiet operation. For smokers a fume extractor is fitted. For quick-action fillers and those coming home late a cushioned drive is laid free up to the front-door. On the de luxe model the whole assembly can be suspended in resilient rubber mountings and underslung into their respective beds. This is accomplished by an open propeller. For acrobats universal joints and running-boards are features.

I was much impressed by the "Fearless" coupé, in which squaws can be carried on the back-seats immediately over the differential calculus. The efficient arm-rest provided can be raised, allowing the back passengers to be in constant mesh. The brake horse-power is without snaffle, while the counter-shaft runs in two bearing-reins. Retro-prehensile grapnels and triplicate gyves are standard. Compared with last year's model the engine has a longer drive—two hundred yards can be easily carried without straining the torque. Owing to improvements in carburettor design the car will do the maximum millimetres per minim. Tyres of generous girth by Michlop. The price is £199 10*s.* f.o.b.—practically clutchless change out of two hundred quid.

Passing to the exhibits of a Midland firm I was amazed to find one could not *buy* their products, but was politely referred to the Stock Exchange.

Owner-drivers will be glad to know that the steering-wheel boss has not been forgotten. Hydraulic absorbers are there in the form of thirsty passengers, and duo-servo tables give two lunches seriatim. It is recommended that drivers be cross-braced when wearing trousers, but underslung for plus-fours.



"GIVE WAY TO ANGER INSTEAD OF SORROW."

Help to "Puzzled."

"SIR,—Was the Codex Sinaiticus the property of the Soviet to sell?

Suppose that any member of the Imperial Russian family laid claim to the MS. on the ground that it was stolen property, what, then, is the position of the British Museum?"
Daily Paper.

Answer: Between Montague Place and Great Russell Street.

"A typical Poole street scene, though actually the photograph was taken in Lymington during last summer."
Caption in West-Country Paper.

And not, as you might expect, in Haverfordwest just before the War.



"THE DARLING! IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT I PULLED OUT THE FIRST GREY HAIR FROM HIS DEAR HEAD."

A Happy Shade.

IF haply I should meet a ghost
In the deep watches of the night
(I have, in point of fact, almost,
But never quite),

May he, for choice, be such an one
As he, of whom we've lately heard,
Who cheers a flat in Kensington,
A lively bird.

He dwells—to use the term—unseen;
He does not utter charnel groans,
Or turn th'affrighted listener green
With rattling bones,

Or carry on as others do
Bending the mind to future woe;
But, starting at the hour of two
A.M. or so,

He laughs—a fine substantial laugh—
A laugh that rings from floor to floor
And goes on steadily till half-
Past three or four.

It may be urged by men of earth,
Tenacious of the hours they keep,
That there's a time for decent mirth,
And one for sleep;

But that, though sound, affects me not
Who am no neighbour to that flat;
For me, I merely wonder what
He's laughing at.

And yet why bother? What avail?
One might not even think it fair,
And it might make a good thing stale
When I get there.

Laugh on then, laugh, and take your fill,
Old jovial ghost; and if you find
Your neighbours take the shindy ill,
Never you mind.

I only hope that when I'm due
To cross the Styx, I may, with luck,
Have just as good a time as you
Seem to have struck.

DUM-DUM.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Our Good Prince Eugene.

It is a tribute to the tenacity of popular affection that *Prince Eugene* (Sampson Low, 10/6) and his most memorable exploit survive to this day in rhymes which are almost of the nursery. Everyone knows *Old Caspar's* two-edged tribute to the victors of Blenheim; but Blenheim, if it was Marlborough's gaudiest laurel, was certainly not Eugene's. Eugene von Savoye, youngest son of the Roi Soleil's discarded Olympe Mancini and inheritor of her hatred for France, was far more than the ally of the English in their anti-French campaigns of the eighteenth century. He was Europe's most redoubtable prop against the Ottoman Empire—the saviour of Vienna under three Hapsburgs; and it was his "Austrian army awfully arrayed" which "boldly by battery besieged Belgrade" and captured it in 1688. The story of his career from abbé-designate to field-marshal has been admirably resumed by Lieutenant-General Sir George Macmunn. It is difficult to over-rate the sympathy which brings out the sagacious and austere character of Eugene, the perspective that sets him four-square in his period, and the consideration for "the everyday reader" which enables his most technical problems to be appreciated and their solution enjoyed.

L'Esprit de l'Escalier.

This is not the first time we have been indebted to Mr. Guy Pocock for good cheer and good company, and in his *Design for a Staircase* (Dent, 7/6) there is no decline from the vivacity and charm of his earlier books. These adventures in Flatland—not dimensional but architectural—open promisingly with a fire on a staircase which brings all the residents into close contact and elicits their common humanity. They are a well-mixed lot, reminding us of the group in Arthur Hugh Sidgwick's *Promenade Ticket*, and all interesting or made interesting by Mr. Pocock's genial pen. Some are intriguing, like the formidable *Mrs. Nixon, passée* but ebullient, and her gentle and precious husband. There is no hero, and the heroine, *Miss Killick*, is an elderly spinster with a kindly heart and a mordant tongue. Some authors are in love with their creations, yet unable to make their readers share their affection. Mr. Pocock, without forcing the note, never fails to enlist our goodwill, and when young *Barry Gregg* gets his chance of breaking loose from a London office and carving out a career in the Dominions, we share the pang of regret with which he bids farewell to the home-keeping staircase-dwellers he leaves behind.



"Well, you see, Ma'am, it's a very delicate tune and I haven't got a mute."

Likes and Dislikes of an Art-Critic.

It was perhaps hardly fair to the reader to give the simple and comprehensive title of *English Painting* (Faber and Faber, 30/-) to Mr. R. H. Wilenski's discursive and opinionated survey of native art. But given his premises that the importance of artistic standards is their shiftiness and the importance of Old Masters what Young Masters make of them, he says much that is stimulating on the English genius, from its origins to the Pre-Raphaelites. It is, I feel, his misfortune, though certainly not ours, that this genius has shown a preponderating tendency to serve the ends of society; and for one Blake to bestow a precarious charter on art as a "spiritual activity" you have a hundred Reynoldses and Constables cheerfully bent on recording their impressions of life and pleasing their patrons. Convinced myself that of two charlatans the

egomaniac is usually more remote from artistic relevance than the money-maker, I found my chief interest (and incidentally the confirmation of my views) in Mr. WILENSKI'S excellent illustrations. Of the lack of proportion which induces him to allot ten lines to ROMNEY and a page of small print to one of HOGARTH'S studies of degeneracy the less said the better.

Tales of a Great-aunt.

You can, if you like, begin Mr. LANCE SIEVEKING'S fictitious biography at the end and interest yourself in *Charlotte's* first impressions instead of taking the author's course of barking back from funeral to birth. The latter method, though less orthodox, seems to me more logical and amusing; and while describing the funeral of an R.A., D.B.E. and one-time militant suffragette he hints just enough at past happenings to make you feel wiser than any of her friends. As a result, when you meet the elderly heroine in the second chapter, you feel really inquisitive to know why she was *The Woman She Was* (CASSELL, 7/6). As a friend of ROSSETTI, WILDE, RENOIR and SWINBURNE, of whom we are given glimpses, her life was interesting, particularly that more private portion which Mr. SIEVEKING is as right to keep a mystery until three-quarters way through the book as he is to spare us most of the boredom of adolescence. The whole biography is excellent, amusing and original; but better than anything in it are the two satirical appendices, "The Woman She Wasn't"—a skit on a miniature memoir, and "Without Benefit of Relations"—the script of a television play of 1968, with "Dame Charlotte: Pride of Old Chelsea" and ROSSETTI as principals.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

FELLOW-GRADUATES GREETING A THOROUGHLY POPULAR ROAD FOREMAN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

Ars Metrica.

The number of would-be poets—*indocti doctique*—to-day is probably quite as large as in the days of HORACE, and the proportion of the unlearned is much larger, thanks to the opportunities afforded by *vers libre* of dispensing with rhyme, metre, scansion and prosody. Messrs. ROBERT SWANN and FRANK SIDGWICK in their admirable little handbook do not attempt the conversion of these wild birds of song nor at producing a new *Ars Poetica*. Their modest aim is limited by the title to *The Making of Verse* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 3/6), "a guide to English metres" for the benefit of beginners, whether school-pupils or interested amateurs, and they convey a great deal of useful information and happy illustrations which are summed up in the preliminary warning, "The art of poetry cannot be taught, yet the craft of versification can be learned."

Revenge.

Murder on the Orient Express (COLLINS, 7/6) may be, as one of Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE'S characters remarked, "more wildly improbable than any *roman policier*," but most certainly it gives *M. Poirot* ample opportunity to justify his reputation. The train was embedded in a Yugo-Slavian snowdrift when one of the passengers was murdered, and *Poirot* had to conduct his investigations under exceptionally difficult and restricted conditions. Of course he succeeded in clearing up the mystery, though at the beginning of the inquiry his pride received a shrewd blow when a young man announced that the name of *Poirot* seemed familiar, but he had always imagined that it was a woman dressmaker's. Those of us who are familiar with the sprightly little detective will not be surprised to hear that he looked at this ignoramus "with distaste." Mrs. CHRISTIE has told the story with her customary skill, but for more than one reason I cannot count it among her most attractive novels.

Rough and Ready.

GEORGE GOODCHILD'S novels appeal urgently to readers who like sentiment to be mingled with adventure, and from *Mountain Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) they will be able to extract nuggets of entertainment. When flying on an errand of mercy *Helen Madison* crashed in the desolate regions of Canada, and for months was left to share existence with *Garth Ackroyd*. From time to time they were invaded by sinister people, but *Garth*, who was as capable as he was rude, saw to it that *Helen* was unharmed. And in the end both his manners and his outlook upon life benefited from the presence of a guest who at first had been far from welcome.

Mr. Punch in Canada.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by LEECH, KEENE, TENNIEL and DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*—which has recently been exhibited at the *Punch* Offices in London and in the principal cities of Great Britain—is now visiting Canada under the auspices of the National Gallery of Canada.

Beginning in January the Exhibition will be held in successive months at Montreal, Edmonton, Vancouver, Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Hamilton. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of these cities will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, London, England.

Charivaria.

Six road-menders were summoned at a London Police Court for gambling last week. We understand that they all gave Oxford Street as their permanent address.

***

"How does one pronounce Przhvalsky?" asks a correspondent. Exactly as it is spelt, fortunately.

***

Railway lines lengthen approximately fifty yards on one hundred miles of line in the summer, owing to expansion. It is only fair to state that the companies make no extra charge for the longer ride.

***

The woman shorthand champion's speed is two-hundred-and-forty words a minute. Few speakers could keep up with her.

***

"The average punter," says a writer, "knows nothing of the genealogy of the horse he backs." Except very often that it's the last of its race.

***

Now that boys are being taught cooking in certain schools, we read that one little fellow, upon whom was found a huge bun, pleaded that it was his home work.

***

Natural-coloured chamois-skin is recommended for Alpine wear. It looks especially well on chamois.

***

"What would the average Englishman do if he were left half-a-million pounds?" asks a writer. Nothing.

A native of an Angora village recently tried to burn down several of his neighbours' houses. Apparently somebody had got his goat.

***

We learn from an engineering journal that a London bus can generally be overhauled in about two hours. Maybe, but one gets so out of breath after the first fifteen minutes.

***

According to a nature-writer, a certain tropical fish can nauseate its fellows by ejecting an inky fluid. What a war-novelist it would make!

***

It is claimed that by a new method all knot-holes in wood can be abolished. This is very hard luck on impecunious juvenile football spectators.

***

At a duel in Spain both contestants fired into the air. It is a tribute to their accurate marksmanship that neither missed.

***

"Dog-lover" claims that his little Peke, weighing only four pounds, is an excellent protection against burglars. A kind of wrist-watch dog.

***

"One cannot attain a ripe old age by living in a glass-case all one's life," says a doctor. Not unless one is a railway-sandwich.

***

A millionaire says that money does not bring happiness. But it brings such a good imitation that only an expert can tell the difference.

***

At the eclipse of the sun in 1936 the zone of totality will cross Russia. By permission, we suppose, of the Soviet Government.

***

"Some men quickly lose interest in things," says a reformer. That's not so bad really as losing capital in things.

***

Rheumatoid arthritis is now being treated with gold. Some cases of stiffness of the finger-joints have even been relieved by exhibiting silver.

***

Prison doctors say that gaol improves the men's health. "Time," the great healer.

***

A new liner is to have a children's saloon-bar. For tiny tots, of course.



AFTER THE X-RAY.

"Why, it's the lucky pig from the pudding!"

This and That.

It appears to be my duty to discuss the world's financial situation this week, since many people find it puzzling, not to say completely unintelligible.

Perhaps the whole thing can be put most clearly in a few lines of verse. They are supposed to be written by a Vice-Chairman of the Nicaraguan Currency Control Fund to his faithless love, after the discovery that the New York–London Exchange, which ought to have risen to 5·23 dollars, actually fell to 5·8¾, thus turning his hopes to dust and ashes and filling his mouth with apples of the Dead Sea.

Lay your glittering head, my honey,
Near my heart, and let me tell
How demonetising money
Makes the sad world sweet and well.
I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Yet before these limbs grow cold
Let me hear the experts lying
Once again on goods and gold!

Comes the dawn. With shaken lances
Couriers of the daylight range
And the price of yens advances
On the Buda-Pest Exchange.
Throng around me, Loves and Graces.
Hand-in-hand to bear the franc;
Put me on a bullion basis!
Lean me up against a bank!

Oh, if you and I and cotton,
Wheat and steel and zinc and tin
Could restore the half-forgotten
Days before we dreamed of sin!
Days before this grime and squalor!
Could we not go on from thence
To revalorise the dollar
Were it but at eighteen cents,

Stop the downward drift of prices,
Wandering through a world unsunned,
Crown our heads to meet the crisis
With an Equalising Fund?
Then, ah, then!—my thoughts are whirling!—
Was it there that first we met?
I was sterilising sterling,
You were scaling down the Debt.

Would your mouth be so vermilion—
Foolish, foolish sweet it sounds!—
If I went and made a billion
By exchanging marks for pounds?
Nothing now remains but charity,
See the tape is moving slow.
I have lived too long with parity;
I am dying, Egypt!—oh!!

[*He shoots himself, using a silver bullet, through the head.*

There. I think that sums it up very neatly. I may revert to the matter again next week if any minor points are still obscure.

EVOE.

What Would You Expect?

"Only her own announcement revealed that —— —— had a cold; her singing of the 'Magic Flue' aria was simply beautiful."
Evening Paper.

The House.

"There is no doubt," said my wife carefully, "that we made a mistake in taking 'Sans Souci.' I said at the time that the rooms were dark and the outlook depressing, but you wouldn't listen to me."

Actually it was I who had remarked that the rooms were dark and the outlook depressing, but I did not press the point.

"Surely," I replied, "you don't want to move again just yet?" We had been in a state of turmoil for three months before we left the previous house while we were getting ready to move, and we had only just finished getting things straight in "Sans Souci."

"Keep your eyes open for a house," said my wife. "Just about the same size as this, but with a large garden, light rooms and a pretty outlook. Not more than five minutes from the station."

Distasteful as the task was, I set about it without delay. Women are apt to lose their sense of proportion at such times, and I knew that if Buckingham Palace happened to be in the market and my wife had a pair of curtains that would just fit one of the back windows she would persuade me to negotiate for the Palace so as not to waste the curtains.

A few days later I saw an advertisement in one of the morning papers describing just such a house as we wanted. Just the right number of rooms, "five minutes from the station, h. & c. in all bedrooms, all mod. cons., lg. gdn., plst. outlk. Appy. Stogg and Nogg. . . ."

Saying nothing to my wife, I appd. Stogg and Nogg, and, after trying to sell me a country mansion at £100,000, a shooting-box and a block of flats, they agreed to send a young man with me to the house described in the advertisement.

"One of the best little properties on our books," said Stogg.

"Sure to be snapped up quickly," said Nogg.

"There is a woman after it already," said Stogg.

"And a man," said Nogg; "but a quick decision on your part, my dear sir, will secure for you this excellent little residence in a part of London which, I venture to prophesy, is going to be the fashion-centre of the future. You have noticed that fashion is drifting further West?"

"With a slight tendency to North," added Stogg, remembering that the house was N.W.

Stogg and Nogg kindly placed a car at my disposal and we whizzed N.W. All the way the young man was expatiating on the beauties of the house.

"All mod. cons!" he said with fervour.

"Really?"

"H. & c. in all rooms!"

"Indeed?"

"Plst. outlk.!"

"You don't say so!"

"Lt. airy rooms!"

"Splendid!"

It was a foggy day, and I had not been aware until the car pulled up that we had been approaching the part of London where I had been living for the past three months.

There was something familiar about the road.

Something familiar about the house.

It was "Sans Souci"!

My wife should have told me that she had put it in the hands of Stogg and Nogg.

"In some cases there are eccentrics for driving agitators."
Motor Paper.

More usually there are agitators for driving eccentrics.



FINANCIAL ATMOSPHERICS.

"WHAT DID HE SAY, JOHN?"

"STILL A BIT CONFUSED, I'M AFRAID, BUT I CERTAINLY CAUGHT THAT GRIM WORD 'GOLD.'"



Old-Clothes Dealer. "ANY OLD CLOTHES TO SELL?"
Our Artist. "D' YOU THINK I WANT TO JOIN A NUDIST CAMP THIS TIME OF YEAR?"

Mr. P. H. Alan.

WHAT am I to do about Mr. P. H. Alan?

I first saw his name four or five years ago when his letters began to come here. I was mildly interested in the man at once, for "Alan" is one of my own Christian names, his initials are the same as mine (though differently arranged), he seemed to be in the same line of business as myself, and his letters were being sent to my address. The coincidence was worthy of note.

His first letter, which I opened by accident and not in rude curiosity, was from some sort of Professional Writers' *Who's How Much* or Directory, asking Mr. P. H. Alan to supply full particulars of his career, recent works and so forth for publication in their valuable work of reference.

I thought at first that there had been some clerical mistake and that the letter was intended for me; and I very nearly wrote something rather cutting to the publishers of *Who's How Much:* "A work of reference which sets out to give the world all that the world wants to know about the world's heroes should surely begin by getting their names not only right but in the right order. . . ." Something of that sort.

But I realised in time that it was unpardonably conceited of me to assume that the communication was intended for me. No doubt there was somewhere a Mr. P. H. Alan who wrote, and the mistake was about his address and not about his name.

I suppose that even so I ought to have written to the publishers and told them that the poet, novelist or scientific writer Alan did not live at my home. But something happened. . . . I had no stamp . . . somebody called. . . . I lost interest. . . . For one reason or another I did nothing in the matter. And for that I blame myself. As a result of my negligence, it seems, the author, P. H. Alan, has never yet been immortalised in *Who's How Much.* For every year the same letter has come for P. H. Alan requesting that he will forward the details of his career, with names of recent works. Every year I have said to myself: "I must do something about this fellow"; and every year indolence, the absence of stamps, or some other influence has prevented me.

And now I do not know whether to feel guilty about the man Alan or not. True, through my fault he has been kept out of that particular reference-book. But this does not seem to have damaged his career, to judge from his correspondence, which is increasing annually. Theatrical publications write to him now, asking him for an accurate list of his plays. All the new literary and political papers send him a sort of prospectus before they come out and hope that he will be a yearly subscriber. One new weekly invited him to con-

tribute. He is on the list of several book-trade organs, advanced and second-hand book-sellers and first-edition merchants. Some of the lending Libraries write to him. Mr. Alan seems to be a man of wide and generous enthusiasm, for new Movements and Progressive Societies of all kinds began to appeal for his aid about two years ago and seem to rely upon it more and more. Sometimes he is asked to lecture. Moreover, I gather, he is prosperous, he is rich, for all the charities write to him now.

Whether prosperous or not, I know that he is successful—or shall I say worthy? For last autumn Mr. Alan received a letter from a French Literary Society with an address in Paris and a very long name, which I forget. And in view of Mr. Alan's distinguished literary career and the importance of cultivating the solidarity indubitable of the France and the England, Mr. Alan was invited to become some kind of Member or Associate (a distinguished but not, I think, an honorary kind) of this Society.

I confess I was delighted. I had begun to take an almost fatherly interest in Mr. P. H. Alan's career, and to find that he had in so short a time made an international reputation filled me with unselfish pleasure. The next thing, I thought, will be an honorary degree somewhere.

That time I really did mean to write to the Society and tell them that, honoured though I was by the suggestion, the illustrious Mr. Alan did not (*hélas !*) live in my house. But something happened—somebody called—I had no stamps. . . . I forgot. Nothing happened.

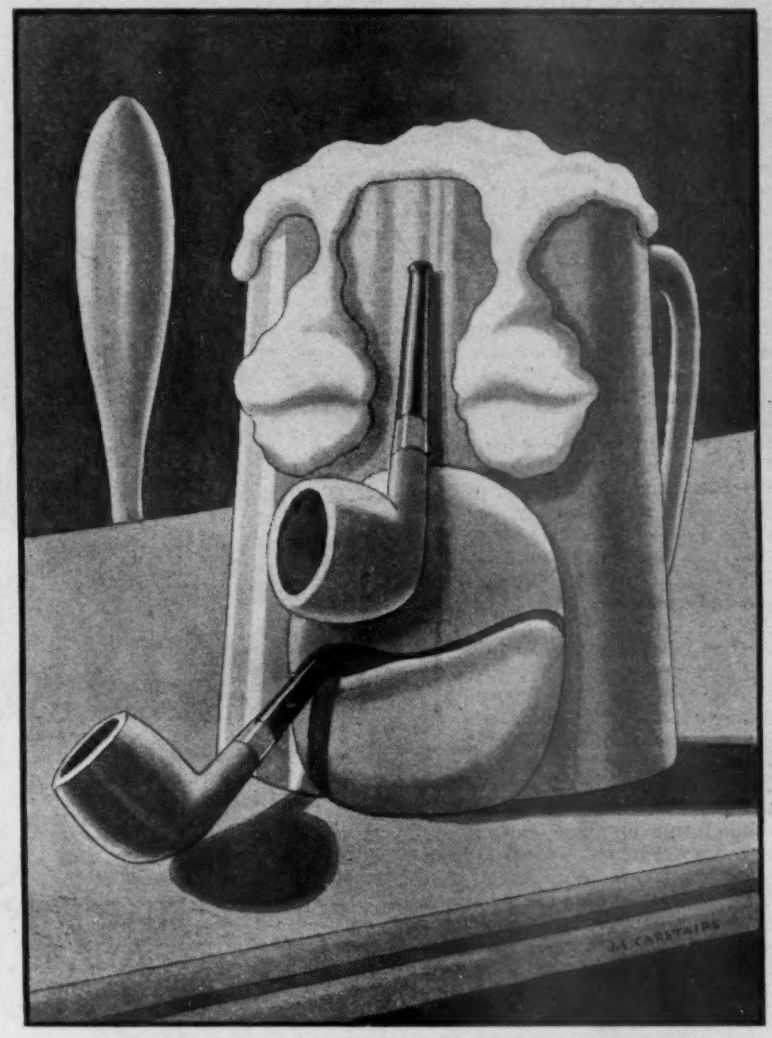
So, I suppose, I have done the poor fellow out of another distinction. Ever since I have been uneasy, not on his account now so much as my own. Mr. Alan is becoming too much of a responsibility. He has had a fairly quiet winter—more charities, more booksellers, more independent newspapers and progressive movements—nothing new.

But I cannot tell what he may be up to next. I am not clear what his politics are, but if he is to go on having a nominal residence here he will soon, I take it, have to be registered for voting purposes. He may be asked to stand for Parliament or speak at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. If that sort of communication goes unanswered somebody will begin to make inquiries and the whole story of my protracted negligence will come out.

Indeed there may be worse. It cannot be long before the income-tax authorities get wind of Mr. Alan; and once they believe in his existence he *will* exist. There are opportunities here, I perceive. I might take over Mr. P. H. Alan finally and snaffle his "Personal Allowance" as well as my own. I might go into business with him and form a two-man company. Mr. Alan might do all the dirty work of the firm and at a convenient moment abscond with its resources. Yes, there are temptations; and I give the nation warning that if I am badgered with this man's correspondence much longer I may yield to them.

Know ye then by these presents, all literary societies, newspapers, schools of journalism, book-sellers, book-makers, works of reference, agencies, libraries, charities and movements whatsoever, that Mr. P. H. Alan does *not* live at my house. Indeed, so far as I know, he does not very much exist.

A. P. H.



STILL LIFE: ARRANGED BY MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

Without Comment.

"Preacher: THE VICAR
Evening Anthem:
'It is high time to awake.'"
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

"When I visited the local Labour Exchange yesterday five girls fainted and I was only there a few minutes."—*Daily Paper.*

Would dark spectacles help?

"Un grand cri s'élève de tous les bateaux: —*Happy New Year!*"—*Paris Daily.*

While from the French coast came a reciprocating echo: *Bonnet Nouvelle Année!*

At the Pictures.

A New Theme and Walt Disney.

In the sudden absence of any contemporary gangster inspiration, a picture—lest we should feel neglected—has been made from a liquor feud in New York in the 1890's, with such accepted favourites as Fay Wray, Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper to sustain it. I suspect that the cast of *The Bowery* came before the story, so true to type are its members and so unconvincing is the result. But for the various "fans" affected there should be nourishment, even if nothing that has gone before can induce them to believe that the rival and enemy saloon kings could ultimately be reconciled by the intervention of Jackie Cooper, whose expression throughout wavers between that of a hooligan and a chorister.

Master Cooper is, I notice, being very heavily worked just now, his producers, I suppose, realising that it is while the sun is shining that hay must be made. But the meridian has already been passed, and the childish face and gestures are becoming strained. What, one wonders, is the future of these Jackies after they emerge from the close season into which Anno Domini forces them? Will they then merely be ordinary adolescents or as *jeunes premiers* will they blaze again in the film firmament? And will their early triumphs be counted for them or against?

It seems to be very difficult for the authors of these period pictures to keep their history exact. Or perhaps they don't think it worth while. I detected in *The Bowery* several anachronisms, among them George Raft's instruction to the driver of his horse-drawn vehicle to "step on it."

The drink traffic as a theme having seen its heyday, what do you think of satire upon vorticist painting as a motive to take its place? For film audiences! Incredible as it may sound, this is the controlling idea—superimposed upon the ordinary misunderstandings, follies, intoxications and jealousies of atelier life on Montparnasse—of *Girl Without a Room*, in which Charles Farrell is a young Tennessee art student who has won a Prix de Paris, Marguerite Churchill (who is charming) is an American girl hoping to make a living by her pen, and Charlie Ruggles provides some fun. It is late in the day for much laughter to be caused by hanging pictures the wrong way up, but gallant efforts are made to reap another crop from this overtilled field. The most interesting thing about *Girl Without a Room* is, however, its indebtedness to René Clair. One has often seen stray signs of the influence of this gay and imaginative French producer, but in *Girl Without a Room* he is for a while followed step by step. We even see Paris awaking once more and hear the various notes of its symphony—but they are all too loud.



SQUARED UP.
Rival Saloon Kings.
Chuck Conners . . . . . Wallace Beery.
Brodie . . . . . George Raft.



LAPSE FROM THE VERTICAL.
Lorry . . . . . Constance Bennett.

Douglas Fairbanks, in a general article on the films, has been saying that Walt Disney has taken the place of Charlie Chaplin. I hope that this will be proved not to be permanently the case, but there is no doubt as to the extraordinary popularity of this high-spirited and inventive deviser of mechanical pictures, whose dominion extends to the remotest parts of the world. It looks as if, for the moment at any rate, *Mickey Mouse* has given way to the Silly Symphonies in colour, which I personally much prefer. The latest that I have seen is a version of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, which, though good, might be better. The reason for its inferiority is, I should guess, that too much material has been provided by the legend, for Walt Disney, needing only a starting-point, is happiest when his ingenuity has fullest play. He does, however, wonderful things with the rats, even though the children are scamped and the conclusion is weak. His worst, however, can never touch such depths as his imitators at their best.

At a time when British films are on the upward grade it is odd to see how bad some of the American efforts can be. The picture, for example, in which Constance Bennett makes her return, *A Bed of Roses*, is wholly inferior, with a foolish and incredible story and such domestic disasters on the other side of the final kiss that one shudders to think of them. But the sequels to the kisses which dissolve into "The End" are rarely exhilarating food for reflection.

E. V. L.

For Bath-Drinkers.

"Canadian Tomato Soap."
Store's List.

"The Magistrates' Clerk: Did it bite you?—Yes, but very slightly.

He added that the 'bite' was cauterised by the rules and regulations of the Post Office."—*Hants Paper.*

For more serious wounds the Telephone Directory would have to be applied.

As Others Hear Us.

At the Family Breakfast-Table.

"GOOD-MORNING. Don't try to shut it, darling; bang it. Something's loose."

"Well, what are the plans for to-day?"

"I mean *really* bang it. I thought the village this morning and the car this afternoon, only it depends rather on what I hear. He gets later every day."

"There are the dogs barking now."

"Well, even then it's ten minutes past; and it's not as though Christmas wasn't absolutely over ages ago. Not porridge, I think, this morning. And why *won't* they light the thing properly? It makes all the difference. Are you looking after yourself, Barbara?"

"Yes, thanks. I always think your coffee is so much better than other people's."

"She's leaving, I'm sorry to say."

"What a shame! Fish-cakes."

"The eggs won't be long. Have you remembered to turn over the little thing, darling? Three-and-a-half for everyone and one extra for mine."

"It's a most extraordinary thing that we *cannot* get a decent loaf of brown bread in this house."

"Dear, this is the kind you *said* was all right. Not that I really think it's as good as the last lot myself. Wouldn't you like *The Times*? See if there's anything more about the Loch Ness Monster."

"If you ask me, the whole thing is imagination. All the scientists agree that there couldn't be such a thing. Not really."

"Well, there was a man who ran over it, practically, on his motor-bicycle."

"I don't think that proves anything. It certainly wouldn't in a court of law."

"I know. What the soldier said isn't evidence. What ages it is since RUDYARD KIPLING wrote anything! Is the jam jam, or jelly?"

"Strawberry. Fancy, poor Miss Fuller, after all these years! She says she's at Bude."

"Poor thing! Does she say anything?"

"Not really. There are pages and pages of it. I shall have to read them later. Fancy Bude!"

"It's completely altered. Just building and building. Of course it's the same everywhere."

"It's the motor-buses that have done it."



"CAN YOU TELL ME IF THAT LITTLE PINK BLOUSE WITH LACE COLLAR WENT YESTERDAY?"

"I know. They do. I suppose one oughtn't to grudge it in a way. What does it say about the dollar, Henry?"

"I haven't come to it yet. I must say there's more nonsense talked in the House of Commons than anywhere else in the world."

"It's the Government, darling. There, I knew it was going to happen! They don't want me up at the Institute until twelve-thirty, if at all. It had better be not at all in that case, because of the Williamsons."

"Then what are the plans for to-day?"

"Darling, I'm telling you. *Not* the Institute, and the Williamsons to lunch, which brings it to three-thirty, and the car for the station after that."

"The station again?"

"You can't have forgotten Richard and Mary by the four-fifty! Besides, the fish."

"I see."

"Then that's settled. Darling, I'm really not being fussy, but I *do* like to get things cut-and-dried. It does save such a lot of time."

Surprise Packets for Seedsmen.

"Many of our customers are in the habit of combining their orders with their friends and sending them all to us at the same time."—*Seed Catalogue.*

"GALE BLOWS GREAT GUNS ACROSS HALF ENGLAND AT 80 M.P.H."
Headline in Jersey Paper.

"The Cabinet on Tuesday will consider the disarmament situation."
Same paper same day.

One would have thought it was already an accomplished fact.

The Child's Guide to Europe.

(Verses designed to fix in the mind of the young which is the capital of which.)

A—The Balkans.

It was wet and murky
In Istamboul;
For coming to Turkey
I felt a fool;

And we got no peace
In hotels in Greece,
For they said, "In Athenth
Doorth *never* fathenth."

So I took my Mary a
Trip to Bulgaria
And got for a trophy a
Dog-bite in Sofia.

Then gladly we took a rest
In the city of Bucharest,
For there's much to entertain ya
In the land of Rumania.

B—Scandinavia.

The temperature *was* low
The day I spent in Oslo;
And indeed in Norway
I rarely crossed the doorway.

And I'll say that Sweden
's no Garden of Eden,
For a week in Stockholm
Sent me a crock home.

While the draughts are such a
plague in
Copengahen
That I don't give a ten-mark
Note for Denmark.

C—Central Europe.

In Czecho-Slovakia
Mosquitoes attack ya,
And *sans blague*
I don't like Prague.

Railway termini
Look queer in Germany;
And you'd think that Merlin
Had designed Berlin.

The police in Hungary
Wear lots of ironmongery,
So you'll find it best
To behave in Budapest.

The ladies in Vienna
Use far too much henna;
And now will somebody please
weigh in with a good rhyme for
"Austria"? H. B.

The Public School Virus Again.

"His Lordship—It was something like the pass of Thermopylae where three hundred Greeks held the pass against the invading Persian host.

Guard Edward Smith corroborated."
Irish Paper.

The Boisterous Bonham.

"If so be the Lord laves me till I'm a centurion," old Marty Scally says now, "I'll never forget the New Year's night we had here wid the boistherous bonham."

In Mullinabeg the pig will never be referred to by any other name, for this is how the leader of the town band spoke of it in his speech afterwards: "The thanks of this band are jue to Misther Staples," he said gratefully, "an' to the boistherous bonham himself."

In an old book where forgotten Irish customs are described with exactness, Mr. Staples had read this paragraph:—

> "On the stroke of midnight, before the New Year has begun, a young pig, or bonham, shall be led by a beautiful young woman to a place where people have gathered. Anyone who claims the privilege of scratching the back of the bonham shall pay a small forfeit and shall be assured of good fortune through the coming year."

Realising the sore difficulty with which the town band was collecting the price of some new instruments, the reader passed on this suggestion to those concerned; and it was received with the delight of all would-be collectors when told of some new and piquant way in which money may be raised. The one and only criticism of the plan came from a flautist. "I never heard tell of a pig being led annywhere," he said; "only dhruv wid woeful determination an' a lump of a stick."

The leader of the band chose the bonham. He called first at Hennessy's.

"Bedad, he's a rale play-acthor," Mrs. Hennessy said rather proudly of her own plump animal. "Didn't he make a pounce for the door there, an' nowhere would do him to thravel only between himself's two feet. Look'd the man was goin' like a teetotum for up to half an hour."

No, the seeker said firmly, he was not looking for a pig like that; and he was followed all the way to Byrne's by bitter allusions to the musical efforts of men that should have more to do than to be blowin' bugles behind a fella, an' he wavin' his two arms like a pure eejut.

The placidity of both Mat Byrne and his bonham made an instant appeal to the ruffled searcher.

"When so be he's not asleep," the owner of the slumbering piglet said with a shrewd guess at the preferences of the visitor, "he do be pausin' an' thinkin'. Sure you'd have to prod him to get him to stir out of the one spot."

"Would he mind his back being scratched?" was the only question asked; and Mat gazed solemnly at the straw-wreathed countenance of the sleeper. "He'd actchilly go to the breakers wid annyone that'd scratch his back," he said weightily—"the creature!"

On the last night of 1933 Doyle's shed was full of expectant representatives of every class and creed in Mullinabeg, all eager to secure good luck in the year to come, and incidentally to see some fun. Of the many accounts of what followed old Marty's is the most lucid.

"Did y' ever sthrive to get a bonham in be anny door?" he begins. "Give her her jue, Stasia Byrne got him as far as that, an' a green, white an' yalla ribbon around his neck. When we seen him in the doorway we was all shakin' hands wid ourselves an' callin' to Stasia to bring him in. Well, be the mortyial shoot, he let one screech out of him an' off wid him down the sthreet an' the whole town afther him, roarin' an' bawlin'. Sure I only went a small piece, but I didn't miss much, for they bet back this road a hundhred times. Every time they'd come the crowd would be bigger, an' the night as black as Hell's waistcoat wid rainy clouds. There was one time an' it was Foley's dog they were afther, an' never knew till the bonham jined in wid them agen. An' it went on like that for I dunno how long; an' the people widin in the houses prayin' a caution, for they didn't know what sort of politics was ruz outside. An' then the crowd kem back to Doyle's shed, an' the vapour risin' off of them; but His Nabs was gone, thricolour an' all.

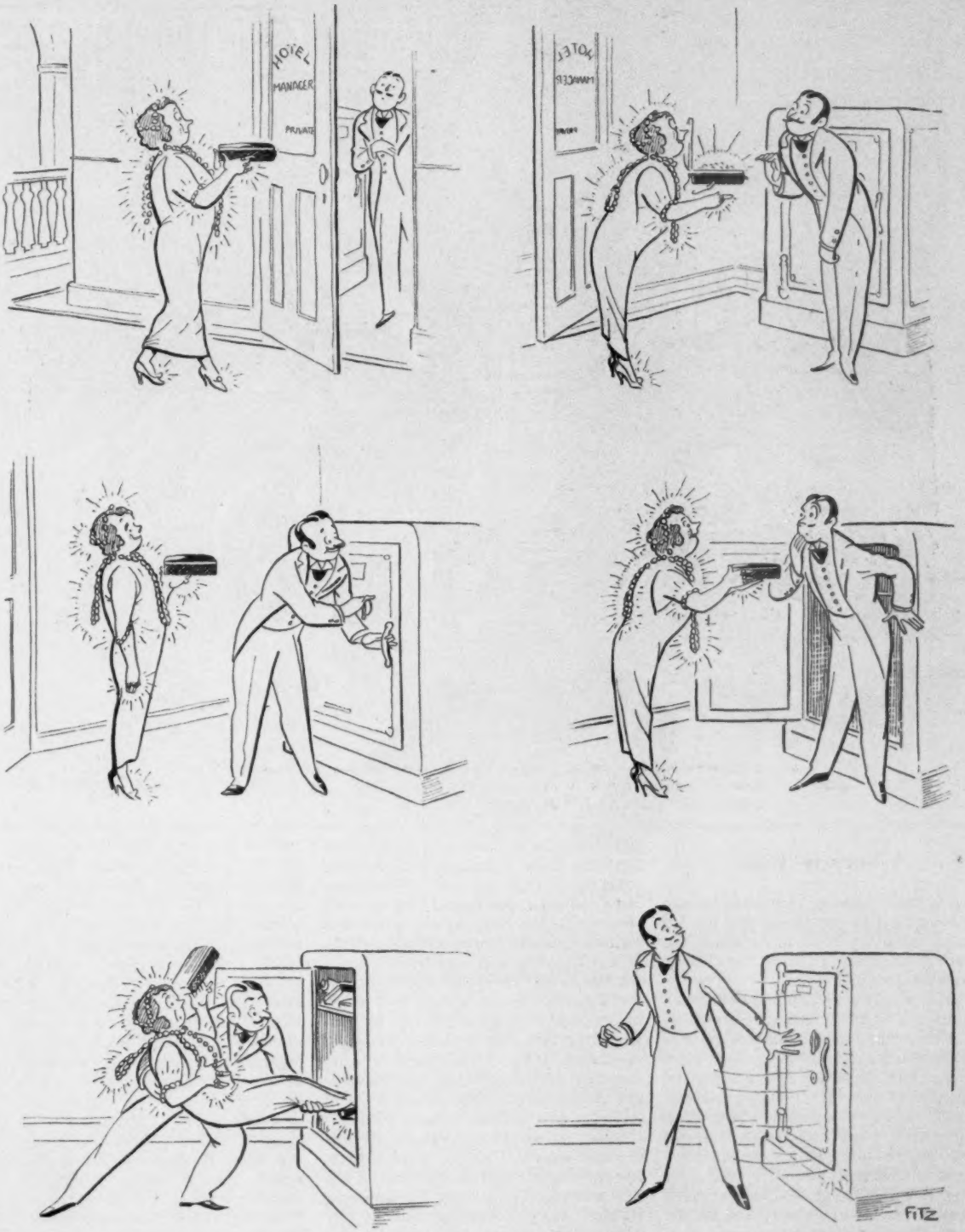
"It was Misther Staples got his breath first. 'There isn't a man in this place but had his hand upon that pig's back to-night,' he says, 'an' that manes good luck for 1934. Pass round that hat,' he says; 'an' there's half-a-crown from me, for I cotch a hold of the bonham five times, an' 'twas well worth it to show me I could run like that still.'

"An', when the band-masther counted the money he was like to die. 'Me thanks is jue,' he says then, 'to the boistherous bonham.'"

However Marty's story may vary, growing richer as time passes, his last words are always the same: "It was a thremenjous night for Mullinabeg," he says. D. M. L.

Our Humble Reviewers.

"Nearly everybody is interested in words. The most important literary event since I wrote last is the publication of the Supplement to the *Oxford Dictionary*, the greatest dictionary in the world."—*Monthly Magazine.*



SAFE DEPOSIT; OR, THE HOTEL MANAGER WHO TOOK NO RISKS.



Lightweight to Heavy (on ungainly brute). "HULLO! GOT A NICE HORSE?"
Heavy. "YES; GOT HIM IN SCOTLAND."
Light. "OH, LOCH NESS, I SUPPOSE?"

A State of Bliss.

A LITTLE while ago I had the pleasure of describing to you the happy life led in the Tributary State of Arampur. In that description I made but scant reference to the Raja.

He is a jolly old chap and deserves a paragraph or so to himself. The Raja is of the school which prefers passive amusements to active. He motors when he can, batting at top speed along the only decent road in the State, connecting the railway-station and the capital. When he is lifted from the train or car he is dropped into a litter. He contrives never to walk more than five yards at a time. When on flat ground he is wheeled about in an invalid-chair, and in the palace there is a lift at each corner. You can see he has almost solved the problem of conserving energy.

On occasion his chair is wheeled into the middle of the maidan. This means that the Raja is going to take riding exercise. This is done vicariously. Mounted men ride round him in small circles, and the Raja, by sheer power of auto-suggestion, enjoys all the emotions of a stiff gallop and even breaks into a profuse sweat. He is then wheeled home for a bath. Exercise and bath over, he is free to devote himself to real pleasure. He sends for his collection of clockwork toys. The courtiers wind them up and send them singly across the marble floor. Then perhaps he will have his new electric train started, for the Raja is always up to date. He was the first man in India to instal a wireless receiver, though at that time he was well out of reach of any transmitting station. He got over the difficulty by fixing a transmitter of his own, playing a gramophone on the fifth floor of the palace and wirelessing the noise to the first floor, where he sat.

Now and then the Raja entertains the European officials and their wives. There is plenty of champagne, and the fish comes on ice all the way from Grimsby. The Raja's personal contribution to the merriment is to tell a story. He has only one—a very old and very raw story; but when he tells it after dinner—the ladies having previously been removed to a diplomatic distance—the most successful music-hall comedian might envy the applause he receives. Eager to give pleasure to his guests, he tells it a second time. He proceeds to tell it time after time, the laughter on each repetition being still deafening, though a captious observer might note a slight diminution in sincerity after the seventh encore. However, at last somebody succeeds in diverting the Raja's attention to another subject and the story is forgotten until the next entertainment.

Now and then the Raja has to ratify

a new law or issue a proclamation by affixing his seal. That is to say, the Dewan comes to the palace with half-a-dozen attendants, one of whom carries the seal in a box. The box is placed before the Raja and a second attendant unlocks it. A third extracts the seal, a fourth inks it in the Eastern style, and then, in the Raja's presence, the Dewan presses the seal upon the parchment. A fifth attendant cleans off the surplus ink and replaces the seal, a sixth relocks the box. The Dewan and his party take their leave, leaving the Raja exhausted by the sight of all this official energy.

The Raja owes his leisure almost entirely to the Dewan, who is always ready to assume new duties on anybody's behalf. The Dewan is a glutton for work. He is always starting new departments and offices. Being a kind man and possessed of innumerable relations, he cannot bear to see any of them in want. Hence the State offices are almost entirely staffed with the Dewan's relatives, and there are always more waiting for jobs. It is a frequent criticism of the modern Great State that the Heads are often in ignorance of what goes on in the different offices under their control. No such difficulty exists in Arampur, for the Dewan has detailed information of every conceivable subject from all his subordinates. When the Dewan goes to Bombay for sea-air and a change he is careful to take with him all the hostile and disaffected elements, and in his absence the departments work even more smoothly than usual. I never get any answers to the letters which, as Assistant Political Resident, I have to write.

I should like to be present at just one of those family discussions which take place after dinner at the Dewan's. Sitting cross-legged on the floor and chewing betel-nut, the Dewan and his officers review the past and arrange the future. Doubtless the Chief Justice, who is the Dewan's maternal uncle, gives the real reasons for some of his recent decisions. The Director of Public Works, first cousin to the Dewan and a talented young man, gives an imitation of the Political Resident asking for a modern bathroom. The Postmaster-General retails the tit-bits of certain officially-opened letters and exhibits the photographs which he has confiscated as being unfit for transmission through the mails. The Chief Treasury Officer, half-brother to the Dewan, indicates that funds are so low as to preclude unofficial advances to any department. Inquiry is then made, somewhat irrelevantly, of the Commissioner of Police, the Dewan's brother-in-law, as to the sites in which stolen property is expected to be found during the next week, and he is urged to confine his C.I.D. activities to the richer quarters. But enough of these lesser folk. Our business is with the Head of the State, in whom theoretically all power resides.



"*Gasworks!* Gasworks be blowed! Do I look like the gasworks?"

The Raja spends some months of every year in Europe to gain some respite from the anxieties of a throne. But even from the Riviera he continually sends letters containing exhortations and moral maxims to his officials, reminding them that theirs are positions of responsibility; that life is not all pleasure; that they must never be weary of well-doing, and that they should labour incessantly for the benefit of his beloved people. These missives are dictated by the Raja to his secretary, a nephew of the Dewan's. The secretary is an able and versatile youth, if at times a little careless; as, for instance, when he sent the Director of Public Works a sheet beginning "My darling Mimi," and proceeded to refer to facts of which the Director had no official knowledge. E. P. W.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

"Help the Scotsman's Corn."
Heading in Scots Paper.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

X.

Old Claus—The Royal Academy Exhibition—Lachrymose Picture-worship—The Great Water-Colourists—Girtin's "White House"—The Blue Cotman—A Tragedy.

Old Claus, whom I have known longer than anybody, arriving suddenly in a taxi, there was nothing to do but be dragged into it and be borne off to Burlington House. "The first rush is over now," he said, "and we can be comfortable. You needn't stay long. Just long enough to recognise a few old darlings and find a few new ones and not be tired. I'll direct you."

Directing people in picture-galleries is one of Old Claus's specialities, although it is a little embarrassing when one can't share either his enthusiasms, which are profound, or his dislikes, which are emphatic. Still, both are amusing to watch, and particularly his enthusiasms, for then his voice breaks and his eyes brim.

"That's one of the tests of art," he says. "If it makes you cry, it's true."

Well, at Burlington House he was crying most of the time, and all the time that we were in the water-colour rooms. I don't say I joined him in his ecstatic weeping, because that is not my way of showing pleasure, but I agree with him that the British painters in water-colours have never been excelled and hardly approached. Other nations have also had superb mastery over oil, but our water-colours are supreme. Old Claus's tears, I may say, fell most copiously before TURNER'S "Dawn after the Wreck," No. 887, before his "Blue Rigi," No. 895, before PETER DE WINT'S "View in the Lake District," No. 879, and before GIRTIN'S "White House, Chelsea," No. 914. Here, indeed, his emotion was almost uncontrolled, and I feared that the attendants might think it their duty to remove him. According to the catalogue this picture was "much admired by TURNER," but TURNER'S admiration could not have approached that of my poor friend. But why "poor"? Rather is to be envied one who can feel so deeply.

When we came to No. 721 his mood changed. He first stood as one rapt, and then, still with moist eyes, he groaned.

"Look at that," he said. "Isn't that lovely?"

It was lovely. A water-colour by COTMAN, small but commanding, of a shepherd boy on a hillside under an azure sky. A symphony in blue.

"Isn't that lovely?" he said. "But what a tragedy!" and groaned again.

"Lovely, yes," I replied. "But I see nothing tragic."

"I'll tell you," he said. "Some years ago I thought that picture was



The Top-Floor Lady. "THERE'S THAT MRS. 'ARRIS, ALWAYS A-SPYIN'."

mine. In fact it was mine; but only for a few hours. The history of art and art collecting knows few such disasters."

He might have posed to a sculptor as a figure of bereavement.

"I saw it," he said, "at a little exhibition off Covent Garden: nothing but water-colours. In a shop kept by two brothers. Two brothers, mind. I adjure you, Beeny, to beware of shops kept by two brothers, unless they are both in at the same time.

"My eyes," he continued, "fell immediately on this picture and I knew I had to have it. I had no money to spare, but I had to have it. One of the brothers was on duty and I asked him the price. 'Don't tell me how beautiful it is,' I said, 'because I know all about that. Just tell me the least you will take for it.' It was a blow to him to be warned off the course like this, because a picture-dealer who is muzzled is the most miserable creature in the world; but he fell in with my mood and named the sum—fifty pounds—and I instantly accepted his offer. Fifty pounds. For fifty pounds those fourteen inches by ten of divinely-tinted paper were mine, and having watched the little red wafer being stuck in the corner I walked away on air."

Old Claus groaned again.

"But the next morning," he continued, "came a letter saying that the other brother, unknown to the one I call *my* brother, had previously given a customer an option, and the option had been taken up, and they were very sorry, but . . . So COTMAN'S 'Shepherd' was no longer mine, and now here it is, No. 721, one of the gems of this wonderful exhibition, and I must spend eighteen-pence every time I want to see it. O brothers! brothers!"

"At any rate," I said, "you have the satisfaction of knowing that your taste was good."

"I was afraid you'd say that," he replied. "No satisfaction at all. All I wanted was to spend the rest of my life in the company of this transcendent work of art.

"And who has got it now?" he asked.

I consulted the catalogue. "Mr. HENRY BELL," I said.

"I hope," he said, "he is worthy, this Mr. BELL. Such a picture—such blue—is not for everyone. But I can't bear it any longer. My exquisite shepherd, my twelve hours' possession, gone to another! Lead me away, Beeny, lead me away." E. V. L.

"Two new choir boys were formally admitted to the choir. The Anthem was 'What are These,' which was well rendered by the choir."—*Parish Magazine.*

With perhaps one or two exceptions?

"Public Schoolboy, 20, seeks Remunerative Occupation; travelled; knows Riviera; fluent French; references; no ties."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Not even the old school one?



THE KING'S REMEMBRANCER EARNS ANOTHER STRIPE.

Ship Models.

VII.—"Geordie" Collier Brig.

HERE 's the likeness of the *Betsey*; sometime in the eighteen-thirties
They built her in Newcastle where the coaly dust and dirt is.

She 'd a "come-home" like a frigate, she was chubby as an apple;
Her Old Man was religious and he used to preach in chapel,

And when anything upset him, such as contraries or calms,
He 'd often ease his feelings, like, with bits out of the Psalms.

The mate he hailed from canny Shields, he went to sea in clogs;
He used to raise big gooseberries and little whippet dogs;

And for fighting and for drinking and for courting lassies plenty
You 'd hardly find another one to match him out of twenty.

They 'd neither of 'em sextants, for they hadn't learned the trick of it;
They shut their eyes and chanced their luck and barged into the thick of it;

And, call it luck or what you like, there isn't any doubt of it
That when they made their landfall they were mostly not far out of it.

Well, the years they kept on going and the preaching skipper died,
And the mate died, and his gooseberries, and running dogs beside;

And still the stout old *Betsey* plodded on the same old track
From the Wooden Dolly Landing down to Wapping Wall and back.

But she did it once too often, for one night in late October,
With a north-east gale a-blowing and the skipper not quite sober,

He put her on the Middens 'cos he saw the shore lights double,
And she smashed herself to smithereens to save the breakers trouble.

C. F. S.



"JOAN STILL MANAGES TO KEEP WONDERFULLY YOUNG, DOESN'T SHE?"

At the Ball.



GIRL with the wondering eyes,
Fair as the face of the day,
Exquisite as are the skies,
Goddess of all you survey;
Girl with the clustering curls,
Girl with the bosom of snow,
Girl of a million girls,
Why do you stand on my toe?

Fair is your face as a dream,
Wild as the winds of the air,
Sweeter than cokernut-cream
Rubbed on a countess's hair,
Blinding your beauty to men!
There is too much of you, though.
Girl with the figure of ten,
Why do you stand on my toe?

Fair is the dawn when it breaks,
Lighting the world with its beams;
Fair is the earth when it wakes,
Fair is the night when it dreams;
Fair are the stars when they rise,
Fair are the dews when they fall,
Fair are the earth and the skies—
You, though, are fairer than all.

Fair are you, fair and serene,
Girl with the wondering eyes—
Fair as an emperor's queen,
Fair as a warrior's prize.
Fair as the fondest could wish
Are you, and fairer; but, oh!
Girl with the brains of a fish,
Why do you stand on my toe?

P. B.



MR. PU-YI;

OR, THE DAWN OF A NEW RÉGIME.

The Painless Extraction.

In Egypt there are two reasons for spending money. There are the satisfactory disbursements on wedding festivities and ornaments, which magnify the spender in the eyes of his neighbours; and there are the sums paid with reluctance and shame to doctors and creditors as the only remaining means of compounding with ill-health or the law.

Guergis Effendi is not going to be married. Neither is he contemplating the purchase of conspicuous adornment. But he is suffering severely from the toothache. He has tried every means of ridding himself of his affliction. He has recited the relevant charms suggested by an elderly relative; he has attempted to concentrate his thoughts on pleasant or edifying matters such as food and philosophy; he has even incurred the expense of a sleeping-draught. But the pain continues unabated and eventually he resigns himself to the necessity for paying for professional assistance.

In Cairo there are two dentists, Dr. Ahmed and Dr. Hafez, who live in the same street. Guergis Effendi goes to Dr. Ahmed and explains his trouble. Dr. Ahmed examines the tooth.

"My friend," he says, shaking his head gravely, "this tooth is in a very bad state. There is no means of filling it. It must come out."

Guergis Effendi grips the sides of the chair. "Oh, Sir," he stammers, "an extraction is a thing I had by no means anticipated!"

"Do not be alarmed," says the dentist soothingly; "for an extra charge of only fifty piastres I will give you cocaine and you will feel nothing."

This additional expense has not entered into Guergis Effendi's calculations, and his first instinct is to protest vehemently. The sight of the forceps, however, causes him to think better of it and he obediently opens his mouth. Dr. Ahmed administers the cocaine.

"This will take a minute or two to become effective," he says, laying down the needle. "Do you sit still for a moment and I will take the opportunity of going to the telephone."

Dr. Ahmed goes into an inner room and leaves Guergis Effendi to grieve over the extra fifty piastres which his tooth is unexpectedly costing him. He searches in his mind for some plausible means of evading the imposition, and as he sits he has a sudden inspiration. He remembers the fortunate proximity of Dr. Hafez and rapidly calculates that he still has some ten minutes before the cocaine entirely loses its effectiveness. Dr. Ahmed is still occupied with the telephone, and Guergis Effendi rises from the chair and creeps unobserved from the house. Once in the street he runs at full speed to the apartment of Dr. Hafez.

By good fortune the doctor is disengaged.

"Doctor," says Guergis Effendi, "I have a tooth to be extracted."

The doctor examines the tooth.

"Yes," he says, "it certainly must come out. I will give you some cocaine. It will cost you fifty piastres extra."

"Doctor," says Guergis Effendi loftily, "do not trouble yourself. It is not necessary."

"But the extraction will be very painful," cries the dentist in astonishment.

"Never mind," says Guergis Effendi, looking at his watch with a shade of



"If I'm going on with this course of skipping I shall have to take a course of memory training. I can't remember whether I'm in the hundreds or thousands."



UNFORTUNATE POSITION OF SKATER WHEN ONLY PASSER-BY WAS A FASCIST.

anxiety, "I will bear the pain. I am not a child." He lies back calmly and opens his mouth. The dentist extracts the tooth and looks at Guergis Effendi with admiration.

"My friend," he says, "allow me to congratulate you. You are a brave man. Moreover," he adds a trifle regretfully, "you have saved yourself fifty piastres."

Guergis Effendi is about to make a modest rejoinder when the telephone-bell rings.

"Excuse me for a moment only," says the dentist, going to the instrument which stands in a corner of the room.

At the other end of the line is Dr. Ahmed, and his tone is one of urgency and indignation.

"Listen!" he cries; "I have been the victim of a swindle of an impudence unparalleled. A client came to me for an extraction. I administered cocaine, and during my temporary absence from the room the villain left my *clinique* without paying. It has just occurred to me that the miscreant might intend to complete his business with you. His appearance is evil beyond belief, and if such a fellow presents himself it will be well to send immediately for the police."

Dr. Hafez recalls the unusual courage of Guergis Effendi. "*Wullahy!*" he cries excitedly, "such a man sits at this moment in my room! Aha, malefactor!" he shouts, turning round in righteous indignation, "so you are the robber who would deceive my honourable colleague!" He begins to advance across the room with arms outstretched to seize Guergis Effendi by the throat. But suddenly he is stricken motionless. The chair is empty.

Query.

A NOTABLE practitioner
Is Dr. Whitehead Sepulchre;
I fail to understand
Why Dr. Rawcus Levity,
With less experience, should be
More widely in demand.

Why is it patients *always* throng
To Levity, who 's *always* wrong,
When Sepulchre is quite
Prepared to tell them how and why
And when and where they 're going to die—
And be precisely right? WOON.

Mate!

"CZECH WINS AT CHESS."
Daily Paper.

A Coil in a Can.

IF there are two things for which the world is always on tip-toe, they are a new industry and a new savoury. It is not every day that a man brings down both these popular birds with one stone, but I learn that this feat has recently been accomplished by a Mr. George K. End, of Florida, who, pondering on the fact that his back-garden and most of the surrounding countryside were alive with rattle-snakes, hit on the brilliantly simple notion of handing these pests to the great American public, on toast. "Rattle-snake Canapé," this highly-imaginative man murmured to himself, "it sounds good. It'll fetch 'em!"

And fetch 'em it certainly has, judging from a newspaper-cutting just sent me from America. This opens:—

"Ha! Something New for the Dinner-Table — Down near the Florida Everglades a Canning Factory Packs Tender Pink Rattle-snake Meat—For Those Who Want It,"

and goes on to describe the steady growth of Mr. End's venture. Big End's venture, let me humbly say, for

there can be no doubt of the magnitude of the man.

It is a long and romantic story. Florida, as you are probably unaware, is a Southern State which, although it faces this way, is largely protected from English telescopes by the *palmetto*-groves with which it abounds. *Etto* is merely a kind of grammatical fruit, and if you pluck the tree bare of it you are left with just an ordinary *palm*. These palms form the natural habitat or eyrie of an infinite number of *Crotalidæ* or Rattlesnakes; and there we are, where Mr. End began.

Long ago the Seminole Indians, the original inhabitants of Florida (and sister-tribe to the fearful Milk-Swilling Semolinas who for some centuries terrorised America's eastern sideboard —or seaboard, it really doesn't matter) —the Seminole Indians came to love their clean-living rabbit-fueled neighbours the rattlesnakes, and cooked and ate them in every conceivable way. The Americans, on the other hand, never dreamed of doing this, much preferring a whole rattle of *Crotalidæ* in the bush to one in the sandwich; until Mr. End came along and saw, with the eye of genius, that beneath the outer covers of these unassuming beasts there lay, when cooked and filleted, two or three pounds of good pink meat.

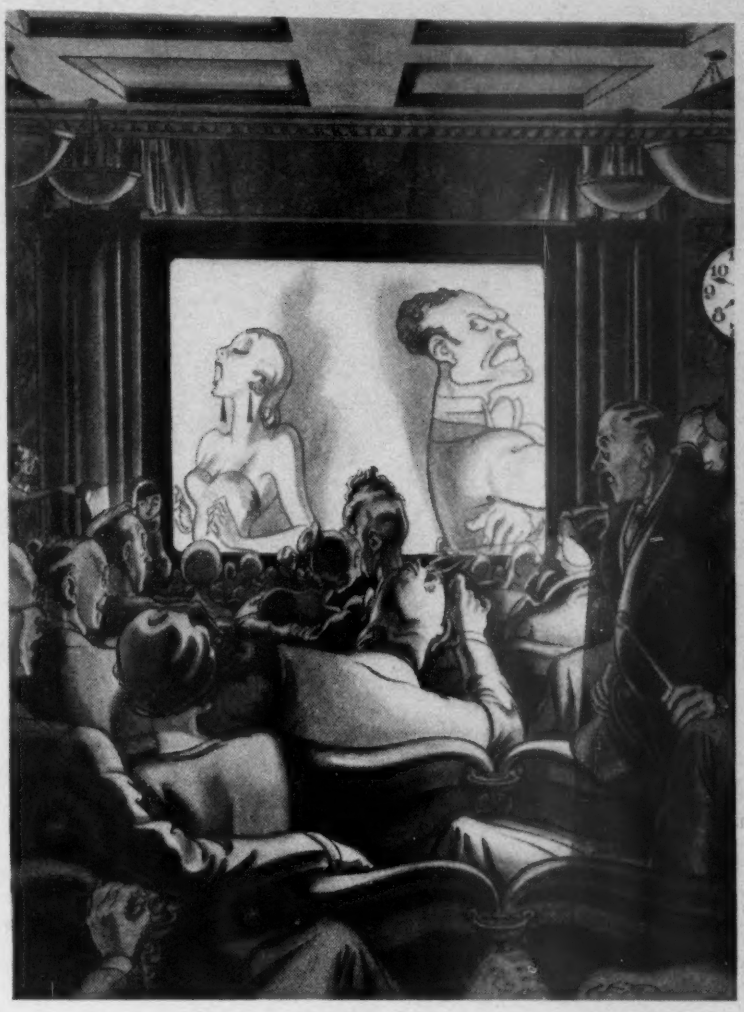
"Palmetto-thicket to tin-can in one day" is a proud boast, and when I tell you that it is essential to the ultimate flavour of the meat that its wearer shall not in any way be angered or even rattled in the process, you may well wonder how this miracle is achieved. The answer, according to our cutting, is that the rattlesnake is a gentle unsuspecting creature (a bit of a fool, I should say) and that Mr. End has gathered to his service a band of toughish guys, artists highly skilled in the manipulation of a small noose at the end of a six-foot pole. . . .

Ah! down in the thicket, for instance, something stirs. We can all guess what, and so can the alert hunter who is waiting for it. Rattling a bit out of sheer good-humour, the doomed reptile, if I may so describe it, glides sociably out of the scrub. Now comes the great moment. Will the hunter get the noose over his victim before it notices? If he fails, or if the snake is visited by a sudden premonition that it may owe its next appearance to a tin-opener in Oswego, anything may happen. (Admittedly I have before me a photograph of one of the hunters draping a live snake round his neck as though it were only a feather-boa and saying, "Rattlers ain't dangerous if you know how to handle them." But I am confident that this specimen must have been as good as canned before it submitted to such indignity.) An irritated rattler, remember, is an almost invisible catapult of deadly poison; and it is this supremely exciting moment, occurring on the average once for every ten tins, which raises the venture clear of the sordid morass of commerce and makes it so far transcend the vulgar encasement of pork or asparagus or other easy quarry that I have felt impelled to write about it.

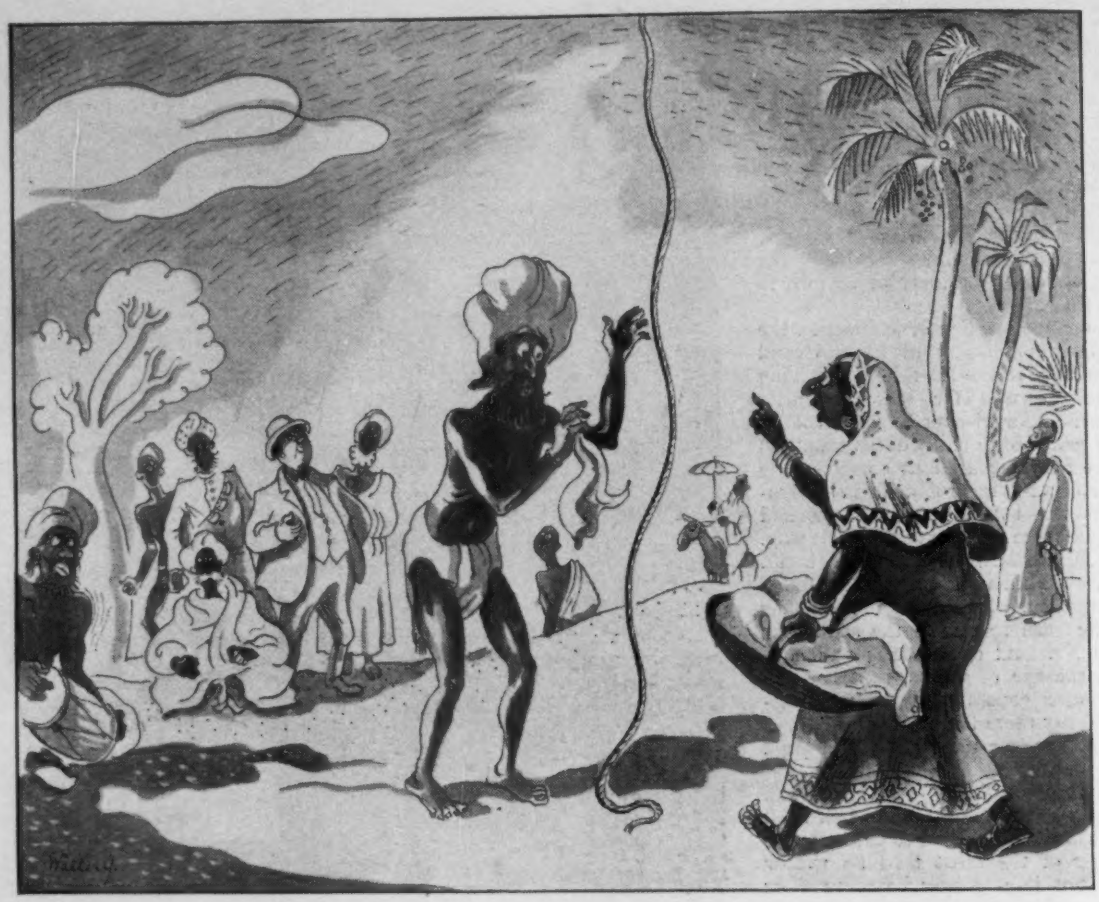
The rest of the process is simple. A rifle-bullet at close range removes all the snake's objections to being cooked and both its poison-sacs, and it is then handed over to the chefs and engineers, its serenity unruffled to the last. And so to the table, with a card enclosed generously extending membership of the "Ancient and Epicurean Order of Rattling Reptile Revellers."

Not yet having tasted the stuff, one can only imagine the flavour and salute it for its novelty. They advise it with the cocktails, and I think it should go best with something vaguely serpentine, like a Cobra's Kiss or a Snake-in-the-Grass or even a Pink Constrictor.

What impresses me most about the whole business is the way Mr. End has turned popular prejudice to profit, for it is clearly because they would scream if a snake came out of their cocktail-cupboard that smart hostesses are likely to stampede to cut one out of a tin. And, thinking roughly along the same lines as Mr. End, I am hoping that for identical reasons there will be a rattling public for a delicacy I am shortly putting on the market under the title of *Patum Ridiculus Mus*. ERIC.



"EXCUSE ME, BUT ISN'T IT TIME YOU TWO QUARRELLED?"



"Tell the boy to come down at once. I want the rope to hang the washing on."

Plaint of the Present-Day Bard.

It was of old among the poet's duties,
When some fair maid had taken him by storm,
To tabulate the damsel's various beauties
In some poetic form.

No arduous lot was his; it little mattered
In what queer terms he painted his adored
So long as she was still discreetly flattered,
His public still unbored.

But when, her bloom decayed, it seemed too silly
Further to claim her mouth was like a rose,
To keep comparing with the vaunted lily
Her now less lovely nose.

She would admit that all those charming stories
Had served their day and now had better stop;
One final ode—on "Autumn's mellower glories"—
And he could let it drop.

Not such our fate, whose nymphs prefer to garnish
Their drooping graces with cosmetic aid
And build a loveliness no years can tarnish,
A charm that may not fade.

Still must we hymn, though Love no longer fire us,
Their changeless beauty through the unsparing years—
A theme with which the Muses who inspire us
Have long been bored to tears.

Still, still, a task that never can grow lighter,
Our strawless bricks we must for ever make;
And woe betide the miserable blighter
Who drops one by mistake!

Yet this I will say for my humble Mary:
Her faults at times have driven me near despair,
But, bless her heart, she *has* the sense to vary
The colour of her hair.



Gollywog.

GOLLYWOG
Is a dirty dog:
  His face is as black as a coal,
But his skin 's as white
As the pale moonlight
  Compared with the state of his soul.

Who was it broke the sewing-machine?
  Who was it spilt the ink?
Who was it pushed the plasticine
  Down the nursery sink?
Who was it pulled the horsehair out
  From the seat of the best armchair?
Gollywog did it, there isn't a doubt—
  Nobody else was there.

Gollywog
Is a dirty dog;
  He 's steeped in original sin
From his jet-black hair
To his set black stare
  And his bold and shameless grin.

Who rubbed coal on the mantelpiece?
  Who spread jam on the floor?
Who stuffed pellets of candle-grease
  In the lock of the bathroom door?
Who put jam in Marmaduke's hat
  And butter in Mary's hair?
Gollywog did it, I 'm sure of that—
  Nobody else would dare. JAN.



The "I.C.E."

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to "INTERNAL COMBUSTION FAN'S" charming little note of January 3rd. The clever boy has discovered some inconsistency in my campaigning for the London Water-bus in one year and deprecating the ravages of the internal combustion engine in the next.

I do not begrudge him any little pleasure this has given him. I confess that the same thought (if it can be so described) had entered my mind a good many months ago; but I did not think it worth while to make the thought public; and I am frankly surprised that "INTERNAL COMBUSTION FAN" should have done so. I suppose that a man might advocate at the same time General Disarmament and (failing that) a Strong Navy for Britain without being teased for inconsistence; but if that is inconsistent I gracefully plead guilty to a similar offence.

I might slip out by saying that the Water-bus is not to be driven by an engine at all but drawn along by water-fairies, but I shall not. Indeed, since I live to give pleasure, I will offer "INTERNAL COMBUSTION FAN" another little bone to play with. The most beloved of my humble but beloved old boats *is driven by an internal combustion engine*—and a very good one. It would be a great deprivation to me if I could not chug up and down the Thames (at 6½ knots—wind and tide favourable) with its aid. And your correspondent may make what playful capital he likes out of that confession. But if he thinks that it will cause me to modify anything that I have said he is doomed to disappointment.

He does not, I fear, appreciate the beauty of my nature. I should be quite willing to sacrifice both the Water-bus and my own sweet boat if it were decided that the abolition of the I.C.E. would benefit the human race by the reduction of noise, nerves, unemployment, ugliness, discomfort, fear, fumes, mutilation, death and the danger of war. And I am sure that your correspondent, who is evidently a nice man, would say the same about his motor-car (though I know very few other internal combustion fans who would).

As to the academic problem of the future, then, we are agreed. Let us consider the present. I am not sure that "I. C. F.'s" comparison of land and water internal combustionery is, for him, a very happy one. My old internal - combustion - engine - driven boat is subject to a very strict but proper discipline; so are Mr. JOSEPH MEARS' steamers; so are the tugs and colliers and other vessels on the Thames; and so will be the Water-bus—if she ever takes the water.

First, she will not make a filthy noise. It will not be considered by her promoters necessary or desirable that she should make a noise. "I. C. F." ought to know about the very adequate "exhaust mufflers" which can and will be applied to marine engines. I don't know much about it myself, but others do. What I do know is that if she *did* make a filthy noise people would complain and the Port of London Authority would at once take action.

Secondly, she will not be allowed to endanger life, "spoil the amenities," or even disturb the *convenience* of other river-users. On the river (as opposed to the road) you do not have to wait till you are murdered or maimed before making a complaint. You can complain of any vessel which is so navigated that by its wash, for example, it causes inconvenience or damage, or forces other vessels out of their course by its arrogant behaviour. And when complaint is made action rapidly follows, if the complaint is just.

It will be the duty of the Water-bus *to keep out of the way* of weaker vessels, rowing-boats and sailing-vessels, which have not so much power and capacity for manœuvre; and the only legal duty of the weaker vessels (in theory) is to keep their course and speed. They must not, of course, abuse these rights, and in practice they very rarely do; because power and non-power understand each other on the whole, and the relations are good. "I. C. F." is quite entitled to answer that if pedestrians always behaved as sensibly as sailing-ships there would be less trouble on the roads. True; but it is not quite so simple as that. The basic principle which governs the river is absent from the roads. On the water, the "greater the power the greater the responsibility." If an oarsman loses one oar crossing the river in broad daylight, no tug or Water-bus which runs him down will be entitled to plead that he was a "careless oarsman," for it is the *duty* of the steam-vessel to *keep out of the way* of the weaker vessel; and unless the other fellow suddenly changes course and speed or does something which makes it quite impossible to avoid him the power-vessel is responsible. In other words, Might is not Right on the river—and Weakness is not always Wrong.



"THAT RIGHT FER A REEF-KNOT, GUV'NOR?"



"BUT I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING ABOUT CONDUCT IN *YOUR* REPORT, ANGUS."
"OH, WE DON'T DO THAT, DADDY."

Thirdly, on the river speed is no god and impatience no excuse for bad manners. Safety and the general good are the first considerations, and there is no nonsense about Progress making it necessary for a minority to go faster and faster, regardless of the peace of mind and convenience of the majority.

The Water-bus, then, will neither make a noise, "corrupt" or "imperil," and she will not "uglify." For it will not be necessary to uproot fine old trees, sweep away country lanes and hedges, decorate old villages with petrol-pumps and lubricating-oil advertisements and scar the countryside with wide and not very beautiful motor-tracks. The river Thames, in fact, will remain exactly as before—except for the addition of a few unobtrusive landing-stages on her flanks.

I would not press the comparison unduly, for it is not exactly water-tight, I admit. But "I. C. F." began it; and though in detail the problems of road and river are so different, I am not sure that the road might not borrow with advantage some of the governing principles of the river. Certainly, if I felt as safe on the road as I do on the river, and if motor-cars were subject to the same discipline as motor-boats, I should have been less tempted to blaspheme against the sacred I.C.E.

I hope that "I. C. F." will come boating with me one day—if not Water-busing.

A. P. H.

Things Best Passed Over.

"CHOIR OUTINGS, 1933.

Expenditure.	£ *s. d.*
Deficit from 1932, owing to the Vicar	1 5 6."

Parish Magazine.

"NEW FEATURES IN A PRISON VAN."
Motor Paper.

They can't expect to get the old lags every time.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XVII.

November 8th. Consider in some detail American preference for travelling at night, and decide that I do not on the whole share it. Meals undoubtedly excellent, but other arrangements poor, and arrival in small hours of the morning utterly uncongenial.

Cleveland reached at 8 A.M.—eyes still bunged with sleep and spirits at a very low ebb—and am met by extremely blue-eyed Miss V. from Book-Store, who says that she has Heard About me from Pete. She gets into a car with me but does not say where she is taking me, and talks instead about Winchester—which she says she has never seen—American novels, and the Chicago World Fair. (Can foresee that long before the end of tour I shall have said all I have to say about World Fair, and shall find myself trying to invent brand-new details.)

Drive through a great many streets and past large numbers of superb shop-fronts, and presently Miss V. says in a reverent voice, *There* is Hall Brothers, and I say, Where? and have a vague idea that she is referring to local Siamese Twins; but this turns out complete mistake and Hall Brothers revealed as enormous department store in which Miss V. is in charge of book department. Moreover Mrs. Hall, it now appears, is to be my hostess in Cleveland, and we have now practically reached her house.

At this I look frantically in my handbag, discover that I have left lipstick in the train, do what I can with powder-compact, but results on pale-green complexion not at all satisfactory, and realise—not for the first time—that accidental sitting on my hat in the train did it no good.

Mrs. Hall, however, receives me kindly in spite of these misfortunes, shows me very nice bedroom, which she says belongs to her daughter Katherine, now in Europe, and says that breakfast will be ready when I am. Spend some time walking round Katherine's bedroom and am deeply impressed by her collection of books,



"MISS V. FROM BOOK-STORE."

which comprises practically everything that I have always meant to read. Decide that Katherine must be wholly given over to learning, but reverse this opinion on going into Katherine's bathroom and finding it filled with coloured glass bottles, pots and jars of the most exotic description. Evidently other and more frivolous preoccupations as well.

This conjecture confirmed when I meet Katherine's sister Jane at breakfast—very pretty and well-dressed and can probably do everything in the world well. Distinct tendency comes over me to fall into rather melancholy retrospect concerning my own youth, utterly denuded of any of the opportunities afforded to present generation. Remind myself in time, however, that this reflection is as wholly unoriginal as any in the world, and that I myself invariably dislike and despise those who give vent to it.

Excellent coffee and bacon help further to restore me, and I decide that almost every sorrow can probably be assuaged by a respectable meal. (*Mem.*—Try to remember this and act upon it next time life appears to be wholly intolerable.)

Programme for the day is then unfolded, and comprises, to my surprise, inspection of three schools. The blue-eyed Miss V. has said that I am interested in education. Think this over, decide that I ought to be interested in education, and that therefore I probably am, and accept with what is invariably referred to by dear Vicky as alacricity.

Morning is accordingly spent in visiting schools, of which I like two and am staggered by the third, which is said to be on totally New Age lines, and designed in order to enable the very young—ages two to nine—to develop their own life-pattern without interference.



"WE THEN INSPECT ART."

We get various glimpses of the life-patterns, many of which seem to me to be rather lacking in coherence, and are shown round by a very earnest lady with projecting teeth, wearing a cretonne smock.

She says that the Little Ones are never interfered with and that punishments are unknown. Even supervision is made as unobtrusive as possible. This she demonstrates by conducting us to landing on the staircase, where large

window overlooks playground. Here, she says, teachers and parents can watch the little people at play. Play very often a great revelation of character.

Can see no reason in the world why little people should not look up from play and plainly perceive noses of their parents and guardians earnestly pressed to the window above them—but do not, naturally, say so.

We then inspect Art—angular drawings of crooked houses and deformed people and animals, painted in pale splotches of red and green and yellow; Handiwork—paper boxes with defective corners, and blue paper mats; and Carpentry—a great many pieces of wood and some sawdust.

Just as we leave Bathrooms—each child, says the cretonne smock passionately, has its own little toothbrush in its own little mug—on our way downstairs to Gymnasium, Miss V. draws my attention to a door with a little grille in it, through which we both peer in some astonishment.

Infant child aged about three is revealed sitting in solitude on tiny little chair in front of tiny little table, gazing thoughtfully at a dinner-plate. What, I ask the cretonne smock, is this? She looks distressed and replies, Oh, that's the Food-Problem.

We all three contemplate this distressing enigma in silence, and the Food-Problem gazes back at us with intelligent interest and evident gratification, and we shortly afterwards retire.

Should be very sorry indeed to see New-Age methods adopted at eminently sane and straightforward establishment where Vicky is—I hope—at present receiving education.

November 9th. Life in Cleveland agreeable but rushed. Book-store talk takes place as ordained by Pete, and is principally remarkable because LOWELL THOMAS, celebrated American writer, precedes me and gives very amusing lecture. Entire book department turned upside-down searching for green ink, as it is (says Miss V.) well-known that LOWELL T. never will autograph his books in any other colour. Am frightfully impressed by this and join in green-ink hunt. It is finally run to earth, and I suggest gumming on small label with L. T.'s name and telling him that it has been waiting ever since his last visit. Am unfortunately never informed whether this ingenious though perhaps not very straightforward scheme is actually adopted.

Shake hands with LOWELL THOMAS afterwards and like the look of him and buy two of his books, which are all about Arabia and will do for Robert. He autographs them in green ink, and I seriously contemplate telling Miss V. that it will be utterly impossible for me to sign a single volume of my own unless I can do so with an old-fashioned goose-quill and blue blotting-paper.

Evening given up, by my special request, to seeing film of *Henry VIII.*, with CHARLES LAUGHTON, whom, as usual, I think, marvellous, but film much over-rated. Tell Mrs. Hall that I would leave home any day for C. L., at which she looks surprised, and I feel bound to add that I don't really mean it literally.

E. M. D.

(To be continued.)



"THE FOOD PROBLEM."

"The basis of a new edict which is being prepared by Herr Hitler is that Jews may live in Germany but are not, and cannot be, part of the German people."—*Natal Paper.*

So there can be no question of her being armed to the teeth.

Shakespeare Goes Red.

["SHAKESPEARE'S works are STALIN'S favourite bedside book."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN off to bed a Bolshie goes
To seek his well-earned rest,
He does not, as you would suppose,
Sink straight into a peaceful doze,
Red flags across his chest,
But takes instead a little peep
At SHAKESPEARE ere he falls asleep.

He reads, and does not even wince,
Of fairy king and queen,
About the little changeling prince,
Of *Starveling*, *Flute* and *Snout* and *Quince*,
Who gambolled on the green,
And chuckles till he shakes the bed
At *Bottom* and his ass's head.

He sheds a silent tear or so
For Denmark's rotten state;
He weeps aloud for *Romeo*
And his unhappy fate;
His handkerchief must be in reach
When reading *Portia's* maiden speech.

He may not always quite approve
Of everything he sees;
But "gently as a sucking dove"
He reads of music, "food of love,"
Of lutes and greenwood trees,
Which only shows a Bolshie can
Forget at times the Five Years' Plan.

The works of TOLSTOY he has tried;
VOLTAIRE is out of date;
His friend, philosopher and guide—
One NIETZSCHE—he has cast aside;
KARL MARX has shared his fate;
And SHAKESPEARE has, by hook or crook,
Become the Bolshie's bedside book.

The Record "Split"?

"I cannot believe that there are not sufficient nations who prefer peace to sovereignty and who banded together—even with a very largely reduced armament, but pledged to the common end of jointly repelling aggression from those to whom the idea of settling disputes by law is still too strange for acceptance—to nevertheless by their joint moral—and, if you like it, armed persuasion—compel the others reluctantly to join."

Company Directors' Report in Daily Paper.



"I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU REDUCED TO THIS, MY POOR MAN."
"REDUCED NOTHIN', LADY. I WAS A DEAF-AND-DUMB CRIPPLE BEFORE THIS."

The Diversions of Darwin.

THOUGH animated by a narrower aim
Than that which earned his grandsire world-wide fame,
Our DARWIN (BERNARD) never fails to hit
The mark with his ingratiating wit,
Alluring those who never yet were seen
Swinging a club on any golfing green.

Diverging from the fairway, so to speak,
With unabated gusto once a week,
He ceases to report and takes his stance
On the urbanities of irrelevance.
Letters and life, the ways of birds and men—
All topics swim into his varied ken;
And still the wonder grows how from the links
Fresh inspiration day by day he drinks
For happy musings, where the journalist
Is merged in the authentic essayist.

Last week we saw him paying Cruciverbia,
The goddess dear to Mayfair and Suburbia,
Homage, as he compared the joyous thrill
That marks the progress of the solver's skill
With the delight experienced by the "rabbit"
In the slow conquest of some evil habit.
Nor is the aid the Crossword-Puzzle lends
Confined to BERNARD DARWIN'S golfing friends.
The profit of this study freely flows
Beyond the confines of the world of prose,
Suggesting fresh and unfamiliar views
To those who humbly cultivate the Muse.
Their waggon to a star it cannot hitch,
But their vocabulary does make rich.

Have I not found that calm dissection yields
Access to hitherto undreamt-of fields?
Malingering is shorn of all its shame
When practised by a *dilatory dame*;
The *dogrose*, blooming in its hedgerow bower,
Sees a new rival in the *cauliflower*;
The *paletot*, worn in Victorian days,
Reveals *anæmic infants* to our gaze;
And minds that never sought to gather data
Referring to the genus *edentata*
Feel glad to note a word so aptly fitted
To *ADAM'S mood when Paradise he quitted*. C. L. G.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Feudalism on the Rocks.

FEELING as I do that the end of a novel should be implicit in its beginning, I cannot congratulate Mr. DENIS MACKAIL on the uncomfortably improvised dénoument of *Chelbury Abbey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). This apart, I found his latest tragi-comedy of the new poor not only a delightful thing of its kind, but quite the most graceful, witty and buoyant piece of work its writer has so far given us. Wasting no otiose word over the antecedents of the *Earls of Wick* and their family mansion, he sets the stage with incredible promptitude and effect for the arrival of *John Ellery*, creditable American scion of a disreputable tribe of local poachers and potential purchaser of the Abbey. This done, he has two strings to his bow—the delineation of the *Wick* down-and-outs in general and the particular romance of *Lady Penelope Lamley*, her congenital suitor, *Guy*, and the dynamic and captivating American. In counselling the reader not to allow his sympathies to be too vividly enlisted by *John*, I would still put in a word for *John's* American accent—a triumph arrived at not by any crude phonetic device but by an admirably characteristic vocabulary.

Biography of a Diarist.

Lord PONSONBY's admiration for his subject, *John Evelyn* (HEINEMANN, 15/-), knows no bounds. And indeed EVELYN was a noble and versatile character, representing in himself the critical public during a period of intense literary and artistic activity. His great misfortune was that he happened to be contemporary with PEPYS and was easily defeated in the diary contest. His biographer, complaining of the greater attention accorded to PEPYS, says, "As the life of the one was incomparably more interesting than the life of the other, and his character and position very much higher, some attempt to readjust the balance would seem to be needed." This seems to me very unsound reasoning. Surely the point lies in the communication of the interest, and no amount of character or position can ensure a popular fame. Lord PONSONBY has assembled all the available facts and presented them with some art. He is at his best, however, when dealing with EVELYN's personality and occupations. The chapter on "Gardens and Trees" is nothing short of masterly.

Footlights and Fanaticism.

I should have enjoyed Miss RACHEL FERGUSON's latest novel, *A Child in the Theatre* (BENN, 7/6), better if I had not been so nauseated by her heroine, *Vivian*, who combines a hearty maternal instinct with hoydenish abandon, confuses tactlessness with honesty, prefers slapstick to lipstick (though the latter might help her more off the stage), and discusses sex-problems while ordering the milk. All this might not be so bad if she were not such a perfect lady (only she *would* pronounce it "laady" or "leedy," because whenever she wants to be funny she lapses into Northern or Cockney dialect), and if she had not such a fanatical affection for a girl who, once her pupil, surpasses the ex-teacher on the stage by virtue of insipidity and a lovely face. This having been said, I have nothing but admiration for the unobtrusive way in which the author shows her knowledge of the stage, the commercialisation of childhood and publicity methods. The axe she has ground for the defence of legitimate art has a keen edge but would be more effective if raised in the protection of a less bumble-puppyish



Station-Sergeant. "COME ON, NOW—WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
Culprit. "LET'S BE IN THE FASHION, BOY. CALL 'IM 'MR. X' AN' ME 'MR. Z.'"

heroine; but she is a good fighter, shows a sense of the ridiculous in describing minor characters and can tell a story.

Table Talk.

Although I disagree profoundly with the opening remarks of "GOURMET'S" *Book of Food and Drink* (JOHN LANE, 7/6), in which he holds that one should not only descend dressed to breakfast, but in addition should undergo a preliminary fit-making process, which includes a leisurely toilet and a walk, I found, once this heresy was surmounted, a good deal of entertainment in what is really an itinerant scrap-book of appreciation. It does not pretend to be an organised survey of the whole field of the table, and indeed much of it is culled with the utmost honesty from other sources; but in a book of this kind one expects to return fairly frequently to the glories of the past. Did you know, for instance, that in DICKENS' time oysters were a shilling a hundred, or that before the War there was a club which crossed to Calais for Sunday's *déjeuner*? With "GOURMET'S" strictures on the idiotic Frenchification of English bills-of-fare I am entirely at one; and on the strength of a residence in the East, which bears fruit in his admirable chapter on curries, I suppose we must forgive him his own use of that hateful little word, "*pukka*." The book contains sound information, if sometimes imparted in a style which hits one rather on the back; and it is charmingly illustrated by HENDY.



"HI, LOOK! IT 'S GOT OFF!"
"AS A MATTER OF FACT I 'M NOT VERY KEEN ON FISH."

Everything for Nothing.

Complete anonymity may often, for some curious reason, arouse a far more lively interest in the personality of a book's author than any mere name or even pseudonym can do; and in the case of the book I have just been reading the urge to speculate becomes almost painful in its intensity. The gentleman (for I am convinced—though you never know—that no woman's hand indited this remarkable volume) responsible for *Creditors and How to Escape Them* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 3/6) reveals himself with the utmost goodwill as one who has devoted himself to a lifelong policy of masterly insolvency, a very prince among habitual debtors. And now in the evening of his days, with his creditors clustering thick about him, he sits down to write this handbook for the guidance of a new generation of insolvents. It is beautifully done. Whether it be the management of bailiffs, the answering (or not) of dunning letters, or the delicate business of opening a new credit account, the same flawless technique, the ripe fruit of a lifetime of evasion, is there for our inspection and (if need be) our inspiration. There are some overlong and rather dull stories in the book, which look suspiciously like padding, but there is so much wit and wisdom and real humour besides that it is easy to forgive them. It would be interesting too to know which of the illustrations will give the greatest pleasure. My own vote goes after consideration to the photograph facing page 36—a study of bailiffs in the mass; but there are others.

Spilling the Ink.

Having staged one murder in a Public School Mr. R. C. WOODTHORPE locates another in the offices of a daily newspaper. *A Dagger in Fleet Street* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) may not as a story of crime and detection hit the target's bull's-eye, but for several reasons it can be recommended to those who like their fiction to be both exciting and entertaining. Mr. WOODTHORPE is a pleasant scribe with a nicely-controlled sense of the ridiculous, and he does not allow bevies of sleuths (professional or amateur) to crowd his characters into the back of beyond. Additionally he is treading here on familiar ground, and from the time when the temporary editor of that sensational newspaper, *The Daily Hope*, was killed until the end of the tale, he draws his bow, which admittedly is sometimes rather a long one, with excellent effect.

Antidote to Ballyhoo.

Mrs. F. E. PENNY is an old hand at the novel business and the acknowledged Chief Interpreter of Southern India. She crosses the sea to Ceylon this time in order to tell the story of *The Old Dagoba* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). She writes in the manner of the generation just passed; that is to say, she is leisurely, coherent and competent. So, although her characters express themselves in stilted and sententious dialogue, they do complete their sentences and their meaning is easily grasped. The plot is such as to satisfy any reasonable craving for excitement. The atmosphere too is realistic. Those who object to Mrs. PENNY'S outmoded methods must reflect that Europeans in the East are often themselves old-fashioned and perhaps need to be treated as such.

A Monstrous Man.

Several of Mr. S. S. VAN DINE'S stories have made successful journeys across the Atlantic, but prepared as I am to refrain from boggling at improbabilities in sensational fiction, I have to say that *The Dragon Murder* (CASSELL, 7/6) is too fantastic for my digestion. A guest at a house outside New York dived into a swimming-pool, and to the astonishment of the onlookers did not reappear. Moreover his body could not be found when the pool was drained. Here then was a tough problem for Mr. VAN DINE'S *Philo Vance* to handle, and in the solution of it he proved himself to be as uncannily astute as the District Attorney of New York County was tiresomely stupid. Mr. VAN DINE would be well advised to keep a careful eye on the infallible *Vance*, and see to it that his poses do not become irritating postures.

Charivaria.

How to cure stammering is taught at L.C.C. classes. Kindly patience with the sufferer is the keynote of the idea. After all, to er—er is human.

***

A postman in a Yorkshire village has two artificial legs. Several housedogs in the neighbourhood, we are told, have had to be fitted with false teeth.

***

German soldiers and sailors are ordered to read the Treaty of Versailles right through. They must in fairness admit that the Allies never insisted on this.

***

A fine has been imposed for distilling a sort of gin from banana-skins. The view was taken that banana-skins are sufficiently conducive to instability.

***

Someone was recently stated to have pawned a rifle on twenty-two separate occasions. He may justifiably refer to it as a pop-gun.

***

A publisher predicts that we shall soon see the return of the three-volume novel. We shouldn't mind seeing the return of the one-volume novel we lent some months ago.

***

"I don't run the modern boy down, even though it seems fashionable to do so," says the headmaster of West Buckland School, Devon. We rather thought it was the fashion for the modern boy to run other people down.

A newly-published novel is written backwards. Readers will be tempted to peep at the beginning.

***

The manufacturers of hairpins have gone bankrupt in Paris. These articles are little used now except for supplying the pattern for difficult bends on motor-racing tracks.

***

The Zoo has acquired a whydah, an African bird not to be confused with a howdah.

***

In the newest form of autobiography, we note, fictitious characters are mingled with real people. Usually in an autobiography all the characters are fictitious.

***

"The Indian rhinoceros," we are informed, "is supposed to have a thicker hide than any other animal." With the possible exception of the Press-photographer.

***

Modern musicians are accused by Sir HENRY HADOW of exceeding the speed-limit and driving to the public danger. Another complaint is that they dispense with silencers.

***

Inhabitants of a certain garden city are not allowed to drive nails into the walls. The people next-door may not want to hang up another picture.

***

It has been demonstrated that a man can live thirty days without food. This was presumably the brave fellow who gave the cook a month's notice.

***

A St. Louis (Mo.) woman has been granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband insisted on keeping a pet catfish in the bath. As a rule it is just a case of carp, carp, carp.

***

Patrons of a London restaurant voted against a proposal to have music with meals. They didn't want any more din in the dinner.

***

A London tradesman owns a horse that can put on its own collar in a few seconds. But then we must remember it hasn't to crawl about the stable looking for its stud.



"ER—BY THE WAY, MR. SNIFFLESWAITE, SUPPOSING THEY DON'T HAVE A LADDER?"

As Others Hear Us.

At the Special School Train.

"Look, darling, isn't that a red cap like yours? Do you know him?"

"In a way. Can you give me change for sixpence in coppers, Mother?"

"I'll see; but it mustn't be chewing-gum. I don't mind chocolate much, though *why* you should have to. Isn't he a nice boy?"

"Oh, he's pretty foul. Threepence would do."

"Look, darling—there's Mrs. Evans. Or isn't it? Was the little Evans boy going back this term?"

"Mother! don't talk so loud. They might hear you."

"But I didn't say anything. I thought little Evans was a great friend of yours."

"Oh, he's all right. I mean, he's a most frightful stinker really, but I suppose he's all right really. Anyway, *please* don't look at him, Mother, he may think we want to speak to him or something. Do you mind if I go to the slot-machine now?"

"No, of course not, darling. How do you do, Mrs. Evans? I *thought* it was you. How's Maurice? John and I were just hoping he was somewhere about—I know John will miss him frightfully when he leaves."

"Maurice will be in despair at parting from John. He simply adores him."

"Where does he go to next? I expect you're putting him in for a scholarship at Winchester or somewhere?"

"Oh, dear, no! Maurice has *no* brains at all, poor darling. Not that we either of us mind, really, so long as he's *thoroughly* keen on games—which he is, thank goodness!"

"I do *so* agree with you. I always think games are *everything*. Though really nowadays——"

"Oh, I know. It's awful, isn't it? Hallo, John! Have you seen Maurice yet? I'm sure he's looking for you everywhere."

"Darling, you'd really better find a seat, hadn't you? Look at that *tiny* little new boy; I'm sure he can't possibly be more than six. I hope you'll be very kind to him if you get the chance."

"Mother! He looks absolutely *lousy*."

"John! How many times——"

"Sorry, Mother. Look here—I honestly think I ought to find a place now. I mean, if you don't mind, I mean."

"No, darling. I've been saying it all along. *Who* is that father? I know I ought to know him. How d'-y' do?"

"What a business it is, isn't it? One thing is they'll soon be able to see themselves off. How's your young man?"

"Just gone to get himself a seat with his special friends. I don't think they ever mind going back nowadays, that's one thing, do they?"

"Not the least bit in the world. In fact, if you ask me, they're *glad* to get back to regular work again. They realise, you know, that the holidays have lasted long enough. They feel the holidays have gone on long enough, and, if you ask me, they're not at all sorry to get back to regular work again. I mean, they *realise* the holidays have gone on long enough."

"Oh, Mr. Purvis, how are you? I see you have some new boys this term. I wonder if I might say one word to you about John?"

"Delighted—delighted! I'm afraid we're just off. He's coming on nicely at his football. I don't mean that he's any *good*, you know—one couldn't expect that yet—but at least he's *keen*."

"His father will be so pleased. It's the one thing he's always been—— I'm afraid this really *is*."

"Good-bye, darling."

"Bye."

"Write *directly* you get there. And don't forget to tell the Matron about your plate."

"Have you got your sandwiches?"

"Have you got the key of your trunk?"

"Have you got that note for Matron?"

"Have you got your ticket?"

"Remember about asking someone to look at that place on your thumb, darling. Iodine. Say I said so."

City Notes.

Walking through the City on a morn in May
I passed through the alley where the Brokers play,
And, pausing to listen for a real good thing,
I heard one singing as the blackbirds sing:
"Happy are the creatures in the field," he sang,
"Happy are the thickets where the catkins hang,
Happy are the birds in the sky, sky, sky,
But happier, oh, happier am I, I, I;

For Rubber has gone up, has gone up, has gone up,
Rubber has gone up," sang he—
"Rubber has gone up and my happiness' cup
Is as full as any cup can be.

Playful as a pup, as a pup, as a pup,
Playful as a pup I'll be;
Who will come and sup now that Rubber has gone up—
Who will come and sup with me?

Playful are the lambs as they gambol with their dams
Out upon the uplands high;
Playful are the bream as they wriggle in the stream,
But playfuller by far feel I;
For Rubber has gone up, has gone up, has gone up,
Rubber has gone up," sang he;
"Turpentine has faltered and Cocoa is unaltered,
But Rubber has gone right up.

Happy are the hills where the wild things go;
Happy are the valleys where the green things grow;
Happy are the trees and the birds and the plants;
Happy are the widgeon and the Wireless Aunts;
Happy is the turbot; happy is the toad;
Happy are the hikers on the Great North Road;
Happy is the pigeon in the pie, pie, pie,
But happier, oh, happier am I, I, I;

For Rubber has gone up, has gone up, has gone up,
Rubber has gone up," sang he—
"Rubber has gone up and my happiness' cup
Is as full as any cup can be.
Life is one volup—one volup—one volup—
Life is one voluptuous tune;
Brimming is my cup now for Rubber has gone up—
Up like an air-balloon.

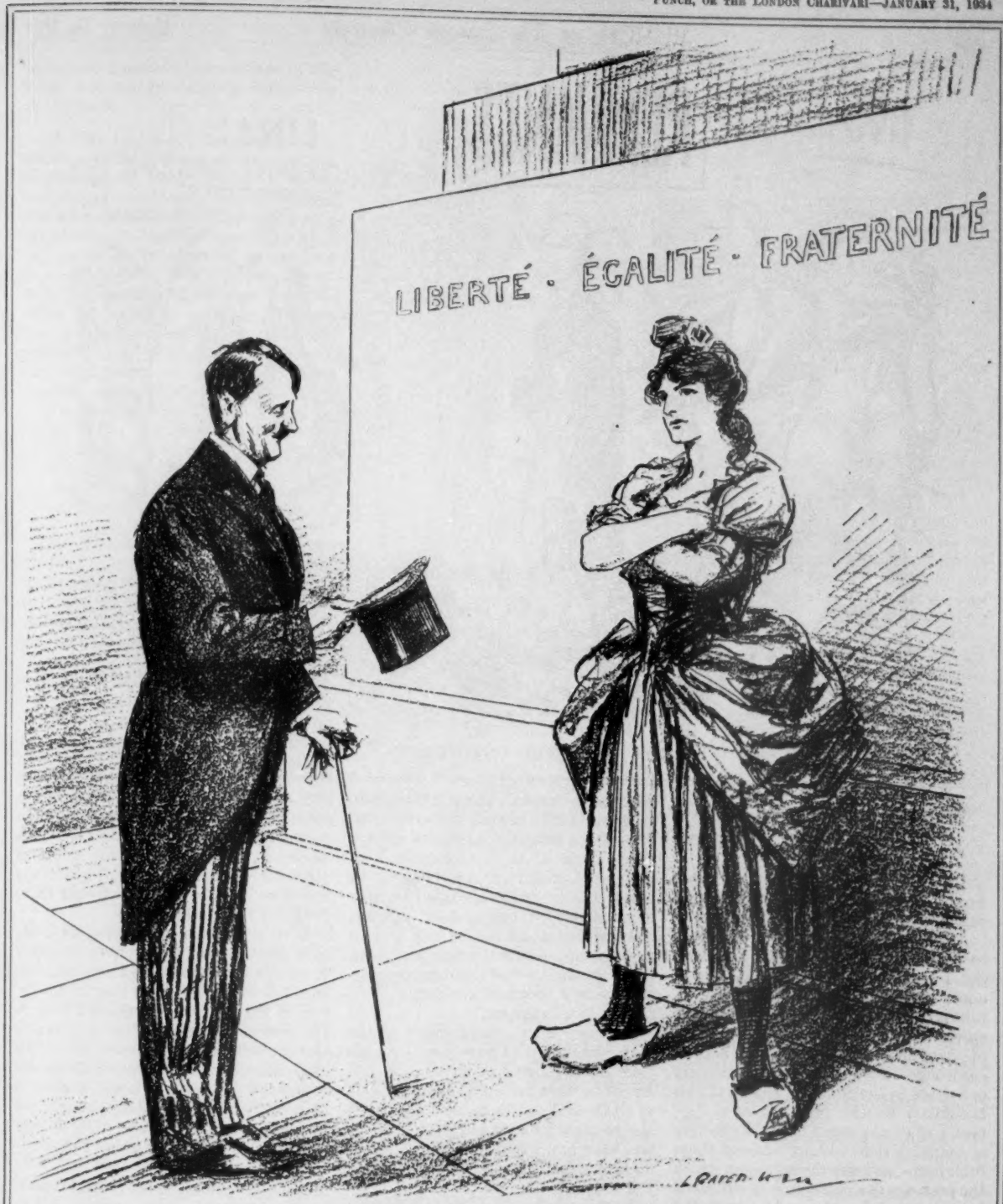
Playful is the prawn as it gambols on the lawn;
Playful is the tse-tse fly;
Playful is the prune and the merry macaroon,
But playfuller by far feel I;
For Rubber has gone up, has gone up, has gone up,
Poverty, thy threats are vain!"
But even as he sang in the midst of his harangue
Rubber had gone down again. P. B.

Things Which Might Have Been More Kindly Expressed.

"Miss ——— ———, until recently a member of the Oxford Repertory Company, will be in the cast, but an actress has not yet been secured."—*Oxford Paper.*

"Mr. Brooke is a Liverpool writer whose versatility is that of the protein artist of the old music-hall days."—*Liverpool Paper.*

When eggs were eggs.



THE BEST OF THREE.

HITLER. "I AM SURE YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT I AM SERIOUSLY THINKING OF ADOPTING YOUR FAMOUS MOTTO—AT LEAST SO FAR AS 'EQUALITY' IS CONCERNED."

FRANCE. "AND HOW ABOUT LIBERTY AND FRATERNITY?"

HITLER. "I AM NOT GOING TO INSIST ON THEM AT PRESENT."



"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

Wanted, a Golf Club near London.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if you would be neighbourly enough to recommend me a good golf club?

At first, I confess, it was my purpose to attempt the task unaided (so little did I realise, in my provincial ignorance, the magnitude of the undertaking), and with this object in view spread out upon the table one of those pleasant little maps of London and its environgs—a word, Sir, so persistently enlivened in the common speech of this household by the presence of a "g" that I shall not stoop to the hypocrisy of omitting it in writing—one of those little maps, as I was saying, upon which the presence of a golf course is indicated by crossed clubs, thus—⛳—with the addition, in order to avoid confusion with historic battlefields, thus—⚔—of the simple letters G.C.

(An idea, in parenthesis, which if more widely adopted would surely add much to the already considerable pleasure of map-reading. Crossed tankards for inns, crossed crooks for pasture-lands (or prisons), crossed cheques for banks—there is no end to the possibilities of embellishment; and wherever a danger of confusion seemed likely to arise, as, for example, over the crooks, which might erroneously be taken to indicate the site of a bishop or (conceivably) a button-hook factory, the addition of a letter or two, such as S (for sheep)—or, in the case of prisons, G (for goats)—would clear up any possibility of a misunderstanding.)

But, Sir, I digress.

No more than a brief glance at the map, about which I have been for some time endeavouring to speak, was sufficient to show me that a personal tour of all the golf clubs available was out of the question for a man of limited means and leisure; yet without a knowledge of *all* how could I be assured of selecting the *best*?

In this predicament, Sir, I naturally thought of you. Can there be any other (I asked myself) who has had the opportunities that Mr. Punch, with his ninety years and more of vigorous manhood, has enjoyed of acquainting himself with every golf-course in the Home Counties? Is it not unthinkable (I thought) that there should be any fairway, any bunker, any whin or rabbit-scrape in the whole of London and its env—vicinity which has not at some time or other felt the light of Mr. Punch's presence, the weight of his puissant strokes? And the answers I gave myself were No and Yes (or should it be No?), in that order.

Very well, then. Knowing as I do, dear Sir, that you will as ever be ready to accede to my request, I now venture to set down as briefly as may be one or two of the features for which I look in the perfect golf club. That any single club at present in existence should be able entirely to satisfy my requirements is perhaps too much to hope; but as to that, Sir, you will the better be enabled to judge when you have read, if you will be so good, the lines that follow:—

(1) There must be no river, stream, pond, artificial lake, open drain, conduit or any other uncovered waterway whatsoever, whether stagnant or no, either upon the course or within a distance of 150 yards (my maximum fluke to date) of its boundaries. Upon this, for reasons both of health and economy, I absolutely insist. Nor can the presence of oxen, horses, sheep—⚒—or other dangerous or noisome pests

be tolerated within the confines of the links. I cannot concentrate with cattle at my back.

(2) The length of the course as a whole is of no concern to me, but the disposition of the holes is in some particulars important. I should prefer, if it were possible, that the eighteenth tee should be readily accessible from any green on the course; but, failing any such ideally restful arrangement, it is essential that facilities be provided for omitting at a single swoop not fewer than six holes from the eighteen—*e.g.*, by nipping across from, say, the ninth to the sixteenth, if possible unobserved. In this way one may start on the first tee, play only the dozen holes (or less) that Nature clearly intended to mark the limits of human endurance, and yet finish without loss of prestige at the eighteenth—in excellent time for tea.

(3) The first tee should not lie directly in front of the club-house, and in no circumstances should any wire waste-paper receptacle be allowed to stand in its immediate vicinity. A drive sliced at right angles from the tee is at no time a desirable occurrence, but to see the ball finish its course by tearing through the wire meshes of one of these abominable contrivances and to have afterwards to search for it among the débris under the eyes of the tea-drinkers on the verandah is an experience that I, for one, have no wish to undergo again. So *no wire waste-paper receptacles*, please.

(4) I like greens that go up and down a good deal. Not for my own sake (I rarely putt), but because I am certain they are beneficial to City men. What but the examination of a really tricky putt can bring a High Court Judge to his knees or lay some stout financier full-length upon the fragrant grass? Often as I have watched hard businessmen surreptitiously plucking daisies or patting the dear green earth with hands grown suddenly tender I have thanked God that here at least they can forget for a while their grey unlovely lives in sweet communion with Nature. However, we must get on.

(5) About bunkers. These should be set *either* in the middle of the fairway to trap slightly under-hit drives, as I can then generally get over them with a short chip for my fifth; *or* in a semi-circle round the back of the green in order to save me the mortification of seriously over-running the green with my final approach. In no case should they guard the green in front as this may lead me to attempt a high mashie-niblick with plenty of back-spin, and secretaries will not stand for it.

(6) Finally, Sir, *do* let there be an ample supply of sand and water in the tee-boxes. I grudge the time spent in searching for wooden tees; nor can I remember, when the search is over, the particular gorse-bush which my repaint was entering when last seen; unless of course I find the ball while still looking for my tee—and that is very vexing. There may be men rich enough to use a new tee every time they drive, but I have never had the good fortune to play round immediately behind one of them. I must therefore insist, Sir, with the utmost deference upon plenty of sand.

Thanking you (as they say) in anticipation, I remain,

Your faithful servant,

H. F. E.



"Don't worry, Miss; I've got me 'ob-nail boots on."

A Fragrant Minute.

"The creatures you envied for so long do not have caviar for dinner and patie de fois gras for lunch. More than likely they don't know how to spell them."—*Canadian Paper.*

"Everything is done in a sheltered house, barn or shed, in fact one can run a 1,000 chickens up to fattening or killing stage in a pair of carpet slippers."—*Sussex Paper.*

So much for the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

A Great Crime Novel.

ADVANCE NOTICE.

I EXPECT to make a great hit with my new detective story. I have been careful to include every feature which has hitherto commended such books to the sleuth-public, besides adding many unique touches. I may as well tell you about it, because I want to show that I am offering good value for money; there really is a plot in my story. As is usual in this class of work, I interest my readers in who did the murder, why and when, but additional excitement will centre in the crowded narrative of big events.

My detective, Clarence, is an intelligent man—this is one of my novelties—so when he comes out of the tobacconists' shop which adjoins the "Hand and Flower" in Guilsham and sees blood oozing from a cask which stands among others on a brewer's lorry his suspicions are slightly aroused. From that point too the reader knows what sort of book he is up against.

Other writers have had murders on the beach, in the air, in the theatre and down a mine. But I think I have found on a brewer's lorry an entirely new site. The brewer's lorry is not yet a corpse-congested area in the detective world. When you come to think of it it is the most conspicuous place imaginable, for the lorry moves through populous streets at just the level of the eye, which is infallibly attracted by beer. There is no covering to hide even a thimble. The alluring noise of barrels being shifted attracts the attention through a second sense. And then there is the smell, which easily defeats petrol as a nose-filler. Thus a brewer's lorry would be recognised even by the Gaming Acts as a "public place."

Judge then of Clarence's surprise when he saw the doings. But (and here I rejoin the main stream of detective fiction) he was not going to spoil a good case at the outset by calling the police. He merely waited till the two deliverymen had descended to the cellar. He then closed the trap-door and stood a full cask on it before proceeding to investigate. In the suspicious cask of course he came upon the dead body of his cousin Gerald, together with a steel paper-knife of curious design, capable of inflicting a lethal wound. Gerald, he knew, had been engaged to a girl named Muriel.

Having satisfied his curiosity, Clarence rolled away the barrel. Hiding behind a lamp-post (he was by no means a stout man) he soon saw the two delivery-men emerge. The taller of these was a stranger to him, but the shorter he at once recognised as Vernon, Muriel's second *fiancé*.

Clarence knew that however unsuccessful the police might be in tracking a private car they could be trusted not to lose sight of a full brewer's lorry. So he settled down to a pleasant morning to be spent in photographing the finger-prints with which the trap-door was covered. This he did by means of the powder, blower, pad, camera and films which he always carried in his pocket. You will notice that my detective, unlike others, is prepared for all emergencies. He is not perpetually borrowing a foot-rule or sending somebody home for a ladder and a magnifying-glass.

The taller villain turned out to be Hot Springs Jake, a distinguished figure in the chewing-gum racket in U.S.A. He had gone down the cellar to bring up another corpse for disposal. Jake was of a cautious nature, and found it necessary nearly every day to bump off somebody whom he suspected of butting in on the London racket which he hoped to establish as a branch of his Chicago business. His method was simple. Every investigator approaching the lorry—amateur detectives are so unoriginal—would profess to be an excise inspector. Since these wear no uniform, impersonation is easy. So when Gerald pulled the same old stuff Jake simply invited him to look inside a barrel. Gerald, assuming the knowing look of an expert, did so. All Jake had to do was to stab him quietly in the back and replace the lid. His was a perfect technique.

Vernon was in the crime business at the instigation of Muriel, who wanted to feel vicariously the emotions of both hunter and hunted. Muriel is another of my novelties. She is by no means the old-fashioned heroine, putting up a weak line of dialogue and getting into scrapes from sheer innocence. No, Muriel is a hard-boiled virgin of the modern school entering detective fiction for the first time.

The plot is a little complicated at this point and demands the reader's full attention, because Vernon, at Jake's instigation, disguised himself as Gerald. The forces of the law were thus rendered powerless to proceed. They could not prove that the corpse was Gerald when a living Gerald came forward to deny it. But the Chief Constable was a stickler for red tape and forced the coroner's jury to deliver a verdict of "Murder of a person unknown by with or from a person or persons unknown." The C.C. rather plumed himself over this. He said he had now something to go upon. Besides, it tidied up the entries in his register.

But the more perspicuous Clarence saw at once that the body itself was a distinct clue, quite apart from the fact that he had seen the mess on the lorry. And of course he had taken possession of the knife, which he soon traced through a Malay seaman, a Houndsditch merchant and a decayed stock-broker to a Birmingham factory of Oriental curios. Clarence was able to do this from the data obtained by running his portable X-ray installation over the knife and the corpse.

To obtain corroboration, Clarence next applied the direct method by openly accusing Muriel of murder. She at once slapped his face, hurting her hand on the spare cartridges he always carried in his cheek. Thereupon he abandoned this unpromising line of investigation and took out his microscope again.

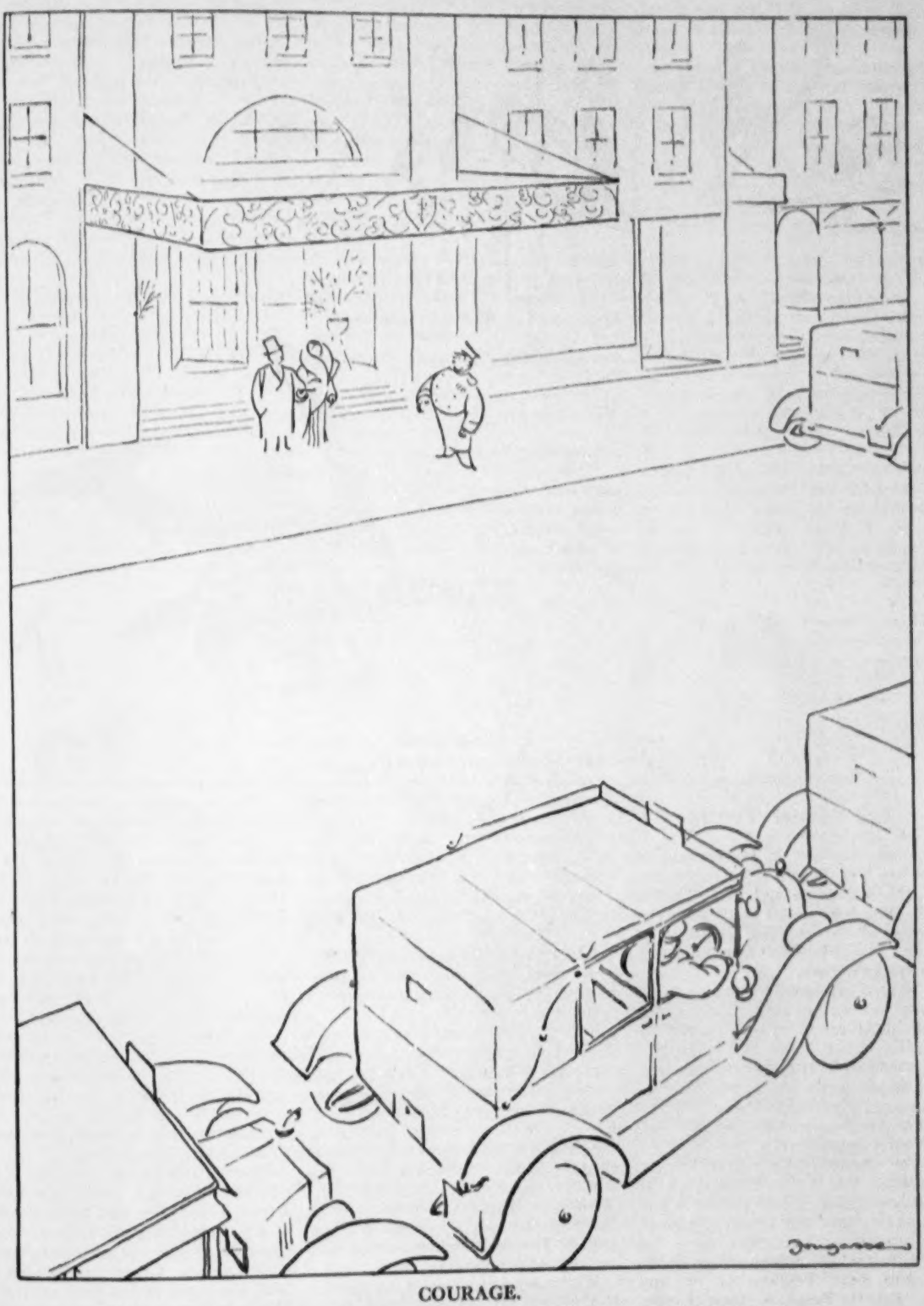
Incidents like this happened thick and heavy until finally a third *fiancé* of Muriel's, a poor fool named Marmaduke, was tried for murder, with Jake, disguised as a K.C., prosecuting. The proceedings were a little irregular from the moment when Jake, unmasked by Clarence, held up the judge with a revolver. Jake might have got away after all had not Clarence, who was seated in the well of the court, plugged him behind the ear with a shot from the catapult which he always carried wound round his waistcoat and then lassoed him with the rope which he invariably stuffed in his tobacco-pouch.

You now know enough of the plot to gain your interest. I do not allure you with a lot of rough stuff. In my story there is no gratuitous hurling from balconies, nor any frightfulness beyond what is legitimately demanded by the exigencies of a juicy murder and a desperate gangster. I am all for moderation and desire to make no appeal to the brute in man beyond what is needed to sell the book.

Look out for this mystery tale. I can't tell you who will publish it, for no publisher has seen it yet. But my agent, to whom I paid three guineas booking-fee and five guineas agency services, told me the publishers would fall over each other to get it. Meanwhile I had better let him have fifteen guineas towards general expenses. It will undoubtedly be a big hit. E. P. W.

"POLICE COMB FOR GIRL KIDNAPPERS." *Provincial Paper.*

They would naturally want to look their best in court.



COURAGE.

"NO, THANKS; WE'LL WALK OVER AND GET ONE FOR OURSELVES."



SKI-SCHULE.

Instructor. "NOW, PLEASSE—THE CLASS IS VAITING!"

The Master Touch.

ON the morrow of her daughter's marriage Mrs. Bulphan put paper, pen and ink before me and said, "Please make yourself useful and write an account of the wedding for the local paper. It will be quite easy for you—you are an author."

I wasted my breath in trying to explain to her that an author is not necessarily an all-rounder; that in fact the creative writer, with his intensively cultivated style and idiosyncratic outlook, is peculiarly unfitted to write an account of anything to the satisfaction of *The Loamingham Herald and East Glebeshire Courier*.

"For example," I went on, "if you persuaded Mr. H. G. WELLS to write up this wedding, his own ideas would almost certainly keep breaking through the formal narrative, like this: 'At St. Ethelfreda's church Miss Sheila Bulphan (only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Bulphan, Oast House, Lesser Broodings) went through all this strange ritual of an English marriage with sacramental gravity. It was a mere indecent advertisement that the bridegroom, Mr. Alfred Withers (second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Withers, The Paddock, Springhalt Hatch), was, or had been, passionately in love with her. . . .'"

"I shouldn't dare to ask Mr. WELLS," replied Mrs. Bulphan, missing my point entirely. "You have almost an hour before the post goes."

Before I could renew my argument she had left me to the task. My line is detective fiction, and for some time out of force of habit I sat working out an account of the wedding in which all the clues were misleading, so that at the climax it would come as a complete surprise to the reader that it was the one woman he had never suspected—Miss Sheila Bulphan (only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Bulphan, Oast House, Lesser Broodings)—who had married Alfred Withers.

Whilst revolving this in my mind I had written my opening almost automatically:—

"It was definitely established that between twenty-two and twenty-four minutes past two of that pleasant summer afternoon Mr. Alfred Withers (second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Withers, The Paddock, Springhalt Hatch), passed through the lychgate of St. Ethelfreda's church in the company of Mr. George Lambie (the best man). There is the testimony of a number of witnesses that his features were twitching nervously and that he seemed to be in a state of considerable agitation. When Alfred Withers stepped out of the brilliant sunshine into the dank and gloomy interior of that ancient pile had he already some premonition that he would never leave that building a single man?"

Reading this over as if I were in the editorial chair of *The Loamingham Herald* I could see that as an account of a local wedding my attempt would never do. There was something wrong with the style. I therefore ferreted out from the paper-rack a back number of *The Loamingham Herald* to study form, as it were, and I soon realised that what

was wanted was a resounding round-about manner to give vivacity to the monotonous records of local happenings. By good fortune I spotted an account of a past wedding which would serve me admirably as a model.

Cribbing boldly I made rapid progress with my account, and I was already putting in the final flourish (borrowed), "The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome presents," when Mrs. Bulphan returned to put in the technical details of the dresses in good women's-corner English.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you've left out the organist."

"Is it necessary——?"

"Yes," she cut in. "Please put him in — Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O. And please hurry."

My heart sank, for in the crib there was nothing about an organist, and I was therefore thrown back on my own invention to find a circumlocution acceptable to *The Loamingham Herald* to express the fact that Mr. Haydn-Jones had played the organ. How about, "At the organ Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O., rendered appropriate music"? No; I had already used "rendered" for the choirboys' singing. And I didn't like the word "appropriate"; it was not a cause for comment that an organist—especially an F.R.C.O.—should play appropriate music at a wedding. "Appropriate" here seemed to imply subtly that Mr. Haydn-Jones for once hadn't burst into something altogether out of keeping, like "Poor Old Joe."

At this point I got rattled because a maid came in to try to get the account for the last post in the village. I redoubled my efforts to find a good variant, and at last I thought I had one: "Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O., rattled the dominoes." This, however, I reluctantly rejected as falling short of the dignity of my subject-matter.

"Oh, *do* make haste," groaned Mrs. Bulphan; "we shall lose the post."

I cannot give of my best when I am hustled. I abandoned the quest, and to say that Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O., played the organ I was reduced to saying, "Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O., played the organ."

* * * * *

In the next issue of *The Loamingham Herald and East Glebeshire Courier* my account appeared in full. My little lapse had not escaped the editor, and I could not but admire his dexterous amendment: "Mr. Joachim Haydn-Jones, F.R.C.O., presided at the organ."

Food Unfit for Heroines.

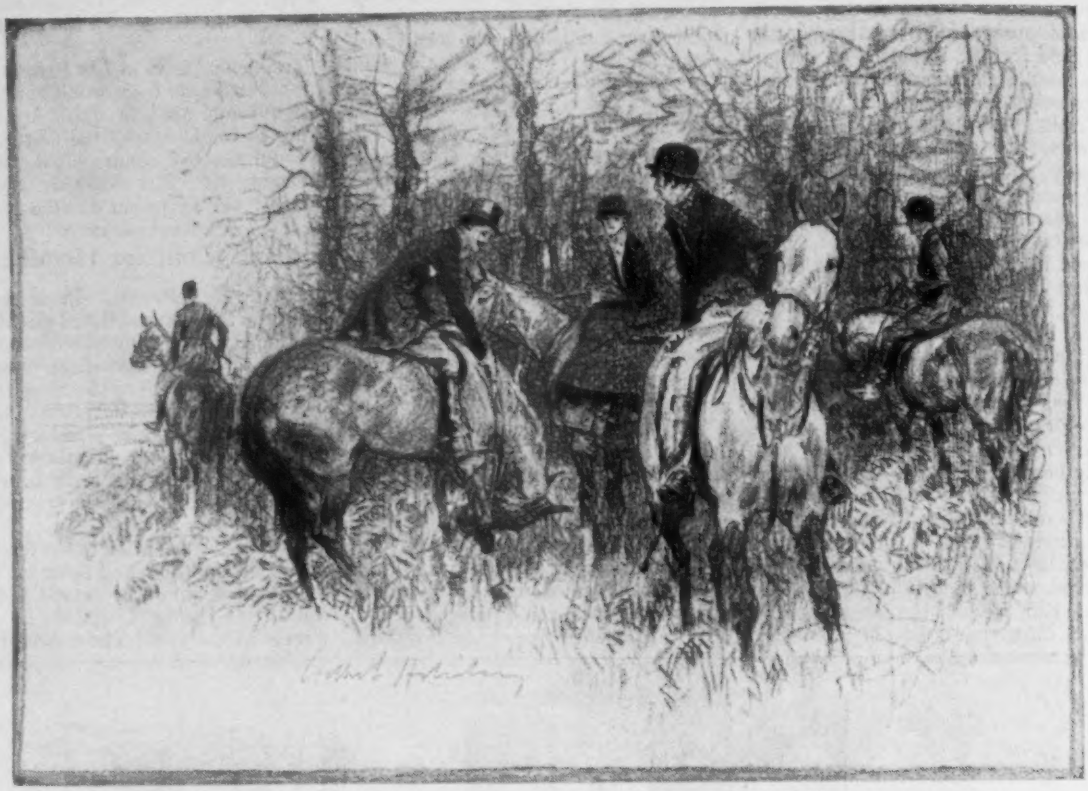
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In a recent article which you published on "Food Fit for Heroes" your contributor expresses a purely masculine point of view and complains of the meagre fare provided by modern novelists for their heroes (and therefore, vicariously, for their readers). He even goes so far as to threaten to write a story in which delectable meals will be consumed daily.

May I draw attention to the feminist side of the question, and point out that such a book would not stand a dog's chance of being included in any woman's library list? The standard diet



THE HENRY VIII. EPIDEMIC.

THE TUDOR TYPE COMES INTO ITS OWN.



"WHY DOES THAT MARE OF YOURS CARRY HER HEAD BETWEEN HER LEGS LIKE THAT?"
"WELL, SHE HATES PUBLICITY, AND YOU 'RE RATHER LIKE THAT PRESS ARTIST WHO WAS OUT THE OTHER DAY."

for a woman to-day (unless she is slimming) is as follows:—

Breakfast. Juice of half an orange.
Lunch. Glass of water.
Dinner. Small cup of black coffee. Cigarette.

The fashion for scanties and S.W. fittings keeps us perpetually ravenous, so that the sight or smell of food drives us frantic. Why should we be further tortured by descriptions of heroes wolfing enormous and toothsome repasts? A heroine too should be kept in her place and not allowed to bulge out of it through running amok on sausages and bacon.

The primary reason why DICKENS is now neglected by women-readers is that his novels are steeped in alcohol and stuffed with food. At any moment we may be confronted with a gargantuan feast like the one *chez Todgers:*—

"There were soup, fish and fowls. Besides these there were boiled beef, roast veal, bacon pies and an abundance of heavy vegetables. Besides which there were bottles of stout, bottles of wine, bottles of ale and divers other strong drinks, native and foreign. The dessert was splendid. No waiting either. The pudding-plates had been washed in a little tub outside the door while cheese was on, and though moist and warm with friction—still there they were again—up to the mark and true to time. Quarts of almonds; dozens of oranges; pounds of raisins; stacks of biffins; soup-plates full of nuts. Oh, Todgers could do it when it chose! Mind that."

One dinner like this would work sheer havoc in a modern heroine's figure. Imagine too the agony of a famished woman on reading it or on coming upon *Mrs. Gamp* when she says, "P'r'aps somebody would like to try a new-laid egg or two, not biled too hard? Likewise a few rounds of buttered toast, first cutting off the crust in consequence of tender teeth?"

A *few* rounds, mark you, when the thought of even half an oozy round is maddening.

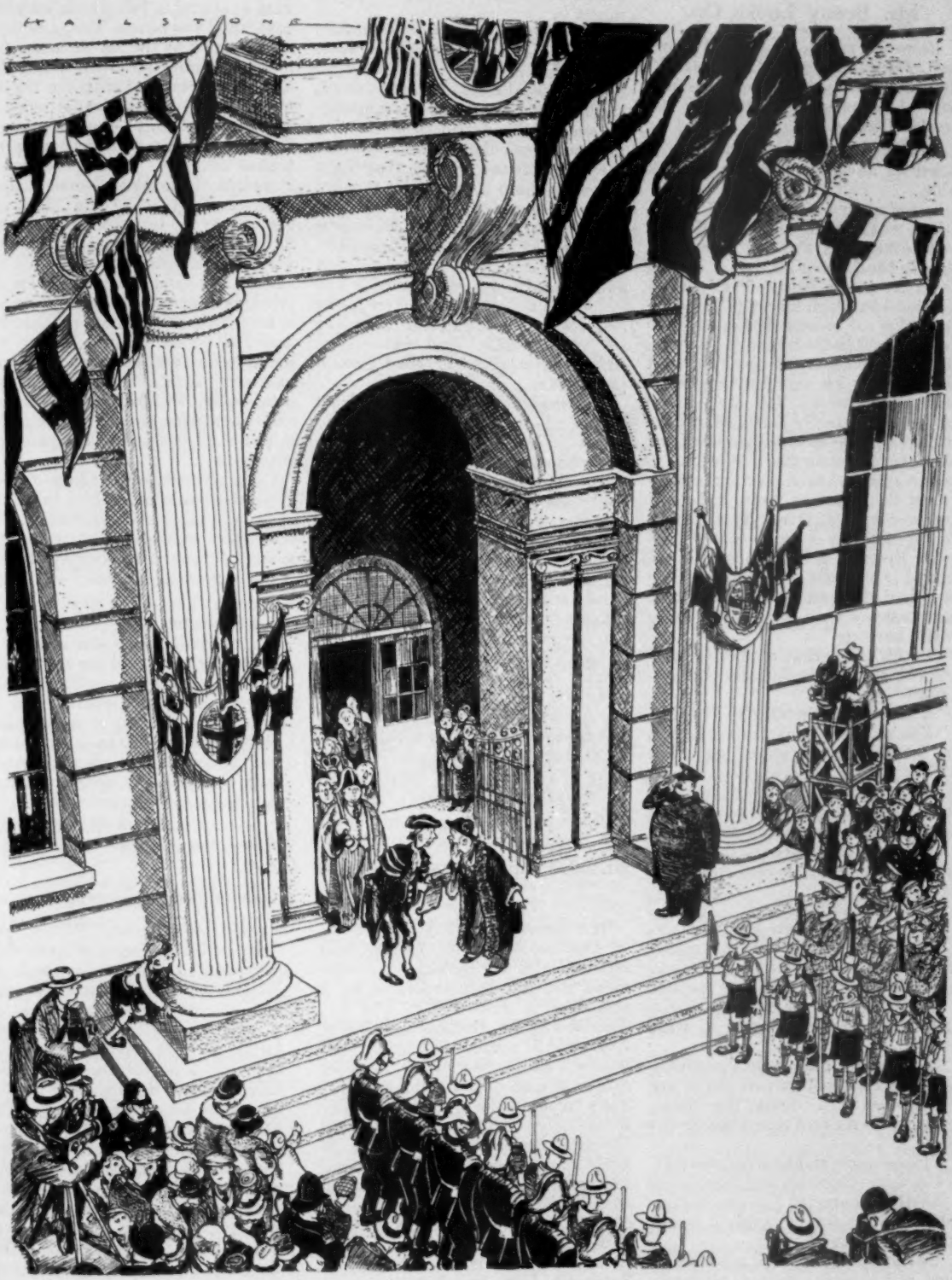
Pride vanishes and pangs of envy mingle with those of starvation as one longs to join *Mrs. Quilp's* lady-friends in their "powerful assault upon a mixed tea; new bread, fresh butter, shrimps and water-cresses." And the tea prepared by *Mrs. Snagsby* for *Mr.* and *Mrs. Chadband* is so high that the under-nourished woman-reader turns giddy and faint in contemplating it:—

"The best tea-service is here set forth and there is excellent provision made of dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, tongue and German sausage, and delicate rows of anchovies nestling in parsley; not to mention new-laid eggs to be brought up warm in a napkin, and hot buttered toast."

I submit that this, and particularly the repeated references to lashings of butter, is more than human nature should be called upon to bear. It is unthinkable that any character inside the pages of a book should be permitted to riot through a *Snagsby* tea while a heroine outside them could only look on.

I trust, dear Mr. Punch, that with your customary chivalry you will suppress any further suggestions that a man should be allowed to read himself into a coma of repletion and a woman into a frenzy of hunger through the tactlessness of novelists.

I am, Your obedient servant,
LENA DRINKWATER.



"... AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T CALL ME ALF!"

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

Brian is Presented with an Apologue and Thinks Very Little of It—He Recounts a Belgravian Night's Adventure—A Promising Recruit for the London Theatre.

THE last time my nephew Brian called for advice I recited to him this fable.

"Once upon a time, Brian," I said, "there was a young man of parts who, while others did the first thing that came to hand, spent his time in looking round for insufficiently developed industries into which he could throw the weight of his remarkable intelligence and zeal, and in the course of his investigations he realised that no viticulturist was devoting his energies to growing champagne strictly for use in the christening of newly-launched vessels. Although plenty of champagne existed admirably fitted for this purpose, there was no specific brand on the market.

"By the time the young man had borrowed enough money to acquire a plot of land on a rocky plateau between Epernay and Rheims and had planted his vines, the ship-building trade had slumped to such an extent that steamers were lying up in every British harbour."

"If you think that applies to me," said Brian, "you're fantastically mistaken."

"It amused me to write it," I said.

"You're lucky," said Brian. "And now let me tell you something. You will be pleased to hear that I have made my début as a professional man. I won't say as a wage-earner, because there was no money in it; but it proves that I can not only rise to an emergency but am far more versatile than I thought."

He glanced at the mirror.

"It happened last evening," he continued. "I went alone to a play which many of the leading critics had found intensely funny but which to me was so depressing that at the end of the First Act I left and started to walk home.

"In Chesham Place a door suddenly opened and a small excited girl in her best clothes ran down the steps, rushed up to me and seized me by the arm.

"'Please come and help us,' she said. 'We're doing charades and there must be another character for the doctor, and if he was a total stranger it would be much more fun.'

"Naturally, having read my share of crime and mystery stories, all kinds of suspicions passed through my mind, but, having also read *The New Arabian Nights*, I allowed myself to be drawn in.

"The little girl was frightfully pitched into by some of the older people, but after they had looked me over and decided that I wasn't a crook, and when the child, who was a masterful creature, had told them how my presence as an unknown quantity would keep the audience guessing, they threw themselves into it and I was thanked for being so amenable.

"So I had a false beard hooked over my ears, and motor-goggles and somebody's fur-coat, and I was told that all I had to do was to be called in and feel one of the other performers' pulse and look at his tongue and make him say 'Ninety-nine,' and behave, in short, like a perfectly good general practitioner.

"Naturally I got through it all right; but the joke was that the audience, who began by being puzzled, after a little while became frightened. I could see them through the goggles looking really scared and asking each other who it could be."

"Not a bad start for a story," I said. "The stranger, a man of compelling personality, remains to supper, becomes friendly with the family and changes everybody's life. Did they ask you to supper?"

"As it happens, they didn't," said Brian. "But I was offered a drink. I shouldn't have stayed, anyway, because I wanted to remain a problem. But the interesting thing is that I now know that I could, at a pinch—mind, I say at a pinch—go on the stage. In DU MAURIER parts, I think; at any rate to begin with."

E. V. L.

British Lecturers and American Agents.

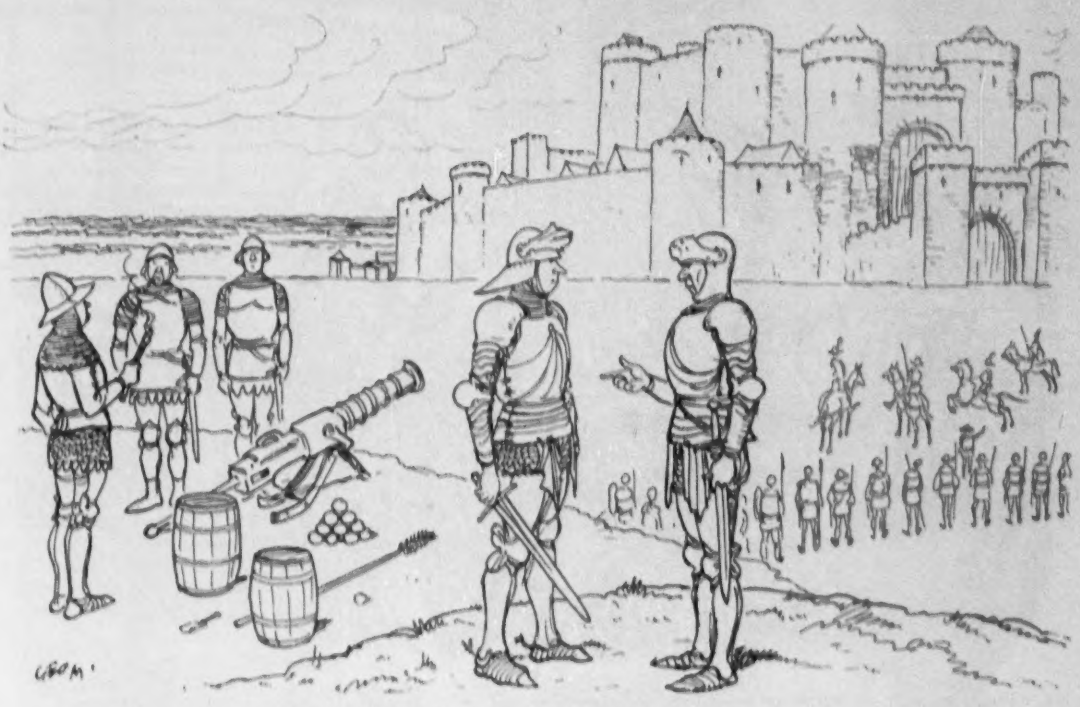
THE intensely patriotic community of Duchesstown, Sask., Canada, was seething with excitement. Arrangements had just been concluded for a visit from a great British celebrity, described by the Duchesstown *Times-Express* as a "symbol of Empire," who was on a lecture-tour of the American continent, mainly in the United States, but with occasional forays into Canada when his route lay near the border. Elaborate preparations were hastily made for an imposing civic reception. The visitor was to be met at the station by the local chapter (or possibly volume) of the Vestal Virgins of the Empire, clad in their symbolical white garments. Reinforced by a large contingent of Rotarians, Lions and Kiwanians and the fire-brigade, they were to form a guard of honour. The Loyal and Independent Order of Ancient Antelopes were to attend in full regalia with their brass band and pipers. The guest would be welcomed by the Mayor in his chain of office, conducted to the Town Hall, and there presented with the freedom of the city. His Worship—aided by his wife and family—was busy searching in *Shakespeare* for some appropriate topical allusions. In the evening the President of the Agricultural Institute (disrespectfully called the "Cow College") was to introduce the eminent visitor at a gathering of citizens who would listen to his lecture. Competition among the local clubwomen for the privilege of entertaining the guest was so fierce that this delicate problem had finally to be settled by a lottery, and the fortunate winners were being rung up several times a day by their friends with requests for invitations. Some life-long friendships had been completely shipwrecked during these preliminary negotiations.

We have been able to glance at some of the correspondence which led to this upheaval in Duchesstown society. The first letter was sent directly to the lecturer by one of the cultural leaders of Duchesstown. It read:—

> DEAR SIR,—This city would be much honoured if you could pay them a visit when you are in the neighbourhood. We are very proud of our connection with the Old Country and would like to have the privilege of listening to so eminent a representative. We are a small community and cannot afford to pay a large fee, but you would certainly receive an enthusiastic welcome.
>
> Sincerely yours, X.

After a few days the following reply arrived.

> GUGGENHEIMER PUBLICITY AGENCY.
>
> Tel. Adr.: *Snappy.* *New York.*
>
> DEAR SIR,—Yours of even date addressed to our Mr. —— to hand. We handle all this lecturer's business and all correspondence should be mailed to us direct. Please refer in future to Y 34. Would be glad to despatch Y 34 for the sum of 500 (five hundred) dollars, *to be paid in advance in Canadian currency.* This may seem high, but Y 34 has great publicity value. He is front-page stuff and is going over big, and so we have to fix our compensation in accordance. We could do you other lecturers, British or American, from $75 up; the Britishers are rather more expensive because of the cost of transportation. Mr. CHESTERTON (G. 19) has to be charged for in bulk and we cannot supply Mr. BERNARD



"MIND YOU, CAPTAIN, I'M ALL FOR PROGRESS. BUT *do* YOU CONSIDER THIS PLAYING THE GAME?"

SHAW as he is his own publicity agent. Why not let us send you our catalog—an invaluable guide for all culture fans—and our special wholesale rate for all our celebrities? We hope to soon add to our list GRETA GARBO and the Gloomy Dean. Of course these will have to be charged at a special rate because they have very unique publicity value.

Awaiting your esteemed favor,
THE GUGGENHEIMER AGENCY.

Mr. X. of Duchesstown replied as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—We shall make every effort to raise the fee for Y 34, and can assure him of a hearty welcome. I enclose details of the programme we are preparing for his reception.

Telegram from the Guggenheimer Agency:—

O.K. Y 34 shipped immediately $500 arrives. Am sending contract for your signature.

The contract was duly signed and all seemed to be going well. On the eventful morning Duchesstown awoke with a feeling that this was to be an epoch-making day in the town's history. There was an eruption of flags along the main streets, and the schoolchildren, who had naturally been given a holiday in honour of the great occasion, organized miniature parades in imitation of the municipal procession whose rehearsals they had been watching for several days. At two o'clock the assembly gathered in the Market Square and marched solemnly to the station. The curve of excitement gradually rose as the hour approached for the arrival of Y 34. By three o'clock the greater part of the town was assembled to meet the train. The massed guard of honour was drawn up on the platform; the bands were playing; the Lions were roaring; the Rotarians were rotating; the Vestal Virgins were looking supremely virginal; and the fire-brigade with their newly-polished helmets and axes added a sterner and more virile touch. As the crucial moment approached the tension became almost too painful. Infants screamed and giggled, and the oldest inhabitant of the town, who had been dug out for the great day, had to be forcibly restrained from addressing the multitude. And then, at the most intense instant, a small boy was seen approaching the Mayor with a telegram in his hand. It was from the British celebrity, and ran:—

"Regret cannot arrive until half-an-hour before the lecture. Must depart for New York immediately afterwards. All social engagements barred by my contract with the Guggenheimer Agency. No flowers by request."

Trembling with emotion the Mayor climbed on to a luggage-truck and read the fatal announcement—the heaviest blow that Duchesstown had suffered in its entire history. There were groans from the assembled multitude, followed by a still more eloquent silence—the Lions ceased from roaring and the Rotarians were at rest. Three of the Vestal Virgins swooned and had to be carried out and revived by six husky firemen. Thus in an instant the patriotic fervour and social ambitions of Duchesstown crashed completely. There was a grain of comfort for the Mayor as he was released from his literary researches—his real line being undertaking, he was getting distinctly out of his depth. But the rest of Duchesstown was left in a state of deepest gloom, rather like a Sunday-school whose picnic has been cancelled because of the rain. So if there is any British celebrity who is an aspirant for the freedom of a Canadian city and a civic reception, please let him apply to the Convenor of the Hospitality Committee, Community Centre, Duchesstown, Sask.—but directly and *not* through an American agency.



"Well, dear, I wouldn't be seen dead in a 'alo 'at meself—but there, I'm not a slave to fashion."

Picture Postcards.

This is the time when my rich relations who have gone abroad are obsessed by a hideous desire to send me picture postcards which cause me acute exasperation.

I got one this morning from Aunt Julia from Florence. It had a view of the river Arno, and I read it with resignation:—

"Arrived here last week. Am having lovely weather and a most enjoyable time. Am going for a long motor-drive this afternoon. I hear you are having terrible weather in London."

Of course that is just what one would expect to read on a picture postcard from an Aunt Julia; but I got one yesterday that made me feel very sad. It was from a very brilliant friend, an author, whose books are full of a rare and delicate and most wistful quality. His witty sayings are quoted everywhere and he radiates a sort of elusive charm. But when he sits down to write on a picture postcard a something—a dreadful something seems to creep into his style; his wit and charm evaporate, and the most complete nitwit might have written the words that gave me such a pain. This picture postcard came from Mentone and was decorated with a view of his hotel. He had marked his bedroom with an X:—

"Am staying here for a fortnight. The weather is glorious. Am basking in the sun and having a very delightful time. I hear you are having wretched weather in London."

Now from poor Cousin George, who is notoriously lacking in brains and charm, one expects very little, and one is not disappointed.

His last picture postcard came from Monte Carlo. It had a deplorable view of his large white hotel, with palms in the foreground and a brassy blue sea and sky, and Cousin George had written:—

"Cheerio! Just arrived here. Topping weather. Having a hectic time. Everything lovely. I hear you are having foul weather in London."

As I gaze with loathing at my rapidly mounting pile of cards I toy with the idea of suddenly going raving mad, of leaping wildly in the air, brandishing all my picture postcards and insisting on my friends reading them while I scream with excitement: "Oh, *do* look at all those lovely cards! Just think of all my relations basking in the sun and having marvellous weather and staying in these large white hotels! Look! they put an X at their bedrooms so that I shall know just which window is theirs; and they have a balcony all to themselves. What delirious excitement to bask in the sun in wonderful weather, having an enjoyable time looking down from their balconies at the palms and the sea, and marking their bedrooms with an X!"

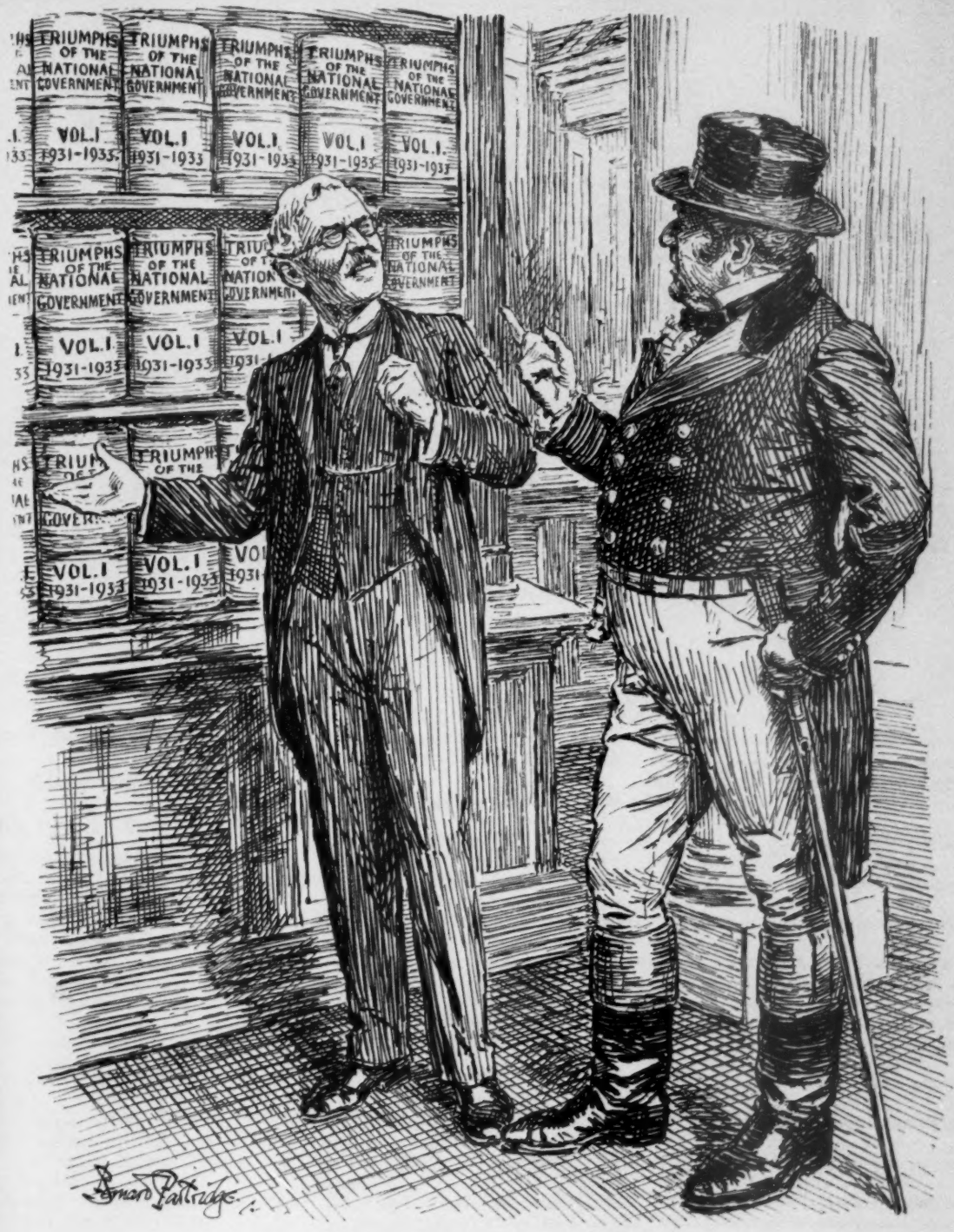
But on second thoughts I shall refrain from madness and shall remain quite sane. There is a far, far better thing I can do. I shall buy a few dozen picture posteards with views of Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, etc., and I shall send them to all my relations abroad, and on every one of them I shall write these words:—

"Having a most glorious time. London is *so* gay at present; such a rush of dances, theatres, luncheon-parties, etc. Living in a perfect whirl of enjoyment. Feel very sorry for you poor exiles cut off from it all. Must try to give you a good time when you return."

That should learn them.

"The Viceroy and Lady Willingdon, who left Madras in a cyclone, left Calcutta for Delhi this afternoon in an earthquake."
Daily Paper.

We shall continue, in our humble way, to travel by car.



WHAT ENGLAND WANTS.

MR. MACDONALD. "OF COURSE YOU 'VE READ OUR BEST-SELLER, SIR?"

JOHN BULL. "YES; AND, IF I MAY SAY SO, WITH THE KEENEST APPRECIATION AND GRATITUDE; BUT WHAT WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR NOW IS THE PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME."



Snob. "I SAY, WASN'T THAT LORD WOPPITT? I HAD NO IDEA YOU KNEW HIM."
Super-Snob. "WELL, NOT INTIMATELY. HIS LORDSHIP'S CAR RECENTLY RAN ME DOWN."

Misleading Cases.

THE "DEAD" PRONUNCIATION.

EXTRAORDINARY confusion prevailed this morning in the Lord Chief Justice's Court when Mr. Ambrose Wick applied for a writ of *certiorari* to issue to the Petty Sessional Bench of Chimney Magna.

Mr. Wick, a young advocate appearing in the High Court for the first time, said:—

"My Lord, in these proceedings I ask for a rule neessee of kairtiorahree——"

The Lord Chief Justice. I beg your pardon?

Mr. Wick. Kairtiorahree. I am going to submit, my Lord, that an order of the Chimney Magna Justices was ooltrah weerayze——

The Court. I hope you will do nothing of the sort, Mr. Wick. What is all this about?

Mr. Wick. My Lord, under the Emergency Drainage Act, 1923, the magistrates have power to make an order pro hahk weekay as between the beneficial owner of any sewer, culvert or conndewit, and the day yooray tenant of the storm-water channel for the assessment, my Lord, pahree pahssoo——

The Court. Are you a Welshman, Mr. Wick?

Mr. Wick. No, my Lord.

The Court. Then why do you not make yourself more plain? What do you mean by "ooltrah weerayze" and "day yooray"? Are they patent medicines or foreign potentates? So far the Court has no idea to what your application is directed.

Mr. Wick. My Lord, ooltrah weerayze—"beyond the powers"——

The Court. Can it be that you have in mind the Latin expression *ultra vires*?

Mr. Wick. No, my Lord; I never heard that expression before. My Lord, in my submission the order of the magistrates was ooltrah weerayze——

The Court. Stop! Listen, Mr. Wick. The two groups of sounds last formed by you have no meaning for me, and I order you not to make use of them again. Proceed, please.

Mr. Wick. If your Lordship pleases.

Continuing, the young advocate outlined the facts which had led up to the magistrates' order: "Mr. Pottle, the day yooray tenant of the storm-water channel was preemah fakiay the beneficial——"

The Court. Do you mean "*prima facie*," Mr. Wick?

Mr. Wick. No, my Lord—preemah fakiay.

The Court (*after a moment's hesitation*). Go on.

Mr. Wick. And, my Lord, as the preemah fakiay beneficial owner he claimed by prescription the yooss waynahndee et piscahndee over the upper waters of the Float River, which issued through the conndewit——

The Court. Nullum tempus occurrit regi, Mr. Wick.

Mr. Wick. I beg your Lordship's pardon?

The Court. Nullum tempus occurrit regi.

Mr. Wick. With great respect, my Lord, I don't quite understand.

The Court. Oh, my sacred aunt! Would you understand if I said: "Noolloom tempooss okkooreet raygee"?

Mr. Wick (*with a happy smile*). Perfectly, my Lord—perfectly. I am very grateful to your Lordship. My Lord, I was coming to that point. But,

my Lord, Mr. Pottle, summoned before the magistrates upon soob poynah——

The Court. Soob *what*?

Mr. Wick. Soob poynah, my Lord.

The Court. Do you mean that he was *sub-pœnaed*?

Mr. Wick. No, my Lord.

The Court. Mr. Wick, I am sorry, but this is not to be endured. I should be reluctant to think that you were treating the Court with levity——

Mr. Wick. My *Lord*—indeed, no! Noan possoomooss.

The Court. Do not break into Latin again, Mr. Wick. I take it that you have but recently concluded your education and that this is the first appearance in the King's Courts of what is called, or *was* called, the New Pronunciation of Latin——

Mr. Wick. My Lord, I pronounce the Latin tongue as I was taught at school.

The Lord Chief Justice. Exactly. You are not to be blamed, Mr. Wick. But I am bound to make it clear to you, to the rest of your gallant generation and to the generations that come after that His Majesty's Judges will not permit the speaking of the Latin tongue after that fashion in the King's Courts. I cannot hear you, Mr. Wick, for the very good reason that I cannot understand you. We are using different languages. It might be possible to establish communication between us by the use of an interpreter. I see no necessity for that expensive and protracted process, though I am tempted to compel the attendance of one of your pastors and masters to discharge the office of interpreter and witness the unhappy plight to which they have brought you. It is not for me at my time of life to learn a new language; it is not for the King's Judges to remodel their diction according to the whims of pedagogues or the habits of the Junior Bar. The bitter conclusion is, Mr. Wick, that you must go away and learn to pronounce the Latin tongue correctly, according to the immemorial practice of your profession.

I hope that these observations will be communicated by you to the particular pedagogues responsible for your predicament and by the newspapers to the general world of education. It may have been hoped in the schools that by catching and corrupting a few generations of the young it would be possible to force this lisping, hybrid, artificial baby-talk upon the learned professions. That hope must have been moribund for many years, and it gives me pleasure now to sign its certificate of death.

In the legal profession, above all others, the Latin tongue is a living force, a priceless aid to precision of thought, to verbal economy and practical efficiency. Any knowing businessman who mocks the study of the "dead" languages has only to sit in our Courts for an hour or two to learn how very far from dead the Latin language is; and if he still regards its use as the elegant foible of a number of old fogies I hope that he will try to translate into a few brief business-like words such common phrases as *a priori*, *de jure*, *ultra vires*, *ex parte*, *status quo* and many others. We have taken these words from Rome, as we have taken much of her law, and made them English. I do not believe that the wisest scholars can surely say how JULIUS CÆSAR pronounced his name, and I care nothing if they can. For if I had abundant proof that the Emperor answered to Yooliooss Kayzar I should not be persuaded to say that an act of the Chimney Magna Justices was ooltrah weerayze. It is safe to prophesy that these hateful sounds will never proceed from the lips of an English Judge, however many innocent boys are instructed to make them at school.

The same may be said of all the professions in which the "dead" languages are not merely the toys of pedagogues but the constant tools of practical men. I suffer from lumbago; I grow geraniums; I go to the cinema. And when my doctor diagnoses loombahgo, my gardener cultivates gerahniooms or my cook enjoys herself at the kyneemah I shall begin to think that the pedagogues are making headway.

As for the political world, the numerous Latin words in current political usage are sufficiently mystifying to the man-in-the-tavern without our attempting to make him pronounce them as some good don believes they might have been pronounced by CICERO or HORACE. Even the mocking businessman is not ashamed to draw his dividends at so much *per centum*; but not all the pedants of Arabia will induce him to draw them per kentoom.

It follows, I think, that a system of teaching Latin which runs contrary to the practical use of Latin wherever Latin is practically employed is wrong and ought to be abandoned. This has been said before; but it is time for it to be said by one of His Majesty's Judges. For our profession more than any other employs the naked Latin word as it was written by the Romans; and we alone are in a position to enforce our will upon this matter by guiding the speech of those who practise before us.

Mr. Wick, I am sorry for you. I look forward to seeing you before me again, cured of the horrid habits your professors taught you, and able to take that place in the ranks of your profession which your talents evidently deserve. Meanwhile, through your unhappy person, I issue, in the name of His Majesty's Judges, this edict to the educationists ("What," as Mr. Haddock has so ably said, "a word!"): The filthy New Pronunciation is dead and must be buried.

The Court adjourned. A. P. H.



Fresh-Air Fiend. "LOOK, UNCLE—I PUT THE WINTER CURTAINS UP FOR YOU. I KNOW YOU LIKE TO BE COSY."

Registered at Parnassus.

THIS AGREEMENT is made the 30th day of February 1934 between Percival Brighteye of "Spero" Middle Tooting in the County of London Esquire (hereafter prospectively called "the Poet") of the one part and Eurhythmia the Silver-Footed of no fixed address Spinster (hereinafter called "the Muse") of the other part

WHEREAS the Poet is desirous of amassing a competence by the practice

of poesy and of occupying an illustrious place in English letters and of handing down an honoured name for the admiration of posterity so far as the same may be reasonably possible of accomplishment but not further or otherwise

AND WHEREAS the Muse has agreed to assist the Poet by and with advice instruction and inspiration to the end that he may attain the aforesaid objects or some or any of them subject to the provisos and condition hereinafter contained

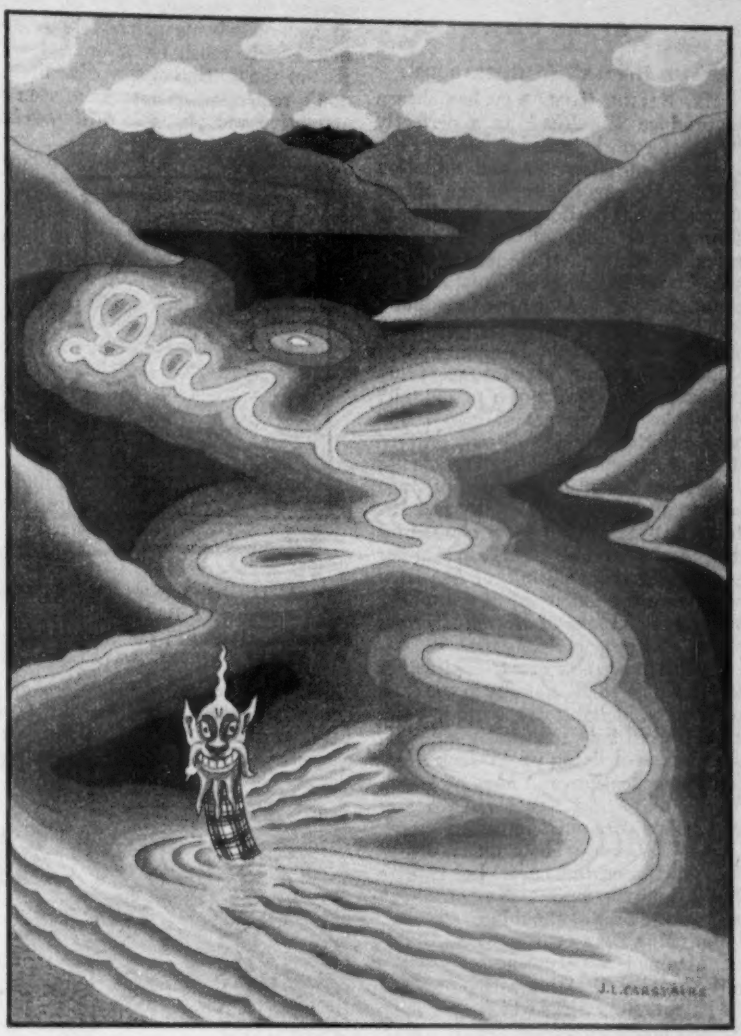
NOW IT IS HEREBY AGREED as follows:

1. The Poet shall employ the Muse and the Muse shall serve the Poet diligently and faithfully during the lifetime of the Poet or until this Agreement shall be determined as hereinafter provided.

2. The Muse shall attend daily on week-days at the address of the Poet as aforesaid between the hours of ten in the forenoon and one in the afternoon and on Monday Wednesday and Friday in each week between the hours of eight and ten in the evening.

3. The Muse shall be allowed two calendar months' holiday in each year and such other holidays as she may from time to time require for the refreshment of her spirit formal notice of weariness weakness or failure of the said spirit to be given to the Poet at least one week in advance. In the event of the continued indisposition of the Muse for longer than six consecutive weeks she shall cause to be sent to the Poet a certificate signed by the appropriate medical authority stating the causes and nature of her indisposition and its probable or expected course and duration. The Muse shall ascend twice weekly at least during her holidays (unless good reason exist to the contrary) to the pure levels of the upper air at a height of not less than ten thousand feet above mean sea-level.

4. The Muse carrying out her duties as aforesaid punctually and regularly shall receive by way of remuneration for her services a sum equivalent to ten per centum of the Poet's gross receipts from literary sources no deduction being made from such gross receipts on account of pens ink stationery typewriting-ribbons postage-stamps paper-fasteners or any other incidental expense. Such remuneration shall be payable on the last day of December in each year but the Muse may at her option elect to receive and be paid on any such day the sum of One Pound sterling in lieu of and in satisfaction for the annual payment aforesaid. The Poet will also supply to the Muse on demand a signed statement to the effect that he owes to her devoted co-operation his present standing (if any) among English poets.



THE LOCH NESS MONSTER OBLIGINGLY TRIES OUT A NEW ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5. The Poet shall assiduously and industriously apply himself to poetic composition at the times specified in Clause 2 hereof and will at all times sympathetically assist the Muse to express herself and explain her mental processes all confusion or obscurity therein notwithstanding. He will further take all such steps as may be reasonably possible to achieve poetic fame and repute and will in particular cultivate the society of critics reviewers and other such persons and minister as well to their appetite for bodily refreshment as to their appreciation of the brilliant perspicacity of their judgments dicta and the like.

6. This Agreement may be determined at any time upon one month's notice in writing and shall determine forthwith upon the Poet being compelled to accept parish or other relief from the local rates or to adopt the subsidiary profession or calling of street singer pavement artist or kerbstone vendor but without prejudice to the right reserved to the Muse under Clause 4 hereof to demand and receive a signed statement as therein provided.

7. Lastly if any dispute shall arise between the parties hereto touching the interpretation of this Agreement or otherwise it shall be submitted to arbitration by the Lord Apollo if he shall be available and willing to act subject to the provisions of the Arbitration Act 1889.

AS WITNESS the hands of the parties.

At the Play.

"THE RIVALS" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY has chosen to produce *The Rivals* in a perfectly straightforward mood, letting the humours of character and situation make their effect without the aid of elaborate stylisation. Mr. PHILIP GOUGH has followed suit with his graceful undistracting backgrounds, like the backgrounds of ROWLANDSON aquatints, and honest period costumes which the players contrive to wear like clothes. The method justifies itself abundantly and enables us to recapture the excellent flavour of a perpetually fresh joke. There are of course dull patches. Nothing, I think, can prevent the neurasthenic *Faulkland* and his flat *Julia* from being the prize pair of stage bores, and Miss JOYCE CAREY and Mr. JOHN LAURIE are not to be blamed for this. And I don't suppose I am singular in thinking that the author has tried to squeeze too much out of the fundamentally good joke of *Mrs. Malaprop's* vagaries of speech.

Lady TREE, who seems to capture her period better than anybody in the cast, gives us a delightfully stupid, vain, snobbish old lady manifestly enjoying the process of living up to *Jack Absolute's* specification of "harridan" and "old weather-beaten she-dragon." Miss LESLEY WAREING had all the prettiness but not, I think, the experience necessary for the part of the minx *Lydia*. Miss DIANA CHURCHILL attained a naturalness in the hurried flirtation with the gallant *Sir Lucius* which she had failed to give to her earlier scenes.

I don't hope to see a better *Sir Anthony* than Mr. HOLLOWAY'S, played with vigour and a rich appreciation of the humour but without any overstressing of the violences of the intemperate old tyrant. Mr. FRANK CELLIER, working out with his accustomed cleverness a hundred artful ways of getting over the hearty blundering friendliness and rustic inexperience of *Bob Acres*, made a notable contribution. But I am not sure that the quiet, smooth and admirably-controlled interpretation of the fire-eating Irish baronet was not the best single performance. Mr. PAUL FARRELL, refusing to exploit the element of caricature, concentrated on making the character into an actual living human being with an Irish gentleman's jolly relish for a quarrel as a part of the routine of the polite life. I don't remember ever to have seen so attractive and plausible a *Sir Lucius*.



SIR ANTHONY TAKES THE CHAIR AT BATH.

Sir Anthony Absolute . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.

It is easy to make *Jack Absolute* a nonentity, and I feared for Mr. JACK LIVESEY at first. But I was wrong. He played quietly for his opening, and took it well when it came, and was particularly good in *Jack's* discreet baiting of his touch-and-go parent when professing his obedience and submission. The *David* of Mr. RANDLE AYRTON was one of the conscientious if rather heavily underlined studies of that experienced and capable actor. I doubt if Mr. SHERIDAN would have seen humour in the twisting of *Sir Lucius's* surname to "*O'Tiger*," though to be sure this (to me) depressing variant may well have been not of the actor's devising. A sly sleek portrait of *Captain Absolute's* "gentleman" by Mr. HENRY HEWITT is to be commended.

A thoroughly honest, enjoyable and, what is more, revealing revival. T.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BELIEVER IN DISARMAMENT.

Bob Acres . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger . . . . . MR. PAUL FARRELL.

"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN" (WESTMINSTER)

. . . work hard for their living, in case you've forgotten.

According to the programme, this comedy has been "revised for England" by Mr. CECIL MADDEN; and not having read Mr. MAXWELL ANDERSON'S original I cannot say whether "translated from the American" would not be a truer phrase. But in any case I should have thought that such a slight recital of domestic discords would have gained additional interest from unfamiliar surroundings and another idiom—interest which at present, to tell the truth, is rather lacking.

It was all *Sister Florrie's* fault. From long and studious absorption of the *Home Page* and its daily hints she had at her finger-ends—and not only her finger-ends—the whole technique of snaring the male. Too early, while still uncertain of her powers, she had tried them out on dull decent *George* and had scored an immediate and permanent success, which cramped her style as it blossomed and matured; and so she now turned her expert eye to the future of her little sister, *Joy*.

This, if the silly woman had only seen it, was not really in the slightest doubt, for, although *Joy* out of a kind heart permitted her boss (she was a typist) to make amorous proposals across the dinner-table, she was quite able in an innocent way to look after herself, and far too pretty to have to wait long for the right man. But what is nature beside art? asked the very cold-arted *Florrie*. So the powerful batteries of the *Home Page* were unmasked, and the target happened to be a youth named *Robin O'Neill*, whom *Joy* thought she loved, and who was keen on *Joy* but slightly keener on a promised job in China.

In the First Act, which is not unamusing, *Florrie* outlined on a pad a plan of conversational campaign on these lines: "You're the only person I can really talk to. I don't know what I'll do when you go away," and then saw to it that *Joy* and *Robin* were left alone. To *Joy's* shame and surprise it all worked out as *Florrie* had predicted, *Robin* putting China behind him and taking *Joy* in his arms.

Marriage. A triumph for the *Home Page*, but only a temporary one. For by Act Two, five months later, considerable rifts were evident in the *O'Neills'* lute. In brief, they fought, with very little sunshine between the storms; the simple truth being that they were not very good at being pent in a small cage on four pounds a week; especially as *Robin* gambled. What about a baby? asked *Florrie* in her somewhat cynical way—that'll tie him down. But when in desperation *Joy* made the suggestion *Robin* suspected its source and at that the poor lute fell to bits. *Joy* walked out by the front-door and *Robin* walked out by the fire-escape—a funny thing he often did.

In the Third Act *Joy* had returned to the typewriter and occasionally to the dinner-table of the amorous employer, and was living in a single bed-sitter in Bloomsbury. Here, pretty miserable, she was visited first by her father, an amiable old gentleman obsessed by unlikely regrets that his daughters had never, as he once had, enjoyed a true bachelor licence; and, secondly, by a distracted *Robin* anxious to make it up. Just as this seemed possible the usual row occurred and *Robin* slammed out; but shortly after, as *Joy* lay weeping on her bed, he again indulged his peculiar passion for fire-escapes and came through the window, to clasp her in his arms for the purposes of an unconvincing curtain.

There is wit in the First Act, for Miss JOYCE BARBOUR makes a very good thing of *Florrie* and her schemes; there is less in the Second and still less in the Third. The play, in truth, is below Mr. ANMER HALL'S customary high standard at the Westminster. But to this one must immediately add that Miss DOROTHY HYSON as *Joy* made it well worth a visit. Already this young actress is good and she shows promise of being better. There is always room in the upper branches of the theatrical tree for beauty plus an ability to do more than the common recital of a part; and Miss HYSON has both of these gifts. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON'S *Robin* was a sound piece of work; and Mr. GOOD'S settings struck me as clever and humorous.

And now for the great mystery. *Who was the man in boots who, on the first night, lay under the bed, partly concealed by the counterpane, throughout the Third Act?* He had no possible part in the play if we rule him out as symbolic of the irregularities hinted at by the old father. Was he a trapped scene-shifter, or the fruit of some fantastic wager? Whoever he was he had my profound sympathy, for he was clearly in agonies of cramp. ERIC.



SATURDAY SISTERS.

Joy . . . . . MISS DOROTHY HYSON.
Florrie Sands . . MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.

A London baby has been christened GENEVA. Its parents are fondly hoping for peace.

★ ★ ★

According to a writer, standing on one foot is good for the health. It all depends on the size of the man whose foot you stand on.

★ ★ ★

"The young man of to-day believes in the will to succeed," says a critic. Especially if he has a rich relation not feeling very fit.

★ ★ ★

"Many articles of food should be washed before they are eaten," says a scientist. Nervous people should subsist entirely on bathed buns.

Fallow Deer.

TO-DAY in a sporting print I read
Of a herd of deer for sale;
But since I have only a potting-shed
And a patch where I grow my kale,
A hundred-and-forty deer would be
Embarrassment to a man like me.

I might have managed a single buck
Or maybe a married doe,
Or even perhaps have tried my luck
With a couple of fawns or so;
But a hundred-and-forty fallow-deer
Is an order rather too large, I fear.

Whenever I rose in the early morn
I should have to make my way
Through a perfect forest of branching horn
Before I began my day;
And I fear the herd's collective slot
Would puddle my limited garden plot.

Whenever I looked through my curtains drawn
In the wan light of the moon
I should see their legions line the lawn
Like buck at a bush lagoon,
Or hear them tramping my currants through
Like a herd of travelling caribou.

Good luck to the man with his surplus stock
Of a hundred-and-forty deer!
I'd like to help him to sell his flock,
But the chap can't dump them here;
He must pass along with his Noah's Ark
Till he finds a man with a larger park. W. H. O.

"PREMATURE SUSPENSION OF PLAYER.
DISCOVERED TOO LATE.
COULD NOT REACH GROUND."
Daily Paper.

So they let him go hang.

"PENS FOR FREE STATE CATTLE."
Irish Paper.

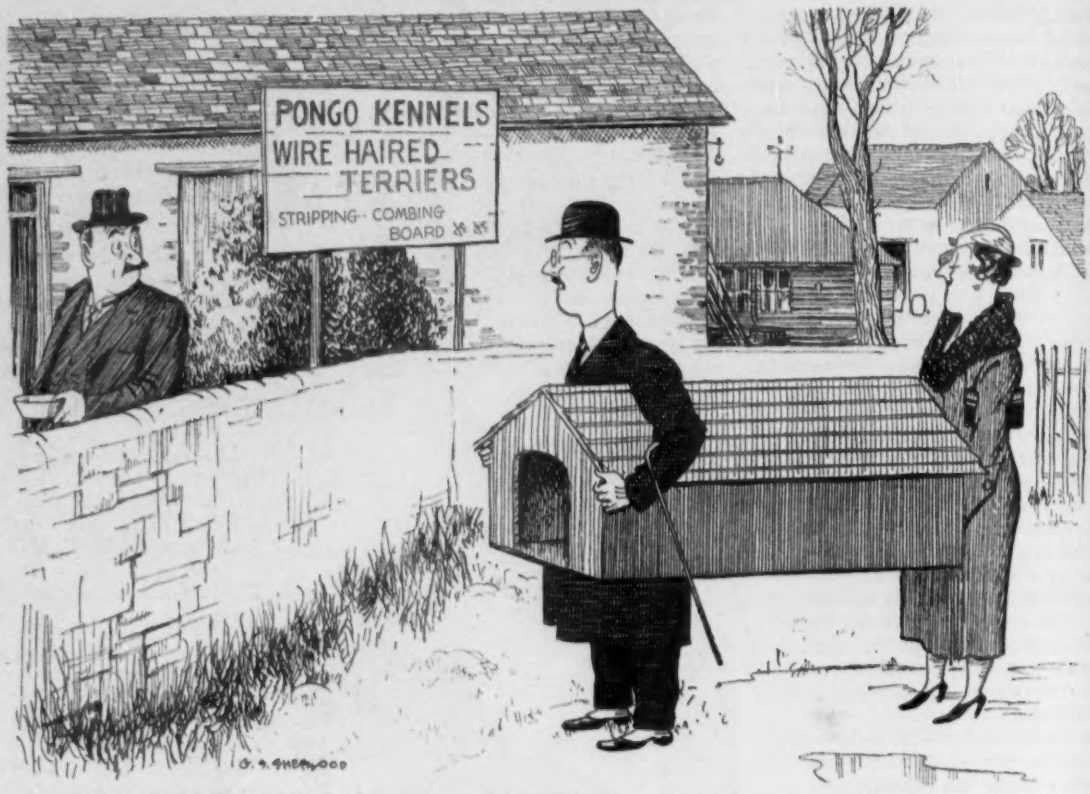
What about paper and ink?

"Gadgets to soothe the nerves are installed in every bedroom."—*Daily Paper.*

Could these be cigarettes?

"Entering her bedroom at 7 p.m. Wednesday, Mrs. —— smelled the odor of a burnt match and on investigating discovered a man hidden under her bead."
Canadian Paper.

We hope she drew it on him.



"Good afternoon. Have you—er—have you a dachshund dog in stock to fit this kennel?"

Country Buses.

The stolid London buses roll down the cars between
And halt before the red lights and hurry past the green;
Through crowded streets of traffic, from Chelsea to St. Paul's,
They make their careful journeys from dawn till evening falls.

But the happy country buses they are free to bowl along
Through little scattered hamlets where the names are like a song,
Where Blyth Bridge and Bonnybridge and Lilliesleaf and Luss
Hang out their lights on winter nights to greet the country bus.

By open fields and far-flung woods, o'er hills and vales they speed
To link us with the villages and serve our rustic need.
They wait for us at nameless gates and bridges and road-ends,
And all along the country miles the buses are our friends.

And when alone with stick and dog we tramp the roads and tire
The kind bus overtakes us and we pay the modest hire
And are whirled to home and firelight, sitting lordly at our ease,
With the country folk to talk to and the dog between our knees.

The busy London buses with their hundred stops and starts
Take up a million passengers but never win their hearts;
But the friendly country buses, as they run from town to town,
They know us when we board them and they know where we get down.

The new £11,000 Signal Corps Training School at Catterick, Yorks, it is stated, has draught-proof doors, shadowless lighting, restful colour-schemes and electric synchronised clocks. All that is wanted to make it a home from home is a silent gear-change sergeant-major.

★ ★ ★

"The man who hangs about can never make good at his job," declares a business man. Unless, of course, he happens to be a trapeze artist.

★ ★ ★

"The true collector collects for collecting's sake," says Mr. Aldous Huxley. That is just what we have often thought of our income-tax collector.

★ ★ ★

A report issued by the French Academy estimates that English is used by two-hundred-and-twenty million people. But not in the opinion of the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Pronunciation.

★ ★ ★

It has not yet been possible to produce a waterproof wool, we read. Yet you rarely see sheep carrying an umbrella.



Mistress. "I'M SURE I'VE FORGOTTEN TO ORDER SOMETHING FOR THE DINNER, COOK. I MUST HAVE SENILE DECAY."
Cook. "WELL, WOTEVER YOU 'AVE, YOU MUST 'AVE *CELERY*, MUM."

Anemophobia.

DISCLAIMING wholly all intention
To make dishonourable mention
Of any lord of song who pleases
To chant the praise of blasts or breezes,
Yet all the same I humbly venture
To register my strongest censure
Of every wind that roars and rages
Like lions breaking from their cages.

The lot of man, as he grows older,
Is to be chillier and colder,
More vulnerable to disorders
That start from Iceland's glacial borders.
But these wild and tempestuous legions
Are not confined to Arctic regions,
The Khamsin from the land of crocodiles, with the Bora, the sirocco,
Typhoon, tornado, prairie blizzard—
They all demoralize the gizzard.

Strong winds are bad enough by daytime,
But night is their especial playtime
When, far outblaring the euphonium,
They howl like souls in Pandemonium,
Making me long to clip the pinions
Of Æolus's blustering minions
And by this method in a trice
Make Earth a windless Paradise.

C. L. G.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XVIII.

November 13th. Cleveland succeeded by Toronto, which I find principally remarkable because I am taken to see (*a*) the tallest building in the British Empire, which is a bank, and (*b*) the Falls of Niagara. This eighty miles away, but Canadians feel it imperative that I should see Falls from the Canadian side, *not* the American. Can understand this, but hope that citizens of Buffalo, where I go next, will not be equally patriotic and again conduct me immense distances to view phenomenon all over again.

Am, however, greatly impressed, and say so freely. Buy postcards for Robert, the children, Caroline and the Women's Institute. Rose and Felicity, neither of whom has sent me a single line since I left home, have to do without.

November 20th. Visit various towns in rapid succession; have no time to do more than meet amiable hostesses, reply to inquiries regarding Chicago World Fair, *Anthony Adverse* and the Problem of the American Woman, and deliver requisite number of lectures.

Pete turns up again at 6.30 A.M. on train which is taking me to Boston, fortunately not until after I have washed my face and am more or less awake, and tells me that he thinks they want me back again in New York to speak at the Colony Club—which is, he adds morosely, the most difficult audience in the world, as they all look at their wrist-watches all the time. Can quite see that this may well disconcert any speaker, and tell Pete that I am not at all sure that I can get back to New York in time to speak at Colony Club, but he takes no notice.

Boston soon afterwards reached, and looks attractive, with bow-windowed houses, but is also icy-cold, deep in snow and with howling north-east gale blowing. Remind myself several times that a number of English people have been known to visit the States only to die there of pneumonia.

November 22nd. Utter impossibility of getting Diary written appals me. Can only note that I visit Philadelphia—extremely attractive town, but am



"THE LITTLE THINKERS."

compelled to spend unhappy afternoon there with erudite group of literary ladies calling themselves The Little Thinkers, who discourse about books of which I have never heard, and are generally uplifted. Moreover President says, We must remember that we have an Englishwoman with us, and flings up a window, which leaves us all freezing and causes everyone to look at me with violent resentment.



"TURNS OUT TO BE FROM HUDDERSFIELD."

Philadelphia is followed by Washington: buildings lovely, and Lincoln Memorial one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. Am looked after by young and charming couple with brand-new baby. Enjoy myself here and should like to stay longer, but Pete is inexorable, and I proceed to Baltimore.

Am perfectly horrified when I get there to discover that Miss Katherine Ellen Blatt is staying in the same hotel and has sent a note up to my room to say so. It will, she says, be so delightful to meet again; she revelled in our last delightful talk and is positively longing for us to have another.

Amuse myself for some little while composing imaginary replies to this, but candour as usual is obliged to give place to civility, and I write very brief note suggesting that K. E. B. and I should have lunch together.

Customary preoccupation with my appearance follows, and I go in search of hotel beauty-parlour. Intelligent young woman who washes my hair says that one of her fellow-workers is also British and will be very happy to meet me, and my English is prettier than hers. This definitely no over-statement, as fellow-worker turns out to be from Huddersfield and talks with perfectly terrific North-country accent.

On return to ground-floor Miss Blatt materialises, greets me as an old and dear friend, and tells me that one or two lovely women of her acquaintance are just crazy to meet me, and she is having A Tea in the hotel this very afternoon in order that they may do so. This, I say firmly, will be impossible as I am returning to New York by the five-o'clock train. I don't have to give that a thought, says Miss Blatt blithely, as she has taken it up with my publishers by telephone and they agree

with me that the contacts she has arranged for me are very, very important, and I can easily make the ten-thirty train instead of the five, and reach New York early next day. They have no engagement for me, they kindly add, prior to 10.30 A.M., when they have one or two interviews arranged. Finally, says Miss Blatt, she herself is going back to New York on the ten-thirty and will be glad to have me with her.

All presence of mind deserts me; I say Very Well to everything, and Miss Blatt and I lunch together while she tells me that dear BEVERLEY NICHOLS has just sent her his new book, but she hasn't yet had dear ANNE PARRISH's, although it's certainly on the way.

November 23rd. Return to New York in company with K. E. B. and arrive exhausted at Essex House once more. Feel that this is the first step towards home, and am much touched when clerk at bureau greets me as an old *habitué*. Complete change of elevator-boys has, however, taken place in my absence.

Letters await me and include one from Mademoiselle written in purple ink but crossed on top front page in green—association here with LOWELL THOMAS—who says that she is all impatience to see me once more, it seems an affair of centuries since we met, and she kisses my hand affectionately.

(The French given to hyperbolical statements. No such performance ever has taken or ever would take place by Mademoiselle or be permitted to do so by myself. Am inclined to wonder whether dear Vicky's occasional lapses from accuracy are due to early influence of Mademoiselle.)

Ring up Mademoiselle, who screeches a good deal and is difficult to hear, and ask if she can come and see a film with me to-morrow, and if so, what would she like? *Not*, I add, *Henry VIII*.

Mais non, mais non, Mademoiselle shrieks, and adds something that sounds like "*ce roi maudit*," which I am afraid refers to the Reformation, but do not enter on controversial discussion and merely suggest *Little Women* instead. *Ah!* cries Mademoiselle, *cette bonne vie de famille—ce gentil roman de la jeunesse—cette drôle de Jo avec son cœur d'or*—and much else that I do not attempt to disentangle.

Just as I have finally got rid of Mademoiselle telephone-bell rings again and publishers demand—I think unreasonably—immediate decision from me as to which boat I mean to sail in, and when. Keep my head as far as possible, turn up various papers on which I think I have noted steamship sailings—but which all turn out to be memos. about buying presents for the maids at home and getting new elastic belt for myself—and finally plump for the *Berengaria*. Publishers, with commonsense rather than tenderness, at once reply that they suppose I had better go tourist-class, as publicity of arrival first-class has now been achieved and



"GREETS ME AS AN OLD AND DEAR FRIEND."

it will be much cheaper. Assent to this, ring off, and rush down and send cable to Robert. E. M. D.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Team-Spirit in Industry.

"Once this work is completed, the roof will be put on, the stained windows will be put back into their frames, and the pews will be replaced. Good progress is being made by the workmen of Messrs. ——, builders, Berwick. McGregor, Marshall, Brown, Murray (captain), and Thompson. Reserves: Green and Morrison. Kick-off 2.15."—*Northumberland Paper.*

Another Forlorn Hope.

"CYCLE STEALING.
POLICE CHASE ON HOG'S BACK."
Hants Paper.

"Green grow the rashes O (Old Song)."
Wireless Programme.

Not when we have measles.

"Pedigree White Wyandottes, altitude 1,100 ft., stamina assured, disease free."
Poultry Paper Advt.

Yes, but what about the cost of housing them?

Their Youngest Idea.

(*J. M. GREGORY, the famous Australian cricketer, and his wife are already training their small son of three in the rudiments of cricket with a view to his taking his place in an Australian XI. some time after* 1950.)

YE "Nurses" who would rear a race
Of heroes fit to take their place
On *Wisden's* page with HOBBS or GRACE,
And BARNES, the trundlers' model,
Henceforth adopt the "forward view,"
Resolving from this hour that you
Will teach your Young Idea too
As soon as he can toddle.

Persuade him early to disdain
The teddy-bear, the puffer-train
And from the gew-gaw to refrain—
He only loves to lick it;
Hush up the raucous rattle's din,
With bat and ball at once begin
To rouse the infant's interest in
The nobler arts of cricket.

'Twill not be long, you'll find, before
He learns to lisp his little score
And talks of "dwives" along the floor
Or even cuts and glances;
And if while fielding in the slips
Upon the rug your prattler trips
And puckers up his anguished lips,
The babe must take his chances.

Thus, when the lad's too tough and tall
To bang an india-rubber ball,
When no more at the nursery wall
His youthful "sixer" crashes;
Later at Lord's with unconcern
You'll mark him take his usual turn
At filling up the National Urn
With the immortal Ashes.

Then haste and formulate a scheme
To build the coming Test-match team
On this sound basis. Though you deem
These hints perchance as cursory,
Crowds now unborn may yet proclaim
O'er some aspirant's rise to fame
How first he learned to play the game
In the domestic "nursery." A. K.

Les Sports.

As the train corkscrews slowly up the mountain a sort of awful calm descends upon my troubled spirit. I cease to peer vainly into the future and look sadly back instead upon my past life. My ski-ing life, I mean.

How carefree and happy we were those first few days upon the practice-fields! Those safe easy practice-fields that slope gently down until they end in the village cemetery. There it was all so simple and so clear. If you could



"What's the game, Sonny?"
"I'm a Blue Eagle of the Apaches. The other chap's an Apache too, but he's disguised as an ordinary Englishman."

not stop you just ended up amongst the epitaphs:—

> "Here lies Smith who could not learn
> The way to do a stemming turn."

Yes, we were happy there, collecting little bruises, scoring our little triumphs on the nursery slopes.

And then suddenly promotion came to me. I was marked out for higher things—for higher altitudes. I was, so to speak, to be given a trial in more representative activities. Not that I was any better than the rest of our party. Heaven and the cemetery will bear me witness. It was only that Colonel Hardy heard that this was my second winter on skis. (Fool that I am, I must have grown garrulous in my cups.)

"You must come out for a run with us some time," he said. And before I knew where I was it was arranged that I should go with him and Major Boldie to-day.

For a start we are going to climb the Albert Hall as far as the Googly hut. And, though Henry insists that it is the Albrecht Horn we are going to climb and as far as the Kubli hut, I prefer it my way. It sounds safer somehow.

We must, Colonel Hardy says, be rather careful of avalanches. But of course, he assured me kindly, it was really quite easy to extricate oneself from the average avalanche. All I would have to do would be to hold my breath for three minutes, unlace my boots with my teeth, and then yodel two or three times clearly to guide the search-party.

As the Googly hut is a mere four hours' scramble, we will then strike left-handed across a glacier (where we must really be rather careful of crevasses). Thence, if possible, we will climb along the Nekbruk razor-edge and reach the Berner hut before dark has made the Krumbli precipice too fatal. There we spend the night. Or rather there Colonel Hardy and Major Boldie spend the night. I no doubt will spend it under an avalanche on the Albert Hall unlacing my boots with my teeth and yodelling from time to time.

Next day we—or they, as the case may be—take the skins off our—or their—skis and ski down (being really rather careful of the Krumbli precipice). And to think that only last night I was snug and safe in our hotel consuming, according to the menu, Scotsh Broth, Fride Potatoes and similar familiar dishes!

Well, it is too late to turn back now. The train is getting near our destination, which is, so to speak, one of the main entrances to the Albert Hall. Colonel Hardy is showing Major Boldie his first-aid outfit and they are comparing their flasks. One has whisky and the other brandy. The Major thinks that brandy brings a "goner" round more quickly. Does it? I wonder. All I have is some jujubes to suck for my cough. . . .

The train stops meaningly. We have arrived.

"Come along to the ski-truck," Colonel Hardy calls to me, "or your skis may get carried on."

Suddenly I begin to feel quite brave and confident. Exhilarated almost. The old strength of the nursery slopes seems to flow back into my limbs. The Nekbruk razor-edge, after all, what is it? Probably several inches wide really. And avalanches. Couldn't I unlace my boots with my teeth if really put to it? I begin to feel I could. I look up patronisingly at the Albert Hall, which towers above us. Yes, certainly I will ski up it and ski down it, in spite of the crevasses and the Krumbli precipice. But not to-day, I am afraid.

The Colonel's call has reminded me of something.

I have forgotten my skis.

Our Booking-Office.

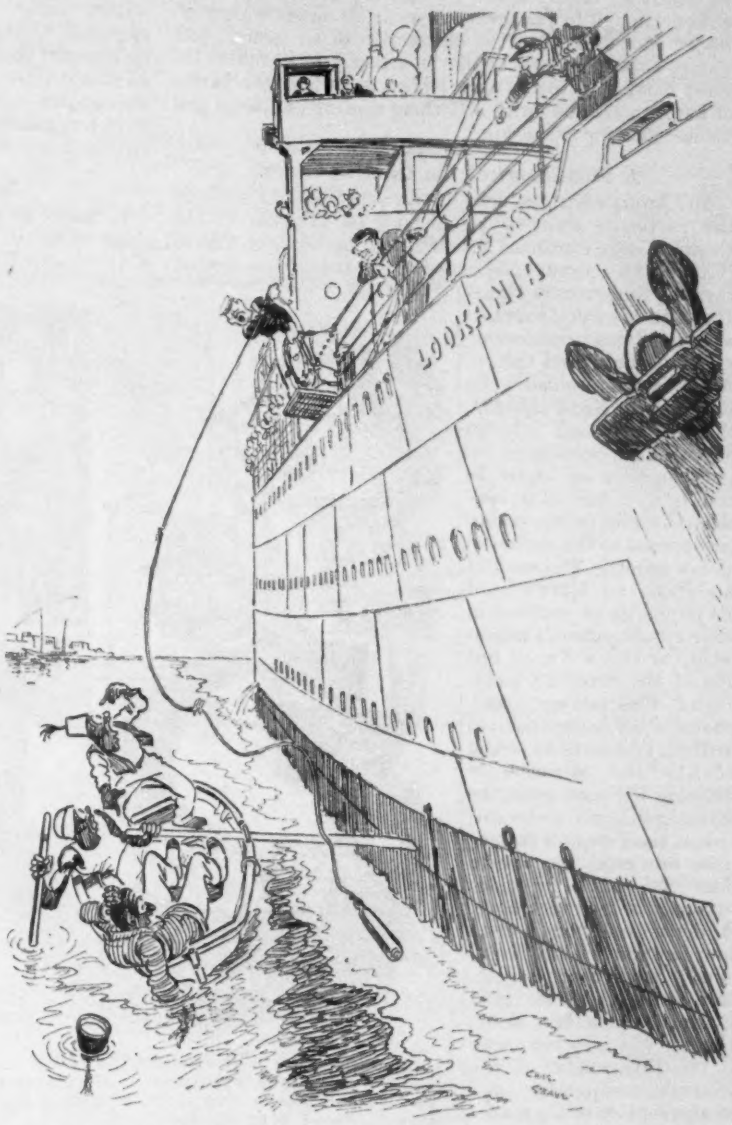
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hitler.

After an evening spent in Mr. Wickham Steed's stimulating company in studying the problem of *Hitler: Whence and Whither?* (Nisbet, 3/6), I found it was far easier to understand the growth of Nazism than to prophesy its future. Nazism is indeed little more than the old Prussianism writ large. The anti-Semitism that Mr. Steed justly condemns is no new phenomenon in German social and political life. So good a hater as Bismarck declared that a Jew could not be a member of a Christian state. All that Hitler and his followers have done in their persecution of the Jews is to give practical effect to racial prejudices and theories that were popular in Northern Germany long before the second—let alone the third—Reich came into existence. Moreover, it is not only the Jews who have suffered in the new totalitarian state. Aryan Germans—among them some of the ablest and most cultured minds in Germany—have been subjected to even greater hardships. Of the dangers to Europe arising out of Nazism Mr. Wickham Steed leaves no doubt in my mind. He is less helpful in indicating the precise methods to be adopted to counter those dangers before it is too late.

Ronsard in English Verse.

Few contemporary English poets could have shown the courage that has inspired Mr. Humbert Wolfe to translate Pierre de Ronsard's *Sonnets pour Hélène* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6), and none, I feel, the craftsmanship that has seen him so strikingly through his task. Ronsard, the only humanist poet of the French renaissance whose sonnets can be pitted against Shakespeare's, has come badly off among his own countrymen, chiefly, as Mr. Wolfe rightly suggests, because their sojourn in the "sandy wastes of classicism" was longer and (for a nation of *prosateurs*) more congenial than ours. With us Ronsard has held his own among the elect and been subjected to an unostentatious pillage which he would have been the last to resent. But previous poets, in lifting what they needed, have usually failed to acknowledge or complete the transaction, whereas Mr. Wolfe has carried through an almost always acceptable and in many cases supremely beautiful rendering of the whole hundred-and-forty-two sonnets of the series. How pulsating and genuine a world these poems enshrine his translation abundantly makes clear; and how enchanting a technique they exhibit his English, with all its inevitable equivalences and rhyme-licences, magnificently suggests.



Leadsman. "You ought to be 'appy, Abdul, that it's only the lead wot's 'it you an' not the ruddy anchor."

Single-Heart and Double-Face.

In *Spies I Knew* (Jarrold's, 16/-), Marthe McKenna fills in the thrilling War story she outlined in *I Was a Spy*. Life near the fighting line in occupied Belgium was a nightmare affair, and few books have conveyed more forcibly than this the turmoil and hatred and cruel irrelevance of war. The writer was a volunteer nurse working loyally in a German hospital unit, but she was also the unsuspected centre—the mystical "Laura"—in an organisation collecting and passing over the lines information of vital moment to the Allies. In this volume she is telling tales of the craft and heroism of her fellow-workers, those companions known to one another by the sign of the two safety-pins. Her heroine is fat and jolly *Canteen Ma*, the

itinerant vendor of vegetables, who was shrewd enough to detect an enemy agent by the way he filled his pipe, actress enough to pass everywhere as an illiterate peasant, leader enough to plan the destruction of an enemy shell-dump, soldier enough to die in action. Incidentally the most moving of the writer's stories deals not with heroes of her own side but with a German conscripted clown and his sacrifice for friendship.

A Monument of the Quattro Cento.

Mr. ADRIAN STOKES, who has already written a book on the particular æsthetic significance he attaches to the *Quattro Cento*, continues the campaign in *Stones of Rimini* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), using the strange shrine erected there by SIGISMONDO MALATESTA to his wife ISOTTA as a peg for elaborate and somewhat uncoordinated theory. Apart from a disquisition on Renaissance Neo-Paganism, this reduces itself into an interesting presentment of the function of stone in sculpture and a fervent championship of the carver (as opposed to the modeller) of low-reliefs. The work of AGOSTINO DI DUCCIO and his pupils, as exemplified in their tyrant patron's monument, accounts for all but five of Mr. STOKES's forty-eight illustrations; and, photography being unsuited to display AGOSTINO's strong points and merciless in stressing his weak ones, the extravagance and awkwardness of the *Tempio's* decorations are more impressive than the text's ingenious advocacy of their technique. It depends, I feel, upon how far you wish a sculptured stone to become sculpture and how far you prefer it to remain a stone, whether you give your vote to the DONATELLO of Mr. STOKES's comparative disparagement or to the monotonously stylised work of AGOSTINO DI DUCCIO and his 'prentices.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL VIRUS.

"I'M SORRY, BUT MY EXPRESS INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO SEE THAT NOTHING LEAVES THIS HOTEL WITHOUT A CHIT FROM THE HEAD PREFEC—I MEAN PORTER."

Back to Solomon.

Mr. J. E. CLARE MCFARLANE states *The Case for Polygamy* (SEARCH PUBLISHING COMPANY, 5/-) with an angry fervour moved not by self-regarding but by generous and compassionate motives. To him polygamy is an instrument for the regeneration of a corrupt society, competent to solve the poignant problem of the superfluous woman, to abolish prostitution, to counteract the evil while yielding the beneficent effects of birth-control, to depress the above-par scarcity value of man (which adversely affects his character), to make divorce unnecessary—even to solve the domestic service problem. The arguments and interpretations of history and of documents such as the Scriptures are those of a mystic rather than a logician. There are strange lapses in his knowledge of the law. No trace of humour taints the perfervid atmosphere in which the argument is conducted. Much of the wisdom of SOLOMON, the author thinks, "was without doubt due to his intimate approach to humanity on so vast a scale." He seems to be unaware that there are social and moral evils attendant on polygamy as well as on monogamy, and blandly ignores the conclusion inherent in his own statistics that if England went polygamous the extra wife-ration per man would be but one-tenth of a wife.

Sea Life—The Seamy Side.

It cannot be said that a seaman's life in modern steamships, as Mr. B. TRAVEN has depicted it in *The Death-Ship* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6 net), contrasts very favourably with the lot of the sailor under the old dispensation as described by writers such as DANA, MELVILLE and CONRAD. Mr. TRAVEN's story, if story it can be called, is of an American seaman who misses his ship in Antwerp after a spree, and, after being driven from pillar to post and from one port to another, refused assistance by United States consuls, and locked up for having no papers to show, gets a berth at last in a disreputable contraband-carrier, the *Yorikke* by name. Filth, bad food, squalor, incompetence, brutality and callousness are outstanding features of the life on board this ship. But even worse is to come, and the narrator's involuntary exchange of the *Yorikke's* unspeakable forecastle for the stokehold of the *Empress of Madagascar* is merely that of the frying-pan for the fire. The book is really more propaganda of the UPTON SINCLAIR type than genuine fiction, and, like most of its kind, it suffers a good deal artistically from overstatement; and though it has a certain rough strength of its own, it is not an entirely convincing piece of work.

A Full Peal.

Aware as I am of *Lord Peter Wimsey's* attainments I never suspected that he was an expert bell-ringer. Nevertheless, in *The Nine Tailors* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), he not only pulls "quite a pretty rope," but also in the pulling involves himself in as intricate a mystery as his creator, Miss DOROTHY L. SAYERS, has ever set him and her readers to unravel. Perhaps those who, in their eagerness for the chase are inclined to rush their fences, may find the start of this story too leisurely for their liking. But for my own part I admire the skill with which Miss SAYERS lays her foundations, and then proceeds to build up a story which of its kind is well-nigh perfect. And the dénouement, though quite fair and reasonable, must be a surprise to all except those who have peeped betimes at page 349.

Charivaria.

A CHICAGO woman has told a divorce court judge that since 1925 she has thrown her husband out of the house sixty-one times, but he always returned. It looks as if she put too much top-spin on him.

***

A burglar-proof safe in London was recently broken open. Another demonstration of the march of progress.

***

It is said that three-quarters-of-a-million adults in England cannot read. We can guess the morning paper they buy, anyway.

***

"I have noticed," says a novelist, "that the happiest married woman is the one who is below medium height." A short wife and a gay one.

***

Two American sisters propose to swim the Channel this year. This is a refreshing change. American sisters generally play the ukulele and sing.

***

During a recent banquet the electric light failed several times. A guest says that no good came of it, however, as the after-dinner speakers just droned on in the dark.

***

We are reminded that DUSE owed a great deal of her stage success to her eyebrows. She had this, then, in common with Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

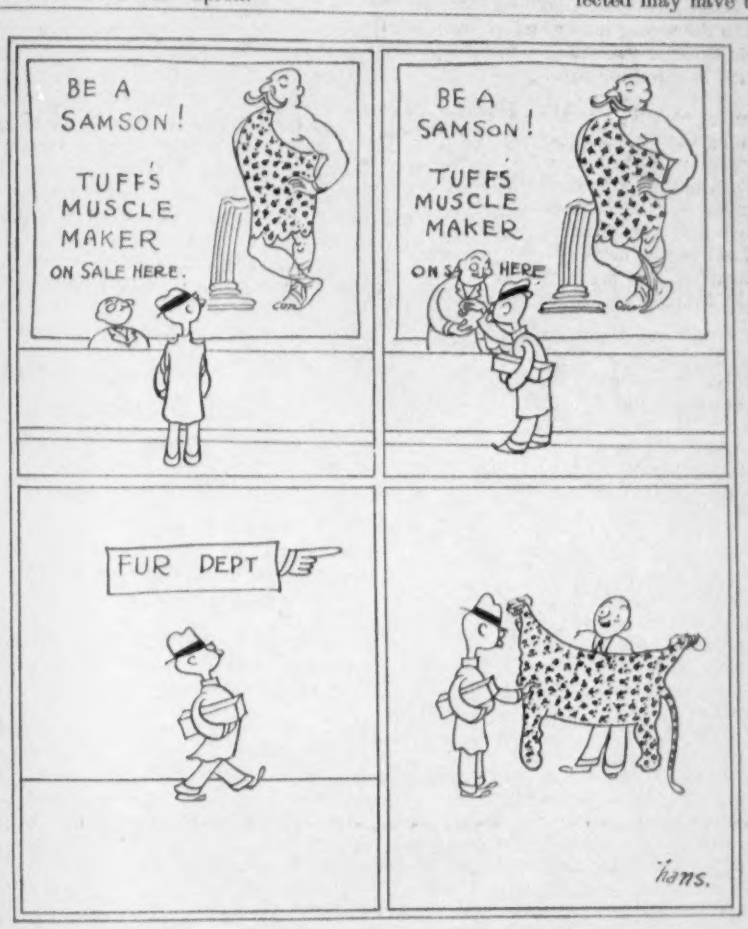
***

The Japanese are preparing to spend three years and six thousand pounds in an endeavour to get the Davis Cup. So their other industrial activities may be merely a blind.

Orchids exhibited at a London show were named *Sophrolæliocattleya Robinetta* and *Odontoglossum Nambeauianum*. Very wisely, the broadcast announcers ignored the affair altogether.

***

"A man shouldn't be tied to his wife's apron-strings," says a writer. All the same, he should be glad to have the sort of wife who wears an apron.



A large proportion of Assyrians already settled in Brazil are dentists. And the sheen of their drills, we imagine, is like stars on the sea.

***

"Can you recommend a good tonic for hikers?" asks a correspondent. A passing lorry is a fairly good pick-me-up.

***

Scotland Yard is understood to have rejected the idea of sending out police-cars bearing the word "BANDITS" on the windscreen.

"Some of the leading Yarmouth fish-merchants," says a writer, "are wealthier than many members of the Peerage." A chance for the Communists to start denouncing our bloatered aristocracy.

***

As the rumbling of tube-trains directly under Broadcasting House is heard by listeners-in, the studio affected may have to be closed. Unless the L.T.B. can be persuaded to divert the tube.

***

"I have had a year's shave from one blade," writes a correspondent. We have never taken quite so long as that.

***

"There is always rubbish in the air," asserts a famous scientist. But you're not obliged to listen-in to it.

"But I think the general farmer is content to await the results of the Poultry Commission that is now sitting."
Leicester Paper.

What a cackle there will be when it gets up!

"Defendant (in loud voice): 'Justice! Justice! Justice! Justice! I demand justice!' Judge (wrapping for order): 'The defendant will please remember he is in a courtroom.'"
Scots Paper.

And not, as might be supposed, in the Parcels Department.

"THE CYCLE.
Sorrow will come;
It follows fast on joy:
Joy follows sorrow;
Sorrow follows joy."
Poem in Sunday Paper.

Quite. Or, alternatively:—

THE BICYCLE.
The wheels go round;
The back wheel follows the front wheel:
The front wheel precedes the back wheel;
Round go the wheels.

Good News for the Little Ones.
INCREASD SIZE OF BULL'S EYES."
West-Country Paper.

This and That.

I've got it now. M. Daladier. Once again. There is also in the French Cabinet (and it seems a needless confusion) a M. Valadier. Not to mention a M. Frot and a M. Cot.

Let it be hoped that no one shares my absurd inability to understand what happens when a tremendous political convulsion shakes the whole of France and a new Cabinet is formed which is said to be a millimetre further to the Left or a millimetre further to the Right. Very often I cannot even remember who is the strong man holding the helm of France in succession to the strong man who has just ceased to hold it. The whole thing is a kind of beautiful mystery to me. In fact it once inspired me to song:—

I can remember clearly, clearly
My first long day at school;
I can remember wisdom dearly
Bought by a brainless fool;
I can remember deeds injurious
And Love's delirious glance,
Men who were kind to me, men who were furious,
But I *cannot* remember (it's very curious)
Who is the Premier of France.

I can remember hopes and warnings
And many an idle dream;
I can remember August mornings
And an engine worked by steam;
I can remember exaltation,
Old friendships and romance,
And the scent of a rose at Bletchley station—
But I *cannot* understand the political situation
Nor the Cabinets of France.

I can remember grief and abasement,
And the house where I was born,
My earliest pipe and the little casement
Where cats came in at morn;
I can remember an agéd psalter
And a broken cucumber-frame,
And my uncle's butler, a Mr. Walter—
But the Governments of France the more they alter
The more they keep the same.

For the moment, however, I cherish the names of M. Daladier, M. Valadier, M. Frot and M. Cot. And if their strong right hands have left the tiller before these lines appear in print and fresh barricades have been put up in the streets, I shall still feel confident that everything will go on much as before. Nothing so tedious as a Hitler will be allowed to interfere with the pleasant little crises of France.

* * *

I have now managed to grasp the principle of European disarmament. Every important country must have a very large quantity of purely defensive weapons in order that if another important country attacks her in a purely defensive spirit she may be able to counter-attack in a spirit of pure defence. But how many conversations and pacts and truces and suggested formulas has it not taken to evolve at last this truly statesmanlike conception of peace!

* * *

Mr. Punch was gaily burlesqued not long ago in the pages of *The New Yorker*, a paper which I always read with the greatest interest because it mirrors (or so it seems to me) all that is best and sweetest in modern American life. I think it should be read more widely here than it is. Toby is very fond of *The New Yorker* too. He has been brought up that way.

* * *

"Traffic in the streets was at a low ebb, and they took full advantage of it. They gave way to nothing, slinging across the fronts of trams and causing other motorists to jam on their brakes and complain to the nearest policeman. Twice disaster was avoided by a hair's-breadth, and again and again only profound skill saved a spill. So, leaving behind them a trail of indignant and exasperated drivers, they rushed on through the streets. . . ."

I quote this description of a ride in a police-car from a story by my favourite detective novelist, Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, printed in the current number of *The Cornhill Magazine*. Those who are interested in road-traffic problems may like to ask themselves what happens when the police arrest for furious driving policemen who are driving furiously after furiously-driving crooks. Or, on the other hand, what happens when a police-car is wedged in one of those interminable motor-car queues from which there is no escape, and the motor-bandits are wedged in the same queue about twenty cars ahead of them?

Some day we shall probably come to the conclusion that the only way to remedy a motor-car-infested area is to have fewer motor-cars in it. Or is it that motor-cars are like armaments, and the more there are of them the fewer the accidents?

Evoe.

A Legal Proceeding of the Future

(if the system of referring to litigants by an initial is extended).

The Bar:

My Lord, in this distressful case, my client, Mrs. Q,
Has been traduced by Mrs. B, who lives not far from Kew.
This Mrs. B went out to tea with Mrs. E at Ealing;
She took a bun, a Sally Lunn (the tea came from Darjeeling),
And said to U that Mrs. Q was well known to philander;
She also said to Mrs. Z: "And Q's a silly gander."
You will agree, my Lord, with me that constitutes a slander.

A Mrs. L of Chiswick Mall, who heard her state the libel,
Will go into the witness-box and swear it on the Bible.
Not only so, but I will show that Lady O was seated
By Mrs. Y of Peckham Rye, who heard the lie repeated.
That is my case, and on the face of it I am reliant
You'll find for me in £ *s. d.* to compensate my client.

The Bench:

Sir Henry K., I'm bound to say your case is circumstantial,
And, in my view, your Mrs. Q deserves redress substantial;
But, though I see that Mrs. B has got into the *purée*,
The final say rests with the J., by which I mean the Jury.

The Foundling Site.

Three-eighths of the Foundling Site near King's Cross, the only open space for children between Regent's Park and Victoria Park, have still to be saved, and money is urgently needed for this purpose. *For every pound received another square foot of invaluable space will be secured to the children;* and Mr. Punch feels confident that his readers will between them account for at least an appreciable fraction of the three-and-a-half acres that remain to be purchased. Donations should be sent to J. H. Leal, Esq., West Lodge, 93, Guilford Street, W.C.1.



THE BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO.

JOHN BULL. "BIT OF A MESS STILL, SAM. IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO WITH THE POOR OLD THING?"



Mayor's Wife. "GOUT, DEAR; BUT I'VE PROMISED TO GET HIM WELL BY TO-MORROW, SO THAT HE CAN 'KICK-OFF' FOR DODDLESFORD WANDERERS AS ARRANGED."

Once Again.

Now the ice has rimmed the marshes and the days are short and cold,
This morning brought a visitor, a man who's getting old (As am I).
He came inside the study-door and took his glass of gin
And softly (lest a servant hear) he told me, "Ducks is in." That is why
I am wearing rubber waders and a covering of pelt,
With thirty special cartridges adjusted in a belt, And the gun,
With a wind that comes from Holland and will kill me pretty soon
As I crouch between the sunset and the rising of the moon. Is it fun?
For my feet are getting frozen and my fingers very stiff
And I do not trust my shooting or my eyesight even if They should come
Whirling in from Eastward as the daylight goes,
Catching me unready as I blow my nose. There are some
Who would walk across the saltings to meet my car
And retreat to the house where the big fires are Over there.
But I know that Mac the marshman, who came along to-day
Is waiting in a mud-hole a hundred yards away; And I wear
A lot more clothing than he ever needs to do,
And he's ten years older than my three-score-two. But he'll wait,
And I'll huddle down to freeze in the North Sea breeze,
With cramp and Anno Domini biting at my knees, As I hate
To confess to a sportsman as tough and keen as he
That I'm twenty seasons older than I used to be, Lack-a-day!
But I'm sure they must be coming, for he never tells a lie;
Yes, now I see the vanguard in a wedge against the sky, Tooralay!

This is for Women.

The Dog and the Dumbbell.

If you are tired of having to get up and cross the room and trip over the dog, or open the door and shout every time you want to summon the maid at breakfast, perhaps you are thinking of rigging up a bell on the table or even under the carpet, so that by a slight movement of the hand or the foot the thing is done.

If you are thinking of this, read on. It may help you.

The first thing you will need is an electric point under the table. Any electrician will put one in for you if you can manage without the dining-room for a week or so. When this is fixed you will need a plug, flex and bell-push. There is no need to ask the electrician to fix them for you, as it is perfectly easy. (*N.B.* There is no need to do any of this for that matter.)

Once the bell is fixed you will of course lose no time in having the unsightly old bell in the wall removed; and then the exciting moment arrives when you sit at the table and gently press the new bell. No noise, no tripping over the dog; a little push as you sit there. That is all.

Absolutely all. No noise, not even the tinkling of the bell.

Try again. Still no noise. That bell is dumb. Glance under the table and the thing explains itself. The plug is not in the point. The maid must have pulled it out as she moved the table. Never mind. Just slip down off your chair, bend double and push home the plug. Dear little Fido comes to watch you, wagging his tail as if he wanted to help. Doesn't he look interested? Up you scramble, rather red, in a dignified way, rearrange your hair, resettle your clothes, and then a gentle pressure . . . that is all.

Yes, that is again all. No noisy bell, no tripping over the dog. A glance under the table shows that you would not have tripped over the dog in any case, for there the darling is. And what is he playing with so quietly? The electric flex? No, no; the plug itself, which he has cleverly pulled out of the floor. Never mind, it is easily replaced. Just bend down again, put back the plug, regain the chair, and now a gentle pressure with one finger . . .

Heavens, what a noise! Not the bell, oh, no! It is that poor dear Fido, who was chewing the flex and has given himself quite a nasty shock. How terribly dangerous to have a flex under the table just where the poor fellow likes to play! You'll have to disconnect it and go down and tell Mary what you want, just for to-day; then to-morrow you can try a bell under the carpet. Of course you can—but I warn you.

Fixing a bell under the carpet is ever so simple. Just pass the flex along under the carpet and let the push be within easy reach of your foot. What a rest to feel there is no longer any danger for poor Fido! The darling can play away there as long as he likes, and you can enjoy your meal with the knowledge that the lightest pressure will summon the distant Mary.

There she is now. "No, Mary, I did not ring. Perhaps it was the front-door." Strange! She never thought we had rung when we hadn't before. Now if she'd said she thought we hadn't rung when we had . . .

"No, Mary, I did not ring. Was it the back-door? Why, there it is again! Who ever can it be?"

Fido is ever so excited. What a good little watch-dog it is! There he is under the table barking away, and there is the bell ringing away, and there is Mary hurrying away, and——

Oh, yes, you are quite right. It *was* the dining-room bell, and Fido is sitting on it.

Well, there is obviously only one thing to do. Dear little Fido will never learn to keep off the bell, so just tell Mary NOT TO COME if this bell rings; and, since you have had that other unsightly bell moved from the wall, get up and shout if you want her.

As an alternative to all this leave the bell where it was in the beginning.



STILL LIFE: ARRANGED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

At the Pictures.

Bevies of Nymphs.

Mr. Basil Dean has been very conscientious in his efforts to translate *The Constant Nymph* into the terms of the film, but I am doubtful if authors or part-authors of plays ought to engage in such a task. The danger is that they may love their offspring too much to



J.H.D.

WHAT LOVE DOES TO A FELLOW.
Tessa . . . . . Victoria Hopper.
Lewis Dodd . . . Brian Aherne.

make the requisite sacrifices, and Mr. Dean, I feel sure, would have done better had he got further from his theme. Where he ought to synthesise he has reported.

I speak, of course, of the play: no effort has been made to transfer the book, a very different matter, to the screen; and in my opinion no effort ought to be made. Miss Kennedy's many pages of carefully-built-up characterisation could never receive justice in an hour-and-a-half from the camera and microphone. All that we are offered is the outline of the plot and some allegations as to what the people were like. The conscientious novelist and the movies have no common ground.

Considering *The Constant Nymph* as a picture, one can say that it has a beginning, a middle and an end, but it lacks something vital. Emotion perhaps. I was conscious of only one moving moment, and that was when *Tony* (charmingly played by Leonora Corbett) signals across the music-room to *Tessa* and *Lina* that she is going to be a mother and they are going to be aunts. Everything else seemed to me to be mechanical, and when poor *Tessa* is worrying over an examination question as to the relative speed of two trains and two trains punctually flashed across the screen, I groaned. As for poor *Tessa*, she is, as played by Victoria Hopper (an attractive little new-comer to the films), as satisfactory as anyone; but the authentic note never seemed to me to be struck by her—possibly because the *Lewis Dodd* of Brian Aherne is so wooden.

Comparisons are odious, but when chance sees to it that two stories of family life are in the London programmes at the same time, with the adventures and misadventures of a company of sisters in each, what can a critic do but group them? When I first saw the announcements of a film version of one of our nursery classics, Miss Alcott's *Little Women*, I recoiled. Not because the adventures and misadventures of *Jo* and *Meg* and *Beth* were too subtle for the cinema, but because I didn't want the cinema to lay its so often clumsy fingers on them. But I need have had no fear; the utmost sympathy and reverence have been exercised, and *Little Women* in its film version is one of the most satisfactory pictures I have ever seen, with just that infusion of emotion—or, if you will, reality—which I could not find in the English story. Emotion, not sentiment, although there is sentiment too in abundance.

The triumph is collective, beginning (after Miss Alcott) with the writers and the producer, and continuing to the least important performer; which means that the casting has been done with the greatest skill. The team spirit is complete; yet all the same there are two figures which stand out, and these are the *Jo* of Katharine Hepburn and the *Professor Fritz Bhaer* of Paul Lukas—the one because Katharine Hepburn has understanding that amounts to genius and a radiance all her own, and the other because it is an exquisite piece of work.



J.H.DOWD

A CROONER OF YESTERDAY.
Fritz Bhaer . . Paul Lukas.
Jo . . . . . Katharine Hepburn.



J.H.D.

THE WHITESHIRT MOVEMENT.
The Invisible One . . Claude Rains.

My recollection is that when, too many years ago, I read *The Invisible Man*, I revelled in its farcical situations. It was one of those larks with which Mr. Wells used to console himself while waiting to tackle universal problems. But in the film version it has become a tragedy. It is, however, none the worse for that, and without such treatment we should miss a railway accident of the highest merit and a pretty good motor accident too. But it is for its magical effects that it ought to be chiefly commended, for here is the cinema doing its own idiosyncratic work and doing it with perfect thoroughness. No stage producer could give us an invisible actor—beyond the automatic opening of doors that let no one in or out, which I first saw in Richard Mansfield's version of *Jekyll and Hyde*; but at the Tivoli you actually see Claude Rains, when removing his bandages, lose his head from the scalp downwards. Most visibly does he become so much nothing; yet a nothing endowed with great strength and diabolical intent.

It occurred to me, by the way, that among the many suggestions for his capture, some one might have hit upon tracking him by his sneezes, which in that weather must have been constant. E.V.L.

As Others Hear Us.

The Country Walk.

"HEAVEN, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. My dear, the air!"

"I know. Think of the office. You're absolutely *certain* these shorts look all right?"

"Just turn round. Absolutely. And I simply adore the béret."

"So do I, I must say. My dear, have you ever seen our Winifred in a béret?"

"She doesn't!"

"Yes, she does. She told me so herself. It was all I could do not to scream. Which way are we going?"

"Oh, just ramble, don't you think? That's the best of the country. D' you mind animals and things?"

"Good heavens, no! What do you take me for? I always think it's such a shame one can't keep animals in London."

"Dogs."

"Not enough exercise really. The parks are such miles away."

"My dear, Winifred declares that when she was a child she used to ride in the Row. Honestly she does. I wonder she doesn't say Buckingham Palace."

"So do I, honestly. Oh, *isn't* that tiny calf rather a duck?"

"What a lamb! I must say I think men have the best of it, wearing trousers and things. This is absolutely different from skirts and things. Though I wish I'd got check ones, like yours."

"It was pure luck finding them. I do honestly think they're rather good, don't you?"

"Frightfully. I say, is this mud all right for you?"

"Oh, absolutely. If *you* don't. Were they ruinous? I'm not asking how much, of course. Only just if they were absolutely ruinous."

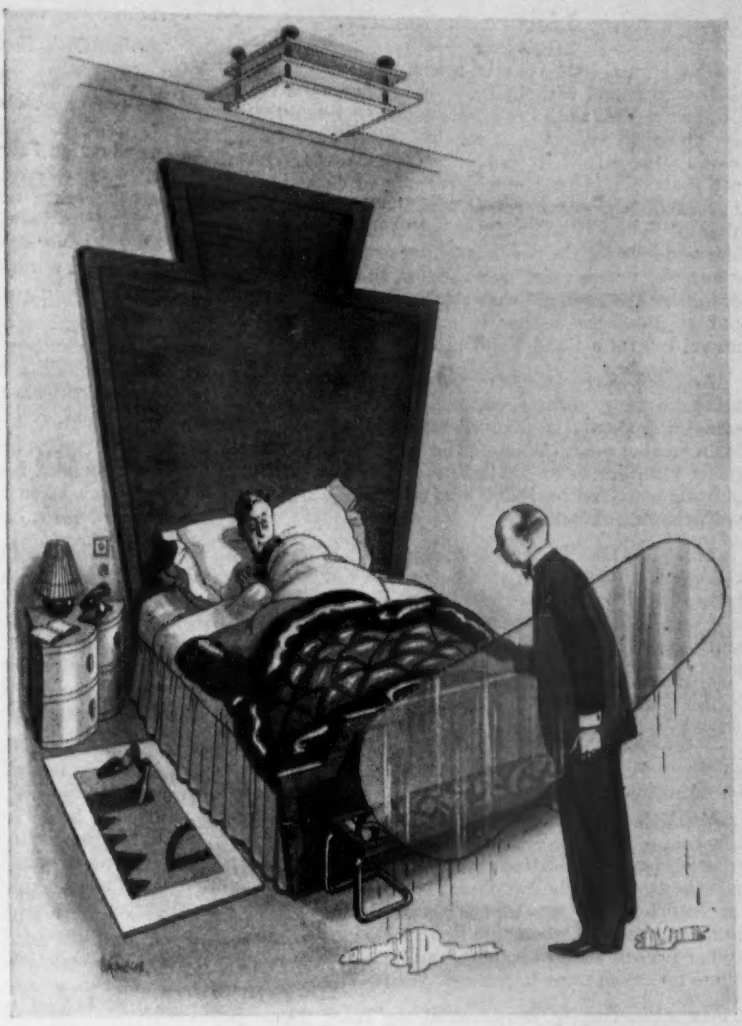
"It depends on what you call ruinous. Twenty-eight-and-sixpence."

"I call that terribly good. I should have said thirty-five bob. Do you know that Winifred actually paid ten pounds at Printer's sale for that awful musquash of hers? She told me so herself."

"You know, what I always feel about Winifred is that she kind of *tells* you things in a kind of trusting way, and it's kind of awful even to laugh at her. Though I do think she's frightful, don't you?"

"Frightful. Still, I know what you mean. Could you stuff my cap in your pocket, do you think? Is my hair awful?"

"Pull it down a little in front. That's all right. I shall have to find a place where I can get a shampoo and set to-morrow."



"I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF REMOVING THE ICE, SIR. WOULD YOU PREFER IT REPLACED?"

"Oh, so shall I. Isn't it awful the way the wave grows out?"

"Frightful. Do you know that Winifred says that hers is a water-wave and she can do it herself without ever going near a shop at all? Primroses!"

"So they are. My dear, I don't believe a word of it. You've only got to look at it."

"I know. That's what I said. When she told me that I just didn't answer at all. I simply said one could always tell by looking at a person whether it was a perm or finger, or simply natural, which is practically never."

"Of course. Is it getting near lunch or what? I'm frightfully hungry."

"So am I. And it doesn't matter either because we must have taken off simply pounds walking like this."

"My dear, I honestly believe that Winifred weighs more than both of us put together."

The Horrors of Barracking.

"The gallery of a few more than 2,000 people also obviously disturbed Tilden with its applause and sporadic whistling."
Canadian Paper.

"Some people do not know that they can be treated exactly like chipped potatoes, that is, cut in thin rounds and fried in deep fat."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Some don't even want to know.

"BOMBS IN CANARIES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We must hope they won't be laying this year.

Licence Buffoonery.

THE annual battle has been won, and once again our car is free to travel without let or hindrance upon the King's Highway. This week I celebrate in a sense a double triumph, for up to the very day (it was last Saturday) on which the new licence was delivered into our keeping the entries in my diary retain that completeness and clarity which one has learnt to associate rather with the first week of January than of February. The rivers have run dry now, it is true; the meadows (as the poet says) have drunk enough. But the effort was not in vain. For the first time full and accurate details of the struggle with Authority are available to the public. Read this authentic record of a brave man's determined bid for a Road Fund Licence, 1934.

Jan. 8th. Suggestion from John (who should learn to mind his own business, especially at breakfast-time) that something should be done about renewing our car-licence for a further year. Where's the sense in leaving it till the police interfere, as we did last year? I reply that the matter is being attended to, thank you very much, and I could do with the marmalade.

Jan. 9th–11th. Endeavour to recollect how one sets about this confounded business. The baker's boy, with whom I have a word in private, says he believes the police-station is the place to go, but hails me later on in the High Street and shouts, No; he was thinking of guns: but Higgins' boy would know.

Jan. 11th. Higgins' boy does *not* know.

Jan. 12th. Am obliged to ask John, who says, The Post Office, of course; but, good gracious——! I tell him that that will do.

Jan. 15th. Inform the postmistress of my desire to obtain a new licence for my mechanically-propelled road vehicle, and offer her ten pounds down for it. She says without animation that, a fortnight having expired since the beginning of the year, applications for the renewal of licences must now be made at the offices of the County Council. I am piqued by her brusquerie and intimate my intention of going elsewhere for my stamps in future. A bad day.

Jan. 17th. Happily in person at the Town Hall with the determination to get this business settled once and for all, but without my registration book, which renders my two hours' wait in the queue null and void. Another mediocre day.

Jan. 18th. Back at the Town Hall with my registration book and a packet of sandwiches by 11 A.M. Admitted to the presence at 1.18 precisely; tender cheque and R.B. and am told that applications for the renewal of Road Fund Licences for Mechanically-Propelled Vehicles must be sent or taken to the Taxation Department of the Council with whom the vehicle is registered. Attempt to explain that since last January my family has had the wisdom to uproot itself from the domains of the undoubtedly much inferior body of men with whom the vehicle was originally registered and has now come to dwell under the ægis of the present splendid body of Councillors, but am hustled out by the pressure of public opinion from behind before I have made myself clear.

Jan. 19th. Post cheque (now slightly frayed and initialled in six different places) and registration book to old (inferior) County Council with request for immediate attention. John asks later, Did I remember to send Insurance Certificate? In reply I inquire with some hauteur whether he thinks I am *entirely* lacking in common sense. He says Yes.

Jan. 20th. Send Insurance Certificate.

Jan. 22nd. Charming note from old County Council to the effect that the documents specified below—viz., (1) Cheque, (2) Registration Book—have been forwarded to the London County Council in whose area the vehicle now appears to be ordinarily kept. Before, however (they add), a new licence can be issued I must send to the above authority (1) a Certificate of Insurance, (2) the enclosed Form (R.F.I.) duly completed and signed. In spite of all this they are still, I am happy to note, faithfully mine.

Jan. 23rd. Wrestle with enclosed Form R.F.I. and come within an ace of signing the thing, but can't remember chassis number, and the garage is locked; so go to bed. Cheering P.C., by the way, from old C.C. to say Insurance Certificate received and forwarded to L.C.C. We are getting on.

Jan. 24th. Complete Form R.F.I. (though not without banging head badly during search for chassis number) and despatch same to L.C.C. with my compliments and spare copy of Insurance Certificate, just in case.

Jan. 25th. Stopped by policeman, who says, "What about your Excise Licence? you've had plenty of time to renew it by now, you know." I explain about my Excise Licence as from Jan. 9th, but he says, "All right, all *right*," when I am in the middle of Jan. 18th, and I distinctly hear him say, "Blithering idiot!" as I drive away. I can't see, though, what he has to reproach himself for; after all he was only doing his duty.

Jan. 25th. Cordial missive from L.C.C., who would take it as a kindness if I would comply with the undermentioned requirements, viz. (1) Enter new address in Registration Book returned herewith for that purpose; (2) Complete and sign the enclosed Form (R.F.I.); (3) Send Insurance Certificate.

Jan. 26th. Despatch to L.C.C. Registration Book, completed Form R.F.I. (Second Edition), Insurance Policy, old licence, birth certificate, passport, two photographs of car, maker's guarantee (expired) and my compliments. Also certificate of character signed by two Notaries Public and a J.P. I am determined to see this thing through.

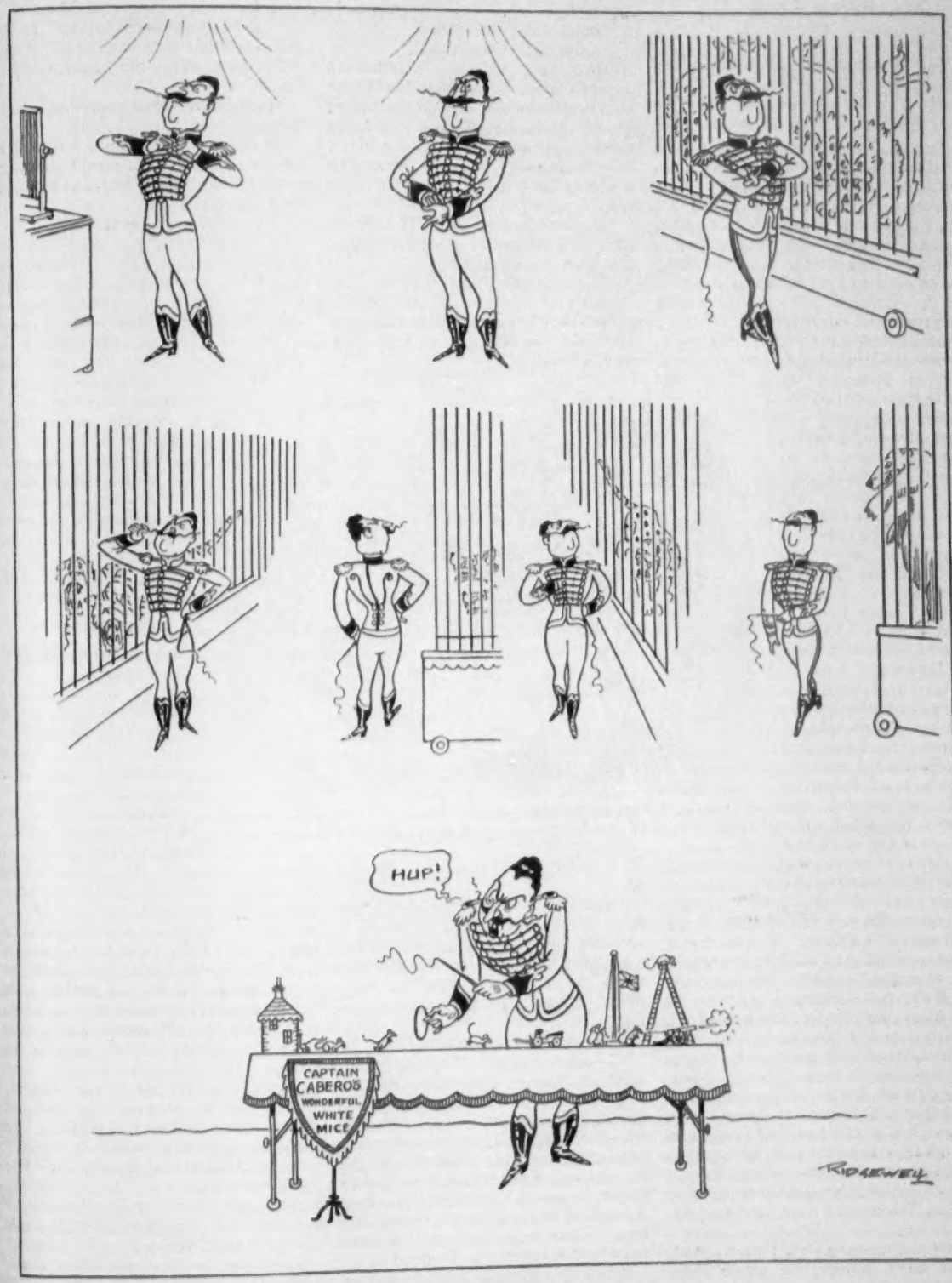
Jan. 29th. What on earth is the internal diameter of my cylinders? The L.C.C. are at me again for omitting this information from the Form (R.F.I.) returned herewith. Cook doesn't know; the postman doesn't know; even Higgins' boy is ignorant. I am in despair.

Jan. 31st. Stopped by policeman, but speak to him as man to man about the internal diameter of my cylinders and drive off without a stain on my character. Still, I don't like it.

Feb. 1st. A notable day. Complete Form R.F.I. by writing opposite *Internal Diameter of Cylinders*: "Standard measurement for car of this make and size." That ought to dish them.

Feb. 3rd. Communication from L.C.C. containing (1) Registration Book, (2) The compliments of the Chief Officer, Public Control Department, and—Great Scot!—(3) A Licence for a Mechanically-Propelled Road Vehicle, 1934.

So there it is. Almost any day now we shall be going to and fro again upon the King's Highway without fear or favour—as soon as ever, that is, I can get that infernal thing on the windscreen unfastened. H. F. E.



THE ANIMAL ACT.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XII.

The Worst Month—February Beats November—A New Pill to Purge Melancholy—The Art of Deceiving Oneself—Lord Hugh Cecil to the Rescue.

THE chief culprit among the twelve months has always been November, and even before TOM HOOD wrote his depreciatory lines it was so. But I don't share this animosity to number eleven. The knowledge that summer is over and that winter is approaching has entered into my consciousness with the first October gale, and the feeling that there can never be another spring is most evident at the end of January, always the longest month of the year, and in February, by which time colds and influenza have really dug themselves in. Even the fogs that used to be looked upon as November's prerogative are now more frequent in January. You may then imagine in what low spirits I am at this moment.

But I have found a comforter in a friend whom I will call Gregory.

"Long ago," Gregory said, "I invented a means of cheering myself up in periods of depression. Imagining myself dead, I wrote a number of flattering obituary notices; not merely the official notices that are published the day after an eminent man dies, but those little supplementary testimonials which are contributed later by people who often sign only their initials or call themselves 'A Friend.' You have seen them constantly: 'A. B. C.' writes, 'A Friend writes,' and then the eulogium.

"Well, in the ordinary way—so far as I know, but Sir OLIVER LODGE will correct me if I am wrong—whoever reads these praises, it is not the person that called them forth. But in my case their only reader is that person.

"I have a bunch of them in a drawer beside the bed—all printed as though they were cut from newspapers—and in the darkest hours of human life, which are between three and five A.M. in February, I read them and am comforted."

"Do you mean to say," I interrupted, "that even though you wrote them yourself and know so completely you wrote them yourself—and about yourself—you find them solacing and encouraging?"

"Immensely," he replied.

"Amazing!" I exclaimed.

"Not at all," he said. "Poor human nature's desire for appreciation is such that it will swallow anything. Granted I wrote them myself, does that make them utterly suspect? Why should not they be true too? If I wrote about you I should be truthful; why not then when I write about me?"

"I give it up," I said. "I have no such enviable powers of self-deception. But read me one or two."

"With pleasure," said Gregory, taking some newspaper-cuttings from his pocket-book. "I always have an assortment with me. Who knows when they may be needed?"



Ignorant Patient (in hospital, indicating head-phones). "DOCTOR, WHEN SHALL I BE WELL ENOUGH TO GIVE UP THIS 'ERE WIRELESS TREATMENT?"

He put on his glasses and began to read.

"This happens to be about my funeral," he said. "Listen. 'There were probably never so many people as assembled yesterday at the Golder's Green Crematorium——' I told you," he interrupted, "I was going to be cremated, didn't I?"

"I forget," I said. "Go on."

"'—as assembled,'" he continued, "'at the Golder's Green Crematorium to pay a last mark of affection and admiration and respect to the late Mr. Gregory Blank. Although the deceased gentleman, with his constant thought for others, had directed that no flowers should be provided but that the money that might be spent in that way should be given to hospitals, the floral tributes were both numerous and splendid.'"

"And that kind of stuff cheers you up?" I asked.

"Prodigiously," he said. "But not so much as this." And he began to read again:—

"'Lord Hugh Cecil writes: "It was with a peculiar sense of grief that I read of the death of my old friend, Gregory Blank."'"

"I didn't know you knew Lord HUGH CECIL," I said.

"I don't," he replied, "but I've always admired him, and I know he wouldn't say what he didn't mean. Shall I go on?"

"I suppose so," I said.

"'"Through all the years that we have been intimate,"'" Gregory resumed, "'"I cannot remember a single instance where his judgment was at fault. We may not have seen eye to eye in everything, and particularly in ecclesiastical matters, but there was no one whose opinion I valued more highly."'"

Smiling ecstatically, Gregory folded up the cutting and replaced it in his pocket-book. "There are lots more," he remarked, "but I think lunch would be better."

"Much better," I said.

E. V. L.

Our Almost Island Home.

I KEEP reading in the papers the statement that "England [and Scotland] is no longer an island."

Statesmen state it; editors repeat it; publicists and strategists confidently announce it. It is now almost a commonplace, a maxim, a law of nature, having the same authority as such assertions as "England is not a musical nation," or "A swan can break a man's leg." Anyone who mildly suggests (as I do) that England (and Scotland) is still surrounded by water and that this is important, is dismissed as an old-fashioned obstructionist lacking in ideals.

England is no longer an island; England is an inextricable part of Europe; the sea does not matter; and England might just as well be wedged between Holland and Belgium. So the wise ones tell us.

And only the undersigned mutt, it appears, has the temerity to ask "Why?" and "What does this mean?"

It means, apparently, that aeroplanes are now able to fly across the English Channel or North Sea, and, unless discouraged or prevented, will



"THERE, YOU SEE—IT STANDS TO REASON! THESE THINGS WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE RIDDEN ON."

be able to drop bombs, gases and offensively-worded pamphlets on London, Woolwich, the Tate Gallery, Portsmouth and even Liverpool and Clacton Pier.

Granted. But what then?

Well, say the statesmen and publicists, that means (1) that the next war will be fought in the air; (2) the English Channel might as well be land; (3) the Navy might as well be scrapped; (4) the Infantry will have a nice quiet time; and (5) we must conduct our Foreign policy accordingly—that is, on the assumption that England is not in the North Sea but jammed uncomfortably between Germany and France.

I have no hesitation in raising the eyebrows at most of these conclusions, especially conclusion (4). We may observe in passing that by the same sort of argument America might long ago have been persuaded that she was no longer a continent but part of Europe. It would have been quite easy (in theory) for hostile fleets to steam up and down the coasts of America bombarding certain towns and harbours with long-range guns. This has never been done, one reason being the American Fleet, and another reason being that such a bombardment, unless followed by the landing of troops (or, to use the sweet new word, "effectives"), would have been perfectly futile—like the bombarding of Paris with "Big Bertha."

The argument, in short, forgets the fundamental truth that in the long run *all wars are fought and won by the infantry.* Section I. of *The Manual of Strategy and Tactics* should read:—

> "Whatever happens, all the dirty work will in the end be done by the infantry. The object of all military operations, therefore, is to get a sufficient number of the common mud-crusher in a position to do the dirty work—that is, to cow, kill or capture and control the enemy. All weapons, machines and plans must be considered as subordinate and contributory to this main purpose."

Military history abounds with illustrations of this fundamental principle, beginning with the Trojan Horse and ending with the Tank. If the Greeks had remained inside the Horse the Trojan war would still be going on. A Tank can cow or kill the inhabitants of a village; but it cannot in a true sense capture or effectively occupy a village. Its advance must be supported and its gains consolidated by the poor blinking infantry. Yet when the Tank first showed its charming figure to the world many unthinking folk said, "Of course this is the end of infantry warfare."

Pardon this elementary stuff, but the same unthinking folk are now announcing that the aeroplane is going to revolutionise warfare. It will do nothing of the sort. Like every other warlike invention, it will make everything more unpleasant for everyone and transfer some of the unpleasantness from the infantry to the civilian population (which, as I have observed before, is only right and just). The aeroplanes may drop their bombs and go back to their hot baths and bridge, but the infantry will have to clear up the mess; and if they are not in a position to clear up the mess the owner of the aeroplanes will be no farther on than they were before. For an aeroplane is a mere wasp. It can only bite and fly away. It cannot occupy and control territory effectively. It cannot put guards round the town, take over coal-mines or even shut the pubs. It cannot itself carry infantry in sufficient numbers to be effective (in this teeming land); and though it can cross the sea it cannot open the seas to the passage of infantry.

It follows from the above that we are still an island. Suppose the aeroplanes come over in clouds every day for a fortnight, make a nasty mess of London and Liverpool and go back to their



Doting Parent. "I MUST TELL YOU THE AMUSING THING MY LITTLE TREVOR SAID THIS MORNING."
Trevor. "DON'T TELL THEM, MUMMY. SEND IT UP FOR THE 'CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS' COMPETITION IN THE PAPER."

hot baths, what in the world will be the use of that? What will be the military effect? *Nil.* Whitehall will go into burrows under the Epsom Downs and the war will continue. All the wasps in the world will not subdue a hippopotamus. To make their efforts effective the enemy must bring large numbers of the *infantry* within our borders, and he must bring them in *ships* across the *seas*. In other words, we are still an island.

"Ah!" says the aeroplane-fan now, "but with his aeroplanes he may destroy our ships and so cut off our sea-borne supplies and starve us." Or, in other words, we are an island.

Aeroplane-fan may be right—though I doubt; but, if he is, we have now arrived at this singular position: We are told that we must regard ourselves as part of Europe for two reasons—first, because we are no longer an island, and, secondly, because we are.

However, if aeroplane-fan is right there are two possible answers:—

(1) That we must have enough ships and aeroplanes to prevent the enemy from behaving in this way—and so remain an island; and

(2) That we must internationalise the aeroplane—and so remain an island.

This (2) seems to be one of the soundest suggestions which have proceeded recently from the publicists (what a word!). And I recommend the world to read *World Airways? Why Not?** The horrid aeroplane frightens every nation—therefore, like opium, let it be internationally controlled. Like opium, it slips across the frontiers far too easily and therefore it should have no frontiers. It seems a little ludicrous for the statesmen to split hairs about abolishing tanks of over sixteen tons and so forth if nothing drastic is to be done about the aeroplane (which, according to the same statesmen, is the only thing that matters).

From which, brother, emerges a perfectly clear and intelligible policy† on Disarmament, Europe, Locarno and all that. We say to Europe, "Look here, Europe, you wrangling old thing, *either* you agree to the internationalisation of the aeroplane, in which case we stand by Locarno and all that; *or*, we denounce Locarno and all that and clear out of your muddy counsels altogether, and we reluctantly build so many aeroplanes and ships that we don't care a couple of hoots for the whole lot of you. Because, one way or the other, we propose to remain an island, which, we happen to think, is rather a good thing."

P.S.—I have now seen H.M. Gov.'s statement of policy. It is longer than mine, and better written; and, as to aeroplanes, so far as I understand it, it seems to be similar. I have had one hearty laugh—at the idea of the German 5·9 being accepted as a "defensive" weapon. This little pea-shooter will be recollected by many. A. P. H.

* VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD.

† H.M. Gov.'s policy has not, as we write, been announced.

"The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has returned from England to Berlin, the party comprising eighty-eight people, with 4,796 tons of luggage."—*Daily Paper.*

They never allow *us* 54½ tons of luggage per head when we travel abroad.

"It was reported that the brook near the Congregational Church was in need of clearing out, and it was decided . . . to write to the surveyor . . . to ask him to take steps in the matter."—*Parish Council Report.*

No doubt he would prefer to take their word for it.

The Toll.

STUDENTS of history will not need to be reminded that the National Government of 1930–35 became alarmed at the ever-increasing toll of the roads and took steps to inquire into methods of reducing mortality; nor that the Rational Government, whose strong hands grasped the reins of power from the feeble fingers of the National Government, took further steps in the same direction, and went on taking steps for five years.

The strong International Government, who seized the reins of power from the pallid fingers of the Rational Government in 1940, took the matter so seriously that they actually introduced a number of practical reforms. All motor-vehicles had to be fitted with a sort of balloon arrangement in front so that when two of them collided they merely rebounded a few feet without material damage.

So great was the traffic congestion, however, owing to the enormous size of the balloon sort of arrangements, that four-hundred-and-fifty-six Members of Parliament, including a large proportion of Government supporters, were held up in traffic-blocks on their way to the House on the afternoon that the Leader of the Coalitional Party moved his Vote of Censure on the Government. Already weakened by their support of the white elephant Illuminated Green Fly Bill, the Government fell and the Coalitional Party won the ensuing Election on the slogan, "BETTER GET THERE DEAD THAN NOT GET THERE AT ALL." The newspapers that espoused the International cause hinted that the Coalitional Party was secretly under the thumb of the Undertakers' Union.

Finding themselves free of the balloon sort of arrangement that had prevented them getting along at anything like a decent speed, motorists became more reckless than ever, and the Coalitional Minister of Transport began to get worried. He introduced a Bill making it compulsory for everybody—motorists and pedestrians—to wear heavily-padded suits, which, though making them look like perpendicular otters, would enable them to be involved in even the most serious accidents without anything being broken.

Pictures of men and women wearing the new suits were reproduced in all the papers, and deputations of ladies, bearing banners: "DID WE SLIM IN VAIN?" and "BETTER BE BRUISED THAN BOLSTERED," marched towards Westminster, and mild riots ensued. As these mild riots were naturally described in the American and European Press as "Bloody Revolution: Thousands Slain," the Government shelved the Bill and appointed another Royal Commission to mess about with the subject for a few years, hoping that the Report would not be ready until another Government was in power to get into trouble either for acting on its recommendations or for not acting on its recommendations.

Their hope was not vain. The strong Abolitionist Government took over the reins of power from the fluttering fingers of the weak Coalitional Government early in 1953.

The new Minister of Transport considered the Report of the Royal Commission with the utmost care, reported that something ought to be done, and said that it would not be a bad idea to inflict much more severe punishment on those who were involved in accidents



"BY THE GREAT MAHOUTMA, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CARPET?"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR, I'M HAVING IT INVISIBLY MENDED."



"And what do you think of the European situation, Mrs. Brown?"
"Oh, I'm quite content to leave such things in the hands of the Vicar."

through their own fault. The charge for killing fellow-motorists or pedestrians on the road, in fact, should be increased.

This recommendation of course was pilloried by all the newspapers of the masses because it fell more hardly on the poor than on the rich. After all, the labourer was as much entitled to his bit of fun as the peer.

Not until the Transitional Government came into power in 2034 was the problem finally solved. The Transitional Minister of Transport was knighted for his achievement. Not a single accident happened on the roads in 2034. . . The last motorist had exchanged his car for an aeroplane.

Mr. Preep's Advice.

I.—To the British Museum.

Dear Museum,—I am on your side, even if I am not with you every day. I defend you constantly against those who call you the worst enemy to progress and a snob about age. A thing has only got to be old and you will be all over it, which is frankly not a helpful attitude.

What Business and its lively and much-made-up handmaid Advertising have to do is to crack up the new, to make the adjective "old" one of derogation, as in old boots. Now if there is one thing people expect to find cheap and in fact to have given to them it is the Bible. We do not expect a Soviet to give us anything, but it upsets our habits of thought to find a Bible is frightfully expensive because it is a very old one.

For my part I am getting on in years now and agree with your principle that the older means, as a rule, the better and the more valuable; and it ought to help you in collecting for the Codex that it is the old people who have the money. Not that it ought to be difficult for you to raise money.

Some people say they would be much happier if the Museum could have announced that by remarkable business skill it had secured the Codex for ten pounds. But no one would have wanted to look at a ten-pound Codex. These big six-figure prices are what dazzle the public and make them troop off to Bloomsbury to form most unusual queues.

Now the advice I want to give you, dear Museum, is this: Realise that you are packed with treasures which excite nobody to-day. All round Codex Sinaiticus are other codices, a hundred or two years later, it is true, but fine old fellows. Nobody looks at them because they are already secured for the nation; and it is the same with autograph letters and all round the departments. Nobody except yourself knows what you have got. Sell your treasures to yourself, using the services of obliging foreigners, and you will find you can tap the public over and over again, and will be able to buy more outside treasures. It isn't the money you are after, I know that, and people don't keep museums as a way of getting rich; but you naturally want your possessions admired by the people on whose behalf you keep them with such care.

Is it not true that the best if not the only way of making the public interested is to make the treasure change hands for a great deal of money? It is the same story with pictures and with personal relics. I don't suggest that everything in the glass cases should have a cash figure of its estimated value attached to it, though no facts would be more eagerly fastened upon and thought about. But a money-minded public we certainly are, and we could not complain if by a little ingenious arrangement we were coaxed into putting up money for treasures we already possess, as a just reprisal for knowing and caring nothing about them while they remain unpriced.

Your warmly attached
Barnabas Preep.



CHILDE RAMSAY TO THE DARK TOWER CAME.

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, January 29th.*—Lords: Judiciary Safeguarding Bill and Supply of Water in Bulk Bill given First Reading. Commons: Unemployment Bill Considered in Committee.**

***Tuesday, January 30th.*—Commons: Unemployment Bill Considered Still Further in Committee.**

***Wednesday, January 31st.*—Commons: Adoption of Children (Workmen's Compensation) Bill Given Second Reading.**

A Hard Day for the Peers.

Monday, January 29th.—Lords gathered to-day at 4.15. At 4.16 they adjourned until February 6th.

When Commons met they were the poorer for death of that great Parliamentarian, JOSEPH DEVLIN. "WEE JOE," as he was affectionately known in his native city of Belfast, was respected by every Party as brilliant organiser, fierce orator and opponent, and kind-hearted and humorous friend. He will be deeply missed on all sides.

Question-time brought spate of inquiries dammed up by Recess. Sir JOHN SIMON'S replies, keenly anticipated, made clear that this country has recently issued to other Governments concerned, through its Ambassadors, memorandum stating its disarmament attitude; and that French and Italian Governments had accepted British view that League reform must come second to question of disarmament.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT encountered hearty cheering on news of his engagement when he rose to inform Sir PERCY HURD that effect of Government's measures on fat stock prices not likely to be felt yet.

Cheers also greeted Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, who rose to reply for first time since his elevation to Cab. rank. He was able to report that pilfering from telephone kiosks is on the wane; but as it is common knowledge that depraved creatures who live in this way are nearly all suffering from Button-B-Neurosis one had hoped that P.M.G. would have taken more definite steps to stamp out this disease.

House showed its approval of Mr. OLIVER STANLEY'S announcement that Government had decided to introduce legislation at an early date to deal with serious problem of road accidents, and that he will shortly appeal to Press, B.B.C. and film industry for their co-operation in lending publicity to big drive for principle of Safety First. Sir JOHN GILMOUR'S statement that no liquor-licensing legislation would be introduced this Session is presumed to have been influenced by present passage through Lords of Supply of Water in Bulk Bill, which sounds as if it should tend to widespread dilution.

Debate on Unemployment Bill was



A PARLIAMENTARY VALENTINE.
With Mr. Punch's best wishes to Mr. ELLIOT, Minister of Husbandry.

not remarkable except that Captain CROOKSHANK'S Amendment to raise weekly benefit in respect of each child from two shillings to three shillings met with support all round House, and was only negatived by 96 votes, for these



"I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST."
Lord High Elocutioner: LT.-COL. COLVILLE.

days comparatively small Government majority.

(*"Steward, how do you think they're looking after their holidays?"*

"Very much rested, Sir, I'm glad to say.")

Outing for Back Benches.

Tuesday, January 30th.—New Lord Privy Seal—Mr. ANTHONY EDEN—met with applause when he rose to deny rumour that Government is against reference of Austro-German dispute to League of Nations. Austria has made representations to Berlin about Nazi propaganda, and still awaits reply.

House has pleasantly childish sense of humour, which it displayed when Lieut.-Colonel COLVILLE read out names of Japanese delegates who are to negotiate with the representatives of British industries. Between each name Colonel COLVILLE had to pause while Members enjoyed innocent guffaw.

Question from Mr. WHITE as to progress made in introduction of mechanisation into War Office elicited from Mr. DUFF COOPER assurance that W.O. is absolutely efficient; but no mention of the new automatic combined tape-binder and fire-eater which is said now to be undergoing spectacular trials in Whitehall.

Thanks to pressure of guillotine, debate on Unemployment Bill is producing much shorter and crisper utterances, and normally long-winded Back-Benchers are speaking to the point. To-day many of them discussed Sir HENRY BETTERTON'S manuscript Amendment, intended to allay apprehension felt that words "unable to obtain suitable employment" might be construed as implying "genuinely seeking work."

Mr. MAXTON has returned from his visit to Dublin like a lion refreshed, and to-night he delighted House with one of his roving speeches, asking what led MINISTER to feel that he needed greater disciplinary control over unemployed men than his Department had got by 1930 Act. Labour Amendment, however, modifying penalties which can be imposed by Court of Referees for refusal of suitable employment, was finally accepted by Sir HENRY, whose task as the pilot of this gigantic piece of legislation is not enviable.

Robert to Robot.

Wednesday, January 31st.—Vehicle-actuated traffic-signals are costly to buy but much cheaper in upkeep than a policeman. Initial sum is £550, MINISTER admitted to-day to Mr. SUMMERSBY, but £60 will keep one blinking happily all through year, without even summer holiday. It only remains to equip them to answer silly questions.

Mr. V. ADAMS did his best to panic HOME SECRETARY with activities of British Fascists, but Sir JOHN GILMOUR refused to be worried, even by acquisition by our native Blackshirts of armoured motor-vans, which he seemed to think were intended more as a protection against the volant egg than as



SKI-SCHULE.

Beginner. "I SAY, DO THEY HAVE MUCH SNOWBALLING HERE?"

weapons of offence. Black shirts, of course, stain terribly easily.

This being Private Members' day, Mr. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY moved Resolution urging Government to correct unsatisfactory balance between British and Russian trade and to accelerate trade negotiations. Our markets, he said, were more important to Soviet than theirs to us, but, though he personally disliked Soviet, he did not see how we could afford to neglect any market. As usual this subject produced heated arguments. In reply, Mr. COLVILLE assured Members that satisfactory trade treaty would soon be concluded and that Lena Goldfields' dispute would not be allowed to interfere.

Other Resolution was moved by Sir ARTHUR SHIRLEY BENN, that Government should get in touch with Dominions with a view to putting forward a scheme for the voluntary redistribution of white peoples of the Empire. Chartered Company to administer Empire migration was outlined by Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT; while Mr. KENNETH LINDSAY in an able speech urged greater caution in scrutinising settlement schemes. In reply Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD conveyed sympathy of Government, which is still waiting for report of Committee appointed a year ago.

OUR WEEKLY QUESTION.

To the Prime Minister: Is he aware to what extent confusion of Parties mars present House of Commons as public spectacle? And would he consider, for publicity purposes, making top-hats obligatory, of different colour for each Party, with Members' personal number fixed clearly to the crown, so that, armed with key to numbers, visitors to galleries could easily identify their legislators?

"Can you say who occupied No. 8 bedroom? Was it occupied by a man or a woman and a man and a woman or what?
Evening Paper.

Yes and no.

"... at Gosforth, near Newcastle on Tyne. near Newcastle-on-Tyne."—*Daily Paper.*

Or, "NewcastleonTyne," which brings it nearer still.

"Gentleman wishes to recommend married man, with two children, as single-handed Gardener; has good knowledge of electric light plants."—*Advt. in Sussex Paper.*

So those old bulbs may come up after all!

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch hopes to see many of his friends at a Bridge Party, in aid of the S.S.D., which will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Tuesday, February 13th, at three o'clock. Tickets (10/6 each) may be obtained from The Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 1, Phillimore Gardens, W. 8.

Wedding Presents.

Pam. That makes eight.

David. Nine. I had one this morning too.

Pam. Oh, David, you didn't! Who from?

David. Lady Agnes.

Pam. She *would.*

David. What they all imagine we could possibly do with nine early-morning tea-sets is what beats me.

Pam. Change them, darling. That's an easy one.

David. We can't change this. There's no label.

Pam (*indignantly*). Of all the unfair, unkind, dishonourable tricks, to send a present without a shop-label is the worst! Oh, well, Betty's wedding will becoming on soon. There's always that.

David. So there is. It's a nice tea-set too. She ought to like it. What have you got there?

Pam. Loathsome telephone-book cover from Cousin Archie. What have you?

David. Table-mats from the Bensons—just the wrong colour. . . . Hullo!

Pam. What's that!

David. I can't imagine. It's from the gardeners at home.

Pam. Let me look. My dear, it's a crumb-scoop. How *too* touching!

David. Is it any use?

Pam. Not the slightest.

David. What shall I open next?

Pam. That big one. It just *might* be exciting. It's from Osprey's.

David. Good labels usually mean bad taste.

Pam. Almost invariably. *Oh!*

David. What's the matter?

Pam. Look at this! I know exactly where Judith got it. They were half-price on the last day of Harfridge's sale. I must say . . .!

David. She *might* have got it before the sale, I suppose?

Pam. I bet she didn't. She wanted it to look as if she'd spent a guinea when she'd only spent ten-and-six.

David. I'm afraid it looks extremely like it. Dash this string!

Pam. Don't cut it whatever happens.

David. Of course not. What do you take me for?

Pam. All this string is absolutely priceless.

David. It will last us for years.

Pam. It's marvellous to have so much.

David. There—that's done. There's the card.

Pam. Rodney and Sonia Cartright! Well, it might be nice and it might not. I wouldn't quite trust Sonia.



"DOES HE GET YOU OVER THE JUMPS ALL RIGHT, SIR?"
"YES, HE GETS ME OVER ALL RIGHT. THE TROUBLE IS HE DOESN'T COME WITH ME."

David. I certainly wouldn't trust Rodney.

Pam. Do be quick and get it out.

David. There's so much tissue-paper round the thing.

Pam. Save that. It's useful too.

David. It's a standard lamp, I believe. . . . Yes.

Pam. Let's see. H'm.

David. Quite nice.

Pam. Y-e-s—quite.

David. Oh, yes, only quite.

Pam. In fact I don't know that I'd even call it "quite."

David. No; nor would I.

Pam. I don't think I like it much.

David. I'm not sure honestly that I like it at all.

Pam. Nor am I.

David. In fact I'm not at all certain that I don't *dis*like it.

Pam. I rather agree with you. I believe I definitely dislike it.

David. I definitely dislike it a good deal.

Pam. So do I.

David. However . . .

Pam. It can always go to the servants'-hall.

David. Or be changed.

Pam. Quite. Which shall we open now?

David. What about this——? Oh, there's the telephone!

Pam. I'll answer it. Hello . . . . Yes, it is Pam. Who is it? Sonia! My dear, we've just undone your heavenly present—exactly what we wanted. We're simply thrilled. . . . Yes, we've just been discussing where to put it. You are a darling! . . . What? The children want to give me something on their own? How *too* sweet of them! I'm dying to see what it is. . . . It's what? . . . An early-morning tea-set? My dear, how divine! . . .

At the Play.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (WYNDHAM'S).

THE authors of *Clive of India*, W. P. LIPSCOMB and R. J. MINNEY, selecting and manipulating their facts and supplementing them with discreet invention, have presented an intelligible and rounded story of a great Englishman which quickens the pulse. They have, moreover, put together a quite effective stage-play which has logical movement from preamble through crisis to decline, which sustains its dramatic interest to the end and suffers much less from machine-made scenes and forcibly-dragged-in reported sayings of the great than is customary with biographies adapted for the theatre.

In particular the invention of an attractive and circumstantial love-story—abrupt wooing, achieved mutual understanding and confidence, estrangement through the age-long conflict between love and duty or ambition in the man, reunion in adversity—to act as a foil and in some sort as commentary on the picturesque external facts of the swift brilliant career, gives the whole a touch of warmth to cheer the romantically minded and incidentally provides Miss GILLIAN LIND with an excellent acting part.

The authors show us, in nine scenes, a dissatisfied, moody and truculent young clerk in the service of John Company, treating the pompous senior merchants with scant respect; the wounded ensign, escaped through the enemy lines, extorting authority from the Governor for the attack on Arcot; the meeting of *Clive* and *Margaret Maskelyne*, with incidental diversion in the introduction of a British sergeant (owing something to the Great War and played excellently by Mr. HENRY CAINE); a sight of *Clive's* first siege of London, with some pretty gossips of the town, most intelligently dressed by Miss ELIZABETH HAFFENDEN (and in general I should like to say that the nine effective scenes by Mr. LAURENCE IRVING and Miss HAFFENDEN'S costumes were well married); the fraudulent signing of the Treaty with *Mir Jaffar*; the young Commander's tent on the eve of glorious Plassey; happy retirement at Walcot; the call to return to India for the third time, and *Lady Clive's* impassioned protest; the angrily-buzzing Lobby of the House of Commons on the night of the inquiry; a final scene of reconciliation between husband and wife, with *Chatham* bringing the news of the division and a hint (unlikely but dramatically justifiable) of an imperial policy consonant with *Clive's* ideas being adopted by His Majesty's Government.



INDIAN TABLE-TALK.

Robert Clive . . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.
Mir Jaffar . . . . . MR. W. E. HOLLOWAY.



"WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW."

Margaret . . . . . MISS GILLIAN LIND.
Robert Clive . . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.

Mr. LESLIE BANKS, whom we know as an actor of sense and sensibility with an arresting personality on the stage, rose to the full height of this admirable opportunity. He did contrive to give the illusion, particularly in the Campand Council Chamber scenes, that here was a great man in action, a born leader, ambitious, resolute, overbearing but essentially generous and chivalrous. The tender scenes (including the roguish wooing) were charmingly played, and Miss GILLIAN LIND gave the authors' interesting characterisation of their *Lady Clive* a firm and pleasing shape.

The exigencies of the situation demanded that to the hero should fall so full a share of the work as to leave little to be divided among a large cast—soldiers, nabobs, clerks, natives, Members of Parliament, servants, Society belles. A sound portrait of the sleek Indian merchant, *Omichand*, was contributed by Mr. PHILLIP LEAVER; Miss ROSAMOND GREENWOOD gave life and beauty to a Society lady, and Miss BUENA BENT'S *Housekeeper* was effective. The producer, Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN, had grouped and moved his figures with skill so as to give a sense of vivid reality; and, to sum up, here was a very interesting and exciting piece of historical reconstruction which I heartily commend to your attention. T.

"HENRY V." (ALHAMBRA).

Leicester Square's sudden regal preoccupation continues, for, HARRY TUDOR having removed his private life from the south side, here comes HARRY MONMOUTH to the east with a flourish of trumpets and a great spread of pageantry; and if this play ought ever to be seen on the stage, which personally I doubt, there seems something to be said

for such a mode of presentation. When SHAKESPEARE wrote *Henry V.* he was the patriotic dramatist doing his best for a notable slab of his country's history, and, although enthusiasm for his hero moved him to certain superb passages, they are connected by loose and sometimes tedious strands which allow the dramatic interest almost to disappear. A rich setting and an accompaniment of martial music therefore do a good deal to hold the play together.

I have no quarrel with Mr. STANLEY BELL's compression of the five Acts into four, which serves to lend extra body to the First Act, but I wonder what led him to omit the second of the scenes in the Eastcheap tavern, containing the description of *Falstaff's* death? He may have a theory that the fat knight was too much an echo of the royal salad past (and possibly too badly treated an echo) to have any part in a play which shows the rollicking *Prince* transformed into the serious *King*; but my own feeling is that we should be eternally grateful that *Mistress Pistol* was in at such a death, and treasure her immortal lines accordingly.

Mr. BELL'S production, as I have hinted, is on an old-fashioned scale of lavishness, and the scenery, which is also his work, is as sumptuous as you please without being tawdry. The music, by Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL, is in keeping and assists the continuity of the action, but it is unnecessarily loud; muted down to an undertone of war it would serve its purpose better.

What matters most is the hero himself, and Mr. GODFREY TEARLE'S *Henry* is uncommonly good. He has the right stature and the right voice; with real restraint and dignity he shows the new *King* turning from the foibles of youth and assuming such a stern front in the first test of his authority that the *Dauphin's* gift of tennis-balls becomes indeed a bitter mockery; and his delivery of *Henry's* great speeches is as clear as a bell, fiery in exhortation and rebuke, gentle and sympathetic in repose. For the hackneyed but imperishable "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" Mr. BELL has set him alone, addressing an unseen army, and to me this seems the right treatment, though I gather the point is controversial. The magnitude of the speech makes one imagine a vast throng, and to see a handful of listeners would surely bring the illusion crashing from Harfleur to Hyde Park. (To be purely irrelevant for a moment, it never occurred to me before what a splendid epitaph for a great cricketer you could take from these lines: "He was like a greyhound in the slips.")

The part of *Katharine* is regrettably small, so delightfully does Miss YVONNE ARNAUD play it. The French lesson might have been written specially for her, and the proposal scene brings out all the coy audacity which she knows how to use with such an exact skill. In this scene Mr. TEARLE melts nicely into the rough clean-limbed warrior with a heart of gold who knows what he wants but has no idea how to ask for it—which is a pretty conceit, but it has always struck me as curious that a man so unusually eloquent in times of crisis should not have been inspired to supreme oratory by this greatest crisis of all.



ENTENTE CORDIALE.

King Henry V. . . . . . MR. GODFREY TEARLE.
Katharine . . . . . MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

Mr. BASIL GILL'S sketch of *Exeter* is beautifully done, conveying without effort a simple strength and unswerving loyalty; Mr. NORMAN HOULT cleverly suggests *Charles VI.'s* varying sanity; the herald *Montjoy* is indebted to Mr. LAIDMAN BROWNE for several impressive appearances; and the Chorus was ably recited by Miss CICELY JONAS.

Although the scene with the French prisoner is as funny as ever, I was disappointed in Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL'S *Pistol*, who lacks the coward's full bombast. SHAKESPEARE has only given him blank cartridges, but that is all the more reason for their being loud ones. If there are frequent passages in this play which read better than they act, a particular exception must be made of *Fluellin's* part, as played by Mr. D. HAY PETRIE, who brought the pert argumentative little Welshman brilliantly to life.

This is popular SHAKESPEARE, but none the worse for that. A large house absorbed it enthusiastically. ERIC.

From Pest to Pet.

[*The Times* records in a recent issue the offer of Mrs. MEINERTZHAGEN to look after any stray coatimundis at her home in Suffolk, where she has had successful experience in taming and training these creatures, whose engaging ways, fondness for scent and peculiar diet she describes in an interesting article.]

ALTHOUGH in cruel Woverhampton,
Charged falsely with infanticide,
A small coátimundi, stamped on,
Unmourned and unlamented died,
A home for these queer red or buff folk
Far from the Midlands' harsh and rough folk.
A kindly lady down in Suffolk
Is willing to provide.

No more unjustly execrated
And banned for violence and vice,
Here lavishly accommodated
They live in perfect Paradise.
Housed in a snug and sanitary
And well-protected sanctuary,
Fed on the produce of the dairy
Plus little birds and mice.

* * * * *

Farewell! Champagne and Salmagundi;
Rich diet fills me with alarm.
Farewell! Jock Scott and Cock-a-Bundy,
Ye too have forfeited your charm.
Far from Mayfair and Mrs. Grundy
Upon the lovely Isle of Lundy
To foster the coátimundi
I 'm going to run a farm. C. L. G.

Things That Might Better Have Been Left Unsaid.

"The bride looked charming. . . . Her veil, which she wore over her face, made her look even more attractive."—*Colonial Paper.*

"Mr. —— . . . created a firm impression, his lyric tenor voice being well under control in 'Linden Lea' and 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Ewes.'"—*New Zealand Paper.*

Take and keep them, if you can!

"A very common conception in the mind of theatre-goers is that a Shaw announced as a pantomime is just motion, gesticulation, etc."—*Canadian Paper.*

Well, isn't it?

February Fun.

FEBRUARY is the month of Brewster Sessions—the month in which the Licensing Justices of our land swarm upon the Benches to hear, determine, grant or refuse applications for licences to sell "intoxicating liquor," whether on or off the premises, transfers, references for "redundancy," not forgetting billiards licences and so forth, as per the Licensing Acts of 1910 and 1921.

Brewster Sessions are among the most comical and lovely spectacles in the country. No citizen can claim to have a proper civic education till he has seen one; and no foreigner can hope to understand our race without this experience.

For one thing, it is not, I think, possible to see our excellent Justices of the Peace in such large coveys or prides on any other occasion. The last time I went to Brewster Sessions there were thirty-one of them on the Bench—two rows. It took five minutes for the pride to totter in and out, for there was a good deal of longevity, corpulence, asthma and apparently rickets about, and many of the justices were scarcely mobile. Now then, don't misunderstand me. I have the warmest respect for (*a*) the noble army of unpaid magistrates who do the difficult Bench-work all the year round. And I have the most hearty sympathy for (*b*) those magistrates who are prevented from magistrating regularly all the year round, whether by reason of asthma, gout, obesity, old age or general objections to unnecessary toil. All I am saying is that, as a matter of statistical whatnot, it is very remarkable how many magistrates of class (*b*), not having been seen upon the Bench for a year, manage to turn up in February at Brewster Sessions when there is a chance of refusing a licence or two or referring the old "Blue Moon" for "redundancy."

Naughty people have explained the thing in this way. By the wise laws of our land no brewer magistrate may sit on the Bench at Brewster Sessions (though a motor-manufacturer is not forbidden to try a motor-accident charge); but there is nothing to prevent a Prohibitionist from sitting on the Bench and giving his vote on any licensing question. Further, it is whispered (by the naughty) that large numbers of those who do not like beer and belong to good societies for keeping beer from others take a deal of trouble to get themselves made magistrates, not because they wish to serve their country all the year round (like class (*a*)), but because they wish to be nasty to the beer-drinkers at Brewster Sessions.

This suggestion, I am sure, is too naughty to be true; and I reject it with indignation. It would not surely be Christian, or even cricket, for any magistrates to behave this way, to leave the general duties of their office to others and only to discharge their judicial functions in a matter where they are prejudiced and so ought not to be judges at all. How, for example, could a Prohibitionist give a fair vote upon the question whether the "Blue Moon" ought to be declared "redundant"? To him *all* inns, *all* licences are redundant, and therefore he would be discharging judicial functions with a political or propagandist bias.

But in Britain we know that such things could not be; and I for one will not believe it. There remain, however, the observed natural phenomena, which must be capable of some explanation. I suppose it is the Spring. It is the warm February weather which brings the old ladies and gentlemen out. There, at any rate, they are, one or two asleep (yes, last time I saw *two* asleep in that corner in the second row—at 11.45 A.M.—and I don't blame them), but all doing their duty. It is a very beautiful sight, a pride of Licensing Justices. No, "pride" is not right. Quick, my Muse—a good noun of assemblage! A "huddle"? A "gout"? A "fuss"? A "fret"? No, Muse, I have it—a "*pomp*." Go, then, civic student; go, then, my French friend, to the Town Hall at —— and see a "pomp" of Licensing Justices creak in and out again as they retire to consider their difficult decisions: "Shall X, who now may sell beer in quantities of not fewer than three dozen bottles, be permitted to sell beer-bottles by ones and twos?" "May the landlord of the 'Blue Moon' put in a partition in order to shift the dart-board from the west side to the north?" "And will not the alterations at the 'Black Horse,' though they give more room and comfort to everybody, dangerously increase the total 'drinking-space' of Great Britain?" Look at all the policemen, all the learned counsel (and even K.C.'s)! You would think a murder trial was on—no less. If you are lucky you may hear fine thoughts and noble phrases, as, for example: "Although not illegal, the Bench are determined to set their face against dart-playing on Sundays"; or, "Music combined with the sale of intoxicating liquor is an abomination." But you will be very lucky to hear anything quite so good as that, for the Benches, they tell me, are improving, like the rest of us. Still, you are sure to find some fun.

A. P. H.



"AFTER I HELPED HER UP, HER LADYSHIP SAYS, 'CRIKEY, 'ARRIET, I AIN'T 'ARF 'URT MY LEG!'"

"BANKRUPTCY COURT.
AFFAIRS OF A CORK LADY."
Irish Paper.

She can't be completely sunk.

"According to the estimate of Mine Host of Saxmundham, the Saxulation of Popmundham is 1,368."—*Suffolk Paper.*

It goes up at once in mine hostimation.



"It 's wonderful what the hand of man can do to a piece of earth, with the aid of Divine Providence, Wilks."
"You should 'ave seen this piece, Sir, when Divine Providence 'ad it all to itself."

Aubade.

Awake, awake, my lady gay!
Now cheerly wakes the dawning day;
The morning air is clear and bright;
Awake, my love! Awake, my light!
"Awake, awake!" the ousel shrills;
"Awake, awake!" the mavis trills;
"Awake!" the lark replies above.
Awake, my love! Awake, my love!

Awake, my love! Awake, my doe!
The children call to you below.
I hear them call to you to rise.
Awake, my pearl! Awake, my prize!
A neighbour's dog is biting Jack;
Sacheverell has ricked his back;
The bees have swarmed in Wilfred's hair;
Awake, awake, my lady fair!

Awake, awake, my lady gay,
For cheerly wakes the dawning day!
The air is crisp and clear as glass;
The dews are pearly on the grass.
"Awake, my love!" the ousel shrills;
"Awake, my love!" the mavis trills;
"Awake!" the lark replies above;
Awake, my love! Awake, my love!

Awake, my star! Awake, my queen!
The chauffeur has eloped with Jean;
The dairy has not sent the cream;
Awake, my joy! Awake, my dream!
The spoons are gone; Miss Baynes is dead;
There is a corpse in Edward's bed.
I fear some mischief has been done;
Awake, awake, my sleepy one!

Awake, awake, my lady gay,
For cheerly wakes the dawning day!
The pipes are leaking in the hall;
The Rector's wife intends to call.
Awake and join in Nature's glee!
Awake, awake, and merry be!
With beasts below and birds above
Awake, awake, awake, my love! P. B.

The Provincial Lady Goes to America.

XIX.

November 24th. Gratifying recrudescence of more or less all the people met on first arrival in New York, who ring up and ask me to lunch before I sail. Ella Wheelwright says that she is coming to see me off, and would like to send me *Anthony Adverse* for the journey. Am horrified, but not surprised, to hear myself thanking her effusively and saying that I shall look forward to reading it.

Spend much time in packing, and discover that all my clothes are crumpled and most of them need mending. As I have still three more luncheons, two teas and a dinner-party to attend feel justified in going out and buying two new dresses. This expedition, however, less dashing than it sounds, as assistant in one shop distresses me by supposing that I want Matron's Wear, and in the other can produce nothing but bottle-green or plum-coloured evening-dresses—which are, she tells me, the only two shades that will be worn at all this year. Go away in despair and walk along Fifth Avenue, where shops all look incredibly expensive and intimidating. Am suddenly accosted by young and pretty woman with very slim legs and large fur-collar to her coat. She says, How nice it is to meet again! and I at once agree and ask her advice as to purchase of frocks. Oh, she replies amicably, I must come *at once* to her place—she is on her way there now. We proceed to her place, which turns out a great success, and I get black afternoon frock with silver belt, and a mauve evening-dress. Unknown friend is charming, buys an evening coatee and two scarves on her own account, but does not—to my disappointment—reveal name or address.

We then part cordially, never—presumably—to meet again.

November 29th. S.S. *Berengaria.* Consignment of books for the voyage very, very kindly sent by publishers, arrives at eleventh hour—impossible to pack and I decide to carry them. Ella Wheelwright says, Yes, they'll be all right in a strap. Here, she adds, is *Anthony Adverse.* Packing continues, while Ella sits on bed and tells me that dark-red varnish doesn't really suit her nails. Coral—yes; rose-pink—yes, but not dark-red. I make sounds that I hope may pass for intelligent assent and go on packing, but impossibility of fitting in present for Our Vicar's Wife, besides dressing-slippers and travelling-clock



"AH, LES PRÉSENTIMENTS! LES PRÉSENTIMENTS!"



"STEWARDESS IS KINDNESS ITSELF."

of my own, overcomes me altogether and I call on Ella for help. This she reluctantly gives, telling me at the same time that her dress wasn't meant for a strain of any kind and may very likely split under the arms if she tries to lift anything.

This catastrophe fortunately averted and boxes at last closed and taken downstairs, Ella and I following with books, of which she carries three and I eight, Ella still maintaining that what we need is a strap. Docks achieved by taxi, and *Berengaria*—looking colossal—awaits us. Am much moved on finding that Mademoiselle has come to see me off and is already shedding floods of tears and saying that many a fine ship has been *englouti par les vagues* and that it is *à serrer le cœur* to think of my two poor little children left without a mother. I beg Mademoiselle to take a more hopeful outlook—at which she shows symptoms of being offended, so hastily add that I have often known similar misgivings myself, which is true. She says lugubriously, *Ah, les présentiments! les présentiments!* and gives me a chrysanthemum in a pot for my cabin.

Shortly afterwards Ella takes her leave, after assuring me that she has revelled in me, which I think very strange expression and not wholly accurate.

Much rushing about ensues, and Mademoiselle weeps on my bed and says that she has *le mal du pays* and *la nostalgie.* Mistake this for neuralgia, and suggest aspirin, and this error fortunately restores Mademoiselle altogether, and she leaves for the shore with comparative cheerfulness.

Find six more books in cabin and four boxes of flowers. No strap to be found anywhere.

December 4th. Flowers have to be removed from cabin and books remain unread, but stewardness is kindness itself and tells me not to think of moving. I suggest that it will be necessary for me to do so in order to get my landing-card; but she replies No, the purser will come down to me. Am surprised and gratified, and try effect of a good deal of white powder on my face in order to look ill enough to justify special journey of purser to my cabin.

This minor excitement has definitely bracing effect, and complete restoration to health is reached when I get

radio from Robert to say that he will meet me at Southampton.

December 6th. Robert meets me, being brought to the ship by tender, which I see apparently hundreds of miles away. Lean over the side and wave passionately to familiar figure in blue suit. Familiar figure turns out to be that of complete stranger. Scan everybody else and decide that I have at last sighted Robert—raincoat and felt hat—but nerve rather shattered and am doubtful about waving. This just as well, as raincoat is afterwards claimed by middle-aged lady in red, who screams: Is that you, Daddy? and is in return hailed with: Hallo, Mum! Is that you?

I decide that Robert has (*a*) had a stroke from excitement; (*b*) been summoned to the death-bed of one of the children: (*c*) missed the tender.

Remove myself from the rail in dejection and immediately come face to face with Robert, who has mysteriously boarded the ship unperceived. Am completely overcome, and disgrace myself by bursting into tears. Robert pats me very kindly and strolls away to examine luggage whilst I recover myself.

Much talk follows—Robert says that He is Glad to See Me Again, and that the place has been very quiet.

Am delighted to hear it, assure him that I shall never willingly go away again as long as I live, and ask how the children are.

Robert, with great triumph, produces a letter from each and says that Our Vicar's Wife sent her love and hopes that we will go to tea on Thursday, five o'clock, *not* earlier, because of the Choir Practice. Feel that I am indeed home again, and accept with the utmost enthusiasm. E. M. D.

THE END.

"Mr. Roosevelt will personally deliver his Presidential massage to the 73rd United States Congress at noon to-morrow."
Belfast Paper.

Later messages reveal that it had a soothing effect.

The Trade Menace of Nippon.

(*A genuine letter from a Japanese firm.*)

DEAR SIR,—Modern living conditions—strain, noise, haste—have made human irritable. Music is a only medium to help overcome and to console this unpleasant and unhealthy state of heart and mind.

Our store requests the honour of your visit to enjoy the record music in sucking a cup of tea offering by us without obligation. You can hear music, modern and classical, European, American and Japanese, what you like because of we have prepared records in ample stock on comparison with other stores.

The shop, realising the growing desire of musical lovers, established of late a section for foreign communities in this land in order to offer facilities and conveniences regarding information and inquiry of records as well as phonographs. Apply us anything you want with regard to the musical discus and talking machine by lines. Just try and get a good information.

English speaking stuffs are in keen attention to serve on you. You cannot doubt the value of devoting part of your leisure to hear various music in our office.

Very faithfully yours,
—— —— RETAIL STORE.



"IMMEDIATELY COME FACE TO FACE WITH ROBERT."

To Rain: In Scarcity.

OUR seasons go awry;
The wells are running dry;
Rivers which should be high
Just now, are not;
In villages, I 'm told,
Water is being bowled
Along in carts, and sold
By pail and pot.

A dismal thing, I ween;
But it may yet be seen
In towns and cities, e'en
For me and you;
The horror soon may be
Upon our heads, when we
Shall have to give up tea
And washing too.

Then come, O Rain, and fill
Low dyke and narrowing rill;
Pour down on vale and hill
Your healing flood;
Refresh this weary land
With lively rivers, and
We on our part will stand
A bit of mud.

Yet I would here explain
That when I speak of rain
I mean it, good and plain;
I don't mean hail;
Let not the rude North blow
Up clouds of sleet or snow;
At the bare thought I go
All over pale.

Also I have in mind
That you are oft inclined,
Once off, to go it blind
After a drought,
Till the wide water flows
O'er soggy fields, and those
Riparian bungalows
Are washed clean out.

Refrain from this, I pray;
And, if you see your way
To knocking off by day
'Twould be a boon;
Give us the sun's full light,
Then down you come at night;
We 'll get along all right
Without the moon. DUM-DUM.



DEEP THINKING.

"WHEN I OVER'EARS THAT BLOKE TORKIN' TO THAT OTHER CHUMP IN THE WOT'S-ITS-NAME, I DONE A BIT O' THINKIN', AN' I THINKS, 'OH, *NOT* OH!' I THINKS. YOU SEE IF IT AIN'T!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Feminism in the Eighteen-Thirties.

IN *The Adventurous Thirties* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6), Mrs. JANET COURTNEY considers the years that preluded VICTORIA'S succession as a stage in what was known later as "The Women's Movement," and produces a charming series of articles on the ladies she looks upon as a sort of pre-Victorian PANKHURSTS. Women's Rights, she suggests, were well on their way before 1837; but VICTORIA'S own domestic bias, reinforced by the ideals of her German marriage, put back the clock. In support of this theory she adduces the careers of seventeen women—poets, "annualists," travellers, philanthropists and salon-holders. None of these, however, with the ungainly exception of HARRIET MARTINEAU, had any pretensions to political equality with men. Most of them—notably "L. E. L." and Mrs. NORTON—took to professional work in despair of domestic happiness. ELIZABETH FRY and the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS had no interest whatever in the vote and accomplished their unforgettable work without it. EMILY EDEN, an Anglo-Indian diarist of purely social pretensions, excelled all the professional women-scribblers of the period in the vivacious rendering of acute observation. Mrs. COURTNEY, in a word, has lost her case; but she has written a graceful, sympathetic and highly entertaining book.

China Revealed.

Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK continues her happy explorations in the recondite field which by a miracle of insight she has made her own—the soul of the Chinese peasant. Her portrait of *The Mother* (METHUEN, 7/6), though drawn on broad lines, is penetrating and complete. We meet her a lusty and passionate young wife, destined, it would seem, to years of desired fruitfulness. But soon after the birth of her third child, and after a quarrel, her vain and frivolous husband forsakes her, and though she and we are always expecting him to return, he never does. All the cares of the small farm and the small family devolve on the mother until, her first-born growing to manhood, she takes a reluctant second place. She has many troubles. She is forced by pride into lies and subterfuges and by nature into bitterly repented sin. She must watch the brief tragedy (beautifully rendered) of her blind daughter, and her Benjamin wandering into secret and disastrous ways. She grows old and forlorn. Yet we leave her in a mood of exultation, for on the very day on which her boy goes to a felon's death her long-waited grandson is born, and death is a little thing beside the renewal of life. She is a memorable and lovable figure, and her friends and enemies are portrayed with exquisite economy and precision. The local colour is the more convincing for being unforced, and the deliberate simplicity of Mrs. BUCK'S writing is justified by its intrinsic beauty and its effect of reality.

Postman's Knock.

Mr. E. V. LUCAS has often shown himself a connoisseur of the art of letter-writing, and now his latest anthology, *Postbag-Diversions* (METHUEN, 7/6), proves he is an appreciative critic of his own mail-bag. With certain exceptions (notably Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, Mr. MAURICE BARING, Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE and the Rev. H. C. BEECHING) the less famous correspondents are the more amusing; but Mr. G. B. SHAW, in answer to a request for a preface, mixed his tenses almost as ludicrously as the small Lady MARY ERSKINE upset natural history when she wrote—"A coal-black stallion was softly licking its newly-born colt." Another point, shown by many letters, is that an author's job is no sinecure, for "E. V. L" has been asked to recommend sunny rooms on gravel soil with nice type of landlady and to "find a book of tickets from the Manchester Sweepstake." I hope he responded to the appeal—"Dear listen: I will this book of tickets for my family." Many anecdotes come by his mail—"My fifth son won the Croix de Guerre, and my sixth son was not at the war either," and much friendly gossip. It is nice to hear that Mr. BELLOC has a mug "which plays *Madame Angot* when you take it up full of beer." If a man is known by the company he keeps he must surely be known better still by the letters written to him, and the ones printed here show that the writers pay the compliment of expecting kindly answers.

The Complete Paderewski.

When SAINT-SAËNS remarked of the youthful *Paderewski* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 18/-) that he was *un génie qui joue aussi du piano*, he anticipated not only the verdict of the virtuoso's most recent and exhaustive biographer but that of posterity. Mr. ROM LANDAU, coming straight from the biography of PILSUDSKI to that of PILSUDSKI's rival, has probably unequalled credentials to deal with PADEREWSKI as the Prime Minister of Poland. But it is rather as the essential genius, the aristocrat who served, the critic of life and art whose words "created an intellectual atmosphere" that he prefers—and justifiably prefers—to cope with his subject. Musical critics, a race whose dictates meant little to PADEREWSKI, will be swift, I fancy, to note the book's defects. Political students may grudge the delightful details of PADEREWSKI's musical education, his highly personal technique and the enthusiastic satellites of his world-progresses. The ordinary reader will appreciate the dealings of a man with mankind and discover in the "Conversations" held with the author in Switzerland the crown of their memorable expression. Coming from a musician who loved his public better than himself, PADEREWSKI's unqualified condemnation of mechanical music is worth noting.



Enthusiastic Engineer-Chief. ". . . AND TORSIONAL OSCILLATION IS AT ITS PEAK WHEN THE ENGINES ARE DOING ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TEN-POINT-SEVEN REVS. A MINUTE."

Passenger. "QUITE."

Good Queen Bess.

When the LADY ELIZABETH was yet too young to receive correction she had so much pain of her great teeth, says her nurse, "that I was compelled to suffer her Grace to have her will more than I would." How Her Grace developed this habit of having her will, how subtly and courageously, with what valiant lying and resolute parsimony she enforced it in the face of male prejudice, spendthrift

advice and foreign hostility, and how happy it was for England that she was in command during the emotional latter half of the sixteenth century, is finely told by Professor J. E. NEALE in *Queen Elizabeth* (CAPE, 9/6). This biography, which is hardly less the life-story of *Mary of Scotland* than of her English cousin, not only shows solid cause for her people's love, but goes on to lay bare the methods, no less human than dignified, by which she ensured it. With such infectious enthusiasm is the story told that while one is reading it disloyal doubts and disparagements disappear, and one is fain even to-day to join the shouting crowds that thronged her royal progress and throw up one's cap for QUEEN BESS.

Family Affairs.

Mrs. Egg weighed two-hundred-and-fifty pounds and ate peppermints all day long, but in other respects her sense of proportion never deserted her. Whatever problems her family or her friends presented to her she solved with a courage and shrewdness that made the younger generation seem by comparison both clumsy and effete. So too with old *Mr. Van Eck*, whose straightforward philosophy of life and keen insight into human nature were the admiration, and at times the salvation, of his son and grandson. These two delightful characters share the honours in Mr. THOMAS BEER'S new book, and a more alive and entertaining couple I never hope to encounter. To my great grief they never meet; for *Mrs. Egg and Other Barbarians* (CASSELL, 7/6) is not a novel but a collection of episodes in the life-history of two rural American families; and the *Eggs* and the *Van Ecks*, though close enough in temperament and outlook, are too far apart geographically to overlap. There is a leisurely ease about these stories, a quiet humour livened by bursts of sudden surprising action which makes them extremely pleasant to read and extraordinarily difficult to lay down unfinished. Mr. BEER has only, I feel certain, to bring his *Mrs. Egg* and his *Mr. Van Eck* together to make this latter feat an impossibility.



HITLER'S SHIRT COMES BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY.

The Great Smith.

Anybody who wants a good laugh, or for that matter scores of good laughs, should at once get *The Smith of Smiths*, by HESKETH PEARSON (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6). It deals most entertainingly with SYDNEY SMITH and his friends, and is full of the *obiter dicta* of that most irrepressible of parsons, who is as fresh to-day as when the tremendous austerity of SARAH SIDDONS was so overcome at their first meeting that she had convulsions and had to be helped from the table. He took an impious delight in girding at his "sleek and orthodox" brethren; of this the best-known instance is his bishop, who deserved to be preached to death by wild curates. He advised a sculptor to give his statue of Satan to the Reform Club, because the Devil was the first reformer, and came to grief through excess of zeal, indiscretion and untimeliness. Of an engaging lady he remarked that when she appeared, though there was no garrison within a dozen miles, the horizon became clouded with majors. The book is studded all over with this kind of thing. One may finish with his description of PALMERSTON, with its awful implied libel: His manner when speaking is like a man washing his hands; the Scotch Members don't know what he is doing.

Biffin Again.

Supposing that you wear a hat and that you are in the habit of parking it even as seldom as twice a week in public places at the rate of sixpence for the peg and another for the attendant, you will be surprised at the information a simple sum will bring you. Some hats which we know must have cost a king's ransom; and Mr. HARRY GRAHAM, in *The Biffin Papers* (JOHN LANE, 7/6), calculates that his black Homburg has already cost him thirty-six pounds. These hilarious conversations between him and our old friend *Reginald Biffin* contain much else that is strange and entertaining. I should especially like to mention the adventure of *Biffin's Aunt Caroline*, at whose flat he characteristically deposited his wireless set in full cry and accidentally locked; and the new-born baby which, weighed on the scales of a fishing-inn, knocked the needle up to twenty-seven-and-a-half pounds. Mr. GRAHAM is very much at home in this sort of leisurely lunacy, and Mr. PATRICK BELLEW'S illustrations match it well.

Control.

Mr. FRANCIS BEEDING'S readers will meet some familiar friends in *The One Sane Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). For instance, *Colonel Granby*, still suffering slightly from the wound he received in *The Two Undertakers*, is once more actively engaged in thwarting the apparent enemies of law and order. His was a full-time job, for wholesale kidnappery was taking place; in fact the one and only sane man was collecting experts of every kind, and hoping with the help of their knowledge and advice to compel the rulers of the world to come to their senses. It is a big idea, and if at times Mr. BEEDING is in danger of becoming too devastatingly sensational he always manages to make a good recovery.

Murder of a Shrew.

Although relieved by considerable humour it is a grim story that Mr. ALAN BROCK tells in *By Misadventure* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6). *Henry Draper*, after being manœuvred into marriage, never knew what peace meant in his shop and home. Nagged at and bullied by his dreadful wife he eventually rebelled; and this at least can be said for him, that if murderers can ever be excused his name must be counted among them. Mr. BROCK dallies too much over the details of *Henry's* crime, but in spite of the theme which he has chosen his picture of suburban life is at times amusing. And *Mr. Ackroyd*, the friend of harassed *Henry*, is one of the most deliciously spontaneous bounders who has leapt through the pages of recent fiction.

Charivaria.

"THE bustle may yet be seen in Bond Street," says a fashion expert. Is it too much to hope that one day it will be seen in Whitehall?

***

The banks, we are told, are faced with the serious problem of keeping up the strength of their football teams. Chairmen at annual general meetings, probably to prevent panic, have avoided any reference to this.

***

Those who contemplate moving house on Quarter-Day are advised to remember whom they should notify. Many even forget the landlord.

***

One of President ROOSEVELT'S financial advisers is described as looking like a prosperous Yorkshire farmer. Yorkshire farmers have all protested that this is a contradiction in terms.

***

San Francisco has an aerial "Black Maria." We understand that the machine was given by a society devoted to the uplift of the criminal classes.

***

Rubber suitcases are now on the market. It is said that a porter got the shock of his life when he hurled one out of a luggage-van and the thing bounced over a bookstall.

***

Discussing the Irish deadlock a political writer suggests that both sides should get together. The idea of one side getting together seems to have been overlooked.

The hero of a new novel is a barber. The reign of the strong silent man in fiction seems to be at an end.

***

Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the flat overhead.

***

The theory is advanced that the ancient Etruscans, whose language has now been deciphered, were of Irish origin. It is anticipated that research will bring to light records of their grievances.

***

Following an explosion in a kitchen a newly-engaged maid was blown through a window into the garden of a Bloomsbury house. Unfortunately it was not her evening out.

***

A telephone instrument which leaves both hands free will soon be available to the public. It should be a great boon to those who use both hands in talking.

***

Earphones, by the way, have been installed in the House of Lords; but their use is understood to be optional.

***

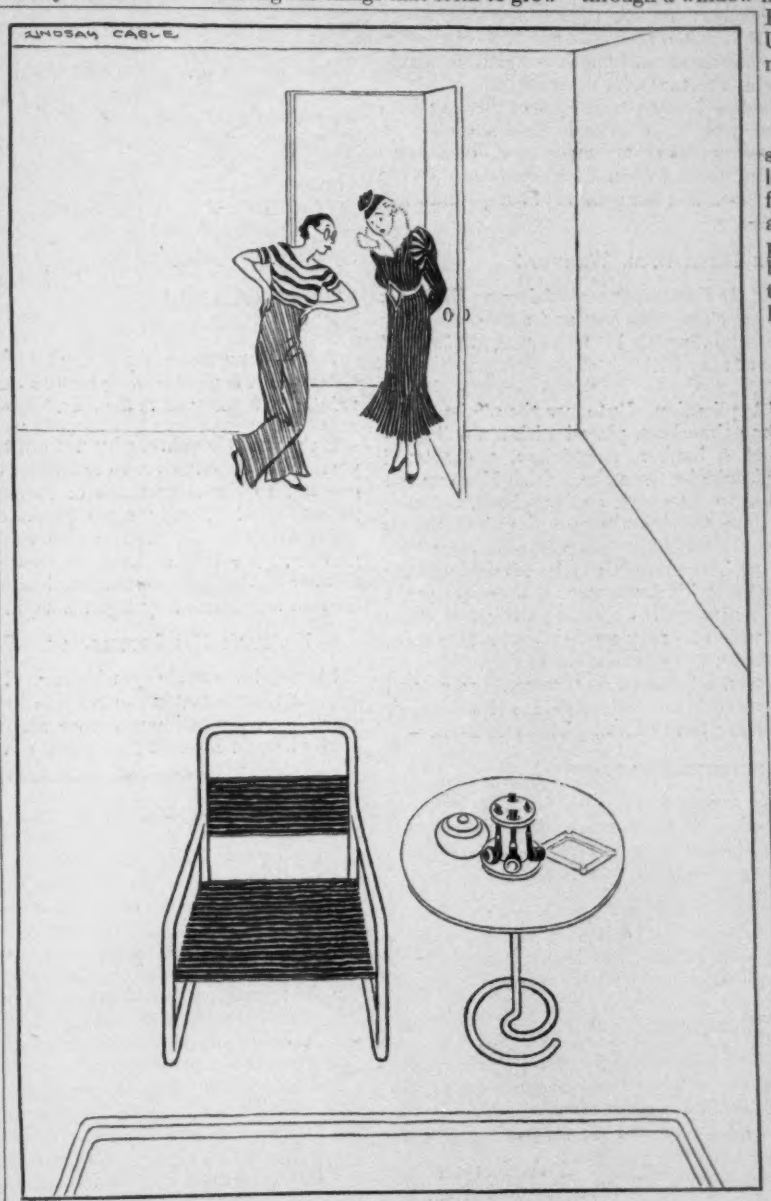
Once in a while you hear a popular song that really is good. But most of them are just fair to maudlin.

***

Complaint is made that one is expected to eat everything with a fork nowadays. We ourselves are old-fashioned enough to insist on a spoon for soup.

***

The juice of a South American plant is said to possess the power to make the natives see human figures queerly distorted. We have only Mr. EPSTEIN.



"BUT DON'T RUN AWAY WITH THE IDEA THAT MY HUSBAND LIKES TO BURY HIMSELF IN HIS DEN. HE REALLY PREFERS TO GO FOR A WALK."

"A charge of fragrancy preferred against —— in the Adelaide Police Court yesterday, when he was remanded, was withdrawn by the police today."—*Australian Paper.*

They appear to have been on the wrong scent.

"NAZIS BLOW TO EX-KAISER."
Evening Paper Placard.

Kisses?

Only That.

WOULD it not be a blither world if the Assessors and Collectors of our income-tax used slightly less peremptory phrases in the communications which they are sending out to us now in the merry month of February by every succeeding post? Is it not a fact that kindness often conquers where fierce commands and hog-like rudeness merely provoke resistance in the taxpayer's breast?

Not having access, as I write, to the set of files in which I keep my letters from the Inland Revenue officials, together with carbon copies of my meek answers to their venomous taunts and fleers, I cannot remember the precise wording which they use. But the general effect is somewhat after this manner:—

"YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

TAKE NOTICE *that the Commissioners of Income Tax have made the following extortion from you under Schedule D for the year of cruelty ending April* 5, 1934. £1,000,000 5*s.* 6*d.*" (or whatever the sum may be.)

This is the First Application. But since the affairs of the victim have for some time been placed with a small committee consisting of a banker, a solicitor, a chartered accountant and a philologist from the British Museum, all retained at high fees to interpret, codify, check, balance, re-estimate and reduce the iniquitous and unjust toll so long anticipated, the First Application is put away in a drawer and forgotten. The trembling citizen is now making arrangements to sell out his investments, borrow from a money-lender, and mortgage his life-insurance; but there are a few weeks in which he may move about a free man, enjoying the sunlight and the blessed air of day.

The First Application is followed all too soon by a secoud dastardly threat, printed in two coloured inks (I still speak loosely without referring to my files). This one says:—

"WRETCHED MALEFACTOR!

We have already applied to you for the sum of £1,000,000 5*s.* 6*d.*, *which is our assessment on your income for the year* 1933–4. *We beg to request that the amount, now overdue, be remitted or paid* WITHIN TEN DAYS *from this date.*"

The taxpayer makes his will, says good-bye to his wife and children, and buys a few bottles of veronal tablets from the chemist. Before he has time to consume them he receives a Third Application, apparently printed in blood, which reads:—

"MISERABLE SLAVE!!

Unless the amount of £1,000,000 5*s.* 6*d. is paid to our Collector immediately, you will be carried away into captivity and the place of your habitation be made desolate. The owl shall dwell there, and the lizard and the wild ass shall take their pastime therein.*

T. A. BUDGE,
London, 85th Area."

Office Hours:
10 A.M. *to* 4 P.M.
Saturdays, 10 A.M. *to* 12 NOON.

(I admit once again that I have varied the terminology of the document. I merely aim at representing its tone.)

But would it not be better, I ask, to have recourse to a little blandishment, a touch of geniality, a flavour of cajolement, a suggestion that we are all in this horrid thing together and must pull together, boys, for the sake of the dear old country's flag? Why adopt a manner only too reminiscent of the ordinary social blackmailer so much frowned upon by Justice nowadays? Would it not be more suitable to employ language akin to that of the charitable appeal? As, for instance:—

"*My dear Sir,—We realise that the calls upon your purse are very heavy. We know that the services you receive from the State are not even faintly commensurate with the sum of money we are going to ask you to contribute to its maintenance. We know that industry is being stifled and crippled by the taxes we are asking it to pay. But there is a claim beyond that of mere practical commonsense. It is the claim of generosity. The State is in dire want, and needs must when the Neville drives!*

May we count upon you to send us a little, even if it is no more than £1,000,000 5*s.* 6*d.*, *by next Tuesday? Think of Agincourt and Malplaquet!*

Yours sincerely,
Sherry and Sandwiches T. A. BUDGE.
Daily, 10 A.M. *to* 4 P.M.

P.S.—Never mind if you can't understand a word of our Schedules. They are keeping many a starving papermaker and printer from going on to the dole."

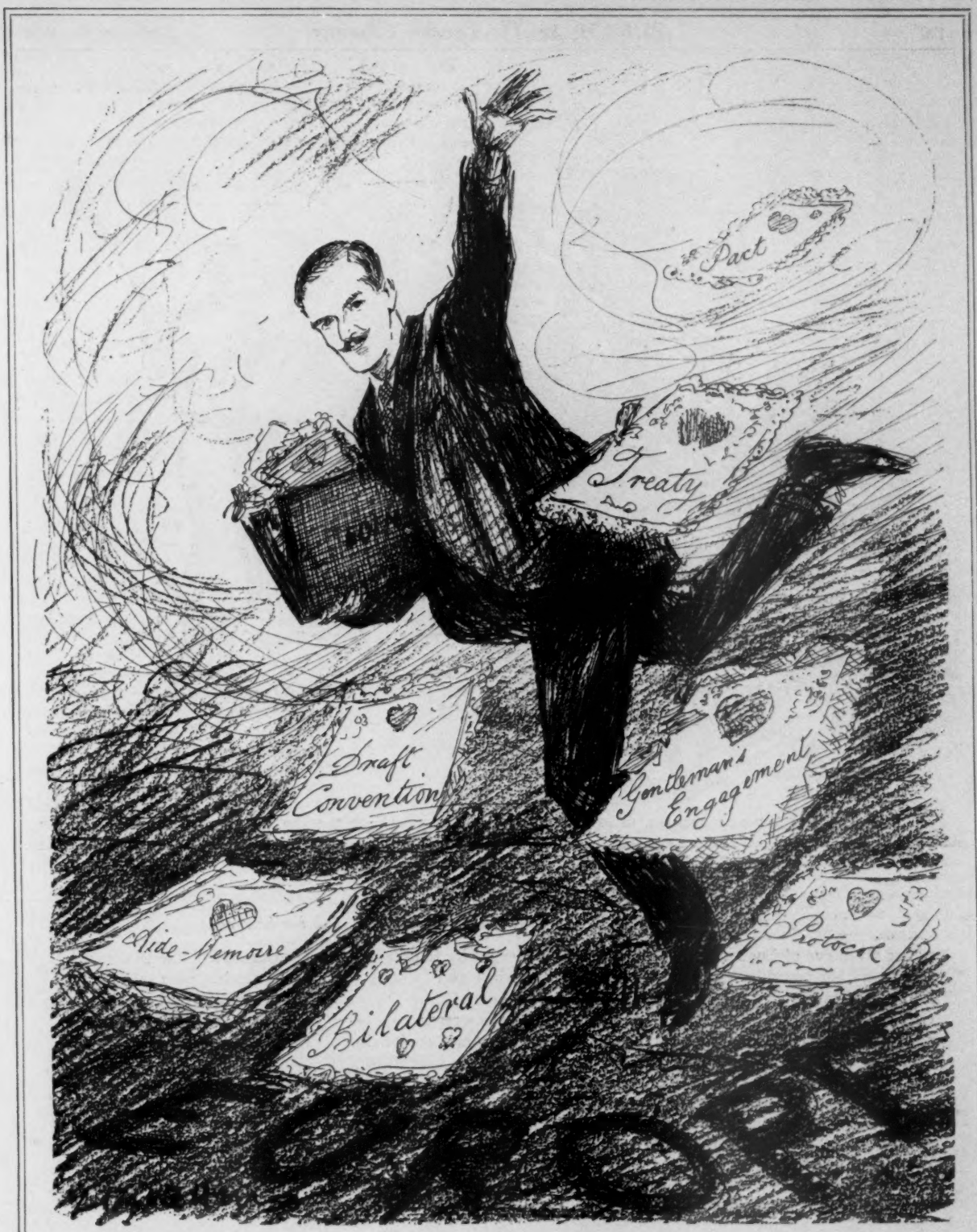
On second thoughts, why not omit some of the obscurer portions of Schedules A to D and let out the space thereby released to the advertisers of face-cream, cigarettes and patent pills? Surely some remission of the taxpayers' burden could be secured in this way? Or, if that is not feasible, we might at least be treated to photographs of aristocratic-looking gentlemen, looking well content with life and surrounded by legends saying:—

HE PAYS HIS INCOME-TAX. WHY NOT YOU?

I hope I have made myself clear. It is the kindly human interest that is lacking in all this literature. And with a warm-hearted sentimental race like the English it is the kindly human interest that counts every time. EVOE.

Ode to a Pair of Ski Trousers.

O PANTS (as they would say across the water),
O trousers (as we designate them here),
O *pantalons de ski* (which is not shorter),
O *skihosen* (which is), the time is near
When I must bid farewell to you for ever—
You who have clothed my lower limbs so long
And gravely cloaked my every endeavour
To learn the way of skis—to you this song.
Much history is written on your serges:
See here where widening seam and straining thread
Bear witness to the strong divergent urges
Which bore one ski towards the luncheon-shed,
The other towards Caux. This rusty brown bit
Was when we took the Antishubel straight;
I had intended only to look down it,
But gravity ordained another fate.
See here where Barbara sewed on a button,
And there where Auntie Nan closed up a gap,
And there where once a pocket-flap went phut on
The homely hazard of a bathroom tap.
Ah me! your grave must be 'neath avalanches
Of snow and ice—no humbler end would fit.
I could not think of you on other haunches,
Though such betrayal might bring in a bit
Towards another pair I have in view.
O pants, O *pantalons de ski*, adieu!



VALENTINES FOR ALL.

[Mr. ANTHONY EDEN is to visit Paris, Berlin and Rome to urge British views on Disarmament.]



SKI-SCHULE.

Instructor. "AND NOW, PLEASSE, UNDO YOURSELFS AND WALK UP TO THE TOP AND TRY AGAIN, PLEASSE."

The Lost Leader.

(It was announced recently that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had had his hair cut.)

Now let the nerve of England
Quail, and her proud heart sink,
Till e'en her bravest sing "Land
Of Glory—We Don't Think"),
Let Scotland, her stern sister,
Give way to chill despair,
And all because of Mr.
LLOYD GEORGE's head of hair.

Yet, though their woes be many,
What shall be sung of Wales,
Her towns, like Abergavenny,
For instance, and her vales?
He was her chiefest scion
(Bard, too, by all report),
And now her manéd lion
Has had his hair cut short.

Mourn for those goodly tresses
So eloquent when seen
At open-air addresses
Or merely on the screen;
Who that has seen them fluttered
Like pennons from a tower,
But felt, before he uttered,
Here is the Man of Power?

True, we had left him farming
His fatted hogs in Churt,
But, if things got alarming,
Britain would not be hurt;
Scanty, no doubt, our navy,
Our bombing planes but few,
Yet he, the wise and wavy,
Would somehow pull us through.

We cannot feel like that now;
We are but poor sheep scared;
When he takes off his hat now
'Tis but a noddle bared;
Knowing him rudely scissored,
We hang our heads and droop;
The Little Cymric Wizard
Has put us in the soup.

P.S.—Rejoice, O people;
Your pride of joybells ring
Out loud from tower and steeple,
And those who can may sing;
Cast every patriot care off
And hurl it to the zephyr;
He hasn't cut his hair off;
It's just as long as effer.

DUM-DUM.

As Others Hear Us.

In the Kitchen.

"Oh, good-morning, Alice."

"Good-morning, 'm."

"Not quite so cold to-day, is it?"

"No, 'm."

"Though really it's *not* cold for the time of the year. After all, we've got to expect it. Yes. Well, I don't know whether—— Or perhaps we could have cold, as the Captain will be out. And the chicken to-night."

"Yes, 'm."

"Oh, and Alice, there was just the bread-sauce. I wanted to say: Will you be careful about *lumps*?"

"Lumps, 'm?"

"Just in the bread-sauce, I mean. Just a few small lumps here and there, I thought, last time. And if we have chicken to-night it just reminded me. I thought I'd just mention it, I mean. I'm sure you see what I mean."

"Well, 'm, I can't say I noticed any lumps—not in the bread-*sauce*, 'm."

"Oh, well, Alice, I'm sure it's quite all right really. I only just thought. Yes. Well. . . . Well, Alice, I should think the cold will do nicely, then, for lunch. And of course there's a pudding?"

"Yes, 'm."

"I know it's rather a busy morning, so perhaps we could. Yes. Well, Alice, what do you think?"

"It's just as you like, 'm, I'm sure."

"Well, we don't want anything very elaborate, Alice, do we—especially as the Captain will be out? So what about—well, what would *you* suggest, Alice?"

"I couldn't say, 'm, I'm sure."

"We had jam tartlets yesterday, hadn't we?"

"Yes, 'm."

"And pancakes just the other day. You know how much we all like your pancakes, Alice. Well, I really don't know what to suggest."

"No, 'm."

"There's suet-roll."

"Yes, 'm."

"And perhaps treacle. Or jam, of course. I don't know which would be most—well, say treacle, Alice."

"I'm right out of suet, 'm."

"Oh dear. If I'd known yesterday."

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, of course, Alice, I quite see how it happened. But, you see, I could have managed it yesterday so easily, and now of course I shan't be going in again, and the Captain's taken the car."

"Yes, 'm."

"Does anybody call to-day?"

"Only the bread, 'm."



"'How can you wear more than one frock,' he says, 'when you're on a desert island?'"

"'Desert island nothing,' I told him, my dear. 'If I can't have a cabin trunk washed ashore I walk out on the film.'"

"I thought not. Well, Alice, we shall have to think of another pudding, that's all. What could you suggest?"

"It's just as you wish, 'm."

"It's so difficult. And they always hate milk-puddings because they get them at school. Perhaps it had better be stewed prunes again, and *not* custard."

"Yes, 'm."

"Oh, and Alice——"

"Yes, 'm."

"I'm sure it's quite all right really, but I just thought—it's about the light on the back stairs; I just happened to notice it last night, and I just thought it might have been forgotten; it was rather late. I don't know whether it just got forgotten or what. Anyway, I'm sure it won't happen again. Then that's everything, Alice. Thank you, Alice."

"If you please, 'm, I just wanted to say that I'm thinking of making a change at the end of the month."

"Oh, but Alice—why?"

"I'd rather not say anything, 'm."

"But I thought you were *quite* settled down."

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, I must say, Alice—— And I *do* think you ought to give me a reason."

"I'd rather not say anything, 'm."

"Has anything happened?"

"I'd rather not say, 'm."

"Very well, Alice. This day month. But I *must* say. . . ."

An Impending Apology.

"Yesterday saw another of London's famous fogs, black and almost impenetrable. In Albert Hall Galli-Curci was giving a concert and she sang to the audience through a haze. Few accidents occurred, however, and the blanket of vapour lifted last night."

West Indies Paper.

Party Report.

THREE weeks and more have elapsed since the Christmas-cum-New Year entertaining season died its eagerly-awaited death, and the time seems ripe to pass under review our personal conduct and achievements at those unblest festivities to which, through the operations of ineluctable fate and a no less ineluctable family, we were so mercilessly exposed.

To attempt a careful analysis (such as that upon which we are now about to embark) of our experiences in the social world at a time when the recollection of a hundred humiliations still smarted in our breast, when memory and judgment alike were distorted by resentment, would have been at best an unreliable experiment. But with the passage of weeks the raging soul grows calm; reason returns to her throne; the sense of perspective is restored; we find ourselves able, in short, to inquire without bitterness or bias exactly what sort of a fool we made of ourself at the functions of the past two months. That an inquiry of this kind will be not without profit is unquestionable. It will be our duty not to condemn or even criticise the party-system as a whole, but, regarding ourself for the moment as one of its most enthusiastic adherents, to chronicle our successes (if any) and our failures, and to draw therefrom such lessons as we may for our better guidance in the future.

Dancing. Once again, for perhaps the tenth year in succession, it is impossible to report any very marked improvement in this direction. The feet, it is true, have been kept somewhat closer together during the opening movements of the Quick Step, and a slight tendency to rush the turns has been sternly checked; but as against this there has been a definite increase in the number of cases of hacking, stepping-on and tripping reported or indirectly referred to by our partners, and a distressing recurrence of that see-saw motion of the left arm so characteristic of our earlier years has also to be noted.

A new movement was introduced into the Slow Foxtrot early in the New Year—on two occasions with complete success—but had later on to be abandoned as being a little beyond the compass of the average partner. Accordingly the ordinary walk, varied from time to time by a slight shuffle, remains our standard offering for this dance. Tangoes, Six-eights and other exotic measures were firmly sat out; but there was nothing doing in the matter of Paul Joneses, from which even the most emphatic protestations could not give us release. Some definite understanding must be arrived at on this subject before we consent to enter the lists again next Christmas. The sacred partnership of man and woman in the dance should *not* in our opinion be brought about by any form of lottery. It tends, we think, to lower the status of Woman, while at the same time exposing Man to the most frightful risks.

The *Valse* continues to be an unsatisfactory feature.

Conversation. This has been in some ways a good season for conversation. The prevalence of fog has made "Did you have much difficulty in getting here?" a sound opening gambit; while on clear nights, "Thank goodness there's no fog to-night!" with its obvious counter, "I know. Wasn't it *awful* on Friday?" has paved the way for many an invaluable ten-minute-talk on the visibility in Ealing or the time taken to go by taxi from Penge to Streatham Hill. We still, however, have that stupid trick of inserting the forefinger of our left hand into our right cuff when talking to strangers and keeping it there, as though the cuff were detachable and we feared for its security. There must be no more of this.

Our description of the antics of a dog with a piece of paper (seen in Twickenham) made Mrs. Pym-Buttery laugh at the Wilsons' dinner-party and might do for next year in the right company. But the story about Colonel Creaker had better be cut out. Sims tells us it is actionable.

Progressive Games. There has been considerable improvement here, particularly in the more strictly athletic part of the programmes. Our needle-threading, for instance, is well above the average, and the speed and accuracy with which we can now transfer grains of rice from one bowl to another with the aid of a hair-pin has been widely commented upon; but we are still sticking far too long at the card-building table. The whole question of the manipulation of cards must be gone into during the autumn and the possibility of introducing some kind of sticky substance into the palms explored. The prizes at these gatherings are not to be despised.

We ought to have won at Mrs. Ellerby's (a handsome cigarette-box), but the Major cheated.

Bridge. We played no bridge. A satisfactory year in this respect.

Dress. Full reports on our personal appearance are not to hand, as even complimentary criticism takes some little time to circulate in these parts. But there can be no doubt that our new tails created a profound impression. On more than one occasion, indeed, owing to the impossible condition of our dinner-jacket, we were the only correctly-dressed representative of our sex. It was false modesty on our part, however, to arrive at the Manor House Ball without a waistcoat. We believe that it was this more than anything else that turned Miss Cunningham against us.

What about an opera-hat next year, eh?

General Remarks. On the whole then we find that we can congratulate ourselves upon the manner in which we have carried out our social duties during the Christmas Season, 1933–34. There have been flaws, of course—who can avoid them? A toe trodden on here and there, a piece of fish sliced on to the carpet at Mrs. Tenby's, some scathing comments about his daughter made in ignorance to Admiral Crimp—but, after all, these are but trifles. Of real unpleasantness, if one excepts the smashing of Lady Belting's glasses, there has been not a trace. Our dancing may have been undistinguished and our conversation dull to a degree, but at least we have worked hard at both and done no one an irreparable injury in the process.

And, given fair play, we should have won the prize at Mrs. Ellerby's. Which is more than many men can say.

H. F. E.

The Rebel.

(*"We must organise the non-club rambler," writes a leader of the Hiking Movement.*)

I TURN my steps to the open road when I want to be alone,
With nobody in or out of step and a programme all my own;
I'm hurried and worried by work all week, and jostled and
out of shape,
And Saturday's solace is exercise and solitude and escape.

My favourite guide is the moment's whim, however absurd
it be;
I find myself, for an hour or two, quite adequate company;
By the rain and the sun I will be taught, by the wayward
wind advised,
And all whom I meet shall be my friends—but I *won't* be
organised!

W. K. H.



A London Valentine.

If we were in the country, love,
As sweethearts ought to be,
A proper country Valentine
You'd get, my dear, from me;
With a rhyme that said: "Your mouth's
rose-red,
Your eyes are speedwell-blue,
And deep and high as the sea and the sky
Is the love that I feel for you."
But, since we live in town, love,
If I would make you mine,
There's naught to do but send to you
A London Valentine.

My love for you, my pretty lass,
I swear by all that's solemn,
Is twice as long as Oxford Street
And high as Nelson's Column;
It's deeper far than Limehouse Reach
And strong as London Wall,
And wider than the mighty dome
That crowns the Albert Hall;
For your eyes are as bright as a neon light,
Your lips are pillar-box red,
And the whole of the Mint has given its glint
To the gold of your charming head.

Come, walk with me, come, talk with me
And be my Cockney Queen;
We'll picnic down in Maida Vale,
We'll dance on Bethnal Green;
Although no snowdrops we shall find
Nor early daffodil,
We'll gather all the primroses
That grow on Primrose Hill.
Our way we'll wend to the far World's End
On the top of a tuppenny bus;
And there won't be a king in the whole King's
Road
That wouldn't change crowns with us.

Oh, what delights, my lovely dear,
Could be both yours and mine
If only you'd consent to be
My London Valentine!

JAN.



"AND NOW, BOYS, BEFORE MISS POPPY SPOTLIGHT PRESENTS THE CUP TO THE TUG-O'-WAR TEAM SHE WISHES ME TO MENTION THAT SHE SIMPLY ADORES POLICEMEN."

Beer Bisques.

JUST one more little thought for our Licensing Justices, gathered at lunch-time during this month of Brewster Sessions.

Just a suggestion, practical, small, but my own.

Once a year the members of the "Black Horse" Skittles Club play off the club championship for the Haddock Trophy. Play begins at about seven P.M. and continues fiercely, skilfully and excitingly till about eleven P.M., when speeches are made and the President presents the Trophy.

Closing time is at ten P.M. During the last hour, therefore, the faithful spectators and competitors are unable to refresh themselves with beer.

Once a year, for many years now, the landlord of the "Black Horse" has applied to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, according to law, for an "extension" of one hour—that is, for permission to sell beer on that occasion till eleven P.M. He has never received it.

This year, however, to be fair, an extension was granted for the Annual Dinner of the club. An agreeable time was had by all, a perfect steak-and-kidney pie was served in an upper room, beer, frankly and unashamedly, was consumed by many, but there was not the tiniest scintilla of intoxication. I have seen much wilder behaviour at a temperance meeting.

Moreover, promptly at the stated hour of eleven P.M., the supply of beer terminated.

Now, in order to organise this hour of pagan revelry a good many people were put to, as it seems to the undersigned, unnecessary trouble. The letter of application had to be considered at Scotland Yard—by how many persons I know not, but if I know anything of large organisations, by more than one. Scotland Yard then got into touch with the local police-station. The local police-station then detailed an officer to call and ask for further "particulars" and satisfy himself as to the *bona fides* of the occasion. This duty was courteously discharged, and the result, as already recorded, was satisfactory to all—assuming, that is, that it is anybody's business what anybody drinks between ten and eleven P.M. at an annual dinner.

But the question arises: Is there not a faint touch of redundancy about the procedure? Ours is not the only annual dinner, and the "Black Horse" is not the only bunch of licensed premises in London. There are no published statistics of the number of applications made annually by citizens who deem that a "special occasion" has arisen. But they must be numerous. They all (in London) have to be considered by Scotland Yard, and they all give trouble to police-officers who would be better employed in chasing criminals or preventing death upon the roads.

Hence the following Constructive Plan: Why should not every licensee have so many "extensions" as of right—say twelve, for the sake of argument—per annum? And let him use them, like bisques at golf, at his own discretion whenever *he* considers that a "special occasion" is present—for the Boat-Race, the Derby, Bank Holiday, the Haddock Trophy, New Year's Eve, the Darts Championship, the barmaid's wedding and this and that.

The licensee, landlord, innkeeper or publican is not, as some people seem to think, a wild irresponsible person seeking to cause intoxication and disorder. He must have a very high character, with swarms of testimonials, before he can become a publican at all; and what with satisfying the brewers and satisfying the police, I believe it is easier to become a clergyman than to become a

publican. Having become a publican, he has a lot to lose and must behave himself. He is under police inspection always, and stands to lose his licence at Brewster Sessions if he does not conduct himself and his house properly. He could be trusted, therefore, to use his bisques with propriety and not, for example, to use them all on one day. He would have to notify the police when he was going to use a bisque, and the police could, if necessary, keep an eye on the revellers as they came out and notify the Cabinet of any stumbling, laughing or subversive language. The landlord of the "Black Horse" is a teetotaler, but on Boat-Race Day (being situated on, and very nearly in, the course) he wishes, naturally, to be able to refresh the crowd when the crowd is there and adjust his arrangements accordingly. It is purely fantastic that he should have to go hat in hand to Scotland Yard at the height of a murder case before he may do it. But he does.

My bisque scheme would do away with all that. It does not shake the splendid fabric of our licensing laws. It is practical. It is good. And therefore I will bet the Crown Jewels to a commodity dollar that it will never be done.

A. P. H.

The Literary Beggar.

(*According to an authority, begging-letters are improving very greatly in literary style, and are more dignified, the simple "Old Schoolfellow" type of story being the best.*)

TIME was (and not so long ago)
When authors of these tales of woe
  Would ply their business sadly.
Their ink was poor, their paper cheap;
They pitched their fables far too steep
  And spelt 'em very badly.

To-day a simpler yarn they tell:
If on their parlous plight they dwell
  And consequent depression,
No more they seem to hang their head,
But rather tend to take instead
  A pride in their profession.

Their efforts, it appears indeed,
Are now a perfect joy to read
  (Save in one painful matter):
Their bait's the mutual chum at school;
Their style's superbly free and full
  Of reminiscent chatter.

Ere long some mendicant may learn
To loftier themes as well to turn
  And pad adroit addresses
With views on music, books and art,
Designed to move the stingiest heart
  To generous excesses.

In time a genius may arise
Whose work recipients may prize
  And take advantage of it—
Publish it and adorn our shelves,
Not merely to recoup themselves,
  But even make a profit.

CHESTERFIELD then may fall from grace
And HORACE WALPOLE yield his place
  To his acknowledged betters,
While CICERO, the classic's guide,
Fades into nothingness beside
  The Begging "Man of Letters."

A. K.



Visitor (referring to her car). "WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUST TAKE THE OLD TUB HOME."
Host. "I SAY, OLD MAN, DO YOU ALLOW YOUR DAUGHTER TO SPEAK OF YOU IN THAT WAY?"

FROM MEMORY'S ECHOING CORRIDORS.



DEAR SIR,—I haven't a grey hair in my head. I am in my ninety-second year. And if CHARLES THE SECOND had lived another seventy years he might have been my grandfather. I thought these facts might interest your readers.

I am, Yours faithfully, STILL MERRY.



DEAR SIR,—When a young twenty-five-years-of-age and very dapper, I had the misfortune in an omnibus to lose my new umbrella in exchange for one, at that time, so ancient that the late owner must have seen Dr. JOHNSON.

Yours, etc.,
STAT MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

DEAR SIR,—Memory plays one strange tricks. I remember my father telling me that he visited the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1847. But it wasn't open until 1851. So I suppose my father, arriving too soon, naturally felt rather foolish and the date became impressed on his mind. I enclose a daguerreotype of my father taken at the time.



Yours, OLD TIMER.



DEAR SIR,—My grand-uncle, Sir William Lunny-Crumpett, who, if he was alive to-day, would be easily 125 years of age, was a passionate skater in his youth. The winters were always old-fashioned then. My granduncle wore those traditional skates with a curly front end. And he told my father, who told me, that the curly end was for the purpose of making rescue easier. Should a skater have the misfortune to fall through a weak place, a boat-hook could be easily inserted in the curly front of the skate. I have one of the skates, much bent in the end, hanging on my wall. Thanking you in advance for printing my letter. But I thought it would interest some of your readers who still value the good old days.

Yours truly, CHARLES BUNNY-LUNNY-CRUMPETT.



DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—I possess the hat and veil, also the cardboard nose which my grandfather wore on the day that Hermit won the Derby. My father donned them, in the nineties of the last century, during the unveiling of a statue, put up to my grandfather by his numerous descendants who did not understand my father's motives. I now, in my own rooms, dine in the hat and nose on the anniversary of my grandfather's birth, March the 1st.

Yours, A LOVER OF THE SPACIOUS DAYS.

Sonnet Sequence: The Egoist.

DOLOROSO.

FAINT as a climate-changing bird that flies
  Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
  Lord of himself, that heritage of woe,
I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs:
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes—
  Rulers that neither see nor feel nor know
  The ragged rims of thunder brooding low—
Looked at each other with a wild surmise.
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate
  They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
Even the shade of that which once was great;
  For Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime,
And all his hourly varied anodynes
  Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

AGITATO.

Tears, idle tears—I know not what they mean.
  I am not one who much or oft delight,
  My spirit is too weak. The fatal blight,
The set gray life, the deadly yellow spleen,
Look in my face; my name is "Might-have-been."
  Within the hollow silence of the night
  Delirium gathers from the fever's height;
What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen!
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire,
  O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
And vex the nightingales in every dell.
  Hail, horrors, hail! Come to me in my dreams,
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire,
  Jagged fins grotesque, fanged ghastly jaws of hell!

POMPOSO.

When I consider how my light is spent
  I start and gaze into the world again,
  Die of a rose in aromatic pain,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Of hatred I am proud, with scorn content;
  But I have lived and have not lived in vain.
  I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Immovable, immortal, eminent.
My strength is as the strength of ten because
  I can call spirits from the vasty deep;
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause
  Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
  Maybe, for my unconquerable soul.

The Cricket in the Thatch.

PEOPLE have got the African fauna all wrong. There is something to be said for individuals who argue that the buffalo is about the worst thing to have about. There is a certain amount of basis for those who say a wounded leopard is a menace. One runs up against both these at times, but they are not much trouble. They say fear of snakes has occasionally driven men mad. Frankly we don't believe it.

But there is one terror of the tropics that invariably causes madness if it locates itself permanently. The cricket. A cricket in the thatch is followed, so to speak, by bats in the belfry.

One cannot always live in a tent, which is too hot by day and too draughty by night, besides giving no room for your things. So it follows that you eventually have a mud-house. It therefore follows that you have a grass-thatched roof. And it also follows that in due course you have a cricket.

Then begins a period of nerve tension culminating in insanity or the building of other houses at inconvenient distances, which you abandon in succession to the inevitable cricket. One can easily visualise a deserted village in excellent repair in which the cricket chortles, the builder having resigned the West African service in order to live in a cricketless land. There are such places. Spitzbergen has no crickets. Anyway, no tropical ones.

One gets fond of the old West African hut. We will assume yours is not yet haunted by the terror by night. You are lying comfortably under just one blanket, the starlight showing a dark-blue world outside. The diapason of the Harmattan wind and the faint sigh of the little brown owls are a benediction.

Then it starts up. You get the "Take Cover" warning, three ascending notes, ten seconds between each. Then a pause, indefinite, but it may be half-a-minute. It comes—a perfectly appalling police-whistle sounds overhead. It continues, the air pulsing and vibrating. The bedclothes over your head, you wait for it to draw breath. It doesn't.

You insulate your ears with bedclothes and pillows and spend twenty minutes in perspiring suffocation, to become cautiously aware that it has stopped, possibly for some time past. The sweet night is still.

Sleep is just coming when you get the warning again. You get up, place the chair on the camp-table and the book of gramophone-records on that. Standing on these, you inspect the interior of the thatched roof. A hopeless quest. He is a ventriloquist You swear. He shouts, or rather whistles you down. You come down when your edifice collapses and dementedly hurl books at your ceiling.

Dawn finds a haggard man wrapped up in blankets in a deck-chair a hundred yards away. He begins the following night full of apprehension.

That way madness lies. Take Simpson.

Simpson, faced with comparative ruin, without clothes, books or belongings, stood this morning in pyjamas outside the smoke-blackened ruin of his hut and laughed into the face of the rising sun.

"Got him!" he said, chuckling inanely. "I don't think there's any doubt about that. I suppose you chaps will lend me a blazer and a pair or two of flannel bags until I can get some things out from home?"

Simpson's is a typical case. Progressive dementia caused by the African cricket. We could see it coming.

So last night, after half-an-hour's incessant shrilling, he completely lost his head and set fire to his roof. All his belongings have gone West, but in spite of this wholesale destruction he seems quite satisfied.

"Got him!" he keeps repeating, and asks us why he didn't think of that before.

T. R. H.



Prudent Swain (choosing valentine). "PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME, MISS; WHAT I'M REALLY LOOKING FOR IS SOMETHING FRIGHTFULLY ARDENT YET DEFINITELY NON-COMMITTAL."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XIII.

The Sunday Problem—This Charming Child—Sabbatarian Elephants—General Knowledge—A Poser for G.B.S.—Four White Legs Again—Mr. Carker—Nursery Triumphs—Five Little Pigs.

THE great Sunday problem, which has been revived by the Test Matches in India, was, the other day, illuminated for me from a new angle. Chancing to meet a famous novelist who lives normally abroad, I found that on this visit to England he was accompanied by the little boy of three in the possession of whom he is prouder than of the authorship of all his books. And rightly.

"It was time," he said, "that my son saw London."

"If you want any Sunday tickets for the Zoo——" I was beginning, when he stopped me.

"No," he said. "That is very kind of you, but my son's fixed purpose is to ride on an elephant, and on Sundays the elephants at the Zoo don't do any work."

It is true. The Zoo is open on Sundays for those who are privileged to be Fellows or the friends of Fellows; but for the elephants it is a Day of Rest. Let us hope that they appreciate it.

I wish the vogue for General Knowledge papers would come to an end. Not because they are not amusing, but because so many people needing help bring them to me and I can never answer them. It is extraordinary how often they contain exactly those questions on which one has no information. But here is something that I myself want to know and never shall know. Do dogs, when they recognise on a stranger's clothing traces of other dogs, know what breeds those other dogs are? And do dogs, when indoors they hear out-of-doors other dogs bark, know what breeds those other dogs are? An easier one is: How does Mr. BERNARD SHAW, when he is at Dunstable, pronounce the word "unstable"?

While re-reading *Dombey and Son* I have made a discovery which, although still not without interest, would, last June, have electrified the world. At that time, it will be remembered, just after that gallant little steed, Hyperion (WESTON up), had won the Derby for the noble sportsman whose family gave the race its name, *The Times* correspondence columns were sprinkled with letters about the respective advantages or disadvantages to a horse of possessing one, two, three or four white legs, Hyperion (6-1) having been furnished with the full complement.

By the time all the old rhymes and sayings about white legs had been quoted, the theme would seem to be exhausted. But no. In re-reading *Dombey and Son* I have come upon the most damning evidence yet that four white legs are deplorable. *Mr. Carker's* horse had them.

A little girl tried to get me the other day with the riddle about the Oxford scholar—just fresh to her but far too old to me—with which we used to pose our companions six decades agone. "He took off his hat and drew off his gloves. Now what was the name of that scholar?" Even if I had not my life-long knowledge of the answer, I should probably have guessed it by reason of the revived cult of the "hidden" word which the crossword puzzlers have established. But, like a true gentleman, I dissimulated so that the child might have her triumph. Andrew! How could I do otherwise when I have so lively a recollection of the triumphs that fell to me when I found an infant less well informed than myself as to the perilous problem of Adam and Eve and Pinch-me, and scored accordingly? That was almost my last success.

The persistence of these ancient catches—for my young friend, I found, knew as much about Adam and Eve and their dangerous companion as I did—is yet another proof of our devotion to tradition. No one, I take it, not even Mr. MILNE with his enchanting ingenuity, invents new jokes of this kind; and just as our great-great-grandparents when they lay in the cradle were set to chuckling and squirming over "This little pig went to market," so will our great-great-grandchildren squirm and chuckle. But what I would like to know is, who first invented the game? And then, how did all the mothers and nurses come to learn it? How did the glad tidings spread to every corner of the Empire? And how long did it take?

E. V. L.

The Journalistic Urge.

"It was a number of years later when he was thirsty, that J. J. Bell wrote every week in the *Evening Times* under the heading of 'A Young Man's Fancies.'"—*Glasgow Paper.*

Rapid Promotion.

". . . And so may Allah promote you to be Resident. Amen. May Allah promote you to be Lieutenant-Governor. Amen Amen. May Allah promote you to be Governor. Amen Amen Amen. May Allah promote you to be King of England. Amen Amen Amen Amen."—*Extract from a letter, seeking the loan of half-a-crown, and addressed to a Nigerian Administrative Officer.*

C.O.S., Limited.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I and my friend Twinem, who 's a partner in Haphazard and Twinem of the Stock Exchange, have come to the conclusion that the contemporaneous paragraph is going to have a good run for its money. We have therefore formed a small company to take advantage of it. The company is known as Contemporaneous Occurrences Services, Limited, and as we are a bit short of working capital at the moment we thought perhaps we might interest you in it.

I had better explain exactly what services we offer. You know how many authors nowadays, when they feel themselves drying up a bit, stick in a paragraph like this:—

"It was the spring of 193—. Cambridge were favourites for the Boat-Race; the Arsenal were out of the Cup; HITLER was getting into the saddle in Germany and lots of people getting out of it at point-to-points; the Loch Ness Monster had just gone into training for the season; practically every statesman in Europe was making a gesture, except Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN, who were looking to see if they had left any stones unturned; ROOSEVELT was executing a *pas seul* and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS a *pas faux*. So wagged the world as Archibald Accidence looked beyond the aspidistra into the street and said: 'The whole thing makes me physically sick!'"

Now this doesn't do anybody any harm, but it does mean a lot of research among dusty back-numbers of *The Times* for our unfortunate novelists and psycho-analytical historians. Then they are always likely to make mistakes and say Ladas won the Derby in 1900, or mix up PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL or something silly like that and give their readers the impression that they are a bit muddled.

Well, Twinem and I think we can save them a lot of trouble by supplying accurate paragraphs in bulk. Of course we should give reductions for large quantities, which should work out very economically for some of our best-known authors. We intend to have a complete cross-reference system, so that to somebody asking for "Literature before Lunch" we should send this:—

"Mr. GARVIN had polished a period and was doing nothing. So was *The Times* Racing Correspondent. Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE was doing nothing; he had sent the office-boy out for a new



A TRUCE.

THE TOOTLEBURY DRAGON COMES FOR HIS ANNUAL FEAST OF PANCAKES.

bottle of acid. Mr. CHESTERTON was doing nothing; "BEACHCOMBER" was doing nothing but talk through Mr. BELLOC's hat. Lord CASTLEROSSE was doing nothing; he was waiting till it was time to go out to lunch. "KETTLEDRUM," "CAPTAIN COE," "BOUVERIE," G. B. SHAW and Lord BEAVERBROOK were doing nothing. VIRGINIA WOLFF, SYDNEY HORLER and T. S. ELIOT were doing nothing, neither was the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*; as a matter of fact, most of them were beginning to feel hungry. Deep peace brooded over the world of literature, but in his humble bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury Archibald Accidence was writing as if the Furies were at his elbow."

This of course can be easily reversed:

"Mr. GARVIN was polishing a period; so was *The Times* Racing Correspondent. ST. JOHN ERVINE was dipping his pen in acid. G. K. CHESTERTON and "BEACHCOMBER" were having a glass of beer which their respective office-boys had just brought in. Lord CASTLEROSSE was going out to lunch. "KETTLEDRUM," "CAPTAIN COE" and "BOUVERIE" were saying their last words on the two-thirty. Lord BEAVERBROOK was saying his last words on the Government and G. B. SHAW his last on himself. The Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* was writing an article on the Academy, and VIRGINIA WOLFF, SYDNEY HORLER and T. S. ELIOT were usefully employed. The world of literature was humming with activity, but in his humble bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury Archibald Accidence sat looking at a blank sheet of paper."

To show how wide our scope is, I also send another paragraph of a different nature: "Sporting—Saturday afternoon":—

"It was Saturday afternoon. GORDON RICHARDS was snatching the spoils in the Big 'Un at Kempton by a short head. The Chelsea supporters were telling their team what they thought of them; at Thurstons' the balls were clicking merrily, and a man who coughed had been ejected; the Berkshire darts' championship was in full swing; at Twickenham an England forward was removing a loose tooth on the touch-line; ABE MITCHELL had just missed a short putt. Such vital things were happening as Archibald Accidence with every nerve astrain ran for the corner-flag."

Twinem and I feel sure, Sir, that you will appreciate not only the opportunities for profitable investment our scheme offers, but also its humanitarian purpose. This delving into badly-dusted newspaper files and old ill-printed books is not the job for our brilliant young historians. Twinem will, if you are interested, accommodate you with a parcel of shares at any time.

Yours faithfully,
ARCHIBALD ACCIDENCE.

Good News for Gourmands.

"THE DAYS OF TIGHT BELTS ARE OVER. Run your Belting SLACK under full LOAD without SLIP."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Our Candid Correspondents.

"During the early summer of 1932 *The Times* published a series of my cuckoo observations."—*Letter in Periodical.*

"The rest of the world may watch the United States monetary drama not with indifference but with equanimity and clam."
Bombay Paper.

Being, in other words, the President's oyster?

"SOVEREIGN NOW WORTH 32/-."
Evening Paper Headline.

Dictators, however, are still steady at 3/6 a dozen.



"NONSENSE, MY DEAR CHILD—TALKING ABOUT FEELING OLD AT TWENTY-ONE! WHY, I'M NEARLY TWICE YOUR AGE AND I FEEL QUITE YOUNG."

"AH, THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL AN INDIAN SUMMER, ISN'T IT?"

Gentle Plumber, Come Away.

GENTLE plumber, come away,
Come away.
Gentle plumber, do not stay,
Do not stay.
Loosed is Winter's icy grip;
Bathroom pipes no longer drip;
Lambkins play.
Gentle plumber, come away,
Come away.

Gentle plumber, take your ease,
Take your ease.
Pipes and taps no longer freeze,
Longer freeze.
Winds their icy tooth have lost,
Winter's past and past the frost,
Snow is o'er.
Gentle plumber, plumb no more,
Plumb no more.

Gentle plumber, come away,
Come away.
Leave your pipes and stop-cocks grey,
Stop-cocks grey.
See, the wintry welkin pales;
Over hills and over dales,
Bogs and brakes,

Gentle plumber, Spring awakes,
Spring awakes.

Now delicious days begin,
Days begin;
Skies are azure as your chin,
Azure chin,
Kiss the sleeping world awake;
Spring is here and bids us make
Holiday.
Gentle plumber, come away,
Come away.

Gentle plumber, bid your mate,
Bid your mate
Chat no more with Mrs. Tate,
Mrs. Tate.
Surely in some other place
Cooks are found as fair of face
And of limb,
Gentle plumber, sigh for him,
Sigh for him.

Gentle plumber, homeward hie,
Homeward hie.
Doom must crack and so must I,
So must I.

Weary sennights seventeen
In my bathroom you have been
If a day.
Gentle plumber, come away,
Come away!

Gentle plumber, do not find,
Do not find
You have left your tools behind,
Tools behind.
Be no more the mock of fools;
Take your mate and take your tools;
And ere eve,
Gentle plumber, take your leave,
Take your leave.

Ere you come this way again,
Way again,
Let me tell you, plump and plain,
Plump and plain,
You, with my ungrudging leave,
May from cistern, pipe or eave,
Beam or shelf,
Gentle plumber, hang yourself,
Hang yourself. P. B.



VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!

JOHN BULL. "MADAME, YOU HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE TIME. PERMIT ME TO DRINK YOUR HEALTH IN THIS INCOMPARABLE VINTAGE—THE YEAR OF YOUR BIRTH."

Impressions of Parliament.



SAM SUISSE.

"If we could 'Swissify' Europe we should be able to make a very long step in advance."—*Sir* HERBERT SAMUEL, *in the Debate on Disarmament.*

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, February 5th.—**Commons: Unemployment Bill Considered in Committee for 4th day.**

Tuesday, February 6th.—**Lords: County Courts (Amendment) Bill read Second Time.**

Commons: Debate on Disarmament.

Wednesday, February 7th.—**Lords: Plight of British Shipping.**

Commons: Russia (British representatives' supplies). Debate on Imperial Defence.

Tragedy at Tilbury.

Monday, February 5th.—"Invisible exports" is a very nice phrase, suggestive of a MASKELYNE as President of Board of Trade; and to-day Dr. BURGIN assured Mr. TOUCHE that his Department is preparing estimate of such magic as occurred in 1933.

Not a few top-hatted beetle-lovers in House bared their heads on learning from Mr. ELLIOT melancholy fate of small pioneer band of Colorado beetles which had fled political dissensions on Continent (one supposes) and mistakenly sought peace of English countryside near Tilbury, without pausing to inquire into our harsh insect-immigration laws.

Lieut.-Colonel COLVILLE was able to inform Mr. L. SMITH that not only have eight other countries besides United Kingdom already decided to exhibit at forthcoming Levant Fair at Tel Aviv, but British pavilion will be largest. It certainly seems admirable opportunity to Tel Aviv and neighbouring countries about quality of British goods.

When House went into Committee for further dull but necessary consideration of Unemployment Bill, question of juvenile training was tackled, and Mr. COVE moved Labour Amendment to prevent education authorities evading duty of providing junior instruction centres. He urged that Exchequer should bear whole cost of these centres (about £13 a head), on which Government had decided as alternative to raising school age.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON agreed that possibly Bill left loophole for slack education authorities, and promised his support to a milder Amendment on same lines.

To Arm or Not to Arm?

Tuesday, February 6th.—Commendable suggestion from Lieut.-Colonel MOORE that in to-day's debate everyone not on Front Bench should limit themselves to fifteen minutes brought from MR. SPEAKER a statement which should be hung about the House in bold letters: That in his view, if Members would compress their speeches into shortest possible limit, not only would speeches be much improved but more Members would take part in debate.

House then proceeded to discuss Government's Memorandum on Disarmament, debate being opened by Sir JOHN SIMON. British proposals, he



THE FAT BOY OF EPPING.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL DOES HIS BEST TO MAKE OUR FLESH CREEP.

said, were based firstly on recognition that German claim to equality could not be and ought not to be resisted, and secondly on fact that other nations would not agree to abstention from those weapons which Treaty of Versailles denied Germany, who must therefore be allowed some degree of rearmament. There were no new definite commitments.

The strain of constant and almost single-handed opposition falling upon Mr. ATTLEE is eased a little by fact that destructive criticism is much the simpler of the two sorts. To-day he made great play with paradox that Memorandum deals first with rearmament. Total disarmament remains Labour Party's idea of security.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL felt no apparent enthusiasm for proposals, though if they were really the best that Government could offer he was prepared to wish them success; but he objected to absence of any references in White Paper to questions of expenditure or the private manufacture of arms.

Any actor or poker-player would envy Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S ability to draw a full House—and keep it quiet. This he does not by fireworks but by simplicity and modesty of manner which engage attention. It had been mistake, he thought, to



Mr. Teacher. "WHATEVER YOU TEACH, BE BRIEF."
(*Applause from the Class.*)

MR. SPEAKER.

allow equality of rights to a country which concession only inspired to new demands; but he congratulated Government on happy timing of their intervention, and gave his full support to plan of sending the LORD PRIVY SEAL on tour and of insisting on Germany's return to League.

Replying to debate, Mr. EDEN assured House that independence of Austria was still object of British policy, and that net result of Memorandum would be substantial measure of disarmament.

A Back-Bench speech which stood out to-day was that of Miss MARJORIE GRAVES, brilliantly summing up the French character. It had a charming literary quality not so often found in present House.

Tramps Abroad.

Wednesday, February 7th. — Salt breezes blew through Upper Chamber to-day as result of Lord KINNAIRD'S motion that Government must speedily do something for British Mercantile Marine. 155,000 men were engaged in shipping, of whom 35% were idle, and it was vital to us that in these times we should only buy from countries willing to use our vessels. Lord RHAYADER laid blame on succession of Governments, which seemed to have declared war on international trade, and suggested that slogan, "SELL BRITISH," should be substituted for that of "BUY BRITISH"; while Lord PEEL, who condemned absurdly uneconomic subsidies of other countries, wondered if small British subsidy might not have salutary effect as bargaining weapon.

According to Captain A. EVANS, in Commons, British diplomats going to Moscow have to take with them at least six months' supply of tinned food, owing to reluctance of Soviet Government to allow them nourishment at reasonable prices; and in order to put an end to this undignified picnic Sir JOHN SIMON has despatched stern note. Old Siberian proverb was not so far wrong when it said that *when the samovar is empty diplomacy dies.*

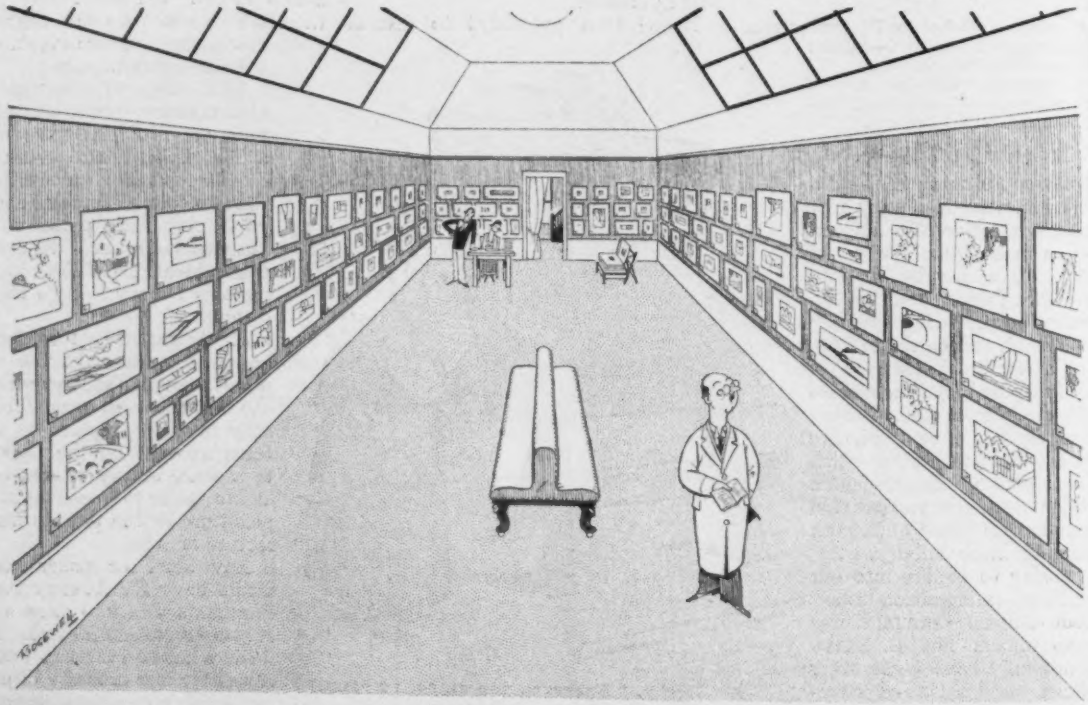
Commons then discussed Mr. CLARRY'S Motion that in general hubbub about disarmament essential defences of this country should not be neglected. MEMBER FOR EPPING declared that not one of lessons of 1914 had been learned, and that then we had a Navy and no air menace. He was for scrapping Treaty of London and so regaining our freedom of design, and also for having an Air Force equal at least to that of any Power to whom we were accessible.

Mr. BALDWIN was more optimistic, for he refused to share belief that war was inevitable. Boundary disputes were only real surviving danger, and these were in province of the League, which it was essential to maintain.

Larmoyer au Cristal.

[Tears of crystal and veils of human hair are among the latest Paris fashions.]

Maintenant
C'est enchantant.
Voilà les larmes
Qui nous charment.
Tout à fait
Gelées,
Elles ne sont pas vraies.
Pas nées
De beaux yeux,
Verts, noirs ni bleus:
Mais voilées
Par des cheveux,
Elles semblent si gaies,
Qu'elles fondent
Sous les feux
Du four
De l'amour
Du monde
Masculin!
En fin!
Qu'est—ce qu'elles coûtent,
Ces gouttes
Cristallines
Divines?



THE ONE-MAN SHOW.

How to Croon.

CROONING is not a difficult art. No, indeed. It is a habit which, once acquired, is regrettably hard to keep under control. However, those who have made up their minds to croon can hardly do better than study these simple hints.

All such words as "body," "dog," "not," etc., take the vowel sound *ah*: *e.g.*, *bahdy*, *dahg*, *naht*, and so on. Words like "dance" and "can't" take the short vowel sound, as in "man." The ending "—ing" is invariably pronounced *'n*: *e.g.*, *sitt'n*, *pett'n*. As far as possible the mouth should be kept closed when crooning.

The following words and phrases have special pronunciations and should be studied with care:—

Because	*k'z* (*cf.* "*K'Zi was in the mood*").
Blue, do	*blyew*, *dew*.
Can you	*kenya*.
Girl	*gal*.
Going to	*goina*.
Gone	*Rhymes with "dawn."*
Heaven	*hairv'n*.
I am	*ahm*.
Just	*jerst*.
My	*ma*. (Do not confuse with "ma," which is pron. *mammy*.)
Round-up	*roun-derp*.
What shall	*waddle* (*cf.* "*Waddle I dew?*")

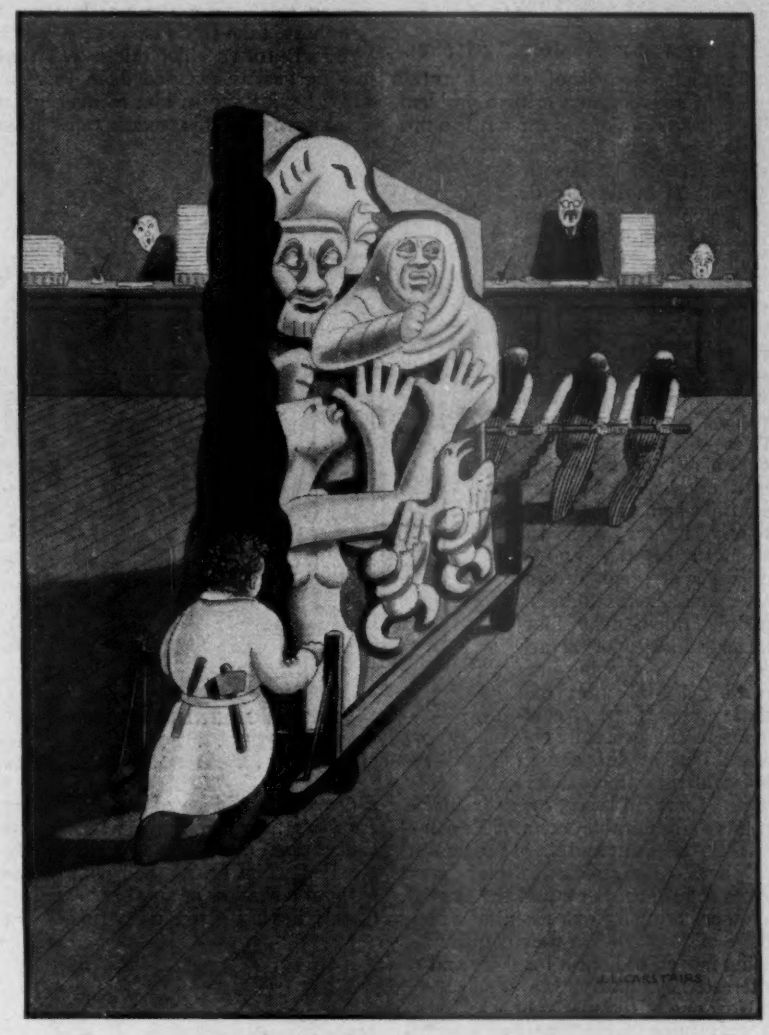
The student is also advised to practise these three sentences regularly until he can give a perfect rendering of each:—

"*We 've gahter lahter waht it takes t' gitter lahng.*"

"*Ahm head'n fer the lassed roun-derp.*"

"*Ahm sitt'n ahn a lahg, an' Ahm pett'n ma dahg.*"

By the time the student has thoroughly mastered the above exercise there will be little else to teach him. In fact he will be beyond help.



MR. JACOB EPSTEIN, UNDER PROTEST, FILLS UP A FORM FOR THE NEW COUNCIL ON ART AND INDUSTRY.

Lyra Lunatica.

(*Suggested by an article in "Nature" on recent biochemical investigations describing the successful isolation of members of the Lyochrome family, the results of titration and the potentiometric study of "reasonable redox buffering capacity."*)

WHILE honouring the scientists whose mission
Is to foster biochemical research,
At no time have I cherished the ambition
To vivisect a penguin or a perch.

I'd greatly like to keep an axolotl,
A mongoose or a merry kinkajou,
But the thought of rearing robots in a bottle,
In the language of Sir WALTER, "gars me grue."

I find no cause for merriment in any grim experiment
Conducted in the Frankensteinish mode,
None the less the terminology of up-to-date biology
Inspires me to a eulogistic ode.
I have naught but admiration for the process of titration
As a means of bringing comfort to our homes,
And I hail with exultation the splendid isolation
Of three members of the tribe of Lyochromes.

Many years ago I studied with voracity
A volume that described *The Purple Cow*,
But the "redox" and its "buffering capacity"
Evaded my acquaintance until now;
And I wonder if the farmer Bard of Ettrick
Would have won an even more enduring fame
Had he applied the new potentiometric
Tests in writing "When the Kye Comes Hame"?

C. L. G.

At the Play.

"MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE" (GLOBE).

THIS latest comedy of JAMES BRIDIE'S sets the conscientious critic a problem. By all the rules of the game it is a preposterous play. It loses direction. It mixes its *genres*. It invites the destructive giggle at supposedly tragic moments. And yet it never bores. It has two extremely interesting and attractive central characters: the Highland Scot and Calvinist divinity student, *John MacGregor*, who hates his religion but cannot escape its imperatives—the most formidable type of religious man—who is a mystic, pensive and gentle when sober, but a bonny fighter with the strength of ten and a dreamer of great dreams after a sufficient number of double rums, neat four-finger whiskies or arrack punch from the jug—according to latitude; and that pretty, pawky, commonsensical, generally tolerant but, at the chosen point, adamantinely determined Lowland lassie, *Priscilla Dickie*. It has the admirable Cockney, *Hogbin*—"boots," sergeant and stage-doorkeeper by turns. Our author can make good jokes both in the Scots and the English manner, bringing out essential differences of flavour. We were continually being moved to honest laughter and to interested sympathy.

Now one of the marks of a bad play is that once the author has lost his way the audience suffers the decaying and dismaying thing with, at best, resignation and hails the end with relief. And yet here, when our author, having taken his wrong turning, retraces his steps, we are quite ready to forget about it and wonder with amused tolerance what he will be up to next. In letters, as in life, there are some people who can be forgiven faults which would damn their fellows. Unjust, but there it is. I feel inclined, in fact, to deny—"without prejudice" to save face—that anything which can be so consistently good an entertainment and give material for such admirable performances as Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON'S Highlander, drunk or sober, Miss SOPHIE STEWART'S *Priscilla* and Mr. ARTHUR HAMBLING'S Cockney can be reckoned a bad stage play. Miss STEWART, by the way, is a newcomer who is evidently more than a one-part player and whom the public will, I prophesy, take to its heart.

Mr. BRIDIE'S chief crime was that having swiftly married *John* to *Priscilla*; having shown him recovering on the morrow of his wedding-day from a devastating binge of which pushing *Hogbin's* face through a window was the climax (and having incidentally handled this bridal bedroom scene without a shadow of an offence against taste); having given us a tantalising glimpse of *Priscilla's* shrewd and sometimes shrewish wit, staunch character and sympathetic understanding—having done this he whisks his hero off to the War and, after four years' service, to North Persia, throws him into the arms of a serpentine Adelphi vamp motoring through the desert in a backless gown. She offers him an army, a throne and herself. He rules, loves and—loses to a Russian villain who puts a bullet into him. . . . And this was all exceeding odd.



THE MORNING AFTER.
John MacGregor . . . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.
Priscilla (his wife) . . . . . MISS SOPHIE STEWART.

It was redeemed, however, by the meeting of *Sergeants MacGregor* and *Hogbin* in that lonely post on the North Persian road for the first time since the fraças in the hotel, and by a scene which, before the rather ultra-heroic fighting and the vamping began, was full of shrewd touches of contrasted character and of good guard-room humour. Then return to dramatic sanity and relevance, to comedy after imported melodrama, to a domestic interior ten years later, with *MacGregor*, now a respected Minister, still prompted at times to berserk rage, but ridden on the curb by a mature assured *Priscilla*.

Further appearance of the vamp as an acrobat in a Cossack troupe (and here Miss LOUISE WITTING had more chance of showing her mettle in a more likely if still not very likely scene), temptation to romance (easily conquered under the eye of *Priscilla*), and to adventure (less easily because of that "we do what we must" urge which is in his blood).

A very queer affair altogether. I should certainly have been sorry to miss it.

T.



MORE FAMILY JARS.
Uncle Alfred . . . MR. EDWARD RIGBY.
Aunt Sylvie . . . MISS MURIEL AKED.

"BIRTHDAY" (CAMBRIDGE).

As those who saw *Strange Orchestra* will remember, Mr. RODNEY ACKLAND likes to fill his stage with inconsequent people and then surprise us by striking quite large sparks out of improbable situations. His plots do not so much develop as bowl gradually downhill or elliptical rollers, the rollers being a series of eccentric and often amusing character-sketches. There are obvious disadvantages in the method, one of them being a serious lack of shape; for, though tight-lacing may not be in the mode, there is no doubt that a little rigidity here and there lends form.

This time his theme is a home racked

by agonies of unselfishness. The apex of his cone of self-sacrifice is *Mrs. Moorhouse Rees*, and as the apex she comes out of it best (if we except the dog *Jelly*, who knew what she wanted and ate it). She is a widow; and, though the circumstances of *Mr. Rees'* death are not described, it is easy to imagine at least one good reason for his passing. Her household consists of her widower brother, *Alfred*, who might have married again, but hadn't for the sake of the family; her sister, *Sylvie*, to whom, much earlier in the century, a certain military *Bertie* had suggested marriage, an offer refused in order to look after *Alfred*; her daughter *Rosamund*; her daughter *Lallah*, alternating so energetically between the sobs and giggles of hysteria that it is sometimes impossible to tell which is which; and *John*, who had unaccountably married *Lallah* and lacked the courage to take her away. They live very conventionally, these funny persons, amongst Victorian decorations in a comfortable London house, attended by a bibulous old parlourmaid whom I should have thought they would have been the first to sack.

Rosamund is twenty-five and marvellously normal considering that she has never been to a party and appears to have no activities outside her home. How she was educated or how with her attractiveness she came to achieve this extraordinary isolation in 1934 I cannot tell you. All I know is that when, in the First Act, as the result of a wager and a wild party, the handsome young novelist from next-door bursts in and smashes the vase which has long been a *Rees* symbol of abnegation (*Uncle Alfred* having mistakenly, as a lad, gone without dinner for three weeks in order to buy it), *Rosamund* knows love for the first time. Not without reason, *Mark's* method of introduction hardly commends him to her family; and when it becomes clear that *Rosamund* is seeing a lot of him and his noisy friends (of whom we are treated to a close-up) panic assails the household, for the mechanism of self-sacrifice is too delicate to survive the selfish absence, even for an afternoon, of one of its chief cogs. Who is to wheel out *Uncle Alfred*, who to keep *Aunt Sylvie* from moping about the life-that-might-have-been in Poona? The worry of it all is enough to give *Mrs. Rees* her daily headache, and it does.

Poor *Rosamund's* rebellion is short-lived, for in the end the *Rees* tradition of martyrdom is too much for her and she hands *Mark* back to an errant wife who has a whim to return; but while it lasts it engenders a nice cloud of sparks from the ACKLAND forge. Ancient hatchets, only partially buried, are brandished anew in a fine domestic dust-up, and for a brief space winged darts of truth are flung about the drawing-room, rending the veils of hypocrisy. The only realist in this preposterously selfish ménage, the dog *Jelly*, sets an unheeded example of sagacious calm.

All this is more amusing than it may sound, partly because Mr. ACKLAND has a pretty sense of dialogue and partly because *Aunt Sylvie* and *Uncle Alfred* are played by Miss MURIEL AKED and Mr. EDWARD RIGBY, a combination guaranteed to make any party a success. For *Rosamund* and her late awakening Miss JESSICA TANDY does her best and does it charmingly; and



WEEPING MOTHER AND FLAPPING DAUGHTER.

Mary . . . . Miss MARIE LÖHR.
Lallah. . . . Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT.

as the Bohemian grab-and-smasher Mr. BRIAN AHERNE is capriciously romantic. About Miss MARIE LÖHR I am not quite certain. It seems to me that just as the dominance of *Vera Lyndon* kept the odd group of instrumentalists in *Strange Orchestra* more or less in harmony, it is in the nebulousness of *Mrs. Rees'* character that a chance is lost to make this more of a play and less of a charade. Primarily the author's fault, admittedly, but I believe Miss LÖHR, well as she acts, could make *Mrs. Rees* just a little more credible.

Eccentricity, I humbly submit, is the funnier for a foil of something approaching normality. If Mr. ACKLAND could stabilise his values he might write a really good comedy. But he ought to know that the Bottled Young Germs, or whatever it was they called themselves, died laughably on the point of Mr. EVELYN WAUGH's pen a long time ago. ERIC.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." (OLD VIC.)

How well this brilliant nonsense of WILDE'S lasts! *Lady Windermere* is as dead as *The Yellow Book*, but *Jack* and *Algernon* and the supposititious *Ernest* and *Bunbury* are as amusing as ever. This production by Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE suffers under the severe handicap of being played in a large instead of an intimate theatre. The airy nonsense, which is at times elaborated into wit (and then nothing like as effective), has here to be underlined so as to reach the middle-distance and beyond, and thus seems something too heavy and self-conscious. I liked Mr. ROGER LIVESEY'S *John Worthing* in itself, but it is certainly a trifle too grave for the text and the tradition. Mr. GEORGE CURZON, a rather disappointing *Algernon*, added a little more than the already inevitable deliberation and self-consciousness and, more culpably, swallowed the ends of half his sentences. Miss URSULA JEANS had cleverly captured just the right air of assumed guileless girlishness for her *Cecily*, but was also often inaudible. The bright rallies were in fact often broken by too many balls being hit into the net. Actors and producers always will refuse to believe that the acoustics at the Old Vic are bad. What can be done by technical competence to overcome this handicap was brilliantly demonstrated by Miss ATHENE SEYLER, who gave us a rich and authoritative *Lady Bracknell*, and by Miss FLORA ROBSON, who, for the first time playing a comic part, succeeded in making a vivid and amusing *Gwendolen*, her archness and managing airs pleasantly compromised by a tendency to giggling. Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S ineffably unctuous cleric was irresistible, but an irrelevant sinisterliness would keep breaking in. Miss ELSA LANCHESTER, I am afraid, did poor *Miss Prism* to death by perverse fooling.

The audience—both audiences, the home and the imported—took the points with zest. There is one thing perhaps the present company have not captured—the light butterfly brilliance of the nineties, which they are all of them too young to remember. But they have given us a thoroughly enjoyable version of this sparkling "trivial comedy for serious people," to use its author's label. T.

Cricket on the Hearth.

"AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.
(By FENDER)."
Evening Paper Placard.



"But didn't you see me put out my hand?"
"No."
"And you must have heard me blow my whistle?"
"I did not."
"Then I might as well go back to the station. I don't seem to be of much use here."

A Peace Proposal.

My young friend, Podgy McSumph, had fallen into the little stream that runs at the foot of my garden, and his clothes were being dried in the kitchen. He was now occupying a chair in front of my study fire, wrapped so tightly in a tartan plaid secured with safety-pins that the only part of him left with reasonable freedom of movement was his head.

"How did it happen, Podgy?" I asked.

"I tried to tumble in," declared Podgy boastfully.

"You what?"

"Me an' Maggie Stoorie was playin' at Grace Darling and I was to be the shipwreck."

"Did Maggie Stoorie fall in too?"

"She ran awa'," said Podgy disgustedly. "She's just a wee coward, an'—— There—she's oot there," he broke off, nodding his head excitedly in the direction of the window.

I looked up and saw a little rosy face pressed against the glass.

"Ye're a dirty wee coward, Maggie Stoorie!" yelled Podgy, the window being conveniently open at the top to enable them to converse together.

"But I was runnin' away to get the lifeboat, Podgy," explained Maggie Stoorie.

"Ye're a wee fibber," yelled Podgy.

The lady retorted by putting her tongue out, and at the same time another face appeared at the window and stared rudely into the room—a sinister-looking, smutty little face.

"It's that Willie Pilkie," murmured Podgy, glaring venomously at the newcomer.

"Oh, Podgy McSumph," came a taunting cry from Willie Pilkie, "ye 're dressed up like a wee baby!"

"Ye're a wee baby," echoed Maggie Stoorie, giggling inanely.

In a violent effort to free himself from the plaid Podgy slipped from his chair and before I could save him was wriggling face downward on the floor.

"Help me up!" he entreated frantically. "I want oot to kill Willie Pilkie."

I picked him up and replaced him in his chair to an accompaniment of yells of laughter from the spectators.

"Take this thing aff me," commanded Podgy, continuing to struggle. "I want oot."

"But you can't go out without your clothes."

"I don't need any clothes. The savages don't wear clothes. If ye don't let me oot to murder Willie Pilkie," he threatened fiercely, "I'll say a bad word."

Feeling that I must do something, I walked resolutely to the window and called sternly, "Go away; you're bad children."

The two little faces grinned up at me derisively.

"Ye'll get put in the polis office, Willie Pilkie," cried Podgy, "for laughin' at that big man."

A particularly repulsive expression came into Willie Pilkie's face. "That's



"And what did your Auntie say to you, darling?"
"She didn't say anything, Mummy. She only talked."

no a big man," he shouted. "He's just a wee silly man," and Maggie Stoorie cackled with delight.

This was hard to bear, but, exercising great self-restraint, I closed the window and pulled down the blind.

But this discretionary action had an alarming effect on Podgy. "Whit are ye doin' that for?" he screamed. "They'll say I'm a cowardy custard."

I tried to calm him and sat down, placing him on my knee. He was all out. "Hoo would you like to be called a cowardy custard?" he whimpered.

"Now, Podgy, old son," I said, stroking his hair soothingly, "it's all over and we'll forget about it."

Podgy sank back gradually until he had settled himself comfortably against my waistcoat.

"After all," I said, "they were only in fun, so what is the good of being angry with them?"

"I think I'm going to be angry for ever an' ever noo," murmured Podgy fretfully.

"I wonder," I said, "if you and I could make an agreement that we would try to forgive Maggie Stoorie and Willie Pilkie. What do you think of that?"

"Ye're daft," commented Podgy.

"Supposing," I suggested, making another desperate attempt, "that you come here again and have tea with me on Monday afternoon?"

"Whit'll I get?"

"I'll have chocolates for you."

"I'll come," said Podgy.

"All right, But remember, you are only to be allowed to come if you promise to try to forgive Willie Pilkie and Maggie Stoorie."

"Is it to be the big chocolates?"

"Of course. Now will you try to forgive these two?"

"All right," agreed Podgy, sighing resignedly; "I'll try. But," he stipulated, rousing himself and speaking with great emphasis, "before I start trying to forgive Willie Pilkie I've to get bashin' his heid aff."

See England First.

Or Scotland first, or Ireland first, or even Wales first.

And what, reader, do I mean by "first"? Well, I mean before you read any modern novel in which the scene is laid exclusively in any of these countries.

The next thing you say, reader, is "Why?"

Pause a moment and think. Or better still, don't think, but simply read this article through very carefully from beginning to end.

Numberless people write novels about Scotland, and other people—not in such crowds, but still *some* other people—read them. What do they find?

They find gloom, and again gloom, and—yes, I see you've guessed it: Gloom.

I say nothing about all the characters being called MacSomething and standing over six foot high, and having silent, hard-working, dour-faced wives called Maggie or Ellen or Janet. I say nothing about the unspeakable rigours of the Scottish countryside as depicted in fiction—the snow-drifts, the howling winds, the floods, landslides and other convulsions of nature that occur in every other chapter. I may perhaps think it odd that Scotland should never know a decent day or be anything but utterly barren, desolate, wind-swept and wild—but I am willing to accept this as part of the literary convention.

But do I have to believe that family life in Scotland is what these authors invariably report it to be?

How well you know the kind of thing I mean:—

"Supper at the manse consisted of porridge and cold water, served by the head of the family in unbroken silence. The elder brothers, half-frozen from the intense cold, ate ravenously, every now and then darting glances of hatred at one another. The girl Christina surreptitiously read a letter from the village schoolmaster that she was concealing beneath the tablecloth. She knew that her father would kill her and the schoolmaster and her mother, and very likely the dog as well, if he saw what she was doing.

The mother, preoccupied with the care of the ten younger children, the three cows, the hens, and the ancient grandfather mumbling on the hearth, spoke no word. Hatred, avarice, revenge and misery brooded over the cheerless room."

There you are. The Bluebells of Scotland.

Does Ireland fare any better?

Not in the least.

The most intolerable thing about Irish novels is undoubtedly the brogue in them, and of this we get a good deal; for the Irish, in fiction as in life, do not, like the family at the manse, sit in unbroken silence. Far from it.

They talk in a style that is deliberately whimsical, and they drink to excess, they make love and they know all about horses, and they emigrate to America and back again, and they sing long wistful songs full of the love of country—or counthry, as they too often spell it—and they tell one another strange legends about fairies and so on just to show how childlike and poetical they really are.

It may be so. One has no wish to dispute the broad principle of the thing; but it can't be so always and everywhere. There must be one or two ordinary families in Ireland.

The climate in its way is just as peculiar as the Scottish climate, although much pleasanter. It is, quite simply, wet and warm and very, very green. Soft rain, soft mist, soft summer showers. Occasionally a storm takes place on a lough, and then most of the characters are drowned, since there is always a note of tragedy in novels about Ireland.

"She stood at the cabin door, her shawl thrown over her head, and listened to the soft lap of the water on the shore. The lough had taken her father, and her uncle, Tim Kelly, and her half-brother, and both her sons, and three of her O'Reilly relations, and she told herself whimsically that soon there would be no more of them left for it to take. Unless Dan and Patsy and Micky came back from America. Whimsically flinging off her shawl, Mary Rose Ellen turned and ran barefooted up the mountains, singing as she ran."

The Irish are like that—in fiction.

And now we come, with a certain reluctance, to Wales.

There are not so very many novels about Wales, but those there are—well, one has always heard that a libel action is a very good advertisement for a novel, and probably the Welsh, with native shrewdness, have guessed this and that is why they refrain from bringing them.

For what, in novels about Wales, do the Welsh do?

The question is unfortunately worded.

Let us rather say, how do the Welsh behave in novels? Well, they behave very, very badly all the time and in all circumstances. A postcard of acknowledgment will be freely forwarded to anybody who can quote any instance of a really decently-behaved Welsh character in modern fiction, especially fiction of which the scene is laid exclusively in Wales.

The scene may be called Cwddfytt or Llwnwbyr or anything of that kind. It makes bad reading aloud undoubtedly, but no one is entitled to object on the score of verisimilitude. The characters may be respectively called Old Evans and Young Evans, and David Davies David, and Mrs. Evan Davies, and Mrs. David Evans and many other variations of the kind, and even though this is hideously confusing it may be allowed to pass.

What one jibs at is the kind of life they all lead.

"Young William Williams—called by the peasants Red William Williams in order to distinguish him from his uncle, Black William Williams, who



"There you goes, stuffing yerself with sweets an' dashin' my 'opes of you becomin' another Gordon Richards."

had been hanged six months earlier—was walking home from market. He had just killed his horse in a fit of rage.

He was drunk.

In his pocket was the price of a damaged bull that he had successfully sold as sound.

In his other pocket was money he had taken from a blind man whilst he slept.

As he lurched unsteadily down the street Young William Williams was making a plan to murder both his parents that night."

That, positively, is the least offensive example available of the way in which the unhappy Welsh get written about in novels.

Readers of fiction naturally, after taking in all this local colour, go perfectly straight to the offices of Messrs. THOMAS COOK and buy tickets for Jamaica or Madeira or any other place well outside the United Kingdon.

The result will be that our British railway companies, always anxious to combine legitimate commercial enterprise with scrupulous accuracy, will have to fall into line with the trend of all this modern fiction. So that their slogans in future may read more or less as follows:—

CALEDONIA SPELLS CALLOUSNESS.

IRELAND FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

WALES FOR WANTON WICKEDNESS.

Then we shall all know where we are.
Or shall we? E. M. D.

Two of a Trade.

ONLY a most obscure disease
Could baffle Doctors Chalk and Cheese;
Both are superlative G.P.'s,
Though neither of them jealous;
Relations of the friendliest sort
(If one can credit such report)
Exist between these men—in short
They are the best of fellows.

They differ only in the way
They treat their patients. *Chalk*, they say,
Plies his with *x* and violet ray,
Pills and inoculation;
While *Cheese* adopts the other tack,
Pats his (and Nature) on the back,
Content to see they do not lack
Fresh air and conversation.

The twain are justly popular
With those who suffer from catarrh—
And, goodness, what a lot these are,
Both children and adults!—
But, though I rack my aching brain,
I am unable to explain
How *both* these clever men obtain
Identical results. WOON.



"WHY AREN'T YOU DOING YOUR WORK? WHO'S THAT CLEANING THE STEPS?"
"I AIN'T FEELIN' UP TO IT THIS MORNIN', MUM, SO I'VE GOT ME UNDERSTUDY TO CARRY ON."

A money-lender has written a novel. Doubtless the interest is maintained to the end.

* * *

The only mystery about a detective story we read recently was that someone hadn't shot the author.

* * *

A village in Stirlingshire complains of a plague of mice. A Pied Bagpiper seems to be suggested.

A Prague woman has insured the thumb of her right hand for a thousand pounds. A cynical correspondent writes to say that it must be the one she keeps her husband under.

* * *

One of our railway companies declare that they will move anything from a hat-box to a farm. Their difficulty will be to find someone who wants something moved from a hat-box to a farm.

* * *

"A girl detests being kissed on the chin," says a novelist. She probably thinks a man should have higher aims than that.



"But, Doctor, you told me to keep him warm."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Career Open to Talen .

Napoleon was not far wrong in maintaining that every one of his privates carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Most of his marshals were of inconspicuous birth, and at the date of Austerlitz the majority of them were under forty. So far as I know, no historian has hitherto singled them out; and that they have ended by attracting the high-spirited author of *England, Their England* is a piece of unmixed good fortune. Mr. A. G. Macdonell's *Napoleon and His Marshals* (Macmillan, 7/6) sets the stage for the campaigns of the "Little Corporal" while indicating in a few strokes the character and antecedents of their leaders. Not a marshal of them is ever inseparable from his uniform—Masséna is caught out investing surreptitious francs at Leghorn; Davout keeps his pretty faithless wife supplied with tulip-bulbs and linen. Wives of course become pivots of history when the marshals attain to principalities and kingdoms; and on one marshal—the ugliest, Berthier—is laid the onus of wooing Marie Louise for the Emperor. The story of their inglorious ends is high tragedy and treated as such. I congratulate their biographer on the sensitiveness and courage of his handling.

Madness Without Method.

The ridiculing of the "modern" school of poets in their more extravagant moments is an outworn and unprofitable pastime, and Mr. John Sparrow, in *Sense and Poetry* (Constable, 7/6), sternly sets his face against any such cheap and easy way of winning the applause of his readers. Poetry must be judged simply on its merits as a work of art—on its power, that is, to give pleasure to an audience with some pretensions to taste; to condemn it because of its novelty, its obscurity, or even its unintelligibility is both irrational and unfair. It is conceivable, Mr. Sparrow claims, that a poem should be written from which the intellect would be unable even after the closest study to extract any trace of *meaning* (in the sense of coherent thought), but which yet would be beautiful and moving in virtue either of the sound and rhythm of its words or of the associated images they called up. So that if the charge of writing nonsense is to be the whole of the indictment against them, the moderns have no case to answer; their nonsense may still be poetry. It is Mr. Sparrow's purpose to show that it is *not*—and that for two reasons: firstly, because there is no coherence even in their incoherence—they will keep "deviating into sense," with the result that the unhappy reader is never certain whether purely sensuous enjoyment is all that is demanded of him or whether after all some inner meaning is there to be dragged by the violent exercise of his intellect from the morass; and, secondly, because when the moderns *do* succeed in entirely abolishing meaning from their verses they have nothing to put in its place. It is greatly to Mr. Sparrow's credit that amid such a welter of pretentious insanity he has so admirably preserved both his critical faculty and his temper.

Warp and Woof.

In *Inheritance* (that most memorable book) Miss Phyllis Bentley spaciously surveyed a century of West Riding history. *A Modern Tragedy* (Gollancz, 8/6), with the same *mise-en-scène*, is concentrated in three fateful years. In the larger aspect it is the tragedy of a great industry in the doldrums. Spinners and manufacturers, finishers and merchants—all are caught in the trough of the post-War depression; and a district which once clothed half the world is shown hard put to it to clothe or feed itself. But, since this is a novel and not an economic treatise, the high

lights are naturally focussed on particular agonists; and these are not only set against their background with a perfect sense of values but portrayed in their separate individualities with a fine subtlety of analysis. Two figures stand out—the unscrupulous *Leonard Tasker*, trying by desperate expedients to tide over bad times, and *Walter Haigh*, the honest lad whom ambition, vanity and love of the exquisite *Elaine* make *Tasker's* ready tool. But equal care has been bestowed on all who are emotionally or financially involved in their fortunes. From *Henry Clay Crosland* the industrial aristocrat to *Milner Schofield* the revolutionary tenter, all have their just and significant place in a story as closely woven as the good Yorkshire cloth by which they live—or fail to live: a story firm and flawless in texture, at the "finishing" of which not even the exigent *Tasker* himself could cavil.

Background for an Artist.

The story of *Claude Monet and His Garden* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6) is the story of a great career, great friendship and the earthly paradise that was the ultimate setting of both. The career is that of an pioneer Impressionist—forty years of unpopularity, forty years of acclamation; the friendship is the lifelong championship of CLEMENCEAU, and their culminating scene is the garden at Giverny-sur-Seine created by the painter out of a strip of swamp and orchard. This Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN describes as an inseparable part of MONET'S pictorial achievement, while resuming the career whose "mixture of rustic simplicity . . . intellectual energy and the last refinements of culture" strike him as the synthesis of France. His publishers have been granted the unique privilege of photographing the garden itself; but the crown of the book's captivating reproductions are those of MONET'S own paintings. Smaller variants of his great canvases of water-lilies—masterpieces presented at CLEMENCEAU'S urgency to the French nation—come out perhaps less happily than the reiterated haystacks of his middle period. Yet in all "the light is the real person painted"; and the light shed on this lover of light is the mainstay of an enchanting book.



ABSENT-MINDED FOREIGNER ENTERS A GERMAN RESTAURANT.

"Tay Pay."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR was a notable figure in politics and journalism, and he has on the whole been fortunate in his biographer. The story of his humble origin and early struggles and the romantic progress from the fiery anti-English patriot to the efficient recruiting-agent on the side of England in the Great War, and Father of the House, with his final apotheosis at the banquet in his honour attended by Mr. BALDWIN, Lord CURZON and Lord CARSON, has been well told by Mr. HAMILTON FYFE in *T. P. O'Connor* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 16/-). His biographer has rightly insisted on his services to journalism. If "TAY PAY" failed to realise his literary ambitions he was none the less a most efficient populariser of letters. As editor of *M.A.P.* the patriot was merged in the eulogist of a world in which all men were brave and all women beautiful. But at least he made no capital out of scandal and was guiltless of any intrusion on the sanctities of private life. It is interesting to be reminded of the fact that he was one of the very few supporters of PARNELL whose geniality thawed the reserve of that "distant despot." He was certainly a great journalist, though it is less easy to accord him the title of a great Irishman in view of the fact, which Mr. HAMILTON FYFE frankly admits, that, in the old phrase, he found Ireland "a grand country to live out of."

A Guide-Book to Olympus.

In dedicating his latest volume, *Gods, Heroes and Men of Ancient Greece* (MURRAY, 7/6), "to the intelligent boys of the Perse School," their late Headmaster gives a hint as to

its most likely public. The fact that he has treated Greek mythology as a connected whole will recommend the book to older readers, but they will probably miss the beauty of language to which so many versions of these stories, in prose and verse, have accustomed us, and hardly find the modern idiom—in which Zeus asks Cupid if he means "to settle down into a respectable member of Olympus," or Aphrodite tells her servants to "get the job ready"—a satisfying substitute. They may also be surprised to hear that Eros is with us still as "the spirit" of Christianity. The inevitable compression has forced Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE into some drastic economies—such, for instance, as giving us Penelope with neither suitors nor loom; but on the whole his valiant attempt to cover his subject in fewer than two-hundred-and-fifty pages has been successful, and the "family tree," starting with Chaos and bringing us down to Jason, will be certain to enlighten and entertain many readers, both old and young.

Marlborough's Friend

If the seventeenth century could boast only the names of JOHN CHURCHILL and Prince EUGÈNE it would still suffice for fame. Unlike CHURCHILL, EUGÈNE entertained a personal hatred for their great enemy, LOUIS XIV. The Sun King had scorned the ugly child to whom he may have been father. Hence EUGÈNE threw off the clerical habit that had been forced upon him and donned a uniform in the Emperor's service. Herr FRISCHAUER clearly shows in his most readable account of *Prince Eugène* (GOLLANCZ, 16/-), which Countess VON ZEPPELIN has brilliantly rendered into English, that EUGÈNE never ceased to feel himself a Frenchman. The hardest hour in his long life was that in which he refused LOUIS XIV.'s offer to restore him to his French titles and estates if he would return to lead the French armies. Perhaps the most glorious was that in which EUGÈNE refused to desert the fallen MARLBOROUGH. "Such behaviour would be contrary to my whole conception of honour." Prince EUGÈNE indeed deserved his title of "the noble Knight" conferred upon him by the Viennese in one of the most famous of their songs.

An English Village.

Mr. H. A. VACHELL, in a foreword to *The Disappearance of Martha Penny* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), warns us that he will be displeased if readers of his story consider it "in any sense of the word a 'thriller' or 'shocker.'" The warning is unnecessary. For this tale is, in Mr. VACHELL'S own words, "a study in revaluations"; it is not even remotely related to the hectic yarns in which excitement is piled upon excitement and crime upon crime. True that one of the inhabitants of *Nether Applewhite* was a bad old woman and that she mysteriously disappeared. But she is only, or at any rate mainly, important because she influenced the actions and reactions of her neighbours. Notable among these were the policeman, the parson and the doctor, all of whom had disturbing problems to settle. This is a thoughtful and ably constructed story, and it gives a true impression of the changes that are so rapidly sweeping over rural England.



"BE THAT THE COTTAGE WHERE MR. TIM BOTCHER DO LIVE?"
"D'YOU MEAN 'IM WITH THE THREE DARTERS?"
"AYE."
"AND THE MARE WI' THE WALL-EYE?"
"YES, THAT 'S 'IM."
"NO, IT AIN'T, THEN, 'COS 'E DON'T LIVE THERE NO MORE!"

Resignation.

Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM gets quickly off the mark in *The Gallows of Chance* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). *Sir Humphrey Rossiter*, "the youngest Home Secretary who had ever filled the post," is at once kidnapped and subsequently is threatened with instant death unless he reprieves a murderer. From that moment I can testify that *Sir Humphrey's* life was composed of excursions and alarms. Strange indeed were his experiences, and no one who reads this breathlessly exciting tale can wonder that in the end he retired from the Cabinet. May I beg "The Prince of Story-Tellers," who ought in all respects to set a good example, to expel that "wicked word meticulous" (FOWLER) from his vocabulary, but in fairness, I admit that he is already abstemious in his use of it.

Soufflé.

Limited Variety was noticeably light and gay, and in *Maze* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) Miss MARGARET DALE retains the qualities that were so conspicuous in her previous story. Emphatically neither of these novels will appeal to those who are looking for fiction in which serious problems are discussed. But absurd as the antics of the *Fenny Twins* (males) often were in their pursuit of *Jane* and *Jessica*, I can easily imagine that their wonderful irresponsibility will provide ample entertainment for many readers. In short, within the limits which Miss DALE has imposed upon herself, the task she set out to do is brightly accomplished.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

An Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at The Public Library and Art Gallery, Kidderminster, from February 26th to March 24th; at Hastings, March 31st to April 28th; and at Bristol, May 5th to June 2nd. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Where America Gets Off.

"Americans always think they are ahead of us in everything, but that's all nonsense. As a matter of fact we have the use of each day hours before they have, so that it is sort of second-hand before they get it."—*Schoolboy's Essay.*

Charivaria.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to be told a word of six letters beginning with F and meaning "a paying institution." What is the matter with "Father"?

***

The portable wireless set is said to be the most popular. The distracted householder can walk up and down the room with it when it howls.

***

"A Nazi cannot be trained, but must be born for his mission," declared a party leader the other day. *Nazitur non fit*, in fact.

***

Each member of a French Cabinet, we are informed, enjoys the free use of a motor-car, with chauffeur. But not for long.

***

A constable has stated in evidence that policemen's old boots and shoes are given to down-and-outs. It is a pathetic thought that in former days some of the recipients may have regarded policemen's boots in a spirit of levity.

***

Slum-workers declare that owing to the increased activities of the police many burglars are on the verge of starvation. Even their keys are said to be mere skeletons.

***

"AL CAPONE is one of the sweetest men I have ever met," says the Chaplain of Chicago's Bridewell Prison. Known to his friends, we understand, as the man who put the gat in *gâteaux*.

Both Varsity crews have departed from the custom of keeping the heaviest men in the middle of the boat; but it is noted that the lightest men of all are still in the stern.

***

"Only one thing can stop Cambridge from winning," an expert declares. Oxford?

***

"What could a public speaker give up for the good of his country?" demands a writer. Public speaking?

***

"British cars," we read, "are forging ahead by leaps and bounds." But only, we think, when the hand-brake has been left partly on.

***

A gossip-writer believes that beards are gradually recovering their popularity. One must confess that they do grow on one.

***

The Scotch are said to be such good golfers because they realise the fewer times they hit the ball the longer it will last.

***

"A wealthy man is wanted for financing revues," says a writer. We trust the police will soon effect an arrest.

***

During the disorganisation of Paris traffic, we read, some antediluvian cars were to be seen. Recalling the saying: "*Après nous le Déluge.*"

***

According to an American scientist the world will end in February, 1937. Thank goodness we shall dodge spring-cleaning that year!

***

A burglar has raided ten houses in a single night. One can't help wondering what his union will have to say to him.

***

An hour before he was due in the ring a heavyweight pugilist had to be awakened from a comfortable sleep. Usually the task of awakening a heavyweight devolves upon his seconds.

***

One of our lady gossip-writers mentions that Baron —— races motor-cars. We ourselves are no match for even a bus.



Gentleman in back seat. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HAT?"

Coming Wars.



ONE of the curious things about modern armaments is that modern armies do not like them. Romance, which for centuries contrived to keep pace with warfare, has now deserted it altogether. The infantryman was supposed to make a pet of his rifle, the cavalryman of his horse. But a week ago the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE observed, and no doubt truly, "If there is to be an Army, a Navy and an Air Force, they must be equipped with the most modern, the most terrible and the most revolting weapons that science can invent." "Revolting" is the peculiar word.

It will also be the duty of someone, I suppose, to write the battle literature and war speeches of the future. It will be foolish to be told, "We must now unsheath the sword and not replace it in the scabbard till honour is satisfied," when what we really mean is, "We must now unstopper the poison-squirt and not put it back into its bag until every woman and child on the other side has been asphyxiated," or, "We must now drop bombs into the nunnery until the cause of righteousness is avenged."

Mr. H. G. WELLS a good many years ago and Mr. BERNARD SHAW quite recently have pointed out that as Science goes on inventing more and more ghastly engines of sudden and mechanical death, nations will either be afraid to use them or, if they do use them, destroy each other in a week. If all this be true, it can be said with some certainty that the mist of glory and the haze of emotion that once surrounded military endeavour must soon, on the soldier's own confession, be cleared away. The poet who begins:—

"Now all save courage and high faith are gone
May Heaven above us keep our good hearts firm
To put once more our fathers' gas-masks on
And seize the immemorial cholera germ!"

is bound to find his inspiration flagging after the first few stanzas.

The son cannot gaze with tears of pride at his father's chemical atomizer hanging up in the old hall and long for the day when he may be old enough to wield it in his turn. It is hard to see the unmounted and mechanised cavaliers of the future brushing away the soft hands that cling round the lubricating-oil, or writing to say:—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not murder more!"

or even saying a fond farewell to his dying tank:—

"Now let the trumpets speak, the long drum roll!
We grunt with flying banners to the war
To die like poisoned rats in a stinking hole,
And know that the strength of man can do no more!"

(I seem to be getting along with my poem after all.)

But there is a real, not only an imagined absurdity in all this, because not even professional fighters, if they had their way, would choose to be under the supreme control of spectacled professors touching buttons and twiddling wires a hundred miles behind the front, nor wish to salute a disembodied death-ray as the marvellous little General who had led them gallantly to victory through miles of blood and mud.

One sees extraordinary pictures—the aged scientist, hero of a thousand fights, leading his train of white-robed laboratory assistants, test-tube in hand, through the streets of the conquered town; the statue of winged Bacteriology crowned with laurels, a battle-axe in her hand.

It seems to me that we shall soon reach this curious impasse—that the professional soldier, both for the sake of decency and for the sake of pride, will himself be more in favour of partial disarmament than the Government which employs him will dare to be. Instead of a hero dressed in purple and gold the soldier has been turned into a sort of insanitary engineer or a malevolent inspector of drains, and he only preserves the spirit of warfare during the pangs of peace. And so I say that the Governments, poor worried things! will have to subsidise their Poets Laureate very highly indeed when the next war is about to begin.

"Begone, unmanly sloth! for I am fain
To meet the dastard foeman where he lies;
Bind on my back the cylinders again
To blow his kindergartens to the skies!"

Or if I exaggerate, tell me where? EVOE.

Roll On, Roll On, Remorseless Traffic!

ROLL on, roll on, remorseless traffic,
Around the island where I stand,
With dignity serene, seraphic;
Roll on towards the distant Strand.

The years may roll away above you,
The stars may change in their degree,
And men may hate or men may love you,
But what is that to you and me?

Roll on, roll on, unresting river,
Upon your unrelenting way;
Roll on, roll on, roll on for ever,
Roll on for ever and a day.

New seasons shall be born and languish
And perish and no longer be,
And hope shall atrophy, and anguish;
But what is that to you and me?

Roll on, roll on down Piccadilly,
Untouched by human grief or loss;
For good or evil, willy-nilly
Roll on, roll on to Charing Cross.

Impervious to imprecation,
Unagitated and serene,
To your eternal destination
Roll onwards like a Rural Dean.

Roll onwards like a wall of water;
Roll onwards like the Cosmic Plan;
Roll onwards like a Bishop's daughter;
Roll onwards like an Alderman.

Roll on, I cry, unresting roller,
And leave behind you where you 've rolled
What once was Major Pilbeam's bowler—
An Attribute-less Manifold. P. B.

"He was a Fellow of the Institute of Chemists, and a Fellow of the Chemises' Society."—*Irish Paper.*

In fact he bore his blushing honours thick upon him.

"Mr. Justice Macnaghten, humming-up, said such an assault, if proved, was obviously a grievous outrage."—*Daily Paper.*

So that is the "buzz in Court" we are always reading about.

"Fred —— was welcomed back to the Real Estate Board of Victoria after a lengthy illness at the Board's luncheon in Spencer's dining-room to-day."—*Canadian Paper.*

We know those Board luncheons too.



ACCOMMODATION LIMITED.

"IT'S A PITY I COULDN'T FIND PROVISION FOR THOSE THREE. ANOTHER DAY PERHAPS." (*See page* 214.)



THE NEW COMPLAINT—CROONITIS.

The Course of Time.

LATELY I have had cause to envy the simplicity and directness of the Victorians in the matter of food.

My elders tell me that they attended vast dinner-parties with about ten courses, and Mr. E. F. BENSON has assured us that if you were greedy and adroit it was possible to secure a plate of thick soup and one of clear. And I learn that you were considered to have done your social duty if, having gorged and fallen away from the table (like a leech), you contributed a trifle of artless prattle about the opera, the theatre, and the latest drawing-room ballad.

Later came

THE EPIGRAM PHASE,

during which you were not asked out much unless you could definitely scintillate at table and let off those near-clever remarks that began: "My dear duchess, when a woman once——"

After the War came

THE AREA PHASE,

in which your guests clamoured about the impossibility of securing servants, of the hopelessness of those they had got, and it was distinctly *mal vu* to possess a faithful maid who would have scorned to read your letters, use your scent or go out in your hats, or to own a butler of the Old School who neither drank your port nor stole your husband's cigars.

Later still came

THE MARTHA PHASE,

in which you and your circle frankly gave up the struggle and dined out on anecdotes of how you run the whole house yourself with the help of one morning woman. And if you could also add that upon one disastrous day when Mrs. Trumpet didn't turn up you even polished the knocker and "did" the steps yourself, the point was well taken.

Then followed

THE SLIMMING AND DIETING PHASE.

At this period you invited friends to dine and offered (say) gravy soup, grilled sole, *tournedos à l'Impératrice* with mushrooms, followed by vanilla soufflé and a pineapple.

To these items your guests modishly and with the greatest politeness responded:—

1. That soup was fattening.

2. That fish was forbidden by "my new man" as being full of purins, and I can only "touch" it if it is steamed; but it looks *delicious*, and I am devoured with envy.

3. Red meat, alas! absolutely taboo. Oh, sometimes just a mouthful of veal or chicken. Of course I adore mushrooms, but they are fatal to my colitis; and how wonderfully your cook does them!

4. Well, just one spoonful of soufflé; but I shall pay for it to-morrow.

5. Pineapple is my favourite fruit, but my man says it is an acid. . . .

(But in spite of the Dieters the pineapple ultimately failed to go round owing to raids upon it by the Slimmers. And the rest of the evening was a blaze of water-biscuits and a babel of symptoms.)

The latest phase of all is, to me, by far the most infuriating because completely pointless. It is—

THE MENDACIOUS PHASE.

To-day the immediate fad of guests seems to be to accept your invitation to dine, to protest all through dinner that they have no appetite at all and to assert that they "eat no more than a little bird"—and then consume a perfectly normal meal, in which they exceed that of their hostess by two biscuits, cheese and plenty of butter.

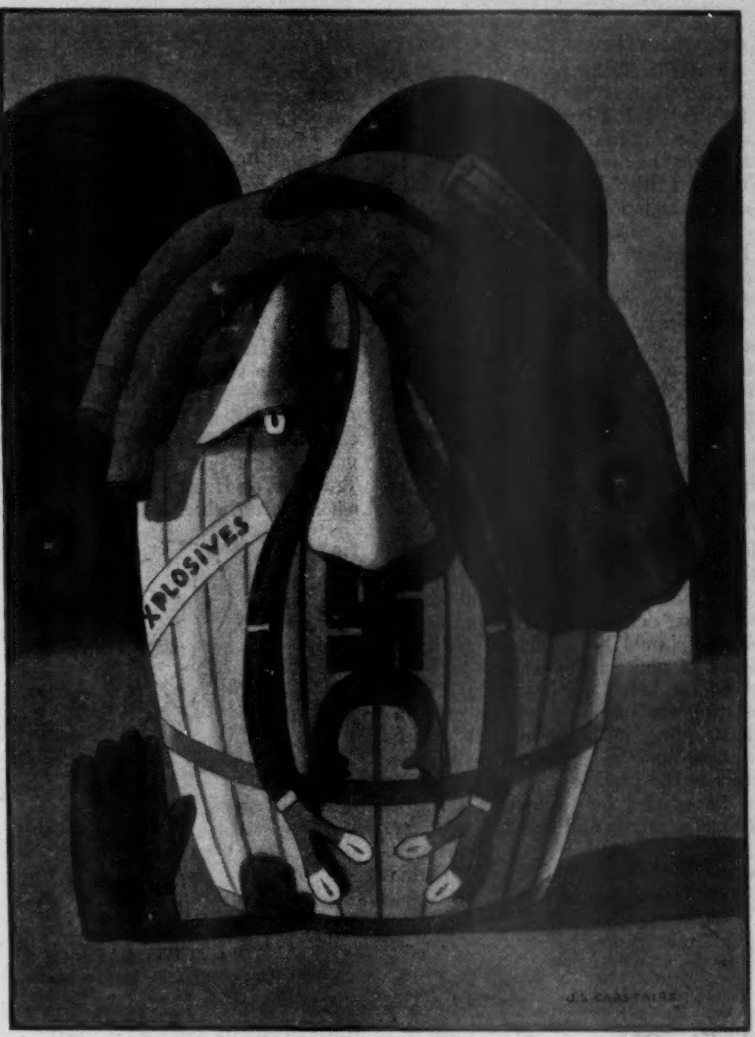
Why these people do it is beyond me. Do they believe it makes them interesting? Even if it wasn't a blatant and self-evident lie it wouldn't be a very absorbing topic. Even if their wan-lily failure of appetite were genuine I resent it because it puts the hostess subtly at a disadvantage, makes her feel that she has wasted money on the food, and, having been made to feel that, to see course after course being snapped up is enraging, because then she feels that she is being made a fool of; and, to crown all, there is nothing worth reheating next day for her own private plate.

But there it is. To protest no appetite is now the last cry. And as for the "little bird" business, I always burn to remind these moral *faux maigres* that a bird is reputed to eat its own weight every day.

What the next phase will be I don't pretend to foresee. There seems to be nothing much left to exploit, except to take liver-tonic with the roast, pills with the savoury, and possibly an emetic with the dessert.

Either that, or we shall veer to sincerity and truth and breeze into the dining-rooms of our friends exclaiming that "my new man" says I'm a long-standing case of gluttony, with a rider to the effect that he doesn't hold out much hope at my age of my being able to pull round and control myself at table.

This, I submit, is the more honest course and one less goading to the hostesses of London. And then, perhaps, one's guests will scrap all their curséd nonsense and fall on to the soups in the ripe Victorian manner and the circle will be rounded. RACHEL.



STILL LIFE. ARRANGED BY HERR HITLER.

A Cry From the Farm.

[The President of the British Society of Dowsers has expressed surprise that the MINISTER OF HEALTH refused to recommend local authorities to employ water-diviners.]

THE early and the latter rain
Conspire to pass us by, Sir,
And clouds that used to scatter rain
Are obstinately dry, Sir.
Though spring and ditch and rivulet
Are void of water now, Sir,
You won't—may Heaven forgive you—let
Us farmers have a dowser.

Not for ourselves, for much as we
Like water when it's clear, Sir,
There is the fact that such as we
Can fill our skins with beer, Sir;
But grasses wet and succulent
Are needed for the cow, Sir;
The mildest kine grow truculent
Demanding of a dowser.

Our ploughman works (or tries to), seen
Upon the upland field, Sir,
But breaking-up the pleistocene
Will bring us little yield, Sir;
And oft the process tears away
The coulter from the plough, Sir—
Oh, mayn't we pack our cares away
By summoning the dowser?

Naught grows to-day but groundsel or
The toughest kind of weed, Sir;
Why can't we ask our Councillor
To help us in our need, Sir?
The air is like a cautery;
We want your help—and how, Sir?—
To make our meadows watery;
We *do* require a dowser.

The Girl They Couldn't Shock.

"Briefly, the plot tells of how Mitzi, the idol of Parisian theatre-goers, is insulated by an impecunious guard's officer."
Local Paper.

"Following is the programme . . . Solo, Perfect Day, Miss —— (encored); Chorus, When you wore a Tulip God Save the King."
Canadian Paper.

How rude of them!

At the Pictures.

AUTOCRACY, LUNACY AND AN OMNIBUS.

WITH lively memories of Mr. ALEXANDER KORDA as the biographer of HENRY VIII. I confess to a feeling of surprise that in the film called *Catherine the Great* he does no more than set the Russian ruler on the throne. At that epoch the fade-out arrives, so that any dealings with her private life as Empress will either come later or not at all. Whether disappointment or relief predominated in the audience I cannot say; but I personally was not sorry. We see the over-towering *Orlov*, it is true, but only as a faithful adherent of an ill-treated wife and as a plotter against the *Czar*. In fact, the *Catherine* of ELISABETH BERGNER does nothing to suggest the career before her. Nor, to be precise, does she persuade us that she is the *Catherine* of the earlier period, although she never relaxes in her efforts to do so; and I thought it a tragedy that all the delicate shades of emotion and gaiety which so delight her admirers at the Apollo should be hidden beneath the mask of make-up which has been decreed for her. With so many parts waiting for just such charm and understanding, such alternations of tenderness and rogue-in-porcelain mischief as she possesses, it seemed a pity to have used her up on this turgid drama of mania and cruelty.

In fact the casting of the film cannot be much commended. I thought FLORA



THE EYES HAVE IT.

Grand Duke Peter . . DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN.
Catherine . . . . . ELISABETH BERGNER.

ROBSON as curiously out of place as the *Empress Elizabeth*, for if ever there was an actress who should not be called upon to storm and shout it is she; while GERALD DU MAURIER as a French valet talking broken English to Russians is another noticeable misfit. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS II. was a better choice as the crazy autocrat, although since there are no standards, madmen are easy. Still, he certainly looked distraught, and in the banquet scene created so much disgust in our bosoms that he may be said to be for the moment as adequate as could be desired. I personally felt such indignation when, on the *Queen's* entrance, he forbade his gentlemen to rise, that, if film theatres could be left in a hurry, I should have gone. The English Ambassador in the picture, who complained of illness and did go, was luckier.

It is sad to have to express disappointment with that fooling fraternity, the MARX BROTHERS, but I have to state that I found *Duck Soup* very much below the average of inane insanity or insane inanity that we expect from them. True that on HARPO'S chest is tattooed a kennel from which a dog emerges; true



MAD (NIGHT) CAPS.

CHICO, GROUCHO AND HARPO MARX.

that he carries a pair of scissors with which to clip off the tails of coats; and true that at one moment there are three GROUCHOS on the stage at once, each with moustache, spectacles and cigar. Yet, even so, *Duck Soup* flags. One reason, I fancy, is that it has a plot. Think of it—the MARX BROTHERS in a real story! And the first ill-effect of the plot is that so much preliminary dialogue is necessary that it seems to be years before GROUCHO comes on at all; and waiting for GROUCHO is agony.

If you want to taste again the old excitements of American police pursuit, which are not as common in the cinema as they used to be, see a film called *Fugitive Lovers*, with ROBERT MONTGOMERY as an escaped convict and MADGE EVANS as the chorus-girl who befriends him. There is a certain novelty in this picture by reason of the circumstance that the getaway is made by bus; for it seems that in those astonishing United States there is a regular Green Line or Blue Line or Red Line service between New York and Los



TWO BEAUX IN A BUS.

Porter . . . . ROBERT MONTGOMERY.
Letty. . . . . MADGE EVANS.
"*Legs*" . . . NAT PENDLETON.

Angeles. How long it takes we are not told; but apparently there are only the briefest of stops and the passengers very quickly become the closest of companions. Since the inside of a long narrow omnibus at night, unlighted, in a blizzard, is not the best place to photograph, the latter part of this film becomes a muddle, but *en route* there has been both fun and suspense, and in the person of NAT PENDLETON as a theatrical manager called "*Legs*" we meet a really engaging tough. E. V. L.

The Significance of Trifles.

[The ex-CROWN PRINCE recently conducted the wife of the French Ambassador to table. This is thought to be significant of the Imperial Family's desire to improve Franco-German relations.]

Is every little action of the great
Symbolically pregnant with the fate
Of nations? Can the offer of an arm
Make millions joyful or cause vague alarm?
Would Ireland be drawing any nearer
If THOMAS passed the salt to DE VALERA?
And would it be a *modus operandi*
If WINSTON staged a friendly fast with GANDHI?
What might we augur from a game of golf
If HITLER stooped and made a tee for DOLLF.?
And when would rumour and conjecture stop
If G. K. offered SHAW a mutton-chop?
If BRADMAN sent a Christmas-card to LARWOOD?
Or KAYE DON sang a hymn in church with GAR WOOD?

The Poet.

"WE poets," I remarked to my wife the other evening, "are no less prone to jealousy than other men. Just as the earnest grocer pales on beholding eggs of a superior size in the window of a rival emporium, and a gardener faints on beholding his colleague's gigantic marrows, so do we poets feel a sharp pain when we behold the works of our contemporaries. . . ."

"Did you say anything?" asked my wife.

"I was leading up to the announcement," I said, "that Pottigrew Phelps, the so-called poet, is giving a reading of his own foul effusions in the parish hall on Friday next at 8.15 sharp. The Chair will be taken, as usual, by the Vicar, and there will be a silver collection. In order to show that I am too big-minded to be jealous of a rival in my own particular field I intend to treat you to three-penn'orth of Pottigrew Phelps."

As a matter of fact I had never read any of Pottigrew Phelps's work. One does not read one's rival's poems, because it makes one feel superior, and one knows that pride is sinful. One occasionally reads *dead* poets, because one can occasionally hit on a thought which one can polish up and incorporate in one of one's own poems. Dead men tell no tales.

Over and over again, looking lovingly at *Snippety Snips* to see whether one of my own poems graced the bottom of column 4, I have seen the hated name of Pottigrew Phelps. And so with all the other papers. Sometimes, for months together, I have held him at bay in a new market, but as sure as fate or the tax-collector he has sooner or later crept in. I have never read his poems, of course, but have just thrown the paper away and sunk into hopeless despair.

Therefore I think it showed great magnanimity for me to go to hear the reading. Phelps had been staying with the Vicar for a few days before the event, and I kept meeting him in the village street and passing on with a haughty bow. My wife said she thought he didn't look like a poet at all, but was quite handsome.

On the fatal night the parish hall was packed. When *I* gave a reading last winter it was nearly empty, but poets have no honour in their own country. As Edith put it with her usual felicity, the villagers *knew* me, but with a stranger there was always a faint hope that they wouldn't be bored *quite* stiff.

Pottigrew Phelps mounted the platform, and the Vicar announced that he would not keep us waiting for the great intellectual treat that was in store for us owing to the kindness of Mr. Pottigrew Phelps, perhaps one of the best known of the younger school of poets. To name only two of his poems —here he paused rather awkwardly, but Phelps whispered in his ear, and the Vicar continued—"to name only two of his poems, 'The Flying Carrot'" —here Phelps whispered again, and the Vicar continued—"'The Dying Parrot' and . . ."

After another quarter-of-an-hour the Vicar sat down and Phelps stood up. I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of the sickening exhibition that followed. The fellow's voice, to start with, was like a '23 model loud-speaker with adenoids.

Walking home with Edith I unburdened myself. "Fancy a man like that," I said, "calling himself a poet! Leaving aside his voice, for which nature is no doubt partly to blame, his poems themselves were the merest childish drivel. There was not a spot of harmony or colour in the whole lot. The fellow has obviously no insight, no vision, no sense of rhythm."

"By the way," said Edith softly, "I thought you told me that Mr. Phelps was going to read his *own* poems?"

"They *were* his own poems."

"No, dear. Didn't you notice the bill outside the hall? It said that Mr. Phelps would give a reading of some of the less-known poems of WILLIAM BLAKE."



Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME, WHAT ENERGY! IT'S MANY YEARS SINCE I COULD RUN LIKE THAT."

Happy Parade.



THE special service for Happily Married Couples at ——, designed to show that all the talk about divorce was "much exaggerated," was a pleasant though perhaps unconvincing gesture. In these days, when we have so much evidence that so many things are going wrong, an occasional reminder that quite a number of things are going remarkably well can do no particular harm. I was myself a good way ahead of the excellent Vicar, for many years ago I drew the attention of the startled nation to the small proportion of divorces to marriages in these islands. In 1931, for example, the marriages, I understand, were about 400,000, and the divorces about 4,000. But since on the average, I suppose, it takes three or four years for a divorce to mature the true ratio of divorce to marriage must be about 1 in 400.

But too much may easily be made of the argument. If I were married to a drug-fiend or a gentleman who beat me or, having beaten me, had deserted me ten years ago, or a convicted murderer serving a life-sentence, I should not be greatly comforted by the spectacle of even four hundred happily-married couples trooping into a special service. And I should not regard it as a convincing argument against the reform of the law, for no reform that would give me happiness would interfere with theirs.

Again, it has been truly pointed out that enormous numbers of the population are enjoying good wages and regular work; that, as against pre-War years, these numbers have increased; and that, all things considered, what is really remarkable is not so much the number of Britons who are out of work as the number of Britons who are not.

If, then, the Vicar's notion is sound perhaps he will extend it logically and organise a special parade and service for those of his parishioners who are not out of a job or not in need of Public Assistance. Let them march up and down the town with banners saying: "We are all right. We are both good and happy." The numbers would be impressive; the message would be true; but I doubt if it would persuade the spectators that the talk of unemployment was "much exaggerated."

But I may be wrong. Perhaps everything, after all, is marvellous. One or two cheery gentlemen, I see, have begun to use the same argument about deaths on the road. It is a mistake, they say, to concentrate on the numbers of citizens killed and injured on the roads (which, after all, are only about 7,000 and 200,000 respectively per annum). The really staggering thing, they say, is that *many more* citizens are not run over, flung into ditches or burned to death upon the peaceful highways and pavements of Britain.

Perhaps they are right. I, for example, have never ridden a motor-bicycle head-on into a motor-coach; I have never been in a motor-car that skidded and overturned; I have never even been knocked down or run over; and it may be quite absurd for me to fuss about the trifling misfortunes of others as I do. No doubt the whole trouble is "much exaggerated" and nothing need be done.

Let us, then, have a Happy Roads Parade for the Considerate Motorist and Careful Pedestrian. Let us assemble in our millions (after all, there must be more than forty millions of us) and let us march along crying: "We have never been killed on the roads. Isn't it fine? That is because we are good and careful." And if that doesn't bring the death-rate down it really doesn't matter, does it? because the figures, after all, are ludicrously small.

Perhaps the same idea will appeal to Lady ASTOR. I could easily organise a Special Mass Meeting of people who do not agree with her but are not in the pay of the brewers. Indeed I could arrange a forty-million march of people who were never the worse for drink last year and will not be the worse for drink this. Maybe this would persuade her that the "Drink Evil" is much exaggerated. And maybe not.

It would be more difficult to do anything about the "Eat Evil"; but I am prepared to try. Let all those who never had indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, colic or gastric trouble last year, who never ate anything that was bad for them or deficient in vitamins and nutritive properties, who have not impaired their figures or insides, teeth or tempers by eating too much or eating the wrong thing—let all these heroes meet me at the Albert Hall at eight P.M. on Friday next. And we will show the world that the "Eat Evil" is much exaggerated. No, not the Albert Hall. We could get *that* meeting, I fancy, into a public call-box.

Yes, the Vicar's idea is capable of infinite expansion. A special service for those who have paid their income-tax would be the source of deep inspiration and comfort to those who have not, and might even persuade them that all the talk about it was merely mythical. If I were a dentist I should hire a crowd of men with perfect teeth to stand outside my door and shout: "Don't worry; he doesn't hurt *me*. I never have to go to him." A Parade of the Happily Non-Tuberculous would without doubt be the greatest consolation to consumptives.

It was the same principle, I suppose, that moved Dr. O'DONOVAN, M.P., to those noble words in the House of Commons the other day when he "talked-out" the Divorce Reform Bill. There was nothing more beautiful, he said, than the sight of a faithful wife waiting at the prison-gates to see her husband emerge upon his release. Nothing, by the way, that anyone had proposed would have brought that beautiful sight to an end or have prevented anybody from waiting at the prison-gates for anybody else. But let that pass. The argument is that because one woman does not mind being tied to a convicted felon, murderer or maniac all the other women must not mind either. And if the Doctor really thinks that that is a satisfying argument he had better ram it home with some sort of parade or special service, for nobody that I have met has seen the beauty of it yet.

No, the Vicar's idea must not be allowed to perish. But I perceive one danger. For all I know there may be another Vicar in ——, or perhaps a jealous Rector. The Vicar's service was attended by four hundred married couples who showed by their happiness that no one really wants to be divorced. Suppose the rival Vicar arranges a special service for Happy Bachelors, Spinsters and Old Maids. And suppose four *thousand* of them flock together. Will this show that the blessings of marriage have been "much exaggerated"? And if not, why not?

A. P. H.

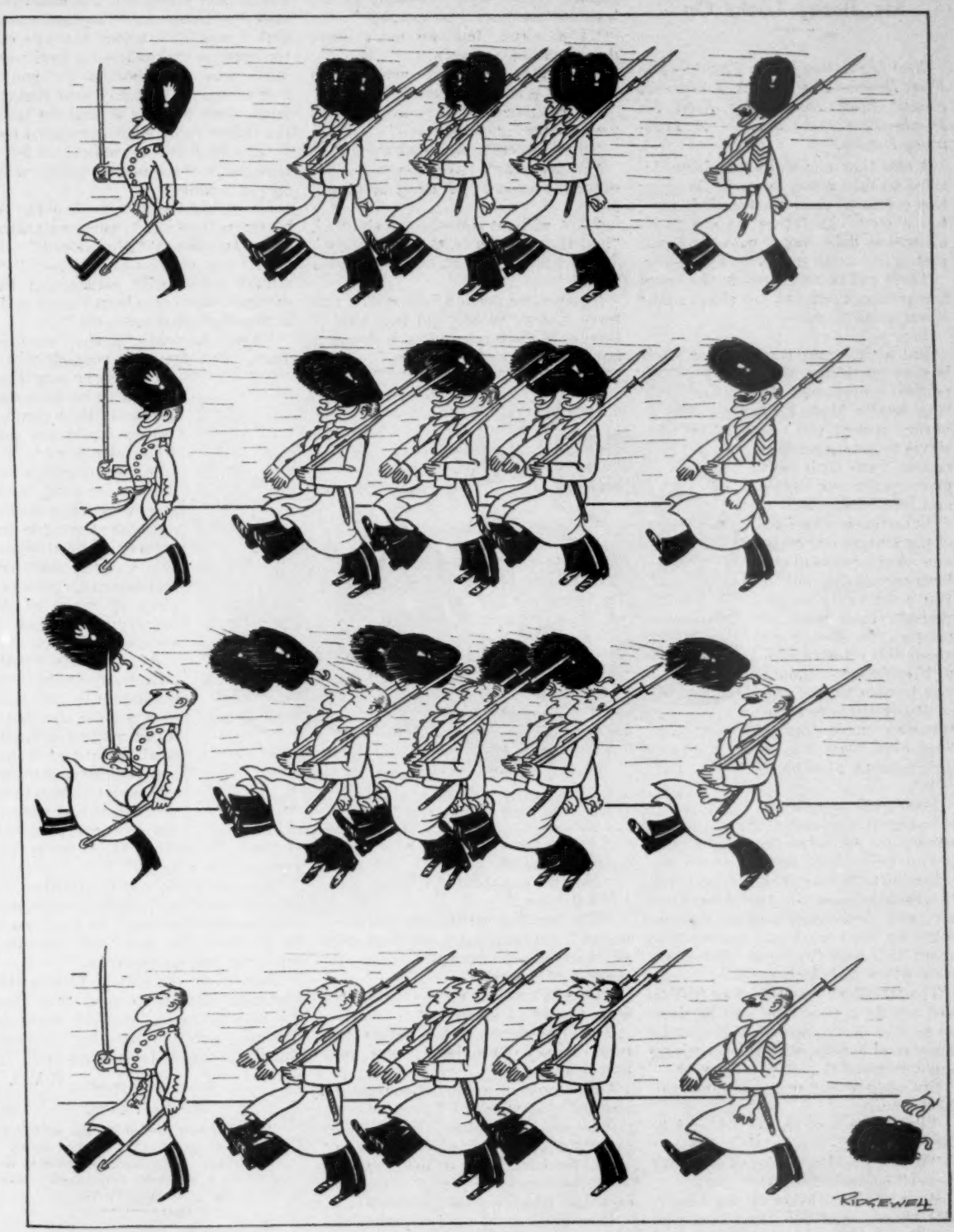
"If fruit juice is spilt on a tablecloth put a little powdered starch on the spot. It will come out quite easily when washed and leave no aching feet, caused by wearing trace."—*Local Paper.*

But why wear a trace?

"Kensington.—Attractive Ground-Floor Flat to be Let; 2 bed rooms, bath room, 1 large reception room, and offices. Uniformed porter, redecorated to tenant's reasonable requirements."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We should like him in blue, with red moustaches.



DISCIPLINE.

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XIV.

New Legislation for the Thirsty—The Free Briton—My French Friend—A Sussex Road House—No Food No Drink—France the Slavish—A Frustrated Family.

I SEE that our legislators have decided to take a step towards civilising this country. A small step, it is true, but a step. In future we are to be allowed to dally longer with the liquid part of our meals on licensed premises.

There will be no change in the hours when doors open and are closed: that is too much to ask—

Yet.

But a time may come. After all, it is very gratifying to a people accustomed to sing loudly that they never, never will be slaves to get such a concession from their law-givers as the new Hotels and Restaurants Bill.

Everyone is conscious of the strange and often annoying caprices of our licensing laws; but if you want really to appreciate their want of reason you should go about this country with a Frenchman—should you be able to find one so ill-advised as to leave his own more logical land, even when it is as distressful as it has been of late.

Such a one happening to be here at this moment on a tour of inspection of private picture collections, it was my lot the other day to be his companion on a visit to a Sussex house filled with works of art; and in the course of the journey down by road we found ourselves at about half-past twelve in that chilly state which calls for a cordial.

The chauffeur was therefore told to look out for a good inn, and he drew up at one of the newest of England's many road houses, with the promising announcement that it was licensed.

But when we entered we were quickly disillusioned.

"Two glasses of sherry," I said to the barmaid.

"What would you like to eat with them?" she asked.

With the knowledge of the hospitable character of our lunch-host well in my mind, I said that we desired nothing to eat at all. We were merely cold, not hungry. "Just sherry. Two glasses, please, and"—looking at my watch—"as quickly as possible."

"I'm sorry, but we can't serve drinks without a snack."

"A snack?" asked my French friend. "What is a snack?"

"A *casse-croûte*," I explained, "in your country; but here——"

"Sardines on toast," said the girl.

"And we can't have sherry without sardines on toast?" I asked in amazement.

"Not without something," she said, "and the sardines on toast are ready."

"And how much are the sardines on toast?"

"Sixpence a portion," she said. "I'm sorry, but we've only got that kind of licence. We're hoping to get it changed, but that's all we've got now."



Bird-Fancier. "'ARD LINES, AIN'T IT? I TOSSED UP WHO SHOULD 'AVE THE LARGE CAGE, AND THE PARROT LOST."

"And must we eat the sardines on toast?" I asked.

"You're supposed to," she said. "It's the law."

"The law that we eat what we don't want?" my companion inquired, with an earnestness normally kept for matters of the soul.

"Couldn't we pay for the snacks and leave them?" I asked.

The Frenchman, who before had been merely bewildered, was now horrified.

"Pay for what we do not consume!" he cried. "*Mon Dieu!*"

The end of it was that that is exactly what happened. *Mon Dieu!* I paid for two glasses of sherry, which we drank, and two plates of sardines on toast, which we did not disturb.

Once again in the car I was conscious of a sense of the deepest guilt. In the ordinary way when one runs up against these foolish anomalies one clicks one's tongue and shrugs one's shoulders and says something about Dora and lunacy. But I was now under the eye of a foreigner, a visitor from a land where innkeepers open bottles for you at every hour of the day and night; a land where nothing is paid for unless the fullest value is being exacted from it; and I felt like a criminal. I felt as though I was responsible for the whole stupid muddle.

We rode on in silence save for odd murmurs from the Frenchman's throat and an occasional "*Mon Dieu!*"

"At any rate," I said at last, "you should reflect with satisfaction that sardines often come from France and it is therefore good for trade."

"Yes," he said, "if they *were* sardines. But figure to yourself that if no one ever eats them they may be imitation. Plaster of Paris painted. Where would my poor France be then?"

Forgetting this gloomy theme, he told me a story which illustrates at once the inexorable progress of financial depression and the combined if antagonistic pride and piety of many of his countrymen and all of his countrywomen.

A middle-class French household, coming to the realisation that it would be a scandal any longer to be without a family tomb, decided after many conferences to buy one, and, in order to do this, to take the extreme, and, in a way, paradoxical, step of selling their house and moving into a flat.

This was done, and the builders set to work and completed their task, and very shortly afterwards the Reaper saw to it that the new and imposing sepulchre had an occupant.

Then came the slump, hitting this particular family so hard that they are now trying to sell the tomb to another, with the lettering changed. But the occupant is an obstacle.

E. V. L.

The Gold Cure.

"A further two tons of bullion arrived in London by air to-day from the Continent.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a lumbago victim, was much better to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

"FRENCH CABINET RESIGNS.
FREE RAIL SEASONS."
Evening Paper Placard.

Aller et retour?

B.B.C. TONICS FOR ALL.



SCHUBERT.



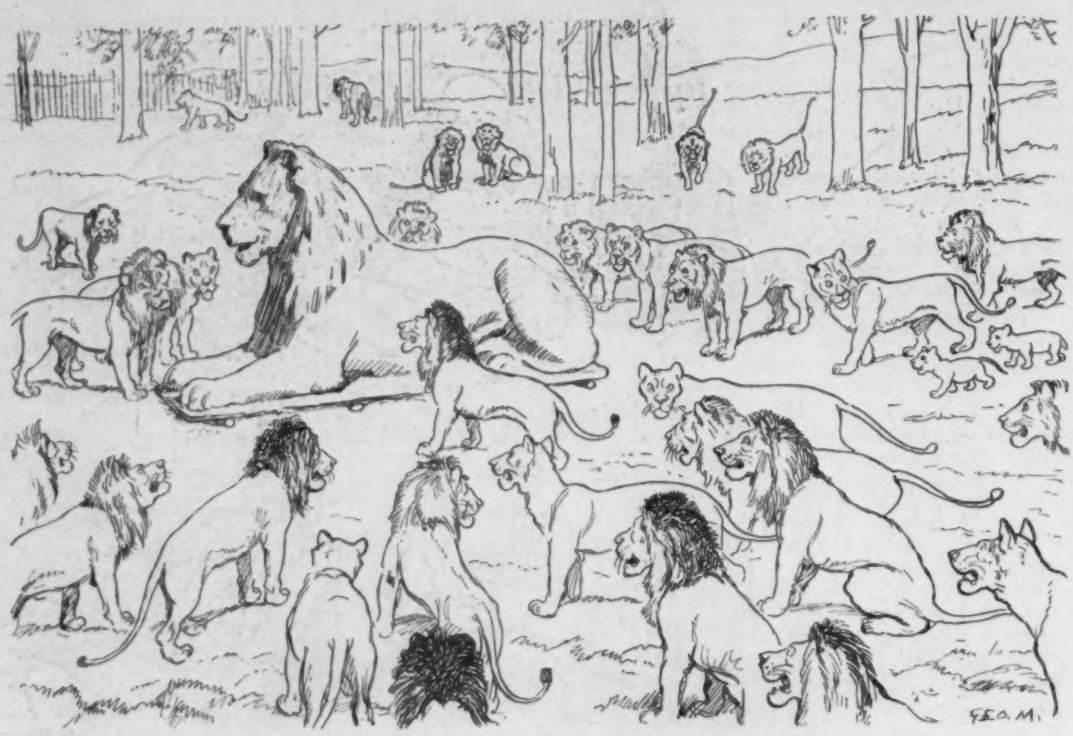
BRAHMS.



BEETHOVEN.



SOMETHING MODERN (VERY).



THE OFFICE OF WORKS, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, GIVES THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS A HOLIDAY AT WHIPSNADE.

A Rustic Dialogue.

(After the Loamshire Realistic School.)

THE novelist who would achieve a rural best-seller is faced at once with the problem of how to tackle dialect. An example, taken at random from the work of a leading Loamshire author, should be of assistance to new writers wishing to enter the field. The scene (merely sketched in synopsis here, but occupying in practice some pages of this author's most naturalistic prose) is the tap-room of the "Boar's Head" fifteen seconds after opening-time. A Farm Hand enters and sits down at a table. To him enters Enry, a potman. Enry, by the way, is no ordinary potman. It is doubtful whether Equity would raise any serious objection to his presence on the stage of any theatre. Enry's job is to Keep Them Cans Filled and Look Sharp about it; and Enry, although fulfilling the first part of his duties with considerable *éclat*, succeeds in looking nearly as sharp as a stainless-steel butter-knife. Now read on:—

Enry. ?
Farm Hand. Mild.
Enry. Mild.
F. H. (*later*). Ar.
Enry (*much later*). Ent sin you in 'ere lehtly.
F. H. Ar.
Enry. 'Adt' floo?
F. H. Ar.
Enry (*sadly*). Ar.

After a long pause the F. H. propels his tankard three millimetres to the north. This disturbance is at length observed by Enry, who considers its possible implications from many different aspects. (The treatment of this episode by the Loamshire method allows several pages of searching psychological analysis. I omit them here.)

Enry (*reaching a definite conclusion*). 'Arf?
F. H. 'Arf.
Enry (*much later*). Sin Garge?
F. H. Ar.
Enry. Nice goin's on.
F. H. Ar.
Enry. Allus did say them Sary was a one.
F. H. Ar.
Enry. Gormless, like.
F. H. Ar.
Enry. Post-Offus bent good 'nuff f'r 'er, zeamly.
F. H. Ar.
Enry. Woolluths!
F. H. Garge ul sett'er to rights.
Enry (*momentarily losing the lead*). Ar.
F. H. 'E's a one is Garge!
Enry. Ar. [*The* F. H. *rises.*
Enry. Goo'night, Garge.
F. H. Ar. [*He goes out.*

Simple, is it not? Yet *ars est*, of course, *celare artem*; and the discerning reader will at once discern the skilful way in which the Loamshire School get over the obvious difficulties of the rustic dialect. The one esoteric word, *gormless*, can be taken to mean anything the reader chooses, without in any way affecting the development of the dialogue and plot. (It should have been mentioned earlier, perhaps, that many of the best rural novels have a plot.) There is no obscurity; all is clear as daylight. Yet the steady relentless march of the dark tragedy which looms so pregnantly over these simple rustic figures is conveyed with unerring precision and faultless atmosphere.

Such at least, if you except the last condition, is the case at the "Boar's Head." For the Loamshire School set realism above everything—everything but net sales.

Kookaburra.

To-day I heard on the gramophone
(O Science, how deft, how thorough!)
The voice of a comrade once well-known—
The laugh of the Kookaburra.

In a sunlit land, now far and dim—
And oft in my dreams thereafter—
I have reined my horse to listen to him
And have laughed when I heard his laughter.

And under those wide blue vaulted roofs
We have shared strange jests together
To the restless stamp of shoeless hoofs
And the creak of saddle-leather.

We were best of friends in a general way,
Being both poor hands at singing,
But I can remember a certain day
When his neck seemed ripe for wringing—

The day that the bay colt slipped his girth
And slung me, band and buckle,
While my friend looked on with raucous mirth
And a most untimely chuckle.

But to-day, when I heard him speak his part
With the old "Kook-kook-kak-kakkee,"
I forgave him all for his merry heart,
And I laughed with Laughing Jacky.

W. H. O.

The Obvious Course.

Dear Mr. Punch,—In case you have not yet had leisure to direct your contributor, "H. F. E.," to the perfect golf-course, will you permit me to bring to his notice the amenities of our little club? I think I may fairly claim that it fulfils all his major requirements. We have no streams or uncovered water, no oxen, horses or sheep, no bunkers in front of the green, and no wire receptacles; while our greens go up and down more than any I have ever seen.

So obviously reasonable a man as "H. F. E." will not expect to find all these features of his ideal course without some slight drawbacks. For instance, though untroubled by sheep or oxen, we have two herds of goats which cross the links every evening; but the herdsmen will nearly always hurry them up if the players shout. (On one regrettable occasion our burliest driver declined to wait any longer and had to replace the goat.)

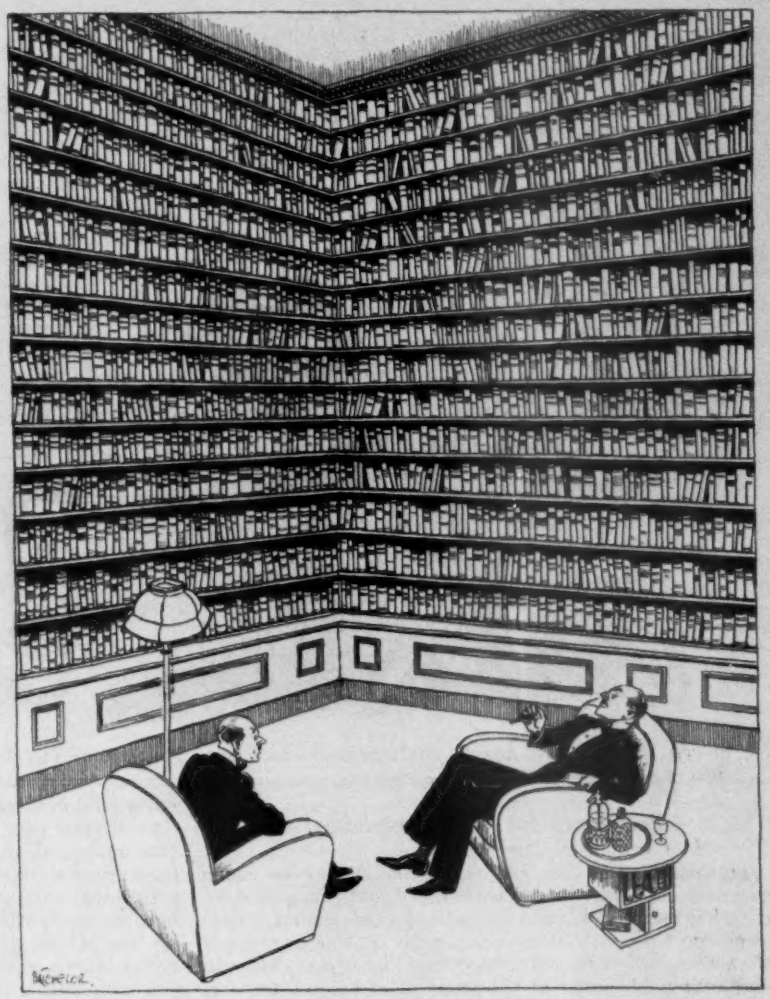
Our course is so constructed that it is possible to play any hole from any tee, which seems to me an improvement on "H. F. E.'s" lay-out. Indeed two of our members, who had not been seeing eye to eye with the secretary, used to play their round backwards, driving to the last hole from the first tee, and so on; they said this made the course more interesting.

We have no bunkers at all, though it is proposed to build two when the club's finances improve. (Have I said that we should gladly welcome "H. F. E." as a new member?) But we have natural hazards which call for pretty play, including a fine cactus hedge, a disused brick-kiln (which can never have been tidily kept), a bone-heap, formerly belonging to the goats (nothing smaller than a shin-bone may be lifted), and a farmer's hut, occupied but unglazed.

Nor need our new member fear the publicity of the club-house, for we have none, preferring to bring the beer in our own cars. As for sand, "H. F. E." shall have plenty; we make our greens entirely of it. This abundance has, I admit, its disadvantages. In a high wind the sand is apt to carpet only the downs and not the ups of the greens, and to get between the teeth. Against this, however, there is no need to use those silly little wooden tees; the only member (also a new one) who tried, soon gave them up, as they could not be driven into the ground without a mallet.

I'm very sorry. I overlooked the heading of "H. F. E.'s" letter. I see now that he wants his club near London. Ours is eight hours by river from Mandalay.

Yours faithfully,
G. C. T.



"No, I haven't read any of them, but I just couldn't stand the wall-paper the wife chose for this room."



"Sorry, Auntie, for barging in like this. I'd no idea you were throwing a party."

Prospects for the Prospector.

Things being as they are, this spring should see young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of gold. The new valuation has entirely changed the outlook. One should be able to prospect pretty well anywhere with reasonable chances of success, and even old prospectors like myself, hitherto *blasé* over gold, bored at the mention of bullion, feel our pulses quicken. We would like to have another shot at it.

Really—at seven pounds an ounce!

It makes one think. That half-hundredweight nugget one threw away in the Kalahari Desert—it was an awful nuisance and looked perfectly dreadful wrapped up in brown-paper—is now almost worth going back for. That sack of gold-dust left behind after the night's poker at Jakpotchefstroom seems a pity now, but it was only worth four pounds an ounce at the time.

In view of the general ignorance of gold-prospecting the more said about it the better; and if any hints of mine enable the young adventurer to blaze his trail and trail his blazer about the waste spaces of the earth to eventual success the pleasure is also mine.

Technical knowledge may be dispensed with. Nine times out of ten it only serves to create an atmosphere of doubt. A lump of gold and a convincing manner are much more to the point. Gold is easily identified, and, as everyone knows, gold-miners are a simple good-natured set of fellows who will always help a new chum with gold. A good test for a nugget is to hand it round among miners in a crowded bar. If there is any doubt about it, it will be returned to you.

The choice of country to be prospected is most important. Remember that it must be tropical or arctic. If you discover gold in a comfortable climate nobody will believe it. So you must take your choice between frost-bite or snake-bite, musquash or lemon-squash, canoes or kanucks. Perhaps arctic work is best, as you get accustomed to wearing a fur-lined coat sooner, and you can always acquire sunburn in the South of France afterwards. Also you can use up that ski-ing outfit you had in Switzerland. Avoid the better-known goldfields. Try a place where competition is less keen and there is no likelihood of contradiction.

Strike out a new line. Select a fairly unknown country.

Of course you must not expect to find gold at once. You will probably not find it at all. Do not be discouraged by this, as some of the biggest financial successes have been discoveries of this kind.

Quite the most important factor is a well-timed return to the City, conveying the right impression.

Descend from a taxi, still wearing your deer-skins, at the busiest hour of the day and stride into a financial office. It had better be one on the ground-floor, or you will have trouble with your snow-shoes in the lift.

Be a man of few words with a gruff "take-it-or-leave-it" manner and focus your attention on the lobster-coloured magnate in the white waistcoat. Produce an ill-drawn chart covered with words like "lode," "outcrop" and "pay-dirt," use a little strong language and empty a small skin sack of brass-filings hurriedly into the inkpot.

Now is the time. You will be surprised at the warmth of your reception. They will welcome you with open arms. Don't accept their offer of payment in shares, but insist on a bearer cheque, uncrossed, immediately payable.

It will be quite all right. They will understand. And so will you when you see the amount of the flotation in the daily Press a few days later.

T. R. H.



THE "RED DANUBE";
OR, THE TWO LISTENERS.

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, February 12th.*—Commons: Unemployment Bill, fifth day.**

***Tuesday, February 13th.*—Lords: Contraceptives Bill given Second Reading.**
Commons: Unemployment Bill, sixth day.

***Wednesday, February 14th.*—Lords: Coast Erosion discussed.**
Commons: Manufacture of Armaments by Private Firms discussed.

Fresh Multiplication in the East.

Monday, February 12th.—China, so recently the victim of vulgar factions, has just embraced metric system with an impetuosity charming in itself but embarrassing to other merchant countries. Only two months' notice has been given; and Mr. NUNN'S anxiety in the matter drew from FOREIGN MINISTER statement that Chinese Government made their decision in face of English protest. Nobody quite knows how Oriental mind will adapt itself when it comes to the point—or rather to the position of the point.

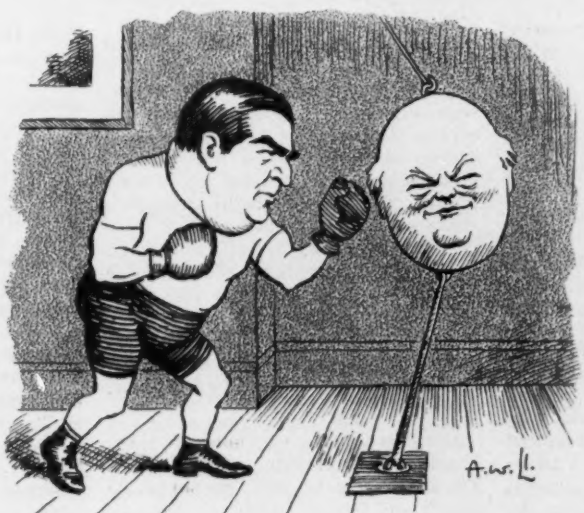
Some recent broadcasts on foreign affairs by Mr. VERNON BARTLETT have incensed certain Members, who feel that in this direction vast influence of B.B.C. should be directed by Foreign Office. To-day P.M.G. described Mr. BARTLETT'S task as very difficult, and announced that his contract is about to end in view of another position he is taking up.

Sinai Codex continues to be bone of contention much growled over by unofficial watch-dogs of national purse; but its marrow is about finished, and Mr. HANNON sensibly suggested that time had come to drop it.

Unemployment Bill lumbers on like a steam-lorry and continues to demonstrate absurd impotence of Opposition in present House, Government majority reduced to 147 being considered worth Opposition cheer. To-day proposed Statutory Committee aroused much protest. Its function would be mainly to keep Insurance Fund clear of insolvency, but Mr. A. BEVAN declared that instead its first care should be the insured contributor himself, while Mr. BUCHANAN objected that its intention was really to remove unemployment insurance from political sphere. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replied that Royal Commission's findings were entire justification for Committee; and it was while he was speaking later, on vexed question of whether any surplus over annual interest of five-and-a-half million pounds should return to Fund or go to Treasury, that irritation of working of guillotine came to a head in uproar which drowned his voice, Opposition having understood him to accuse them of obstructive tactics.



The Bull (pachydermatously). "CERTAINLY THEY ARE WELL STOCKED WITH BANDILLEROS!"
MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN.



GETTING HIS HAND IN.
THE "BULLFINCH BRUISER" PRACTISES FOR "ANOTHER PLACE."
LORD STRABOLGI (*né* KENWORTHY) AND LORD HAILSHAM.

Should the West Multiply at All?

Tuesday, February 13th.—Contraceptives Bill in Lords was main interest to-day. Lord DAWSON, who moved Second Reading of this highly controversial measure, declared that no impartial observer could doubt that birth control was here to stay, and part and parcel of our social fabric. He believed that way to keep sale and use of contraceptives on sound lines was to remove veil of doubt which prevented honest traders from dealing in them and which kept profits too high and channels of distribution too low. Birth-control was spreading in Western world, and to oppose it was to beat the air. It was not practical to suggest self-control to modern youth, who could well retort that Victorian quiverful was negation of self-control; and large family was now ruled out for economic reasons. Object of Bill was simply to protect young people from unnecessary suggestion provided by such lures as automatic machines, circulars to unmarried persons under eighteen and insidiously-dressed shop-windows.

For this reason most of opponents of contraception, of whom Lords contains a good number, were bound to vote for Second Reading; but not before Archbishop of CANTERBURY and others had presented orthodox moralist objections to principle of contraception, particularly in its relation to the unmarried.

FOREIGN MINISTER read to Commons text of *aide-mémoire* (or memory-jogger) he had handed to Austrian Minister on February 8th, re-stating that integrity and independence of Austria are objects of British policy, and that while Government



Rescued Man. "Y-YOU 'VE S. ED MY LIFE—HAVE A CIGAR."

have no intention of interfering in internal affairs of another country they fully recognise Austria's right to demand that there shall be no interference from any other quarter. Next step is with League Council, when it receives Austrian appeal.

In answer to Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE, Captain HUDSON revealed that in last nine months 168 army remounts have been bought from Irish Free State. But this is not really an excessive number when one considers that at present the I.F.S. is the finest mare's-nest in the world.

Unemployment debate to-night centred round Miss RATHBONE's Amendment to empower Statutory Committee to bring within scope of unemployment insurance scheme those whose salaries exceed £250. Amongst others who supported it was Sir JOHN WITHERS, Member for Cambridge University, who mentioned large number of students coming from poor homes who passed into black-coated employment and were often in dire straits. Various kinds of workers uninsured against unemployment were brought into the discussion—musicians, share-fishermen and domestic servants—before Amendment was finally negatived by usual overwhelming majority.

Littler England.

Wednesday, February 14th.—Silver sea in which this precious stone is set is chipping fresh facets in it at a rate alarming to Lord KILMAINE, who from Conservative Bench of Upper House to-day accused Government of lack of unemployment policy, and declared that in coastal erosion lay rich field for relief work. To meet cost of this he seemed prepared to add any number of straws to camel's back, among them a tax on push-bicycles, an increased tax on dogs, and a cat-tax, though in what manner this last delightful imposition could be put into practice except by a laborious computation of whiskers he did not stop to explain. In reply Lord DE LA WARR pointed out that coast erosion was primarily concern of landlord, that such work required extremely skilled labour, and that actually Government was assisting two current schemes.

Question-time produced nothing hilarious in Commons: Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement will probably be signed on Friday; Captain ARTHUR HOPE with reason asked COMMISSIONER OF WORKS what he proposed to do about inferior lighting in Hyde Park, where north and west are especially dangerous for motor-traffic, and received answer that matter will be considered next year; while a mere whiff of beer-statistics was enough, as usual, to bring Lady ASTOR to her feet like some relentless but mechanically-actuated fury.

Mr. RHYS DAVIES' Motion to prohibit private manufacture of arms provided fuel for main debate. He emphasised danger of private firms who pushed poison-gas with as much enthusiasm as they would push a brand of biscuits, and illogicality of supplying foreign countries with weapons which might be used against us. Mr. MITCHESON declared that state-ownership of armament factories would lead to a severe increase in unemployment, and, worse than that, would lead to erection of factories in countries which at present had none; and he reminded House that even marbles and castor-oil were not unknown in modern Europe as weapons of offence.

This point, that almost every firm is in some indirect respect concerned with armaments, was elaborated by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who said that Motion would entail socialisation of most of industry; while Mr. DUFF COOPER rebutted the charge of private firms' political influence.

Boorishness for the Beginner.

Now that bad manners are enjoying such popularity among a certain set of people, there must be many to whom a few hints on rudeness will come as a godsend. There are few people who have naturally bad manners, and our social system has been such that it has repressed the instincts of a large number of these, turning them into ordinary and courteous beings. Now, however, rudeness is coming into its own, and I feel that I can be of help to the movement by giving some pointers on which the would-be boor can work.

General. It is not sufficient merely to be rude to one's friends. The habit should be practised all day and every day. Careful thought will bring to light many little discourtesies which the beginner can attempt, although it is not generally considered wise to try to be Really Insulting all at once. Suggested exercises—coughing and wheezing loudly in theatres and cinemas; elbow-work on trams, etc.; indiscriminate scowling.

When the novice has equipped himself with these elementary but useful habits he can proceed with the more complicated and difficult methods of making himself unpleasant.

For Guests. When invited out to dinner, be careful to be at least half-an-hour late. Don't make it much more or you may not get any food, and, although this would give you an excellent chance of being Thoroughly Objectionable, it is not a good thing to miss your victuals. Having arrived, then, half-an-hour late, proceed to tell your neighbours how unfavourably the food before you compares with the dinner you would have had at home. These remarks should naturally be made in a penetrating voice. The meal over, you can either go straight out, carefully ignoring your host and hostess, or you can stay until about twelve or one o'clock drinking free whisky to your heart's content, not allowing anyone else to say more than a dozen words at a time. It is a good thing to let someone else speak occasionally, so that you can butt in with some quite irrelevant and completely uninteresting monologue.

For Hosts. Having seen to it that your guests' food is almost uneatable but taking care that your own is as it should be (no easy task), proceed on similar lines to those laid down for guests, *e.g.*, compare your visitors with the interesting crowd you had last week; monopolise the conversation, and, while boasting of your cellar, provide the rankest of drinks, if any at all. Week-end hosts should of course make a point of seeing that the guests' beds are thoroughly uncomfortable and instructing the servants in those little inconveniences that can make a stay in a strange house such hell.

Having mastered these principles the student should be able to think up fresh insults to inflict upon those he meets. If he is nervous of rudeness in the flesh he can gain confidence by the safer method, the telephone. Go to a public call-box and look up some stranger; when you are through, pour into the mouthpiece the phrases you are too timid to utter face to face with your subject. It is unlikely that the person at the other end will listen for long, but that does not matter; the main thing is that the outburst will make you more sure of yourself. It is not advisable, by the way, to be very rude on paper.

Persevere; practise constantly, and you will go from strength to strength and in time become Disgustingly Offensive. You may even reach the state which I in all modesty should like to say I have attained. It was only last Friday that I heard a friend say of me, "He's simply marvellous—so Utterly Oafish. He's eavesdropping even now!"



"So you are goin' to Venice. Let me see—'ave we been to Venice, Thomas?"

At the Play.

"SPRING, 1600" (SHAFTESBURY).

THIS lightly-romantic comedy of Elizabethan backstage humours represents Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's first venture as a manager, in association with Mr. RICHARD CLOWES; and its author, Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS, has aptly drawn his material from the story of one of the very first English actor-managers, RICHARD BURBAGE, who built a fine theatre and a lasting reputation by his performances of the work by his friend SHAKESPEARE.

For a girl of independent spirit life's path was anything but smooth in 1600. It is difficult for us to remember and equally difficult for us to believe that at that date the stage was still the monopoly of men and boys; there was only one actress of the period, and she was so great that she was on the throne. But ELIZABETH's personal emancipation did nothing to provide the modest but intelligent daughters of thousands of English homes with a valid excuse for leaving them. *Ann Byrd*, Mr. WILLIAMS' heroine, was a good example. She was a girl who happened to possess a free spirit and a mother determined to unite her with a vacuous but landed youth; and though to-day it would have been easy for her to make her way respectably into the greater world with a politician's typewriter or a pair of policewoman's boots, no such openings offered then, and she looked horribly like becoming *Mrs. John Amery* and taking her recreation indefinitely on the virginals, as it was thought the daughter of a musician should. What else could a poor girl do?

Well, on the eve of her wedding something very exciting happened. I do not refer to the fact that the best man proposed to her, for nearly all the best men have done that in every age; but to the appearance, in her father's garden at Ongar, of a couple of strolling players on their way back to *Burbage's* company in the City, anxious to earn a few pence by the way. One of them was an old clown—I speak with no disrespect—and the other *Salathiel Pavy*, the famous boy-actor. Their romantic get-up and their connection with *Burbage*, who seems to have been a sort of LINDBERGH to the Tudor girl, were enough. *Ann* overcame their scruples, having none of her own, and set off with them to London.

The Second Act has rather more in it than the other two. *Ann*, her hair cut short and her secret kept by her two friends of the road, is given an audition by *Burbage* in his bedroom, a scene from which Mr. WILLIAMS makes excellent comedy, *Mrs. Burbage* being in bed and the rest of the company sitting about. It is soon decided that *Ann* is a real discovery, and at the next performance she plays the lead to *Burbage* with tremendous success. His new Globe Theatre, the dream of years, is about to open, and everything is rosy, especially for *Ann*, who has fallen deeply in love with him.



THE AUDITION.

Ann Byrd . . . . . MISS JOYCE BLAND.
Richard Burbage. . . . . MR. IAN HUNTER.

When, to the general consternation, *Burbage* disappears shortly before the opening day, it falls to a miserable *Ann* to track him down to the house of a Society vamp named *Lady Coperario*, who earlier has shown her intention of adding such an easy victim to her collection; and to fetch *Mrs. Burbage*, that admirably sensible woman, who administers a prairie-lamprey to her intoxicated husband and gets him to the Globe just in time to avoid a riot. *Ann*, however, has learnt a lesson which the timely arrival of the best man clinches, and after one glorious performance on the new stage she goes off with him to marriage and a farm.



SPRING FASHIONS (1600).

Lady Coperario . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.

This slight framework is well filled in by an excellent cast, whose work is as finished as one would expect under Mr. GIELGUD's production. Mr. IAN HUNTER's portrait of *The Late Richard Burbage* is very good, bringing out all the swagger and bombast of the man without diminishing his greatness and humanity; and Miss JOYCE BLAND's *Ann* is delightfully boyish and impish and yet, during the *Coperario* eclipse, extraordinarily pathetic. *Mrs. Burbage*, played by Miss MARGARET WEBSTER, is an attractive composition of sound wisdom and sharp wit; Miss ISABEL JEANS gives *Burbage* every excuse for his infatuation with *Lady Coperario*; Mr. VALENTINE ROOKE's rejected suitor is a pretty piece of comic acting; while Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB and Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL show the golden metal of the Globe's company. MOTLEY's settings help.

One cannot but wonder whether *Burbage*, so desperately keen on his new theatre, would really have forgotten its opening, even for *Lady Coperario*; and what is in *Mrs. Burbage's* pick-me-up that lends it such magical powers. Whatever else it may contain, there is certainly a fortune in it. ERIC.

"WITHIN THE GATES" (ROYALTY).

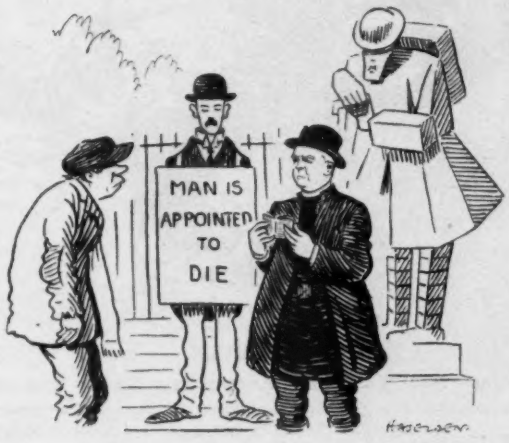
It is a humiliating (and wholesome) experience for the honest critic when, failing to understand the rhythm and direction of a work of art, he may have to recognise that the fault lies in himself—that he does not bring enough to the consideration of the given subject to enable him to see with clearness or analyse with precision. Mr. SEAN O'CASEY's rich, varied and progressive achievement in *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, *The Plough and the Stars*, *The Silver Tassie* may well make us realise that if in this new experiment his reach seems to us to exceed his grasp it may be merely that it exceeds ours. On the other hand,

nothing is gained beyond the petty advantage of saving face by falsely pretending to have understood fully or even to have been moved profoundly (except at rare intervals).

Within the gates of a London park, in four scenes—a Spring Morning, a Summer Noon, an Autumn Evening, a Winter Night—the author packs the action of his symbolic tragedy. The actors are not individualised characters but types—the *Bishop*, the *Bishop's Sister*, the *Atheist*, the *Young Salvation Army Officer*; the *Scarlet Woman*, the *Old Woman*, the *Young Whore*, the *Dreamer*; the *Man in the Trilby, in the Bowler, with the Stick*; the *First* and *Second Nursemaid, Evangelist, Platform Speaker, Chair Attendant*, and so forth. At first, only vaguely heard menacing in the background and gradually moving nearer the centre, a Chorus of *Down-and-Outs* mournfully parades. Dominant ideas, in verse patterns, from the opening "Our Mother, the Earth, is a maiden again, young, fair, and a maiden again," to the concluding "We challenge life no more, no more, with our dead faith or our dead hope" of the *Down-and-Outs* are sung by whatever group may be conveniently converted into a Chorus for the moment. It is, by the way, a fatal flaw in the stage presentation that hardly a single phrase of these significant sung interludes is audible, and what could be made of them by those who had not the advantage of having read the text I simply cannot imagine. Not even their general intention was clear. And I cannot help wondering whether the author has not set the producer both in this matter and in the seemingly arbitrary sandwiching of symbolic and apparently realistic episodes—certainly episodes conveyed in a starkly realistic idiom—a problem in presentation incapable of satisfactory solution. Or is it merely that an interpreter of genius is wanting?

The precise shape of the author's thought may escape one; the bitterness and violence of his protest against the injustice and squalor of a world ill-made or spoiled does not. And here is no worked-up or manufactured emotion. The bitterness is from the heart. Anger dominates pity. Anger seems indeed to have distorted the vision—anger against the hypocrisy, formalism, coldness, inhumanity, timidity of religion; against the questing animalism, acquisitiveness and callousness of the common man and his dismaying stupidity—his trick of arguing with passion about ideas he is incapable of understanding; anger against the corruption of the Press and of lost leaders. Though there is some sign of a dramatic conflict between fear of life and eagerness for life, with the *Dreamer* (Mr. BASIL BARTLETT) and the *Young Whore* (Miss MARJORIE MARS), as nearly on the side of the angels as the dark pattern allows, it is not a battle between good and evil ranged in opposed ranks. The *Dreamer* is no more than a sneak-thief at a crisis; the girl has a kind of courage, but hardly enough to win respect. The author's ruthlessness will not let him be tender even to his own side—if he has a side.

Of all the characters perhaps the *Young Salvation Army Officer* alone shows no dark flaw. And he may be supposed to be too stupid and too young. Clearly the good in all of us is shadowed by evil, and the author is not to be seduced into concealing this fact to make a prettier pattern. But it is not always overshadowed, the pattern is in fact not so uniformly ugly as he chooses or is impelled to see it. The *Bishop* (Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES) is too much of a fool to be a plausible puppet, his *Sister* too inhuman. But so one could go through the whole list. Is this a mere bitter cry of ultimate despair, too hopeless even to indicate the possibility of a remedy? It is unquestionably an extraordinarily interesting technical experiment in the art of the theatre. And words are marshalled by a true artist to wound, to sear, to shame, but never here, I think, to exalt, to kindle. T.



WITHIN THE GATES.
A SHORT LIFE AND A GAY ONE.

"L'OISEAU BLEU" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

It must be something like ten years now since the "Blue Bird Company" came to the Scala Theatre and gave London an entirely new form of entertainment which first startled and then conquered it. Since then the *Chauve Souris* has sedulously worked the vein then opened, and a public with short memories may forget its original benefactors. If the Bat stole the Blue Bird's thunder, M. YASCHA-YUSHNY, the compère of this "International Revue," has not disdained to borrow from M. NIKITA BALIEF some of his moods, poses and grimaces. He fools with a somewhat subtler air which I find distinctly agreeable, and, though he labels his show "International," it is in fact much more characteristically and exclusively Russian than his rival's, and retains an attractive naïveté and spontaneity which the cosmopolitanised *Chauve Souris* has latterly been inclined to discard.

From the original programme reappear two of its best items —"The Barrel Organ" (now with Mlle. JURJEWSKAJA, the Company's broadest comedienne, as the mournful half-witted singer and acrobat), and the "Volga Boat Song," of which we have in the intervening decade heard something too much one way or another. I remember the original grouping and attack as if it were yesterday. This version has been modified for novelty's sake and not, I think, improved.

Of sixteen excellent turns the outstanding were two scenes by the ladies of the company—"Gossips round the Samovar" and the "Yugoslavian Washerwomen," in which the wonder grew how human lungs could produce so sustained an air pressure for so interminable and pauseless a song; a merry Tyrolese parody; "St. Tatjana's Day;" a scene of jollification in a Moscow inn; an idiotic octet with an excellent bizarre (unnamed) solo-dancer; a chorus of bottle-stoppers with a most attractive final tableau; and, of the characteristic toy scenes, "The Tick-Tack Clocks."

M. DOBRININ stands out as the most effective of the comedians. There was a spontaneity about the whole performance which won the warm approval of the audience. T.

"STOCK EXCHANGE.
GENERAL TREND UNCERTAIN."
Daily Paper Heading.

Why doesn't he ring up his brokers?

"Accused said he was a lark clerk and left his office for lunch at 2.35 p.m."
Glasgow Paper.

Hail to him, blithe spirit!



SKI-SCHULE.

"YOU ARE ENGLISH SCHOOL-BEGINNER—YES? VELL, YOU TELL YOUR TEACHER YOU NOW KNOW VY PEOPLES CRY '*ACHTUNG!*'"

"Elijah" at the Albert Hall.

Elijah made its first appearance at Birmingham Town Hall on August 26, 1846, in a setting of side-whiskers, crinolines and applause. But I don't think that either the whiskers or the applause entirely satisfied MENDELSSOHN's dramatic sense. All his life he had longed to write an opera. Now the Albert Hall has supplied him with a super-opera, and the composer, had he been present, would, in spite of his hundred-and-twenty-five years, have cheered with the rest of us.

Choirs he had heard, both good and bad; but here is a choir to be seen as well—a choir which sings as effectively as it acts; a choir of vast numbers, admirably drilled, costumed and irradiated by Mr. T. C. FAIRBAIRN, apt wielder of thousands; a choir trained and conducted with such sympathetic skill by Mr. ALBERT COATES that his beat is sensitively followed by myriads of moving singers, mostly with their backs to him. (He controls too a huge orchestra and an organ hidden half-a-mile away behind the backcloth!) In the first part especially the choir sang superlatively well. As a spectacle they were perfect. MENDELSSOHN would, I say, have cheered.

After the performance of his *Antigone* music at Covent Garden in 1845 he wrote to his sister in Rome: "Look at *Punch* for Jan. 18. There is an account of *Antigone* with an illustration of the Chorus which made me laugh for three days. The Chorus-master with his plaid trowsers showing underneath his toga is a masterpiece. The whole thing is most amusing." He adds: "Just fancy! There is a regular ballet, with ballet-girls!"

Not even Mr. Punch's acute eye will detect any plaid trowsers in the Albert Hall Chorus. As to the sumptuous ballets, no one could but admire the gloriously giddy gyrations of ERROL ADDISON as the *Red Spirit*, for which the *Walpurgisnacht* music was so happily introduced. Not all interpolations, however, were equally fortunate. If MENDELSSOHN had seen Mme. MARKOVA dancing before *Ahab* and *Jezebel* to the strains of "The Spring Song" he would, I think, have said more than "Just fancy!" And did ELIJAH's soul, in time of drought, thirst "as a thirsty *lamb*"?

It was an evening of reminiscence, inevitably recalling the DORÉ Bible of our youth and the cathedral anthem-books of old days. It was as if those moribund things had come again to resplendent life. Only in two cases *crepuit machina*. The Doresque fiery chariot failed to finish its adastral course, and the winged seraph got entangled in someone's aerial. But such defects have now doubtless vanished.

The two prophets, Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS and Mr. HENRY WENDON, were entirely satisfactory, and they were well balanced by Mme. STILES-ALLEN as the *Widow* and JEAD SUMMERS as her son. Eyes and ears will doubtless attend the Albert Hall in their thousands, and two excellent organisations will benefit—St. Dunstan's and the "Safer Motherhood" Campaign.

The Proxy.

I WALKED boldly into our local wireless emporium.

"I want two sets," I said.

"What sort of sets, Sir?"

"Firstly, I want a set that will get London Regional and Daventry National by turning only a single knob. The other set is less important but must be *cheap*. For preference it should be one likely to go wrong as often as possible."

The man looked rather puzzled, but produced Set A for my inspection. It was very satisfactory, and I bought it on the spot.

"Now for Set B," I said. "I hope you have something really *foul*."

"We only stock guaranteed sets," said the man haughtily.

"That is just what I want—a set guaranteed to go wrong."

You will hardly believe me when I say that the man could *not* supply a set guaranteed to go wrong. It just shows what a state the wireless industry is in. He had any amount of sets in stock guaranteed to go right, but not a single specimen guaranteed to go wrong.

I tried another shop.

"I want a wireless set," I said firmly. "I realise that in the present state of the industry you cannot sell me a set *guaranteed* to go wrong, so I will be reasonable and merely insist on a set *not* guaranteed to go right."

"*All* our sets are sealed," said the man, "and they are guaranteed for a year. Would you be paying by cash or by instalments? How many valves do you want?"

"All that is beside the point. Can you or can you not sell me a set guaranteed to go wrong, or at least not guaranteed to go right?"

"I am afraid not."

"I don't mind how cheap it is. Are you sure you haven't got an old set tucked away somewhere in the back regions with sufficient rust upon it to give a fair chance that it will go wrong with a little careful misuse?"

He consulted his colleagues, and presently dug out a set that had been returned by a customer because it would only make noises like a cat.

My wife, who knew that I had gone to purchase a wireless set, was rather surprised when I stalked home with *two*; but she saw the wisdom of it later.

After dinner Blenkinsop called. Blenkinsop believes that he knows more about wireless than MARCONI. His conversation consists entirely of technical terms. A wireless set, especially a *new* wireless set, is like a red rag to a bull to him. Seeing a brand-new wireless set standing on the little table by the window, he rushed over to it with a cry of delight. Hastily he twiddled the knobs, and when the cats started to scream his face flushed with pleasure.

"I'll have this right for you in a jiffy," he said.

Two hours later his face peered above the surrounding mass of wires, valves and batteries.

"I think I've traced it," he said. "But if you would not mind me taking the thing home, where I have more tools, I could make a better job of it."

"By all means," I said. "It is extremely kind of you to take so much trouble. Personally I know nothing about wireless. Would you like a soft broom to sweep the pieces into your bag, or a hard broom?"

Blenkinsop departed, and a moment later we were listening to a most instructive talk on "Can Parsnips Feel?" from the London studio. On the little table by the fire stood the only new wireless set within a quarter-of-a-mile that Blenkinsop had not "adjusted" and that therefore still functioned.



"I THOUGHT OF GIVING UP COCKTAILS AND DANCING DURING LENT, MILLICENT."
"SPLENDID, CHARLES! AND I'LL GIVE UP YOU."

As Others Hear Us.

After the Symphony Concert.

"I'M longing to know what you thought of it."

"So am I. We'll be able to at tea. I never can bear people who try to talk *at the time*—can you?"

"No, never. Besides, one couldn't have heard if one had, actually. What about here?"

"Not frightfully good, I don't think. Do you? Or *do* you? Say if you do."

"No, I don't mind. There's a Puller's further up. Or am I thinking of Hamley's?"

"Both, I think. All right, let's. I always think one is so absolutely safe with Puller's."

"I know. And in any case it's more the actual *tea* than anything else. Besides, we can talk."

"I know. The main thing, I felt, was that it was so frightfully modern, if you see what I mean."

"Oh, yes; he's supposed to be. All those discords and things. And what was that extraordinary thing that kept on coming in rather when the others had more or less gone on to the next bit in a way?"

"I'm not sure if I know the one you mean. There—you were quite right; you *said* Hamley's. Was it the one that kept on a very high note all the time—sort of A in *alt* or something, I should almost think?"

"Oh, no; I heard that one. Not that one. It won't be so crowded downstairs. That's lovely. No, I meant a sort of a brass thing, more like a saxophone, only quite different."

"Shall we settle first and get it over? China?"

"Indian, if you don't mind. I always do, I'm afraid."

"And just sandwiches and things, don't you think? Do you know, I believe that woman was in front of us. I recognise the feather."

"Do you mean the one who kept her eyes shut?—which I always think must be affectation really, because it can't possibly make any difference really."

"I know what you mean, and I thought she was frightful, anyway. But, you know, I believe blind people really are supposed to hear better in some extraordinary way. It's something to do with the *senses*."

"Yes, I know; but theirs is real, isn't it? which makes such a difference. Will you pour?"

"No, you. Or why not each do our own? Look, they've labelled yours."

"Oh, fancy, so they have. Well, what did you think of it, actually?"

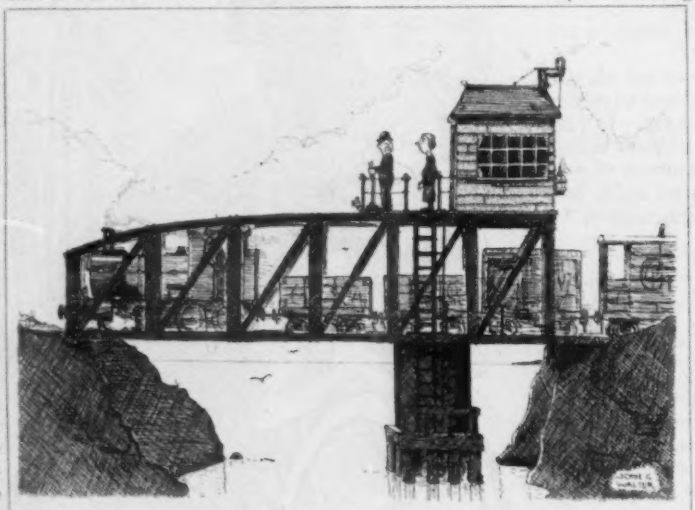
"It was marvellous in a way, but I think one has got to get used to it rather. Of course he's terribly clever."

"Oh, terribly! And people thought WAGNER was frightful and out of tune and everything when he began."

"And look at him now. 'The Wedding March' and everything."

"Oh, you don't mean MENDELSSOHN, do you? Tra-la-la LA-la la *lah*——"

"No, no, no; the other one. Tra-la-la-LA la-la-la-LA——"



Bridge-keeper's Wife. "WHEN THIS TRAIN HAS GONE, JOE, YOU MIGHT SWING THE BRIDGE TO AND FRO GENTLY. I WANT TO GET BABY TO SLEEP."

"Of course. How stupid of me! One always thinks of 'The Ride of the Valkyrie' and those ones, for WAGNER. You know, I don't think that *was* the woman who had her eyes shut after all. I see what you mean—it's the feather and the nose—but the real one had a bunch of violets on, because I remember noticing them."

"Unless she's dropped them. But as a matter of fact I don't think it is, now. I wonder if they'll broadcast this man's work?"

"Sure to, unless they have copyrights and trade unions and things, like the Variety people are always having, and then they can't go on at the very last minute. I always think it's such a shame."

"Yes, isn't it? But I really do think they ought to have this on the wireless, because people listen-in who wouldn't ever go to concerts, and everybody says it's the coming music. I mean, they're doing away with tunes and things practically altogether, aren't they?"

"'The Blue Danube.'"

"I know. I suppose one'll get used to it."

"Oh, yes. Look at jazz."

"That was the War, of course."

"Oh, and America."

"Look—I do believe they're going to have an orchestra. I never saw them come in."

"I hope they'll play that heavenly thing I like. I never can remember what it's called; but it's got words."

"The words are always so awful."

"These aren't bad. Yes, that really *is* it, actually. What frightful luck!"

"Oh, I know *that*, of course. It's called 'Have You Ever Caught An Oyster Eating Sugar?' or something like that."

"I simply adore it."

"So do I. Absolutely."

E. M. D.

Gone Away.

HER face was small, her figure grand,
We danced a dance or two;
A student from a foreign land
She spoke a broken English and
She didn't talk about the band,
As many people do.

She didn't start explaining what
The differences were
Between her race and ours; she got
Annoyed, she said, at all the rot
Such talk produced; she mentioned hot,
If I remember, air.

She said, "You ought to fix your tie
When next you get a chance.
No, leave it now." We didn't try
To get the sparks of wit to fly;
She was content, and so was I,
To cut the talk and dance.

And could she dance? No words convey
The featherweight *finesse*
With which she moved upon her way.
If someone asked if I to-day
Believe in fairies, I would say
Most definitely "Yes."

That was about ten months ago;
And subsequently we
Financed the night-clubs, high and low,
And plied the light fantastic toe.
But now she's in Belgrade, and oh!
The difference to me.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK.



"I HAVE CALLED ON BEHALF OF THE POOR LITTLE KNOCK-KNEED NIGGERS OF POOPOOLAND."





"H'M, MRS. ANDERSON GIVES TEN SHILLINGS—



LADY BOUGE A GUINEA—



THE DOVE-TURTLES FIVE POUNDS—



THE COGWEELERS TEN POUNDS—



MRS. FRACTION TWO SHILLINGS—



AH! THE BILLINGTONS—BACK TO FIVE POUNDS—



MRS. GREAT-DIMPLE TEN POUNDS—



LET ME SEE—I HAD BETTER GIVE FIFTEEN."



!!!



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

When hind shooting in snow a white night-shirt is a good camouflage. It should be worn in addition to other clothes, not as a substitute for them.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Wanted, a New Norman Conquest?

It is partly because he deplores the impertinences of modern criticism—"the ivy," he insists, "is beginning to darken the house"—that Mr. F. L. Lucas is so excellent a critic. Yet his salient virtues are positive; and when he asserts of great literature, "I would rather a man approached it as a plum-pudding than as a sacrament," he ranges himself with those for whom the arts are normal fare and not a "pearl in a sick oyster." Taste, ardour and sensibility render his *Studies French and English* (Cassell, 10/6) as enchanting a series as this side of the Channel has recently produced; though I doubt his contention that the English genius is hag-ridden with mysticism and morality, and that what is really needed is a new Norman Conquest. Mr. Lucas's tenderness for such congenial deities as Montaigne inclines him to overstress the gloom in Langland and George Herbert. On the other hand, he is anything but blind to the defects of Flaubert and Proust. He can be summed up, I think, as a sort of Anglo-Gallic *Sinon*, who, like that ever-acceptable worthy—and on far sounder grounds—should be welcomed by adherents of both camps.

Henry Scott Tuke.

A skilful but not specially inspired painter of the Cornish School who specialised in sailing-ships and bathing boys, Henry Scott Tuke, R.A., painted pleasingly and successfully from the year 1879, when his first picture was hung in the Academy, to shortly before his death in 1929. Tuke, however, was more than a painter; he was an assiduous diarist and the scion of an old, respectable, well-to-do and creditably proliferous family of Yorkshire Quakers. The diary and family piety combined have produced *Henry Scott Tuke : A Memoir*, by Maria Tuke Sainsbury (Martin Secker, 12/6), which, if it fills no yawning gap in the annals of art, is easy and pleasant reading, especially for those whose own reminiscences run back to a late-Victorian heyday. For Henry Tuke went everywhere where it was respectable to go, knew everybody it was respectable to know, and did everything that it was respectable to do, besides painting all the subjects that it was then respectable for an R.A. to paint. In result the *Memoir* is a colourful *mélange* of comings and goings with and among what somebody has called a galaxy of *Who's Whos*ters, ranging from Sir Edward Poynter, then Slade Professor, to John Masefield.

Flats, Sharps and Indiscretions.

Strongly-contrasted local colour—the childish brilliance of a small South American republic and the drab maturity of Glasgow—is the cleverest note in *Triumph* (Collins, 7/6). For the rest, I am not sure whether Mr. Frederick Niven intends me to side with his hero, a casually drunken musician, or with his heroine, the musician's termagant wife. This would be a matter of no moment if the couple were drawn dispassionately; but having begun by enlisting pity for *George Heriot* he ends by straining to rehabilitate

Gertrude. *George*, a Scots music-master in the Academy of Salvador, scandalises the Gringo colony by his lapses, and is forced to resign. His kindly principal—a pleasant figure this—engineers the family's return to Glasgow; and here, *George* having succumbed to worry and worry's antidotes, *Gertrude* projects a triumphant return to Salvador. This fourteen years' plan of *Gertrude's*, with its canny work and ambitious self-denial, is interesting and in itself convincing, though *Gertrude* never becomes sufficiently identified with its magnificence to arouse sympathy. Mr. NIVEN's bias towards big words for small occasions is Scottish enough to remind me of the library at Ellangowan.

The Man Who Wrote Letters.

THOMAS CREEVEY thought nothing of dashing off in the course of a day half-a-dozen eight-page letters full of social and political chatter. Mr. JOHN GORE, in *Creevey's Life and Times* (MURRAY, 18/-), editing and selecting from the immense correspondence already skimmed thirty years ago, portrays a man who was welcome everywhere for no other quality than unfailing good-humour. His entire secret was that everybody liked him. Though never known to history as a person of political importance, he was not regarded by his contemporaries as quite negligible, and from a stinging letter he wrote to a patron with seats in the House at his disposal he cannot have been the mere hanger-on one had supposed. He passed his days at country houses "jauntering about on a poney," or in Town playing whist and swapping little yarns with his Whig "comrogues," and never failed to find innocent delight in his social success among the peers and peeresses who were his loyal friends. "Was there ever?" was his favourite and wholly typical watchword. The formal history of his times that he was always meaning to write could hardly have conveyed so lively an impression as these overflowing whimsical letters.



Clerk (to new office-boy). "YOU'LL KNOW DE MASSA WHEN YO' SEE HIM. HE GOT DE EYEBROWS LIKE A COLLECTION OF SPIDERS' LEGS."

Boniface in America.

It is agreed that novelists must relax sometimes. Not Apollo's self could for ever be stretching the bow of imagination. Our own ARNOLD BENNETT, they say, in his salad days would alternate books to please the public with others intended to consolidate his growing reputation. And Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS in more ways than one may be styled the BENNETT of America. Here, at all events, in *Work of Art* (CAPE, 7/6), he is handling the British novelist's favourite subject. For *Myron Weagle* was born in the American House, Black Thread Centre, Conn., and his ambition in life was to be the perfect hotel manager. With him we have as contrast his brother *Ora*, who is a poet and waster but manages somehow to achieve a sort of fame. One feels that the clash between these two very different temperaments should have been a good subject, but the book is a disappointment to stout LEWIS "fans," like myself. The characters fail to become alive. *Myron* rises to wealth and importance, marries a rather silly girl, falls from the heights and contrives to clamber up again. We are glad to note his recovery but not profoundly interested. And as to *Ora*, he is a most unpleasant young fellow whose fortunes move us not at all. In short, *Work of Art*, while it no doubt adds something to our knowledge of the U.S.A. and its people, must be put definitely in the second class of LEWIS's novels. But let us admit that for any budding innkeeper it would make an admirable guide.

Brown Studies in Scarlet.

A scourge for the solemn intellectuals is always welcome, and when it comes from so well-informed and amusing a pen as that of Mr. IVOR BROWN it is doubly so. In *I Commit to the Flames* (HAMILTON, 6/-) he consigns to the mental incinerator a number of modern tendencies and beliefs which in his opinion all spring from the modernist denial that the crystallised opinion of the past holds any value for us and from the current reaction against reason. Of this movement D. H. LAWRENCE was the prophet, boosting the divinity of impulse; and while Mr. BROWN admits that he possessed great if limited literary ability, he condemns his philosophy as portentous sentimentalism, and I for one agree. The fuel for this bonfire includes the monotonous commercialisation of sex and ugliness which runs through contemporary art and entertainment, the new psychology athirst for abnormality, the childish intolerance of the coloured-shirt school of statesmen; while to the arrogance of the latest poets Mr. BROWN is merciless. He has no Puritan bias but a keen sense of proportion born of humour. His arguments are presented with so much wit that even his victims should read him with enjoyment.

Semper Aliquid Novi.

In *The Ridge of White Waters* (COLLINS, 7/6) Mr. NORMAN GILES has used South African history from the first working for gold on the Rand to the Peace of Vereeniging as a basis for a novel. His main theme is the inevitability of the Raid, the Boer War and the fusion of the White races in peace resulting from the rise of Johannesburg and the feverish thirst for wealth common to all connected with the city. As a novel the book is good, but it is better as an impartial elementary guide to the most vivid eighteen years of South Africa's political life. The Jameson Raid is perhaps made more romantic than facts allow and the conversation of British officers and men rather overdrawn. Subalterns did not say "cushy" and "Blighty" in 1900, while few sergeants really commence sentences with "Ho-Yus!" But as a contribution to peace and amity in the Union the book will do good, and as a successor to OLIVE SCHREINER the author shows equal skill and a praiseworthy freedom from bias. The mental processes of Dutch and British during the years that have passed since Majuba could not be better described than in his sentence: "Memory, when harnessed to a fixed idea, draws a curious load."

Mens Curva in Corpore Corvo.

In telling the story of that obscure celebrity who called himself Baron CORVO, though he was in truth but plain FREDERICK ROLFE, Mr. A. J. A. SYMONS has adopted an unusual method. Moved by admiration of ROLFE's novels and curiosity as to his personality to undertake *The Quest for Corvo* (CASSELL, 12/6), and having achieved it with unexpected success, he offers us not only the results but the process of his inquiries. He has written not so much a biography as a book about a biography—a book, in short, about itself. For a biography in effect it is. Gradually and almost at haphazard, yet fully in the end, the personality of its subject is revealed, just as it was revealed to Mr. SYMONS himself. And what a personality it was! ROLFE's talent for writing, if exotic and eccentric, was undeniable, but as a man he was deplorable. "A jaundiced, bitter, persecuted pariah" one of his temporary friends called him; but unless, as another said, he was attractive as well as repellent, he would hardly have obtained the help which he constantly commanded and so ill repaid. Whether or no his fantastic vituperative books, which won praise from men so diverse as HENRY HARLAND, CHARLES WHIBLEY and HUGH BENSON, will ever be accorded the place in literature which Mr. SYMONS considers their due, his tragi-comic story was well worth telling and has been told excellently well.



"THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU GET ME TO WALK AROUND THE WORLD WITH YOU."

A Dash for Freedom.

Although some of the situations in *Sensation at Blue Harbour* (JARROLDS, 7/6) are quite absurd, Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD handles them so cleverly that her tale of *Reginald Pusey's* escape from Purley and his mother's apron-strings is an amusing entertainment. For some twenty-odd years *Reginald* had been unable to call his soul his own, but when opportunity came for him to free himself from the maternal lead he decided that for the time being he would cease to be a suburban young man. So he dashed over to France, where he changed the cut of his clothes and the colour of his hair, and then returned to England as a baronet of immense wealth. Presently widows, more or less merry, and other women laid siege to him, and "*Sir*" *Reginald*, until complications arose, had the time of his life. As usual Mrs. RICKARD'S pen is occasionally dipped in venom, but it is none the less diverting on that account.

A Notable Quartet.

The four long short stories, to which *The Gardenia* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) provides the title, are remarkable examples of Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' constructive skill. To my mind their form is perfect, and, although the last tale, "A New Departure," is not to be compared with its fellows, it is so admirably told that it fits happily enough into the collection. The first and second of these stories, which deal with men of dominant will and evil men at that, are queer and vastly clever. The third tale, "The Sin of Envy," is in some respects even queerer, but there you will find a study of a successful writer that is as human as it is pleasant. I can recommend these four tales both to readers and writers.

Charivaria.

THE admission of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD into Fellowship of the Geological Society is understood to be a tribute to his assiduity in leaving no stone unturned.

***

"All the world is in the same boat nowadays," asserted a speaker the other day. We don't seem to have advanced then since the days of NOAH.

***

Following civil war in Austria, disturbances in Marseilles and Boulogne, and food riots and "upsets" in Spain, comes the suggestion of Dr. JOHN MURRAY that the Government should appoint a yearly day during Lent for the return of borrowed books. What a week!

***

"The public must insist upon good milk," says a writer. Husbands in the habit of coming home with this commodity will now have a new excuse.

***

It is claimed that railways have done more than anything else to unite the peoples of the world. The Underground has certainly brought thousands of them very close together.

***

A Frenchman who died recently left several thousand francs to a girl who refused to marry him. It is not often that gratitude finds such handsome expression.

***

"The less people wear," says a doctor, "the longer they live." The health-insurance premiums paid by revue-actresses ought to be very low indeed.

***

When MUSTAPHA KEMAL takes a dislike to a Turkish politician's name, it seems, he orders him to change it. In Britain there is always the House of Lords.

***

One shovelful of coal saved in every ten miles, we are informed, would reduce a railway company's consumption by a hundred thousand tons a year. It would be interesting to have this stated in terms of waiting-room fires.

***

Large consignments of boot-polish have been sent from America to Central Africa. The natives are said to be delighted with the new face-cream.

***

Judging the country to be ripe for revolutionary changes, a Spanish newspaper advocates football without goalkeepers.

If it is true that crime is practically unknown in Denham, Bucks, it seems a good place to open a cinema.

***

The sale by auction at Windermere of two flowered silk waistcoats which WORDSWORTH gave to his gardener awakens regret that there has passed away a glory from poets' gardeners.

***

A bungalow has been invented that folds up and can be carried. An Englishman's home is his parcel.

***

An Art critic says that he is waiting for a picture-gallery in which he can stand still and watch the walls go round. We doubt, however, if the L.C.C. would license a bar at the National Gallery.

***

We are informed that the religious ceremonies in connection with the coronation of PU-YI in Manchukuo include the drinking of a cup of beef-extract to prevent that Hsinking feeling.

***

"Is it correct," inquires a writer, "to break your biscuits or roll in your soup?" In the latter case it is advisable to don a bathing-costume first.

***

A water-rat was caught recently in a London dairy. We reluctantly refrain from any comment on this.

***

It is said to be possible to tell a man's character by his behaviour at meals. If he blows on his soup in a restaurant he's an optimist.

***

There is a proposal that loud-speakers should be installed in the London parks. What—*more* of them?



"COME ON, MISS, TELL HIM YOU LOVE HIM. I WANT TO SHUT THE PARK."

This and That.

It may be my own bad taste, but whenever I look at the programme of a new play and find on it something like this—

The Grating.

The action of the play takes place in a very desolate part of Clapham Common in a thick November fog. All the lamps have gone out, and the stage is only illumined when one of the characters furtively strikes a match to light a cigarette-end which he has picked up in the street.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Wastrel.
A Woman without a Soul.
A Consumptive Cardinal.
A Street-walker.
Death.
Two Ragpickers.
A Police Constable.
A Drunkard.
A Gin Fiend.
An Unemployed Hop-picker.
Three Drug Addicts.
A Politician.
Four Old Men with Bats in their Beards.
Time.

Décor by William Gruntz.
The dice used by Death and Time in Act III. are supplied by the British and Portuguese East African Ivory Company.
The policeman's-whistle employed throughout is kindly lent by Scotland Yard.

—I have a suspicion that I am not going to enjoy the play, because the amount of general misery in the world has probably been over-estimated by the author without any of that compensating advantage of moral uplift supplied by the ancient classic drama.

It is Art, of course, this play called *The Grating*. But it is the kind of art that makes me feel that the seats in the English theatres and the cloak-room arrangements ought to be far better if the playgoer is to be lured away from his B.B.C. programme to listen to it.

* * *

Nevertheless I don't want the B.B.C. at five A.M.

One of our newspapers rhetorically inquires: "Why should B.B.C. transmitters be silent until five hours after the Continental stations have been broadcasting useful programmes?" and goes on to point out that fifteen foreign stations begin to operate as many as five hours before our own. Early though I rise, I cannot shave to music. I prefer to do my two hours' physical exercises without the assistance of Sir John Reith, and I consider that one of England's few remaining claims to be called a free country is that the Englishman does not have to get up with the Bach.

* * *

Opening a detective-novel at random the other day, I found a passage in which a rural police-inspector was terrified and chased out of a field by "a lot of young bullocks," so that he was too much distracted to make proper examination of the ground for the marks of a bicycle tyre. A constant student of the psychology of crime, I said to myself immediately: "Aha! a woman has written this book." And turning back to the title-page I found that it was even so. One may also deduce from nearly every detective-novel which is published that the author has never fired a revolver or automatic pistol in his life. Quite often the criminals fire accurately with these things at a range of about a hundred yards.

* * *

Turning to other and more serious aspects of rural affairs, may I quote the following extract from a letter in *Country Life*?—

"The Biography of a Young Cuckoo.

Sir,—Part of Mr. ——'s attack on my observations published in your journal on Jan. 20 are expressed so offensively that they do more discredit to himself than to me. Nothing so exposes the nature of his letter as his broad innuendo that I hashed up a sensational report for the 'financial interest' I might make out of it. Whatever my flaws as a writer of more than twenty years' experience, no such ill-natured charge has ever been laid against me, and I am content that my own writings should be my defence against it. . . .

. . . For all Mr. ——'s airs as a self-appointed dictator of ornithology, he brings only three specific charges against my record, and these do not affect the substance of my article. They concern my first date (July 4), the cuckoo's cry, and the space of time between the cuckoo's birth and its first attempts to get rid of its nest-fellows. . . ."

All this reminds me only too nearly of my own experience with regard to the meadow-siskin. For the past ten years I have been pursued by torrents of calumny and abuse on the grounds of a supposed statement of mine that a meadow-siskin ate a piece of sea-kale in my garden on the 29th of February, 1921. Men who were pleased to account themselves my associates now cut me in the street or accuse me flatly of bribery, and I received no invitation to the British Ornithological Ball last June. My actual words in *The Bird-Lover* were (please note them very carefully):—

> "If the not fully testified story of my gardener that a meadow-siskin attempted [note the word '*attempted*'] to devour a piece of sea-kale in my garden on the 29th of February, 1921, can be substantiated it will be at once necessary to adumbrate a new formula in approaching our theories on the meadow-siskin's diet as a whole, and construct, if possible, an avenue leading to frank conversations more likely to terminate in a 'gentleman's' concordat upon the whole issue at stake."

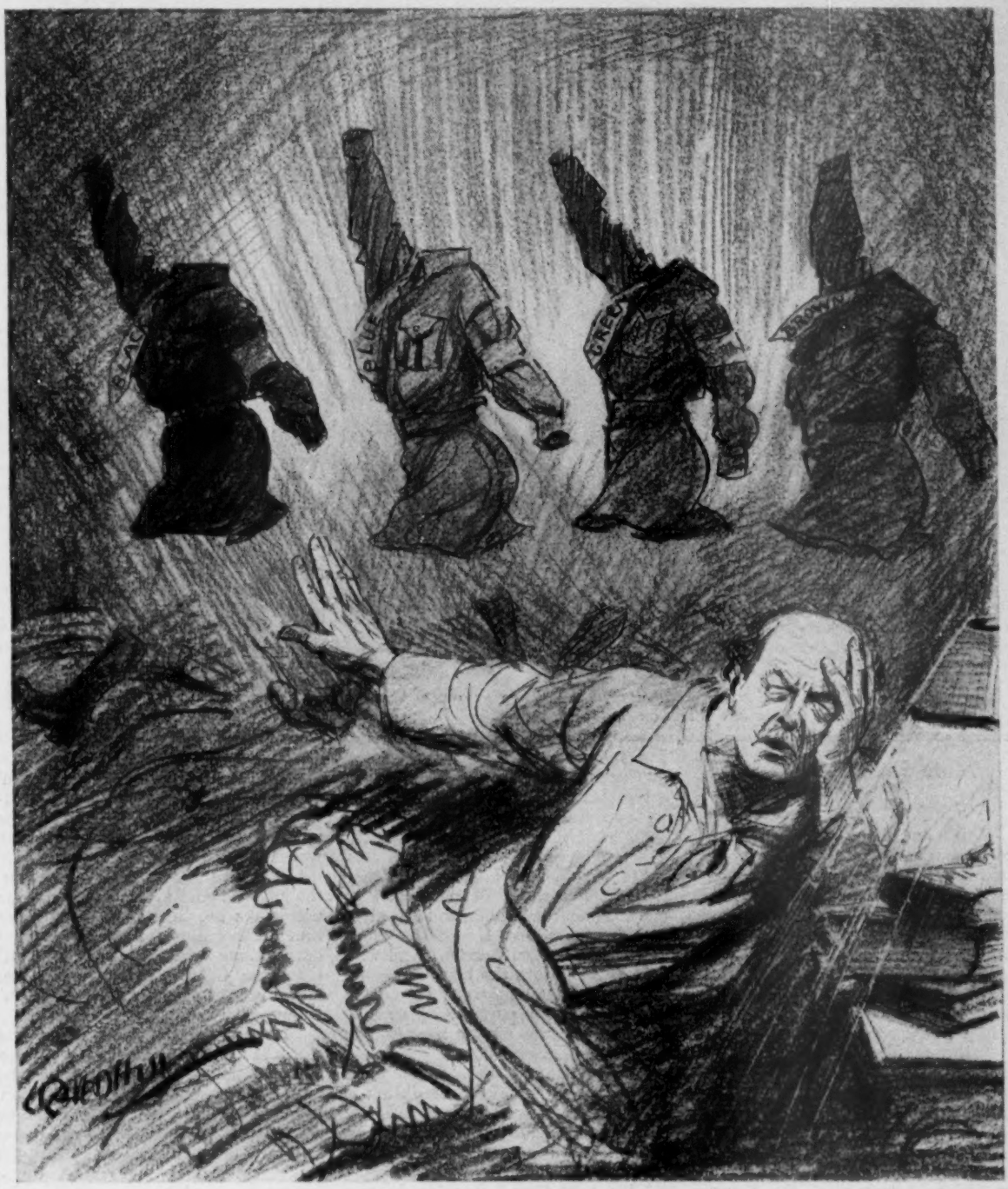
Those were my words. I ask any fair-minded reader of this paper whether my whole life ought to have been rendered miserable, as it has been, by the persecution I have subsequently endured? The Home Office is powerless. The Board of Agriculture refuses to help me. And even the Anglo-Saxon Siskin Union has refused to publish a *démenti* in their *Gazette*. Life flows on, and the stigma is wearing me to the bone. But it is some consolation to feel that I have a companion in my unhappiness. Evoe.

Things We Should Never Have Dared to Say.

"'I find —— very useful for all kinds of dirty work. I am employed by one of the largest newspapers in London.'"
Trade Testimonial.

"Major Fey has issued an appeal to the working classes to free themselves from 'Marxist phantoms,' for then they would be 'received like brothers.'"—*Edinburgh Paper.*

Marx brothers?



SIR JOHN GILMOUR'S NIGHTMARE;

OR, THE INVISIBLE MANIKIN PARADE.



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WASN'T AT HOME TO ANYONE? WHAT D' YOU LET HIM IN FOR?"
"'E 'ADN'T GOT A BILL IN 'IS 'AND."

More Reminiscences of Royalty.

WHEN out riding yesterday I again met my friend Slattery, ex-private (or, in his more imaginative moods, ex-sergeant) of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. After our usual interchange of salutes and other courtesies I proceeded to business.

"That was a good story you told me about the old QUEEN," I began. "I sent it to a London paper, but they said her language was too strong."

"Sthrong, is it? Sure wasn't that ould one always a terror to curse?" he retorted.

"Maybe so. Did you ever have any other chat with her?" I inquired.

"I did not, Captain, and that's the truth; but I knew the son well, and he in Dublin commandin' the throops. Him and me was always very great. The first time I seen him 'twas at a meetin' of the hounds up Kilcock way. Well I knew he was a high-up nobleman when I seen the Lord and all the ginthry salutin' him.

"'Let ye go into the Big House,' sez I to him, 'an' hearten yerself agin ye go leppin' acrost the counthry. Them gripes that does be in it is terrible wide an' deep,' sez I.

"'"Gripes," is it,' sez he. 'Sure 'tis canals they are.'

"'Divil a lie,' sez I; 'and aren't they full of the bones of Saxons that kem out hunting from Dublin and was niver heard of again?' sez I.

"'Och! murder!' sez he. And with that he went into the house.

"A while later he come out on the steps, wipin' the porter off his moustache, for he was always terrible nate an' tidy in himself.

"'Come on, now, an' show me them gripes,' he roars, 'afore the dhrink is dead in me! Begob, I'd lep the Liffey this minyit!' sez he. And with that he thrun me half-a-crown. Him and me was always very great.

"The next time I seen him he was commandin' the throops in Malta—a kind of a Lord-Leftnant. Sergeant I was then, no less, and right guide of A Company. Up he come to Imtarfa barracks to inspect the battalion; and a holy show the Colonel med of us.

"The Jook he got terrible wicked.

"'Ye big bosthoon!' he roars at the Colonel, wid the great curses rowlin' off his tongue like the Falls of Poullaphouca (for he was the one way wid the mother in regard to cursing). 'What way is that to be dhrillin' a battalion?' sez he. 'The like as if ye were callin' the hins to be fed? Can ye not use yer voice,' sez he, 'like that smart feller that's afther dhressin' the line? Step out now, me bucko,' sez he to me, 'an' show the Colonel what ye can do. Make 'em shweat,' sez he. Faith, an' I done so!

"The Captain of A Company was a big fat porpoise of a man an' no friend of mine, so I seen me chanst to larn him a thing or two. Into column I wheeled 'em, wid A Company in the rear; then I give them the order to form line on the move.

"'Smarter double, there, A Company!' I roars. The lads seen the joke and legged it like hares, and the Captain was near dhroppin', he not bein' in the pink of condition, as ye might say. Twice I done this, an' the Captain was well-nigh black in the face an' the shweat rowlin' off him in buckets.

"'That's betther, A Company,'

sez I very gracious. 'Now we 'll thry the manœuvre once more, the way ye 'll be pairfect.'

"'Faith, ye will not,' sez the Jook, laughin' fit to beat the band. 'I want no corpses to spile me happy day,' sez he. 'Fall in now,' sez he; 'ye done well,' sez he.

"But the Colonel he looked at me both sour and bitther; ye'd say it was Dev watchin' a parade of Blueshirts.

"'Only that I'd be robbin' the battalion of its brightest jool,' sez the Jook, 'I'd take this smart feller back to London to dhrill the King's Guards.'

"Faith, yes! Him and me was always very great."

I Dispute That.

If you have ever taken a pleasant stroll by the riverside you will have noticed seated along its banks a number of gentlemen in bowler hats and mackintoshes, whose moustaches are indistinguishable from decayed plants. And if you do not notice them whilst strolling you certainly will whilst falling headlong over one of their infernal bicycles in the grass.

Whenever I see them I wonder not only what they think about all the time they fish, but why they do not devise a more successful way of fishing; and I am happy to learn from my morning paper that one such individual has actually done so.

His little hook is in future to be attached to a small mirror which, as the fish approaches, will reflect its arrival, and the ingenious fellow claims that, in the belief that another fish is trying to get the worm first, the real fish will greedily grab it.

When I first read this news I was so impressed that I sat back and waited for the sharp fall in the price of fish which I thought must surely follow. On a closer analysis of his formula, however, I detect a flaw in the scheme.

The fisherman on the bank has the advantage (if it is one) of having seen himself in the looking-glass. This accounts for his dejected appearance. And I should say, judging by their expressions, that in the animal kingdom the camel and the bloodhound have likewise seen themselves and have reached disillusionment.

But not the fish.

No doubt the inventor of this gadget will say that this is the whole point, and that when he does see his own reflection he will from lack of experience mistake it for somebody else. I disagree.

To come across one's own reflection (especially first thing in the morning) is a severe shock, undermining one's self-confidence and jarring the nervous system. Nor is this so with mankind alone. Intelligent specimens of the canine race will pull up sharply on coming *vis-à-vis* with the wardrobe mirror and, after a short pause for a closer and more incredulous look, will make for the cupboard under the stairs at speed. What then, by comparison, must the croton-bug and hooded basilisk think of themselves at first glance?

The same is true of the piscatorial species.

This fishing device is not restricted to river use, and off the shores of Margate the angler may bring up anything from a three-spotted wrasse to a flying gurnard (both of which sound to me like winning holds in all-in wrestling). It seems to me that to dangle a mirror in front of them before they have even got to the hook is the surest way of sending them scuttling off into the seaweed.

Even if the lesser weaver (or sting-fish)—a particularly revolting specimen, believe me—were to mistake his reflection for some hitherto unheard-of monster, the first thing he would do would be to hurry away to fetch witnesses in case his description of it were never afterwards believed, even in Scotland.

You take my meaning?



"Is your mistress at home?"
"No, Mum. This is her afternoon out."

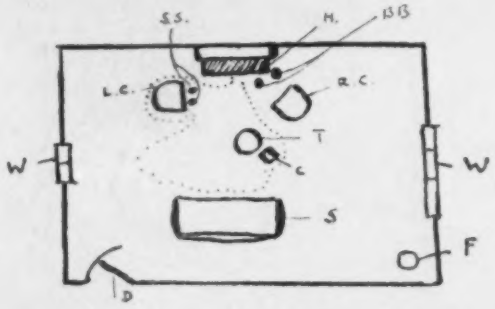
Monumental Patience.

WITHOUT wishing to bring a specific charge against anybody, I can only say that whoever is responsible for keeping the card-drawer in order in this house has been guilty of the most scandalous delic—dirilec—derilic—oh, dash it! I mean diriliction of duty. Not that good didn't come out of evil, as it happened, nor that this derelection I am speaking of wasn't directly responsible for one of the most epoch-making—perhaps *the* most epoch-making game of Patience ever played. I don't deny that for a moment. All I say is that it must not happen again. The strain is too great for a player of my age and temperament.

It was like this.

When I play Patience I like plenty of room to express myself. Spaciousness, the broad bold lay-out—therein seems to me to lie the peculiar charm of this King of Pastimes. Let others have their prinjinkety packs and their tiny occasional tables; for me the full-size cards, the wide sweep of the floor, and a sequence that stretches from the hearth-rug halfway to the grand piano. There is a satisfaction about kneeling inside the actual playing area that can never come to those who take their pleasures sadly at a gate-leg table.

A glance at the plan, which represents the interior of our sitting-room at 8.30 P.M. on Friday last, shows that conditions were then ideal for a first-class game.



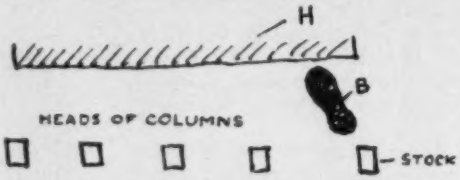
D: door.
S: sofa.
T: table.
C: small chair.
L C, R C: 2 armchairs.
S S: Aunt Mary's slippers.
H: hearth-rug.
B B: Uncle Richard's boots.

The windows (W W) and the fern-pot (F) have no bearing on the run of the game but are put in for the sake of completeness. For an explanation of the dotted line read on.

We have no grand piano (F).

It will be seen that there is ample space for a good opening lay-out within the rhombus T C H C, the encroachments (S S) and (for a wonder) B B being so slight as to be practically negligible, while opportunities for expansion occur through the gaps L C—T, R C—T, the latter perhaps the better route for an extended column owing to the prevalence of draughts from the point D. In particular the remarkably favourable position of C, on which Hilary is doing a crossword, allows quite exceptional freedom of movement to the operator (I). It was a golden opportunity, and without delay I snatched from the drawer (*not shown on plan*) the blue-backed cards, which, in view of their special footmark-resisting qualities, are reserved for my use alone, and began my preliminary dispcsitions for an energetic game of Demon.

It was not before these were completed, apart from the dealing of the "base" card, that I paused to look at the general situation. It was surprising.



Reading from left to right the group includes (1) the 4 of Diamonds, (2) the Queen of Spades, (3) Mr. Bones the Butcher, (4) the Knave of Hearts, (5) Hee-Haw, a grey Donkey.

Any attempt to build up on "bases" was now clearly out of the question, but there still remained the possibility of some sound sequence-work—and the formation of sequences is, I have always held, the real object of the game. At any rate, Knave on Queen, Donkey to space and Mr. Bones on Donkey was a promising and (it seemed to me) thoroughly legitimate opening. And when, later on, a black top-hat turned up in the "13" pack (or "stock") I realised that a struggle of more than usual interest was before me.

I had just set this relic of a once-popular game called "Who'll Buy?" on the still uncovered head of Mr. Bones when Uncle Richard woke up.

"You can't do that," he said in his interfering way.

"I don't see why not. Butchers often wear top-hats."

"Not when they are riding donkeys," he pointed out—"if they ever do."

"Mr. Bones," I explained, "is a respectable tradesman and he has a right to employ whatever means of locomotion he thinks fit. Probably he lives in Clovelly. And he is now on his way, suitably attired, to attend some important function—a wedding possibly, or a funeral."

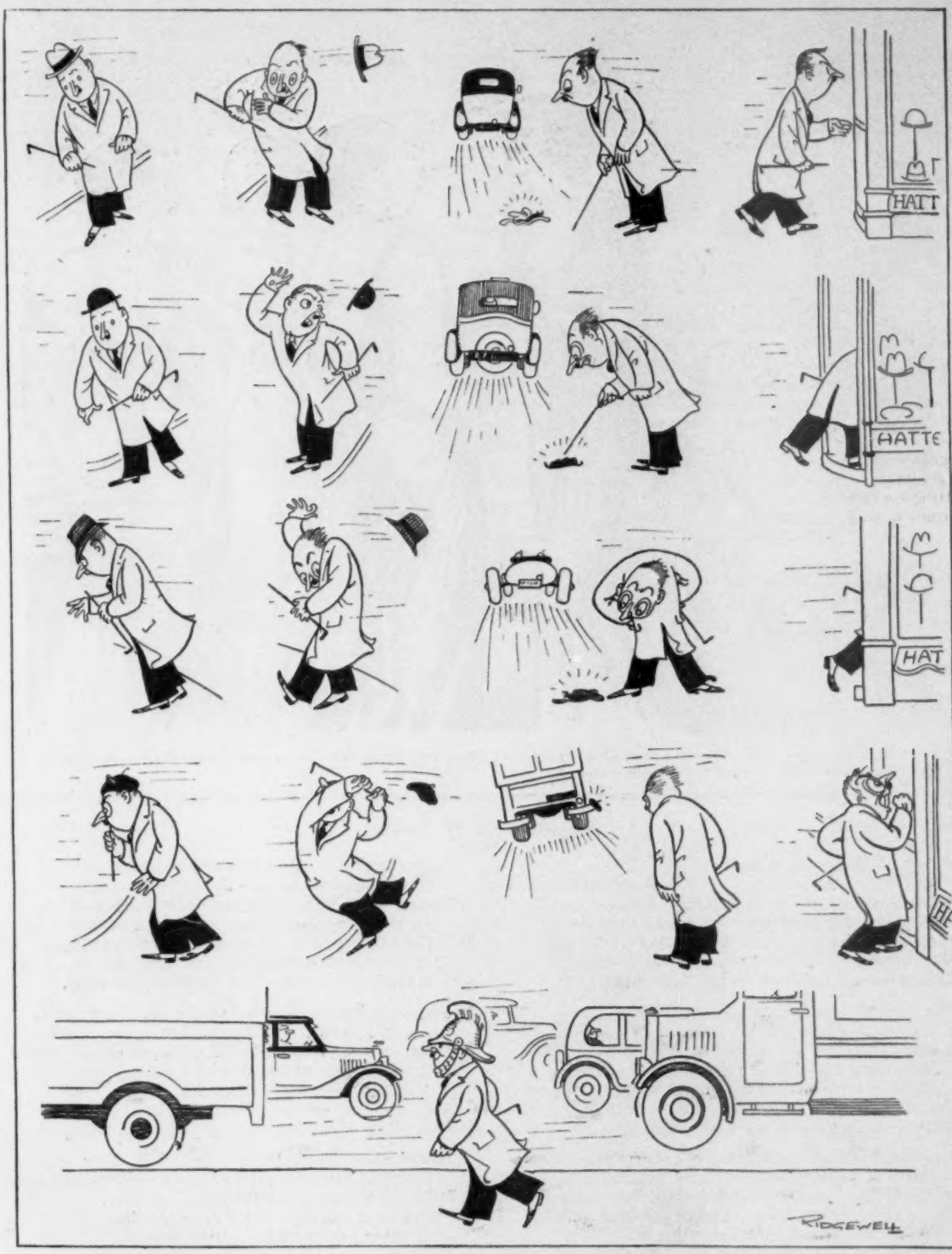
"In that apron?" asked Uncle Richard.

I waved the man down as a mere obstructionist and went to the drawer to look for a Joker. It seemed the only card that could legitimately sit on a top-hat.

* * * * * * *

To detail the alarums and excursions of the next three hours would be, I fear, a task beyond my powers. It must be enough to say that by midnight every playing-card in the house had been called into service, and a single majestic sequence trailed its sinuous length along the floor. Starting from a point immediately in front of the hearth-rug (H), it passed through the narrow defile R C—T, curled round the legs of C, and then, skirting the sofa (S), swept onward irresistibly into the draught-ridden spaces lying within the area L C–S–W. Here its path became somewhat erratic. Moving at first as though for the opening L C–T, it veered suddenly left (owing to the discovery of a fresh pack under the dining-room table) when within a bare six inches of S S, and by a sharp turning movement completely encircled L C. Exhausted by this final effort it now lay, a thing of beauty, with its tail—in the person of Mr. Pots the Painter—close up against its head. (*See* Plan.)

My cup of happiness ought, you may think, to have been full, but it was not. For in my hand there still remained a single card, the Four of Clubs, and by no stretch of the imagination could I devise a reason for bestowing it upon the amiable Pots. In the very hour of triumph victory was to be denied me; or so at least it seemed, until, dipping idly into my waistcoat pockets, I found and drew forth the Missing Link—a battered calling-card. With a cry of triumph that shook the fern-pot (F) upon its oaken pedestal, I dropped my card on Mr. Pots, finding him, for once, at home. But not, of course, before I had put my club, as custom ordains, on the bottom left-hand corner. H. F. E.



PERSEVERANCE.



"*Dear* Mrs. Patcham, I don't know *what* to do with your two babes—we're all so elderly—but perhaps my son will bring along some of his idiot friends."

To the Ace of Spades.

O Ace of Spades, most dignified of aces,
You whom the gods have given by some glad chance
A face—one cannot call the others' faces—
Of noble pride, distinguished at a glance
As something really like a countenance,
Most honoured and most favoured of all cards,
Accept these numbers with my kind regards.

Fair is an ace, no matter what the suit is;
The one red heart is dear beyond all doubt;
A single diamond has many beauties;
And strong the club to give one's foe a clout;
All these have charms that none would go without;
Yet 'tis the spade, mere tool of those that dig,
Oddly enough, that wears this special fig.

And men have woven a glamorous charm around you,
And they have named you in th' endearing style
Of Mossy Face, and when (by heaven) they've found you
Gracing their hand, have had to use some guile
To stay the tribute of a brimming smile
Which to a shrewd opponent might betray
The secret thing, and give the show away.

And when there was a suit to be uplifted
Out of the four to take the highest grade
Somehow their thoughts inevitably drifted
To you and yours, and so it was they made
Chief of the pack the mean and lowly spade,
And so appointed you, their favoured one,
The Highest Honour. And 'twas rightly done.

Yet there are trumps, and spades are not so ever;
I have known tragedies, and not a few,
When one who seemed to think himself darned clever
Has knocked out Mossy with a mangy two;
A foul, a most unchristian thing to do;
And none can say how gladly I'd have bumped
Him off by whom that face of yours was trumped.

But come to me, and now. Too often lately
You have enriched my neighbours' hands, not mine;
It is a fact that has perturbed me greatly;
Not for a moment that I draw the line
At other aces, which are very fine;
But come—my foe is dealing—like a star
Bathe me in light. And here, begad, you are.

Dum-Dum.

As Others Hear Us.

On the Way Home.

"I WONDER he didn't say something about the Codex."

"Oh, do you? Leave it alone, Jock."

"In a way. It would have been rather interesting. Besides, I should have thought he'd be thankful for something new. Fancy, week in and week out. I often wonder how they do it. And most people are frightfully interested. Look at the newspapers."

"Personally I shouldn't have spent fifty thousand pounds. Not myself, I shouldn't."

"Oh, well, neither would I. But the British Museum knows, after all. What did you think about those monks?"

"Here, Jock, Jock, Jock. Nothing in it."

"That's exactly what I say. Though it *was* funny."

"I believe they send you a sort of facsimile thing if you write and ask for it."

"Oh, do they? Just anyone?"

"I think so."

"Not Hebrew, though?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"I suppose it *is* Hebrew, isn't it? Not Latin or anything?"

"Not that I know of. Greek, if anything. But I think Hebrew really. I suppose it says, somewhere or other."

"The papers probably—right at the beginning. Only one didn't know so much about it then, so one wasn't so interested in reading about it. That's partly why I wish he'd brought in something about it to-day. He easily *could* have."

"Perhaps next Sunday."

"Oh, it'll be something else by then. It always is. Look at Jock."

"Jock, Jock, Jock."

"Jock, Jock, Jock."

"Actually it's a bit more than fifty thousand. A hundred or something."

"The Government is doing half."

"I must say one can't help thinking of unemployment."

"And the income-tax. Of course it *is* the tax-payers really."

"Us, in fact. Leave it alone, Jock! I must say it doesn't seem to me in the least *like* RAMSAY MACDONALD. Not what would have expected, I mean. If it had been poor old GLADSTONE or SALISBURY or someone like that . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know. But then it hadn't been invented in their day."

"Oh, but it had. It's about a million years old at the very least. That's the whole point of it."

"Still, nobody knew about it in England, so it didn't count. They had it at the Vatican or somewhere all the time, hadn't they?"

"Yes, Constantinople or somewhere like that. Or was it Greece?"

"Anyhow, *there it was*. Get down, Jock, at once."

"Don't let him do that. Down, Jock!"

"And somebody did a forgery of it or something. I think it was a Turk of some kind."

"I daresay. They're all alike."

"No, I don't think that. Besides, the League of Nations. I wonder how they found out about the forgery? Unless it was frightfully badly done."

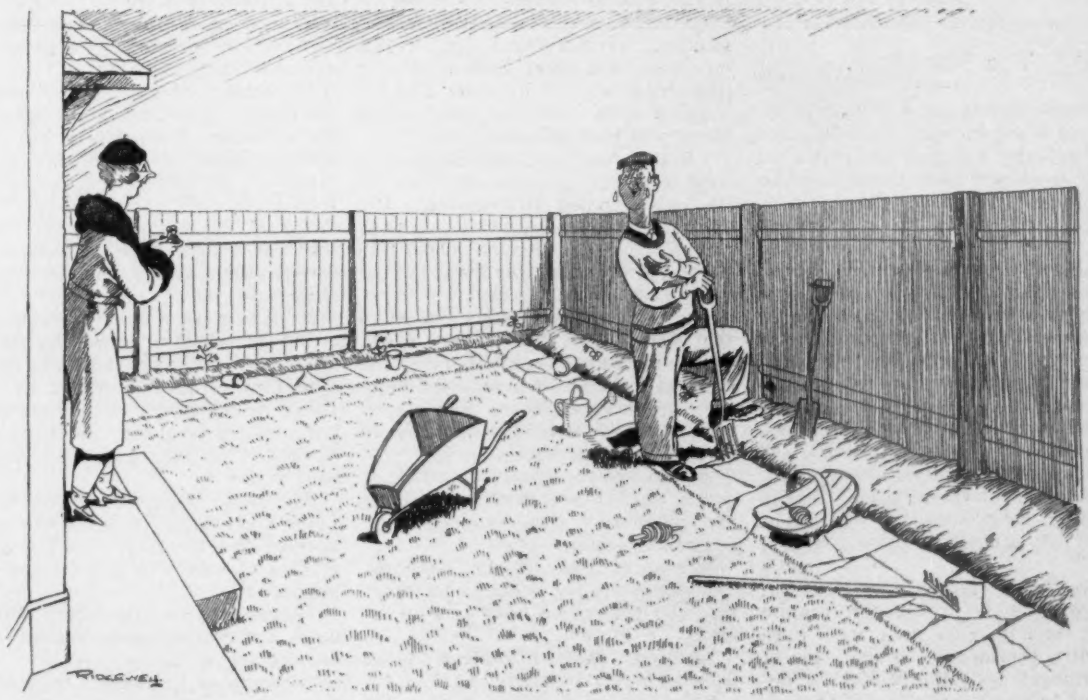
"Oh, experts and people."

"I suppose so. Like handwriting in a murder-trial. Though they always contradict one another, and I believe it's quite unreliable."

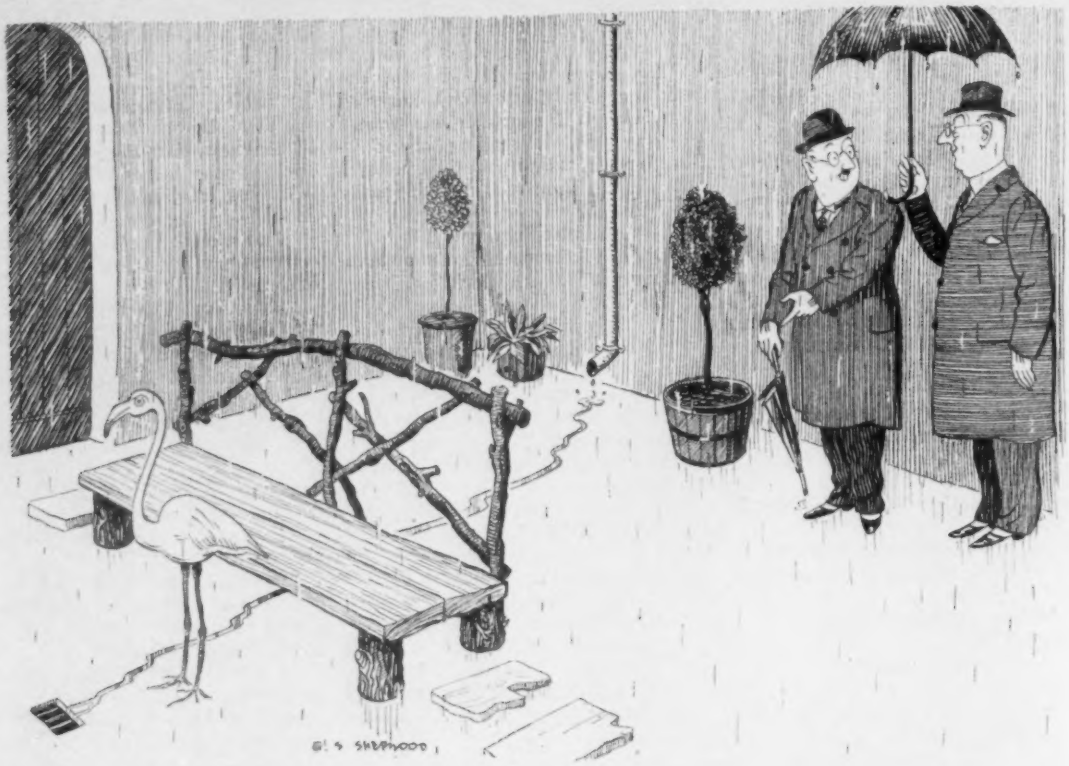
"I shouldn't care to hang a fellow on it myself."

"Oh, I don't know. One might. One has to go by *something*, I suppose. But I wish he'd told us something about the Codex, all the same."

"I don't. It was quite long enough as it was; and one's learnt everything there is to know about it really from the papers." E. M. D.



"WELL, ETHEL, THAT'S O.K. WITH THE PRIMULA. NOW WHAT ABOUT THE PANSY?"



"LITTLE BRIDGE?"
"YES, NOT BAD IS IT? MY WIFE'S IDEA TO HARNESS THIS ROOF-WATER FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES."

The Manifesto.

DURING the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Wang (says the historian) that good emperor was seriously perturbed at the moral and social condition of his Empire.

"Go Long," he said to his Chancellor, "for twenty-four years I have striven to make this Empire a garden of peace. I have maintained at my own expense an army of mercenaries to defend its borders and an elastic organisation of torturers and sub-torturers to prevent its moral tone from falling below a predetermined level. Yet the forces of the barbarians still threaten the frontiers, and regrettable lapses from virtue still occur, even in Peking itself. Is it not so?"

"Searcher of Consciences," replied Go Long, kowtowing, "this egregious son of folly is obliged to confess that it is so."

"And yet," mused the Emperor, "there must be within the Empire many broadminded men who have seriously considered the problems of government and who would be delighted to give me the benefit of their meditations."

"Undoubtedly, Patron of the Liberal-minded," replied Go Long. "This rebellious iconoclast knows quite a number of such individuals who are burning with zeal to assist Your Majesty in your laborious tasks."

"In that case," said the Emperor, "I shall retire for an unspecified time to the palace called Hibernation. Let these public men meet and decide what course shall be taken to render the Empire a fit and proper home for the Celestial nation to live in."

Accordingly the Emperor retired to the palace called Hibernation, where for the next two years he pursued the study of the liberal arts unmolested by the cares of government. The liberal-minded public men of the Empire were at once convened by Go Long.

At the expiry of the above-mentioned period the Emperor sent for Go Long and questioned him concerning the progress of affairs.

"Terror of Idlers," replied Go Long, "this graceless pig is happy to report that the conference is at last unanimous."

"Indeed?" said the Emperor. "What decision have they arrived at?"

"Unveiler of Secrets," replied Go Long, "they have settled the question of leadership."

"Disclose the terms of settlement," ordered Wang.

"Promoter of Unanimity," replied Go Long, "since they could not agree on a leader, the problem has been happily solved by each liberal-minded public man considering himself a leader."

"Good," said the Emperor. "Now let them debate on public morals and foreign affairs, and give me the fruits of their labour at an early date."

So saying, he retired to the palace called Satisfaction, where he passed another two years in the study of the liberal arts. At the expiry of that period he emerged from his retirement and, calling Go Long, demanded an account of the progress of affairs during his absence.

"Fountain of Sapience," replied Go Long, kowtowing, "this miserable oaf is compelled to admit that the complexion of affairs in general has not improved."

"Commence by formulating a statement concerning foreign affairs," ordered Wang.

"Scourge of Invaders," replied Go Long, "the forces of the barbarians still threaten the frontiers."

"This is amazing news," said the

Emperor. "I thought that the conference of liberal-minded men would have settled such a matter. What of the Empire? Has its moral tone been raised?"

"Foe of the Vicious," replied Go Long, "this libidinous reprobate regrets to report that lapses from virtue still take place with the same alarming frequency, even in Peking itself."

"This is still more amazing news," said the Emperor. "Be so good as to present a report on the activities of the conference of liberal-minded men."

"The conference of liberal-minded leaders," replied Go Long with dignity, "is in the happy position of being at last perfectly unanimous."

"I rejoice to hear it," said the Emperor. "I was beginning to be afraid that there might have been some slight differences, some unforeseen divergences of opinion which necessitated careful and tactful handling. However, as you assure me that these leaders are undoubtedly unanimous I await with interest your report on their activities."

"Miracle of Splendour," replied Go Long, "they are in perfect agreement."

"Quite so," said the Emperor; "but what are they in agreement about?"

"They have embodied their views," replied Go Long, "in a document, in itself a marvel of sapience, called a manifesto."

"Give me," said the Emperor, "a summary of that manifesto."

"Your Majesty," said Go Long, "the manifesto is itself a miracle of concentration, so that it is impossible to summarise it. It presents an unanswerable case for the conference of liberal-minded leaders and calls the Empire to witness that the dangers of foreign invasion, civil strife, and lapses from virtue can only be met by the general re-orientation of the minds of all citizens to an exact conformity with those of the liberal-minded leaders."

"I am much indebted to the conference for their activities," said the Emperor. "In what way can I show my gratitude?"

"Monument of Justice," said Go Long, "the members of the conference regret to have to complain that while they have been debating bandits have broken into and plundered their homes. They ask for protection."

"Tell them to issue another manifesto," said the Emperor. W. G.

Another Daring Forecast.

"This is another game where one might say that if the home team can keep the others out and manage to score themselves they will win."—*Daily Paper.*



"NOW, FELIX, PUT IT AWAY IN YOUR TOY-CUPBOARD, AND OFF TO BED."

To My Poem.

(Not this one, of course.)

SWEET my poem, sweet as honey,
Trembling on creation's brink
Till I somehow raise the money
To supply myself with ink,
Do you know that when your writer
Is for ever dead and gone
You will live, you lucky blighter,
On and on?

Yours will be the joys I prayed for
But I never quite possessed;
Clothing will be yours unpaid for,
Nor shall bailiffs break your rest;
You will frequently be noted
In the houses of the Few
Whose august careers are quoted
In *Who's Who.*

Friends that never will desert you
Will be yours from pole to pole,
Though your sire, for all his virtue,
Was a lonely sort of soul;
Nay, you will be celebrated
For your beauty and your grace—
I was never highly rated
On my face.

So to live in endless clover
When your maker lies in dust—
Now, my poem, think it over;
Can you frankly call this just?
No, I do not wish to spite you
And I feel no petty gall,
But I think I will not write you
After all.

Music as a Background.

THE above theme has been the cause of controversy for some time. The serious musician is wounded by the use of wireless music as a mere distraction or sedative for those engaged upon the common round, the daily task—washing up, cards, drinking or typewriting. This is no way, they say, to treat Good Music.

I sympathise with the musicians. It must be maddening to know that in many homes the Slow Movement of the Eighth Symphony or What-not is irreverently switched on merely to soothe the baby, placate the dog, drown the noise of motor-traffic or reconcile the char to scrubbing.

Where the musicians are wrong, I think, is in supposing that they alone are sensitive or sufferers in this respect. Take the Law Courts. If anyone wants a quiet read, undisturbed by telephone, street-music or bailiff, I can recommend few better places than one of the Royal Courts of Justice—a Chancery Court for choice. But you settle down unobtrusively at the back of one of the said Courts, start on a leading article, and see what happens? An usher will approach and hiss at you: "Put that paper away!" And I believe (though I am not sure of this) to read a novel in Court is equally dangerous.

Even a Member of Parliament may not read a newspaper in the Chamber. It is the same idea: We have arranged this beautiful lawsuit, this lovely debate for you; and if you are going to give it an ear at all, you must give it a whole ear—or rather two; for, if not, we feel insulted.

The same argument, no doubt, is at the bottom of the old-fashioned objection to children reading at meals while parents are present. They are using the ancestral conversation as a mere background.

Few professions are safe from this sort of offence—and on the wireless none. Authors are sometimes told by readers that a copy of their works is always kept by the bedside for reading last thing at night; and this is supposed to be a great compliment. But what it means is that the book is used as a mere foreground or ante-room to sleep. Personally I should like to hear this said, for I love to spread happiness (even in the form of sleep). But if you told a Good Musician that you always turned on the Something Symphony last thing at night because it assisted sleep he would be furious.

I know an artist who works in his studio all day with the wireless "on." He uses not music only but the whole world as his background. Whether it is the Something Symphony or a Talk on Philately, the speech of a Minister, a Running Commentary on a football-match, a Vaudeville Programme, an address by BERNARD SHAW, Drama, Dramatic Criticism, News, the Fat Stock Prices, an S.O.S. or a Jazz Band—it is all one to him. The tap runs and he works on, paying very little attention to it. It is all a soothing companionable noise. And the various performers are no less entitled to resent this use of their labours than the musicians. Nay, are the musicians themselves wholly guiltless? I know one composer who delights to turn on a political speech while he is writing counterpoint; and if he can get a little undercurrent of something from another station at the same time, all the better. It stimulates him; it breeds fugues. But is it quite fair to our statesmen to use them as fugue-fodder?



"PLEASE RUN SLOWER, OR YOU'LL STRAIN FIDO'S TEETH!"

No, I shall not very strongly take sides in this controversy. But I do wish to warn all artists and writers, from personal experience, to be very careful *what* Good Music they use as a background for their professional labours. Above all, avoid the man BEETHOVEN. One evening I sat down to write Chapter XXII. of a novel. There was an orgy of BEETHOVEN that night at the Albert Hall, a famous orchestra and some distinguished German conductor. I had a sick friend staying in the house who wanted to hear BEETHOVEN, so we switched (pardon the term) BEETHOVEN on, and I sat down to work. I am not myself in the habit of using Good Music as a "background," but I had heard of BEETHOVEN and I thought vaguely that his music might perhaps lend inspiration and nobility to my writing.

Inspiration—yes, but nobility, no. The novel had not been going well, and was now undeniably in the "sticky" stage. I had very little notion what was going to happen in Chapter XXII. beyond the general idea that at the end of it the relations between Jack and Jill would show a subtle and delicate change. I should not have been surprised if the evening's work had yielded no more than two or three hundred words. But I wrote three thousand.

Never has the old pencil raced along so willingly and well as it did that night. Old man BEETHOVEN poured out of the loud-speaker and Chapter XXII. gushed out of me. Suddenly I knew quite clearly what was going to happen to Jack and Jill, both in Chapter XXII. and after. But what a chapter! What happenings!

Scenes of violence and destruction, abusive language, jealousy, beatings, marital conflict and eventually a death by drowning—that was Chapter XXII. And I put it all down to BEETHOVEN; for there had been nothing like it in the previous twenty-one chapters. Things happened which were quite alien to my gentle spirit and to the placid course of the book. And I put them all down to BEETHOVEN. Slow Movement or swift, *Andante* or *Allegro*, *Arpeggio*, *Adagio*, *Sforzando*, *Piano* or *Molto Sostenuto*—it was all the same. Jack and Jill, with BEETHOVEN in their blood, behaved more and more wildly, badly and disastrously. By the end of the concert they were shocking even me.

Next day, with no BEETHOVEN, things quietened down again; Jack and Jill behaved normally, and the book closed on a wistful note, rather beautifully. But it was too late; the damage was done. Poor Mortimer was drowned and the home had been broken up. That was the chapter there was all the fuss about; stern men in Cornwall wrote to the publisher about it; one man wrote



"COME ON, YOU FOOL! *He*'S NOT A CAMERA-MAN."

to the Public Prosecutor. I wrote back to him politely: "Very sorry, old man, but it was the result of BEETHOVEN." He replied that I had added flippancy to my other offences.

Since that unhappy occasion I have carefully avoided writing with BEETHOVEN in the background, and everybody says that my work is more refined. I did think of experimenting with other great composers, but the thing is too risky. For all I know a chapter written to the music of BACH would turn out positively indecent. But there must be some composer who would draw the best out of my subconscious as old man BEETHOVEN drew some of the worst. And I should like to know who he is.

Someone ought to go into this thing seriously and settle it with scientific experiment. The effect of alcohol on the accuracy of typists was interestingly demonstrated not long ago. The effect of Good Music on the nation's authors is surely as important and as easily ascertainable. I have no doubt that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, for example, and perhaps one of the leader-writers of *The Times*, would patriotically lend themselves to such an inquiry. Let them be placed in secret rooms and invited to write as rapidly as they can about any subject that appeals to them; and through some chink or cranny let the music of BEETHOVEN, BACH, BRAHMS, HANDEL, etc., be poured into the room behind them. If the music of BEETHOVEN turns *The Times* gentleman to impropriety or Mr. BERNARD SHAW to old-fashioned patriotism we shall know without a shadow of doubt that BEETHOVEN is indeed as dangerous as I suspect, and may take precautions accordingly.

But the experiment may lead us much farther than that. We may discover new uses for Good Music—as, for example, an instrument of Government. The Church, the Services, the revolutionary and even the Parliamentary Candidate know very well how to use music as a background. Why not the Government? A loud-speaker in the House of Commons, controlled by the Chief Whip and ready to distribute at any moment exactly the right music to subdue a turbulent Opposition or Back-Bench revolt, charm Liberals into the Lobby, silence "obstruction," drown a dull speaker or make an unintelligible Amendment plain—what an addition to the Science of Politics! And, after all, what a help to the musicians! They will rend me for this, no doubt—they don't like music to be a background. But perhaps it *ought* to be—a background to everything! Always, of course, excepting BEETHOVEN.

A. P. H.

Sing Sprong.

Now mormy Starch, in glen and fade,
Lees the sate drowsnop hoop her dread;
Now blurs the stud of mad and laid
With thinner oughts by lever fed.

The grass who leaves her swollen stain
Is socked with morrow truly-nod,
As sprinter weds her wings again
And see-trap sickens in the quad.

Now lump the jambs in mewy deeds;
And where the burbling flivver rows
The tripled stout worsake the feeds
To flake the ties with needy grows.

In bropse and cake each barling dud
Feeps porth; the wallow on the swing
Will soon be flimming o'er the scud.
Cull dare away! Cow numbeth Spring!

[" *What* is *all this about?*"—ED.]

"JUMP IN TANKS."
Weekly Paper.

Not until we know what is in them.



"AND, YOU KNOW, HE DID VERY GOOD WORK TILL HE BECAME REPRESENTATIONAL."

Spring 1934.

Fog lays its grip upon the world around me;
White as a blanket looms the English Spring;
Billows of fog beset me and surround me;
Fog is about me—fog in everything.

Fog in my eyes and in my understanding;
Fog in my paths and fog about my feet;
Fog in the parlour; fog upon the landing;
Fog in the larder; fog in Oxford Street.

Fog in the economic situation;
Fog in Whitehall and fog at Scotland Yard;
Fog in my Cousin Wilfred's explanation
Of what is happening, he fears, in Lard.

Fog in the international position;
Fog in the fighting on the Ping-tse-pe;
Fog in the Peers and on the Pig Commission;
Fog in the Balkans and the B.B.C.

Fog in the later works of PIRANDELLO
For those (like me) who have not read them yet;
Fog in the tone of Mrs. Walmesley's 'cello;
Fog in the voice of Amy's clarinet.

Fog in the monthly and the weekly leaders;
Fog in the morning and the evening Press;
Fog in the minds of writers and of readers;
Fog over London; fog over Loch Ness.

Fog in the mind of Teuton and of Slav—in
The heart of Latin, Hindu, Turk, Chinee;
Fog in the soul of Mr. J. L. GARVIN;
Fog in the mind of Mr. LANSBURY.

Fog, in defiance of all windscreen-wiping,
Upon the windscreen of my Pipley Nine;
Fog in Miss Spencer-Pendlebury's typing;
Fog—unimaginable fog—in mine.

Fog in my wit that will not let me sparkle;
Fog in my eyes that will not let me see;
Fog in the streets that makes the daylight darkle;
Fog in my windpipe; fog in Schedule D.

Fog and obscurity and desolation;
Fog unabating; fog that will not wane;
Morning, and Spring, and Liverpool Street Station,
And fog—and fog—and fog—and fog again. P. B.



THE FAITHFUL FAIR.

THE SWAIN. "THIS HAS BEEN SIMPLY MARVELLOUS; YOU 'LL COME AGAIN NEXT YEAR?"

THE FAIR. "OF COURSE I WILL, JOHN—*EVERY* YEAR."

Impressions of Parliament.



A QUICK DROP.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON (*reading the thermometer*). "UGH! IF IT'S DOWN TO FIFTY-TWO IN THIS HOUSE, I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE IN THE COUNTRY."

[In the Division on the Amendment fixing a minimum grant of 3/- per child the Government majority was reduced to 52.]

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, February 19th.*—Commons: Unemployment Bill, Seventh Day.**

***Tuesday, February 20th.*—Lords: County Courts (Amendment) Bill, Third Reading. Discussion on Redistribution of Empire Population.**

Commons: Unemployment Bill, Eighth Day.

***Wednesday, February 21st.*—Lords: Diseases of Fish Bill, Second Reading.**

Commons: Debate on Ceylon.

Neglected Entertainment.

Monday, February 19*th.*—Austria is causing Labour Party certain embarrassment, for while they would naturally back anyone who took strong line about Nazi aggression, they feel bound to condemn drastic action of Herr DOLLFUSS against Red Socialists. To-day attention was called to fund which Trades Union Council is sending to Austria; and Colonel WEDGWOOD asked if Government would continue to support Austrian independence after such official massacres of working-classes. Sir JOHN SIMON replied that it would, but that a policy of clemency had been urged.

Replying to Commander MARSDEN, Sir JOHN GILMOUR agreed that Home Office Museum was not sufficiently known, and invited suggestions. Amongst younger Members it is thought that nothing could stem the torrent of visitors if once it got round that DORA'S first party-frock was on view and a copy of every banned book accessible.

Taximeter - Cab - Driver WILLIAM TYRRELL, as he was lyrically described by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, is very stout fellow. Seeing three bandits making get-away after smash-and-grab raid, he bravely sailed his taximeter-cab right at them and rammed their car. HOME SECRETARY promised Sir WILLIAM that Mr. TYRRELL shall not be the loser by his gallant act.

Both Mr. HALL-CAINE and Mr. MAXTON did their best to persuade non-committal FOREIGN SECRETARY to announce that Reichstag Bulgariana can find shelter in England. If only DIMITROFF would accept Communist seat his dialectical genius would certainly do much to brighten Opposition Benches.

Unemployment Bill again, Clauses 34 and 35 being passed. New Unemployment Assistance Board much criticised by Labour Party, who considered that its members should be appointed by House for period limited to three years. Mr. BEVAN'S insistence that local permanent officials could not be trusted to treat poor decently drew from Mr. BOOTHBY apt inquiry as to whether this doctrine would apply in case of nationalisation of industry.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON defended withdrawal of powers from local authorities on grounds that, in arranging for this, Government were only acting in accordance with widespread feeling that unemployment benefits should be national responsibilty; and it followed inevitably that administration must be centrally organised. By this Bill, he said, House would in fact maintain greater control over transitional benefit than ever before.



A RADICAL PULL BY A TORY.

The Page. "AS IT IS TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS SINCE THIS TREE WAS PLANTED, I THINK IT IS HIGH TIME TO TAKE IT UP AND SEE HOW IT'S GETTING ON."

SIR H. PAGE CROFT.

A Great King Passes.

Tuesday, February 20*th.*—Leaders in both Houses to-day paid moving tributes to KING ALBERT, expressing England's sympathy in loss not only of a King but of a truly great man. PRIME MINISTER spoke for whole country when he said: ". . . this quiet unostentatious man, unshakable in his devotion to national liberty and his loyalty to obligations. . . . He was gracious, he was reliable, he was patient in suffering, and he was restrained in triumph. In him the virtues of the man became the honours of the King."

Lords debated redistribution of population of Empire. Lord MIDDLETON considered that Government had shown neglect in not preparing schemes in collaboration with Dominions for settlements when conditions allowed. Unless we prepared ourselves we should lose our birthright, for other nations were only too anxious to push their emigrants into our Dominions. Lord PON-



BORROWED PLUMES.

IN THE ABSENCE OF LORD DANESFORT THE QUESTION RELATING TO THE SALE OF IMPORTED PLUMAGE WAS INTRODUCED BY VISCOUNT ELIBANK.

SONBY, while agreeing on necessity for planning, declared that no greater harm could be done to cause of natural emigration than to link it up with question of unemployment. In reply, Lord LUCAN admitted that Empire would stand on firmer foundation if its white population were more evenly distributed, but explained that Government could hardly approach Dominions with large-scale emigration schemes at a time when they are asking them to restrict their imports into this country.

In Commons UNDER-SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND regretted that this Session will see no legislation relating to salmon-fishing in Scotland; although there is little doubt that Bill making it illegal for any fish to ignore Blue Doctor, Purple Stockbroker or other lure passing within six inches of his nose is long overdue and would receive support of all Parties.

Several Members pressed HOME SECRETARY to set about prohibiting political uniforms, and Sir JOHN GILMOUR agreed that matter is of urgent importance.

Opposition to Unemployment Bill focussed to-day on two points: proposal that new Unemployment Assistance Board should be responsible for organising and looking after training centres, and the inadequacy of grant of two shillings to a child. In spite of conciliatory offers by the MINISTER, Sir JOHN HASLAM'S Amendment to bring a dependent child at least three shillings a week found considerable support on all Benches, and Government majority hit low-water-mark of Session at 52.

Furunculosis in Finland.

Wednesday, February 21st.—Lords to-day approved Ministry of Agriculture's Cattle Import Regulation Order, which enforces policy, already successful, of protecting home-grown meat, and gave Second Reading to Diseases of Fish Bill, main object of which is to prevent spread of *furunculosis* amongst salmon and trout by prohibiting, when necessary, importation of live fish. Such piscine visitors as come under their own power are of course outside the scope of Bill, and may be presumed to be pretty fit.

St. Vincent is apparently world-source of arrowroot, and Mr. HANNON'S anxiety that output should be controlled in accordance with recent Colonial Office Report brought from Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD statement that Report is under consideration.

Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT moved Resolution that Parliamentary Commission should be appointed to proceed to Ceylon and report on Constitution, in view of failure of democratic Government, which, he said, was a warning to any further experiment in that direction—meaning, in plain words, India. He accused State Council of fiscal discrimination against British firms, and stated that crime was increasing while feeling of loyalty to Britain dwindled. Weight of evidence, as presented by various Members, was against him; and, summing up, Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD declared that despite difficulties at times, Constitution was working well. Staple industries were improving and there was sound co-operation between Governor and Ministers. British firms were not unfairly taxed, and this was first Government of Ceylon to grant wide preferences to British goods.



PRE-RAPHAELITE COCKTAIL PARTY.

(A thought that came to our artist after visiting the WILLIAM MORRIS Centenary Exhibition.)

The Motor Peril.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am venturing to write to you because I feel sure that there must be among your readers many ladies like myself whose country walks have been altogether spoilt by these dreadful motors. My own pleasure in such gentle exercise as I can take was utterly ruined until quite recently. There is no joy in taking a stroll with your life in your hand, as one may say; and having at last found a remedy for this state of things I am anxious to convey the knowledge to my fellow-sufferers without delay.

It was really Jugg who suggested it to me, though quite unconsciously. He is a *most* respectable man, and I always employ him when I have to drive to the station or to pay calls at a distance. Even when he sold his nice quiet horse and took to a motor-car I felt I could not give him up, for his wife—a *very* steady young woman—was our cook for several years, and was married from our house, and I am god-mother to their eldest child.

Well, a few weeks ago Jugg was driving me to meet a train when we overtook a flock of sheep. Though he knew we had not much time to spare he at once slowed down and proceeded most cautiously till we were safely past. I commended him for his prudence and he replied, "Well, Ma'am, we have to be careful with them; you see it'd cost me ten pounds if I was to run into a sheep."

I was thinking over his remark and wondering why a motorist should be fined ten pounds for killing a sheep and, as I had seen in the paper, only five pounds for killing a major-general, when the inspiration came! That very afternoon I went to Miss Pinks, my dressmaker, a very intelligent woman, and propounded my scheme. She adopted the idea with enthusiasm, and in less than a fortnight sent home a garment in which I can take my walks in perfect safety.

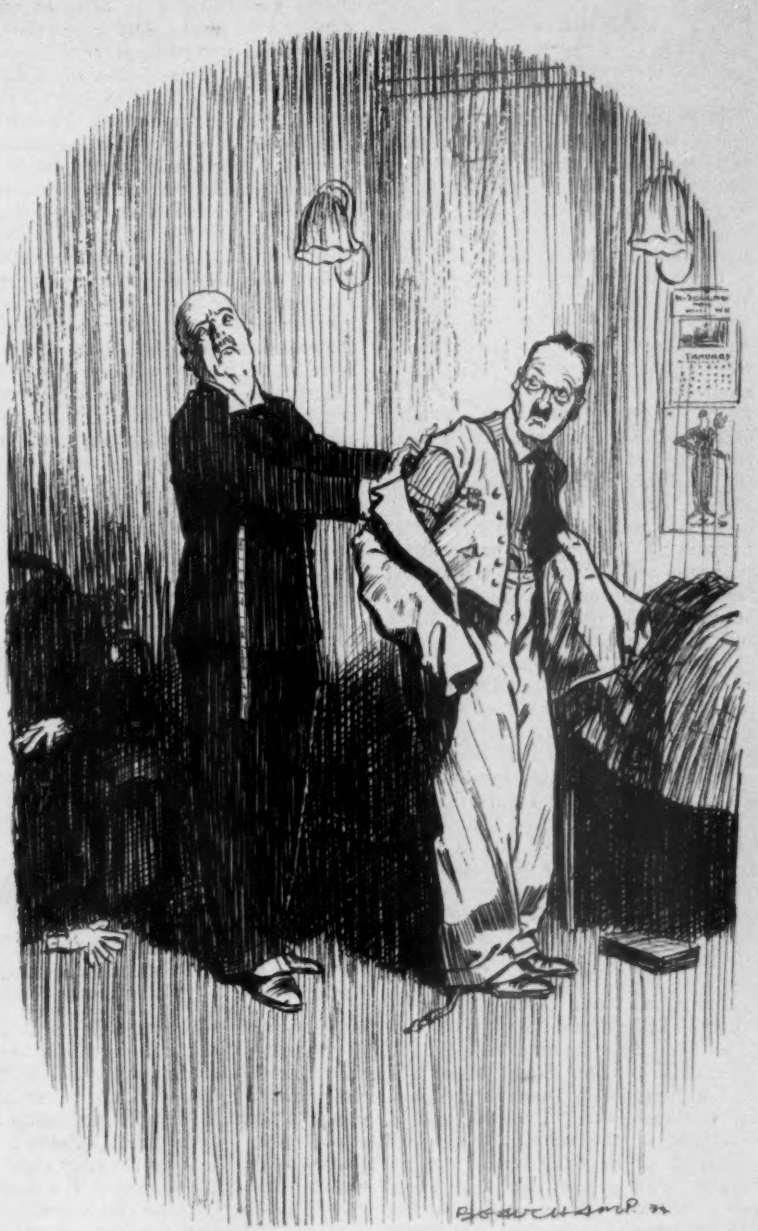
It is made of a light woollen cloth closely resembling astrakhan, and when I stand or walk it looks like an ordinary cloak; but it is so cleverly contrived that at the first sound of a motor in the lane I have only to stoop forward and at once a hood slips over my head, with two ears standing up in a most natural manner; while at the same time the skirt divides slightly at the back and a short tail appears, completing the resemblance to a harmless necessary sheep.

If I do not desire actually to put my hands on the ground I can turn to the hedge and pretend to nibble the grass on the bank. Wherever I choose to place myself I am *safe*. Cars, lorries and even motor-cycles draw aside and pass me slowly and with the greatest care. My walks are once more a source of innocent and healthful enjoyment; and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to pass on the suggestion to others.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Your constant reader,
MATILDA PARKES.

P.S. I enclose a sketch, though I cannot draw well.





WHEN OUR NEW TAILOR HELPS US ON WITH OUR OLD SUIT.

At the Play.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

CHARABANC-PARTIES of town councillors ought to come up every evening from the South Coast to His Majesty's Theatre and observe how Brighton was brightened in the days when dresses really were dresses and streets were something like streets, and the Pavilion a veritable dream. What gardens! What sunlight! What rakishness! And—viewed from I wonder how many storeys above the street-level—what a sea! This was in 1811. Enormous credit must be given to Mrs. G. E. CALTHROP and those who ably carried out her commands and gave to the Queen of the South Coast a light that possibly never was on Dome or Marine Parade.

All this was a setting for YVONNE PRINTEMPS, as gay, provocative, changeful and charming as the earliest month in her name: singing sweetly, bursting into rage, or dancing about with so much *abandon* that all the big bad wolves of Brighton were struck with admiration and longing, and at last with despair. Whether she was quite of 1811 is perhaps doubtful. But who shall say what a Parisian *gamine* of 1811 was really like, even though she were the pretended ward of a *duc* (occasionally pronounced "dooc" in hastier moments by the Regency aristocrats)? A certain air of confusion reigned over the conversation of *Conversation Piece*, because YVONNE was supposed to talk in broken English, lapsing not unnaturally in periods of emotion into French; whilst her guardian, M. NOEL COWARD, who is supposed to be doing the same, lapsed under like influences more readily into the English tongue. Slight music and shall we say pretty tunes interrupted the conversation. YVONNE had a monopoly of the solos. There was a quartet of Regency bucks, not as gross in figure as they said they were, and a quartet of Brighton fishermen, who explained the origin of Brighton as a popular health-resort but without mentioning Dr. RICHARD RUSSELL'S discovery of the chalybeate spring or Dr. JOHNSON'S genial description of the Sussex Downs—"so desolate that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Small wonder that the Georgians, feeling like that about the scenery, made Brighton both naughty and gay!

About the plot which M. NOEL COWARD has given to *Conversation Piece*, I would say as little as may decently be said. His Prologue—in verse which a pedantic lover of prosody might have bettered—described *Conversation Piece* as a "slightly raffish play." I should have called it a slab of late-Victorian or early-film sentiment not very becomingly pasted on to a Regency setting. A French aristocrat who is out to sell his supposed ward in marriage to the highest bidder is blind to the fact that she is desperately in love with him—so too are we for the first half of the play—until at last into his old withered bosom comes suddenly the realisation that he too lurves, and lurve is all. Not very likely. Not very congruous. Also the audience has seen her reject the proper and improper advances of a nobleman's heir, the



KEEPING THEIR HEADS.
Sir Thomas Seymour . . MR. BERNARD LEE.
Katharine Parr . . . MISS LAURIE COWIE.

suggestion of a little establishment in St. John's Wood (made by the nobleman himself), and finally an invitation to supper at the Pavilion with the great "PRINNY" himself. Naturally I expected to see the great "PRINNY" himself. Wasn't this a Regency cavalcade? He didn't appear. We were merely told to imagine him round the corner, flirting with Mrs. FITZHERBERT. I hadn't enough imagination for that, and M. NOEL COWARD was too stiff and solemn as a French aristocrat to console me for my loss.

Despite the almost continuous presence on the stage of four *Ladies of the Town*, I felt that the rakishmess of Brighton in 1811 was not properly maintained. The livery of the bucks was there, but not their soul. Excellent performances, the more so because they had to imitate the stilted manners of the period whilst YVONNE did not, were given by Miss IRENE BROWNE as *Lady Julia* (who had loved M. COWARD long ago), by Miss HEATHER THATCHER, who perhaps made virtue too difficult for the Regency noblemen, and by Mr. LOUIS HAYWARD as the *Marquis of Sheere*, rejected as a suitor but desirous to remain for ever a friend.

Anyhow, if it is only to hear YVONNE or contemplate the grounds of the Pavilion at nightfall, you must see Mr. COCHRAN'S show. EVOE.

"THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD" (KINGSWAY).

It would seem that Miss WINIFRED CARTER, unless I sadly misinterpret her, set out to add her contribution to the now popular business of providing history without tears in a fairly serious spirit. And then an imp of mischief seized upon her, made her alter her purpose halfway, forgetting to remind her that a play begun in one mood and pursued and ended in quite another is apt to dash the spirits and destroy the sense of dramatic illusion in the critical beholder.

She shows us the grave newly-widowed *Katharine, Lady Latimer* (Miss LAURA COWIE), hotly wooed by the comely and seemingly romantic and gallant *Thomas Seymour* (Mr. BERNARD LEE). The *King* (Mr. RAYMOND LOVELL, presenting a plausible enough mask), gross, hectoring, in poor health, lame, morbidly sensitive and suspicious on the delicate subject of women's chastity, also comes hot-foot a-wooing, takes *Katharine's* courageous plea for time to consider with a poor grace and stumps angrily off to York. *Seymour*, uncomfortably conscious that to put one's head on a pillow where the *King* would rest his own is tantamount to putting it on the block, withdraws his suit reasonably if ungallantly. *Katharine*, disillusioned, sends her "Yes" to the *King*. So far so good—and so stimulating. *Katharine* has character and a presence and wit enough to deserve *King Harry's* perhaps rather too frequent commendations of it; we have not seen enough of the *King* to doubt him; *Seymour*, if rather a lay-figure of a man, may develop. We have distinct doubts however about that wooden-headed *Chancellor* (Mr. JOHN H. MOORE) and the much too transparently malicious maladroit *Bishop Gardiner* (Mr. A. B. IMESON), and begin to feel that our author is arbitrarily changing her key. The tragic scene in the Tower—with the racked heretic, *Ann Ascue*, and the rash brave *Queen* visiting in peril of her life—seems startlingly out of harmony with the texture of the piece. And this impression is confirmed when *Katharine* begins to joke with her royal husband

about the bruised hinder parts of the much too easily foiled *Bishop*. The *Bishop* and *Chancellor* indeed have become villains of about as much inherent plausibility as the *Wicked Uncle* from *The Babes in the Wood*; *Henry* has declined to a testy old invalid and angry buffoon without a trace of intelligence, power or majesty; we have seen *Princess Elizabeth* (Miss April Vivian), a precocious minx-hoyden, with no likelihood of turning into the greatest of Queens, romping and flirting with *Seymour*.

Well, why should we complain? The story is ingeniously turned. And Miss Laura Cowie, wisely playing each scene for what it is worth in its immediate context, is by turns wan widow, tender lover, imperious queen, protector of heretics, wheedling twister of husbands round little fingers, comic thwarter of bishops and anything which the author's varying moods dictate. And always exceedingly good to look at, wearing her royal red in particular with an all-conquering air. To be treated as a Tudor revue and enjoyed according. The ingenious author will be heard of again. T.

"Success Story" (Cambridge).

This is a most exhausting play to listen to, for a great deal of it is conducted at the shout; but our fatigue is scarcely worth mentioning when we consider that most of the shouting is done by one man, Mr. Esme Percy, who must get far more tired than we do. I hasten to say that the cleverness of his acting does much to redeem an indifferent piece.

Success, and the awful disillusionment with which Nature is traditionally supposed to weight the scales, are well-tried themes for the dramatist. In this play, which has come to the Cambridge after a preliminary run at the Shilling Theatre, Mr. John Howard Lawson has selected for demonstration purposes a young Jewish revolutionary who fights his way by increasingly dubious methods to a commanding position in commerce, where his fanaticism becomes so clogged with excess profits that it sinks into aimless misery.

Psychological melodrama is the unsatisfactory category into which Mr. John Howard Lawson's play deteriorates towards the end of the First Act, and in which, apart from brief interludes, it stays; but it opens with promise, from the moment when the young clerk, *Sol Ginsburg* (a Jew and a revolutionary), aflame with class and every other hatred, first tells the advertising king, *Raymond Merritt*, exactly where he and his officeful of smooth Harvard boys get off, and bullies from him a chance to write some important copy.

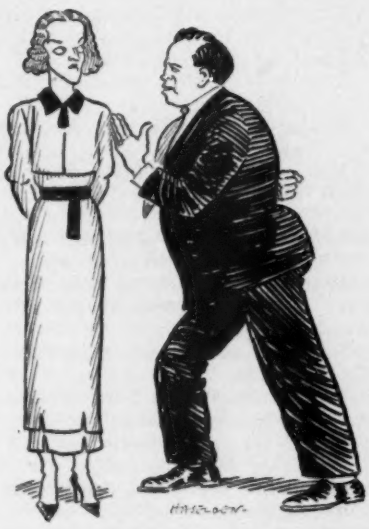
This is the first step on the ladder,



HENRY OF KINGSWAY.

Henry VIII. (*Mr. Raymond Lovell*). "I SHALL SOON BE HENRY THE EIGHTEENTH, IF THEY GO ON RE-CREATING ME AT THIS RATE!"

to the top of which Mr. Lawson is obviously going to lead his hero. But is tragedy or comedy waiting on the intervening rungs? The answer, in



THE RISING SOL.

Sarah Glassman . Miss Beatrix Lehmann.
Sol Ginsburg. . . Mr. Esme Percy.

spite of the redoubtable efforts of Miss Beatrix Lehmann and Mr. Percy, is unfortunately—neither.

Sol's copy is good, for he is the very man to saddle Eskimos with refrigerators and the women of Moose Jaw with the works of Plato; and having once gained a good salary he is enabled by the Wall-Street chaos to put his racial wizardry with figures to advantage and so clean up a nice pile with which, in conjunction with some balance-sheet blackmail, he pushes *Merritt* out of his own firm. It has by now become one of the foundations of his commercial creed, admittedly, that merit is not everything.

In this spectacular ascent *Sol* discards both his anarchical tendencies and his devoted mistress, *Sarah*, *Merritt's* secretary; and, not content with *Merritt's* business, also takes *his* mistress, in marriage. This is a grave error, for *Sarah* is a fine unselfish character, and *Agnes*, though possibly more fun, is anything but that. When she tires of spending *Sol's* money she drifts back to *Merritt*, and *Sol* is endeavouring to make up his success-sodden mind to drift back to *Sarah*, when very wisely she shoots him.

In places the dialogue is amusing, and some of the situations are well devised. It is the greater pity therefore that we cannot believe either in *Merritt* or *Sol*. But one is a weakling, though supposed to have built up a great business, and the other, who is said to have ousted him from it, is a loud and somewhat shallow ranter. Mr. Jack Minster does his best for this unconvincing part of *Merritt*, for which he should never have been cast, and at times Mr. Percy, by sheer good acting, makes one forget how slight is *Sol's* philosophy. The best-drawn character is that of *Sarah*, the sad and steadfast Jewish secretary, whom Miss Beatrix Lehmann plays very sensitively and with a welcome restraint. Miss Jeanne de Casalis as the honest wanton divertingly heads the minor parts, most of which are well acted.

Eric.

In Memoriam.

Sir Edward Elgar, O.M.,
Died February 23rd, 1934.

Mystic, emotional, to all lands dear,
Untaught by others, delicate, supreme
He passes from the shadowy daylight here
Into the sunlit Dream.



Host. "NOW PERHAPS YOU UNDERSTAND, OLD MAN, WHY I NEVER WANT TO HANG ABOUT TOWN WHEN WE'VE FINISHED AT THE OFFICE."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XV.

The Provocative Coal-Horse—And Pegasus—Setting the London Pace—A Return to Sovereignty—The Music-Hall Performer in Distress—Chestnuts and Racial Reaction.

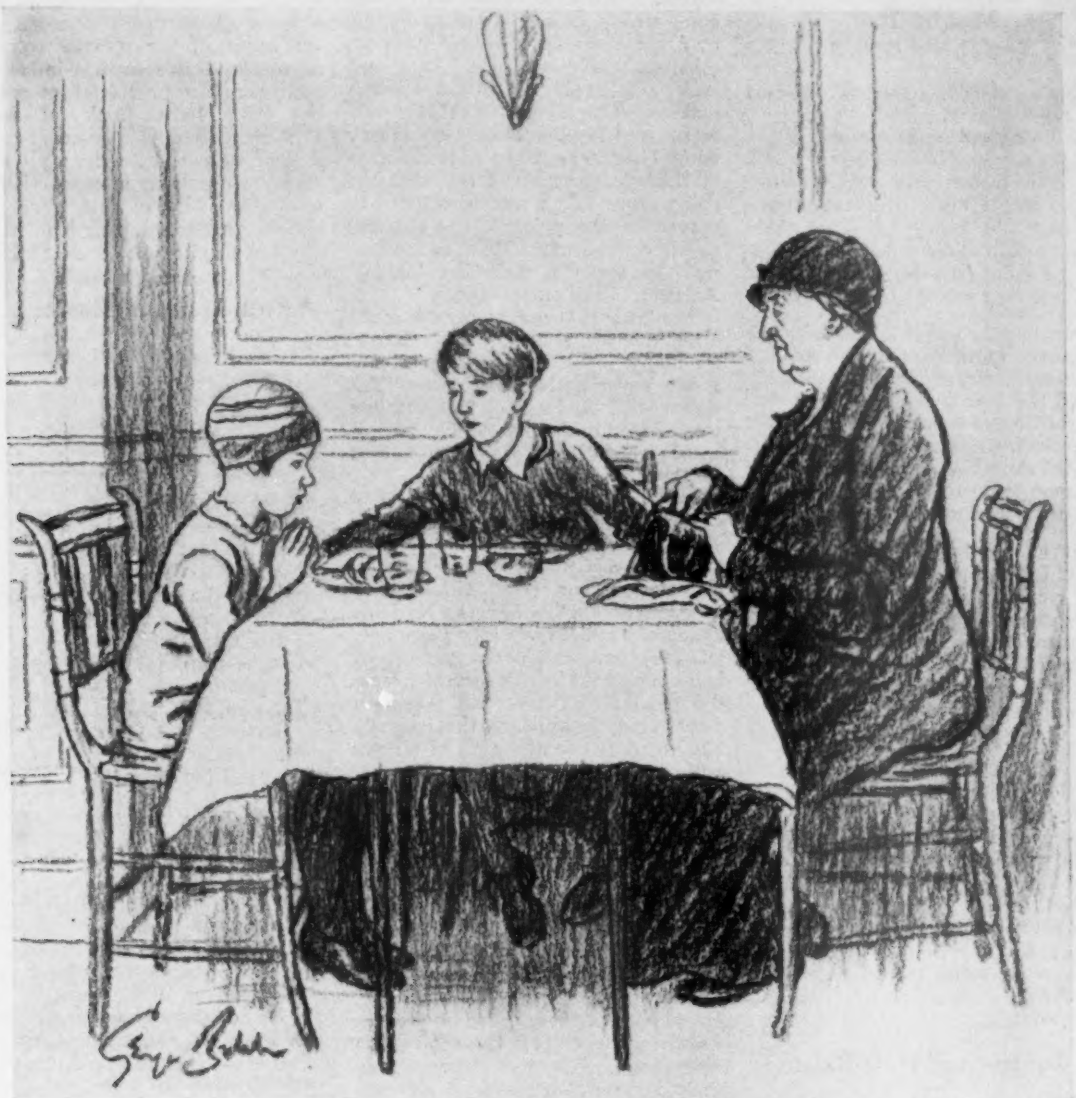
IT is not often that I drop into verse these days—old poets must be very plucky fellows—and I keep my efforts to rhyming letters to small children, little girls for choice; but the other morning in Piccadilly, watching the inexorable and anti-social snail's progress of a coal-cart with half-a-mile of foot-pace traffic in its wake, I caught what I thought was a glint of malice and mischief in the old horse's eye, and afterwards I tried to express his thoughts. Not in the manner of the new poets, who neither rhyme nor scan—that would be too easy—but honestly respecting some of the ancient honourable rules of the game.

"*Flop! clop! clop! flop!* These are the sounds that my great feet utter
As I move along through the crowded streets as far as I dare from the left-side gutter,
As near as I dare to the crest of the road,
Dragging serenely my ponderous load.
Flop! clop! what do I mind
Though there are thousands of cars behind?
Clop! flop! what do I care
Though chauffeurs are chafing and owners swear?
Setting the pace is my job, you see,
For London must take its pace from me.

"*Flop! clop! clop! flop!* that is the dignified way to advance,
With a stolid driver who looks ahead and never succumbs to a side-long glance,
Neither admitting we're nuisances—though
How we know it, oh, how we know!
Flop! clop! At a mile an hour
What's the use of 40-horse-power?
Clop! flop! following coal
Rolls can't royce and Royce can't roll.
Setting the pace is our joke, you see,
For everyone's got to be late through me.

"*Flop! clop! clop! flop!* 'Precious old darling!' the ladies cry;
'Look at his kind old innocent face; look at his mild benevolent eye!'
Ah! think I, could they only know
The pleasure I'm getting in being so slow,
Flop! clop! and in making them wait
For the poor old steeds that are out of date,
Clop! flop! and in being once more
A king of the road as we were of yore!
Ah! could they know how I glow with glee
That London must take its pace from me!"

These are hard times for many and certainly not least for the small music-hall artiste. A story to the point is that of one whose act consisted of a performing duck. Performing animals of any kind—excepting perhaps sea-lions, who, by virtue of exceptional intelligence, skill and humour have now a place of their own—do not create an exactly frenzied appeal, but performing duck acts have, in Stock Exchange language, been very quiet. The agent, however, was, after a few weeks of failure, able to telegraph an offer of four pounds a week at a



"Stop! You mustn't say grace, Daphne! Granny has to pay."

provincial house. The answer was prompt. "Sorry too late have had to eat act."

Having come to me from a man who vowed that the agent concerned had told it to him as having just happened, that story is probably a chestnut. How rare it is to be in at the birth of a really good thing!

Concerning chestnuts, I may say that in a recent and very interesting book called *Beside Galilee*, a diary, I find the following analysis of the sense of humour, or rather perhaps the sense of laughter, in various nations. "An Englishman (it was a Jew who was speaking) laughs at a joke three times: when he is told it, when he understands it, and when he repeats it. A Frenchman laughs twice: when he is told it and when he understands it. But he never remembers to repeat it. A German laughs once: when he hears it. A Jew never laughs, because he has already heard it." The author of the book himself adds the American, "who laughs once, half-way through the story when the teller pauses for breath," but I don't find that very true. My own experience is that Americans don't laugh, partly for the same reason that the Jew doesn't, or because it doesn't accord with their idea of what is funny. Similarly with the Scotch, the only stories that they laugh at, or receive with a silent appreciation tantamount to laughter in less reserved races, are about their own people.

E. V. L.

An Impending Apology.

"Guests passed some of the time wandering round the exhibits. Among them were Lady ——, wearing many fine jewels, who was chatting to the Dowager Lady ——, also displaying handsome diamonds and pearls."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Nearest the house there should be a pot of kept grass, and this may run right up to the wall."—*Daily Paper.*

Or into the house, perhaps, whilst the mats are being shaken.

Mobile Bay.

An Old Song Re-sung.

THERE's a song has gone through my mind all day,
As a song will sometimes do;
It takes me back to the years of youth
And the men and the ways I knew—
To the men I knew in a time that's gone
And a ship of old renown,
When I sailed on a day to Mobile Bay,
Where they roll the cotton down!

I remember the feel of the noonday sun
And the warm West Indian smells—
Rum and sugar, niggers and mud,
And the dear Lord knows what else:
The shuffle and stamp of the naked feet
On the levees once again:
They all come back from the years that were
To the sound of that old refrain.

"Roll the cotton down, bullies,
Roll the cotton down!"
I am far away from the dingy street
And the drab grey Northern town;
I remember the yarns my shipmates spun
And the great old songs we sung,
The way of a ship at a twelve-knot clip
In the years when the world was young.

It's the width of a world from here, worse luck,
It's the half of my life since then,
And it's ill to tread, so I've heard it said,
A trail you've left again;
And I may sail east, or I may sail west,
Where the folks are yellow or brown,
But I'll sail no more to Mobile Bay,
Where they roll the cotton down.

C. F. S.

The Romance of Hair-Raising.

STUDENTS and collectors of coincidences are familiar with that variety which takes the form of hearing or reading about the name of a person, place or thing for the first time in one's life and then bumping up against it several times in rapid succession. It may be quite an old name, but it has never swum into one's ken and then keeps on swimming.

My latest experience of this phenomenon has grown out of my habit of occasionally consulting the list of trades in the *Directory*, not for business reasons but for entertainment and refreshment. I always find it a fascinating pastime and a proof of the ingenuity and versatility of man's unconquerable mind. Last week I was pleased to find one of my favourite entries, "Artificial eye-makers," still going strong, though it was something of a shock to learn that "Venetian blind-makers" are now subsumed under the heading of "Window blind-makers." One seldom sees this picturesque contrivance nowadays; in my youth they were almost as common as blackberries, but now I fear that the rising generation would wholly fail to appreciate the point of the old and idiotic conundrum: "What is the best way to make a Venetian blind?" *Answer*: "Poke out his eye."

The trade that caught my eye is not a real novelty, it has probably figured for many years in the *Directory*, but I had never noticed it before—"Trichologists." And sure enough within a week I read in the papers of an assault case in which the sufferer was described by this impressive designation.

The fleeting remnants of my classical education enabled me to recognise the meaning of the word, and further inquiry has revealed its full dignity and importance. The science of trichology is no new thing. There was a National Union of Trichologists fifty years ago, and when you consider the part played in history by the human *chevelure*, from the days of SAMSON and ABSALOM downwards, the wonder is that its study was not raised to the rank of science centuries sooner. Too long its professors have acquiesced in the jejune and commonplace title of barbers and hair-cutters. Too long has natural science been allowed to divert the term capillary attraction from its proper context, in spite of POPE's remarkable assertion that "beauty draws us with a single hair."

How the ancients managed to shave without razors, safety or otherwise, remains one of the unsolved mysteries of history. CÆSAR's efforts at the toilet-table remain, like the young of the penny-whistler, "occult from observation," though the industrious BECKER in his *Gallus* does his Teutonic best to reconstruct the process and enumerate the implements. The Greeks wore beards till ALEXANDER THE GREAT set the fashion of shaving, but PLUTARCH gives as the reason for the change the advantage conferred on soldiers of not being liable to be pulled by the beard in battle. At the Court of Imperial Rome beards came back into favour, and Byzantium witnessed the advent of a dynasty of bearded emperors. But academic research throws little illumination on the subject. More helpful as foreshadowing the modern onslaught on Beaverishness is the *cri de cœur* of the Old Man with a Beard, who with philosophic but fatalistic calm declared that "it was just as I feared." There are, we believe, two schools of investigators diametrically opposed as to the cause of the peculiar coloration of *Sister Anne's* brother-in-law, one ascribing it to artificial means and the other to a freak of nature. Problems crowd us in on every side the further we penetrate the mysteries of trichology, notably in connection with musicians, who of late years have largely abandoned long hair without any loss of virtuosity. C. L. G.

"Full Many a Flower . . ."

THERE was nobody there
When the great deed was done,
But what do I care?
By the light of the sun
And the moon, I declare,
That I did it in one.

There was only a rook
Who was pacing the green
And the bird didn't look,
Nor stay to observe
What the noise could have been,
Nor how many I took,
Nor saw the ball roll
In a beautiful curve
Right into the hole.
The deed was unseen,
But indeed it was done,
And I swear by the Book
That I did it in one!

I shall not tell a soul
Nor hope for my name
To be linked with that hole
In the annals of fame,
For the children of golf
Are a cynical race,
And my friends would but scoff,
As I should in their place.
But it's true all the same,
And on days when I land
In a devious course
Out of gorse into sand,
Out of sand into gorse,
When there isn't a sign
Of improvement and when
My opponent says "Nine,"
And I have to say "Ten,"
When I gloomily find
That it isn't much fun,
I'll recall to my mind
That once Fortune was kind.
And though cowardice hid it,
I did it, I did it,
I did it in one! H. C. B.

"High blood-pressure is more often met with in individuals who habitually indulge in over-eating and in chronic rheumatism, gout, lead poisoning, diabetes, nephritis, uræmia, arterio-sclerosis, neuralgia, bronchial asthma, migraine, meningitis, melancholia, etc."—*West Indies Paper.*

We are giving up the last twelve of these for Lent.

Water Talk.

I CAN no longer conceal from the public that a rowing contest is to be held this year between the universities of Oxford and Cambridge on the River Thames. The daily papers have for months been trying to keep the matter dark, but now even the date has leaked out. The date is March 17th—*St. Patrick's Day!* It is a pity that no one noticed the last point sooner, for it is now perhaps too late to invite Trinity College, Dublin, to join in the race and thus cement the two nations on the tide-way. But I understand that there are thoughtful efforts afoot to make this Irish Year and conduct the race more funnily than usual.

You will see what I mean if you glance at the names and addresses of the oarsmen in (as I write) to-day's papers. Four of the Oxford men reside at New College or Balliol, which, as you know, are high-brow colleges and do Latin and Greek; and two more come from Christ Church, which, they tell me, has gone highbrow too. Dear old aquatic Magdalen has not (to-day) got a man on board; and among both crews there are only three Etonians, one of whom is cox (Ox.).

Intellectual Year, in fact; and Cambridge, I understand, never (alas!) very far behind Oxford, has manned her boat almost entirely with elderly dons. This explains the generous dimensions of stroke, who weighs (as we go to press) 14 stone and 1 pound. There has never, they say, been a stroke this size before; but then there has never been a Professor of Logic at that particular thwart. Comparing the total weight of the Cambridge foc's'le with the total weight of the after-guard, we arrive at this interesting result: the four men forward weigh only 49 stone 2, while the five men aft (including cox) weigh 59 stone 9—more than ten stone more. It is quite clear, therefore, that the stern of the boat must be submerged and the nose of the boat be waggling in the air. How Cambridge propose to overcome this handicap when they reach the tide-way I don't know; but I dare say they will. The simplest way would be to put another well-nourished don in the bows.

Neither Cambridge nor Oxford are overdoing the scholar stunt. In order not to have to rely entirely on the tide, each President, I see, has embarked two real wet-bobs in the middle of his boat. Oxford 4 and 5 weigh (to-day) 14 stone 3 and 14 stone 8 respectively; and Cambridge 5 and 6 both come from Melbourne, Australia, and learned their navigation, I understand, in the Australian Bight. These four men will do the actual propulsion, if such is considered necessary, while the clever ones from Balliol, New College and Clare go on with their lectures or recite Latin Prose to the crowd.

But one suggestion, considered suitable to this Age of Progress, is that there should be *no* old-fashioned rowing at all. Both vessels might be towed by speed-boats, or towed halfway, and then allowed to drift. This would save the dons a lot of unusual exertion and let everybody have a good look.



"I SAY, DADDY, WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF THAT MAN ROLLED ON HIS HORSE?"

I shall myself continue to complain that the race is too rapid and ought to be rowed *against* the tide, for as it is very few people have a really good look. That, however, may not be practicable this year with all those dons and scholars in the boats.

Another whimsical notion for Irish Year is being secretly discussed, I hear, in rowing "circles." That is to row the race the other way, from Putney to Westminster, say (or Wapping)—but *not let anyone know*. Imagine the hearty laugh which would go up from the assembled masses on the Putney towing-path as the two graceful boats disappeared through Putney Bridge! Apart from that, what a thrill for the two Australian gentlemen to row their boat to victory past the Mother of Parliaments!

Anyhow, you may be sure that the boys have something special in preparation for us this year. Meanwhile, the advance publicity is following normal lines. Both crews, I gather, have the best crews they have had since the War, and may be expected to reach Mortlake (or Westminster) alive and well. Oxford, I see, "gave a splendid impression" and "are devoting most of their time to reading."

Some have asked me why the race was fixed so early this year. Partly as a compliment to ST. PATRICK and partly because if they don't row the race soon there may not be enough water to float the Cambridge dons. And, by the way, I warn both crews to navigate with special care if they come past my neighbourhood at Low Water while training. Wicked householders, as I happen to know, have dumped all kinds of hard sharp objects out there in the middle, little expecting a year of drought in England; these are now gradually approaching the surface, and some of them would be far from good for an eight. Well, for instance, I happen to know that there is a large iron "TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED" board with barbed-wire round the post. . . . However.

But on St. Patrick's Day there will be a high Spring Tide and plenty of water. High Water, London Bridge, 3.19 P.M.; and I suppose the dons will take the water between two and half-past.

May I, by the way, appeal to the daily newspapers of this maritime capital to show a proper interest in the tides of the Thames? *The Times*, I believe, is the only great daily now which gives the time of High Water, London Bridge, every day; and that is why I read *The Times*. *The Evening Standard* used to give to-morrow's tides at the top of a page, together with the behaviour of the sun, moon and so forth; but that endearing and useful practice has been dropped. A pity. There are, after all, at the eastern end of London large numbers of people to whom the tide matters very much, and every day; and even at this end—though it seems odd to think of it now—there are many thousands to whom the time of High Water may mean the time of a flood in the basement, bedroom, or dining-room. And it is always a matter of interest to know when that is going to happen.

Meanwhile may the best Oxford boat for many years win! A. P. H.



"'ANDLIN' THIS GREASY 'AWSER AIN'T 'ARF MAKIN' A MESS OF OUR WHITE DUCKS, BO'SUN."
"I CAN'T HELP THAT. THIS IS A SWELL PLEASURE-SHIP, AND THE ORDERS ARE THAT YOU 'VE GOT TO LOOK SMART AND SUMMERY AT ALL TIMES."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Frenchwoman in Scotland.

SCOTLAND is the country where the French traveller feels happiest in being French—so much of old kinship, old alliances and mutual loves and hates is woven into her history. It is with a sense therefore of essential strangeness tempered by traditional sympathy that Mme. PAULE HENRY-BORDEAUX has approached the country she describes in *Fantômes d'Écosse. Scotland Through French Eyes* (METHUEN, 7/6), as its pleasant English rendering is entitled, provides a delightful corrective to the typical English view of Scots history. Here you have a wholehearted enthusiasm not only for MARY STUART but for her heroic mother, MARY OF LORRAINE; and a devotion so unfaded to the STUART cause that the remotest setting of the younger sovereign's harassed life is visited and imaginatively peopled with sixteenth-century ghosts. Vestiges of MARY STUART, PRINCE CHARLIE and SCOTT are the mainstay of the book and of its translator's admirable photographs; but there is an eye, though perhaps a less solicitous one, for the present. Unemployment may be rifer in Edinburgh than London, but Edinburgh is still more supremely a capital. So, at any rate, affirms this French lover of Scotland; and partisan though she is, she is right.

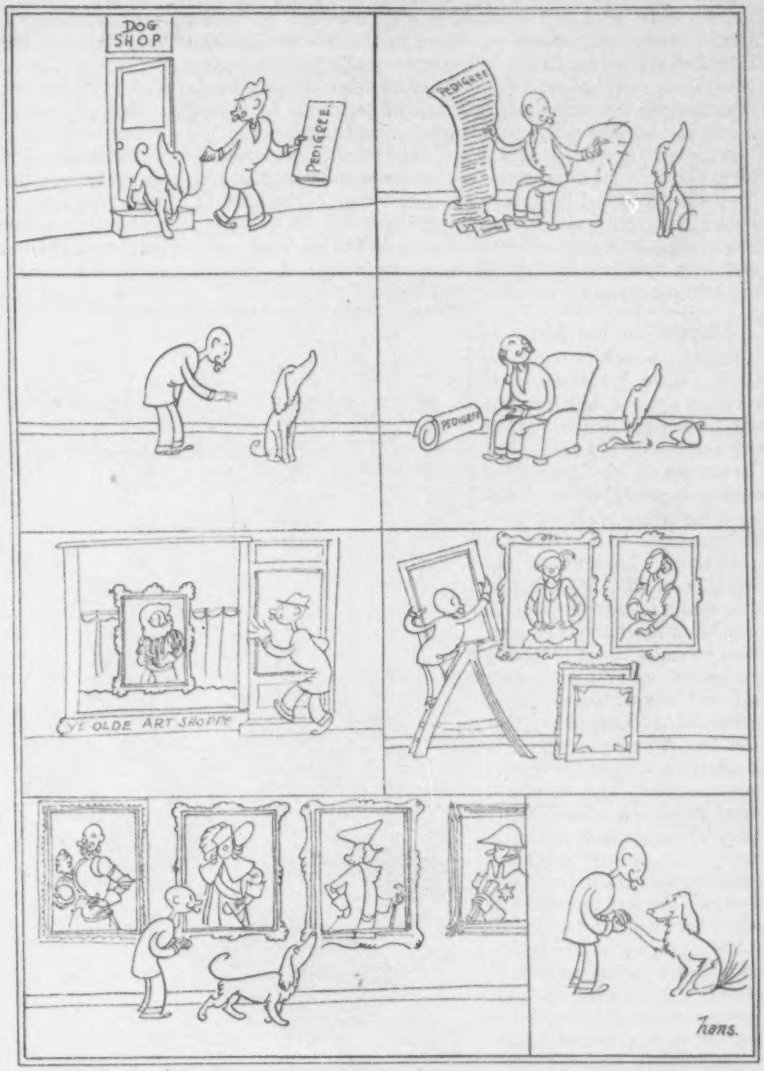
Security on the Wing.

Brigadier-General P. R. C. GROVES believes that supremacy in war has already definitely passed to the forces of the Air. He believes too that the only yet discovered defence against threatened bombing by aeroplanes is the threat of counter-bombing. If he has established these two positions his horribly logical deductions imply such unpleasant action on our part as the future neglect of our beautiful obsolete dreadnoughts equally with our beautiful obsolete cavalry or, for that matter, our beautiful obsolete archery, in order that we may have more planes and pilots and aerodromes and mechanics and subsidised commercial flying. The arguments with which *Behind the Smoke Screen* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) is crammed range from a ghastly recounting of the blunders of the over-rigid "military mind" in the Great War to a note on American experiments in blowing up "unsinkable" battleships. England, our author thinks, is more open to invasion than any other considerable country except Germany; while by maintaining an Air Force on a basis of European parity she might be more effectively an island than ever. The alternative in his view is conditional continuance among the major Powers under the ægis of a Continental ally.

Cards on the Table.

Even though worthy of the most elegant setting, Mr. NORMAN DOUGLAS's "autobiographical excursion" is very welcome in a form more accessible to most of us than was that in which it originally appeared. It is true that *Looking Back* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 16/-) is not everybody's book; there are some, even in these days, who are not in harmony with Mr. DOUGLAS's particular temper, his unshamed paganism and easy tolerance of everything but

respectability. But to those whom the south wind wafts to a congenial clime this book will be a joy. Its form is unusual. Visiting-cards are picked as they may come from the receptacle in which for forty years they have been accumulating; and the names they bear, famous or obscure, provoke sometimes a question-mark and sometimes a chain of reminiscence which stretches over half-a-dozen lines or half-a-dozen pages. Thus we are led at haphazard up and down the length of a sexagenarian's life and into many lands, for Mr. DOUGLAS, though his spiritual home is the Mediterranean basin, has seen Kilimanjaro and Kinchinjunga and the forests of Finland. On paths of various learning or in philosophic groves we meet many interesting and curious characters, but none more interesting or curious than Mr. DOUGLAS, who (if with cunning reservations) exposes himself as frankly as his visitors. He is one of the most intriguing figures in contemporary literature, and, if there are a few others who write prose as good as his, there is none who makes good prose look so easy.



From Page-Boy to Footman.

The reactions of the servants' hall to the larger if more reprehensible activities of their employers have often enough provided material for the novelist's pen, but Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has yet contrived to lend freshness to the subject by his—to me at least—original method of treating it. *William*, who tells the story of his early experiences in service from page-boy to footman, represents a type common enough no doubt in fact but almost unknown to fiction—the servant content with his own sphere of life and determined to do well in it; and, though far from being a lovable character (he is, as a matter of fact, an infernal little prig), there is something rather engaging about his unwavering self-satisfaction and single-minded devotion to his own interests. *William Speaking* (BENN, 3/6) makes no pretensions to be a riotously funny book, still less to be what is called a "penetrating study" of life "below-stairs"; its appeal lies rather in its simplicity, its disregard of sensation and fuss, and above all in the shrewd comments on middle-class men, women and manners which "A. M." puts into the mouth of young *William*.

Israel in Europe.

In *Twelve Jews* (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-) Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO has hit on the sound notion of having a dozen of Israel's most eminent modern minds reviewed by a dozen more or less discerning admirers. The aim is an assessment of the Jew as fellow-citizen of the rest of us and some sort of an inquest on his lack of popularity. The editor's opening essay and his article on "Ludwig Mond," coupled with Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS' "The First Lord Bearsted" and Mr. C. R. S. HARRIS's "Walther Rathenau," suggest, I feel, at least a couple of answers to the last question. The Jew, by force of circumstances, stands for internationalised finance and industrialism—neither for the most part acceptable to patriots; and when he works for his adopted country against other countries there is something unnatural in the spectacle. Constructive careers, such as those of DISRAELI and LUZZATTI, show the political Jew at his best; and in medicine—a profession essentially humane—the race has produced such outstanding figures as EHRLICH and FREUD. It is unlucky that EPSTEIN—the only artist save REINHARDT discussed—is handled in a spirit of childish provocation quite out of keeping with the excellent temper of the series.

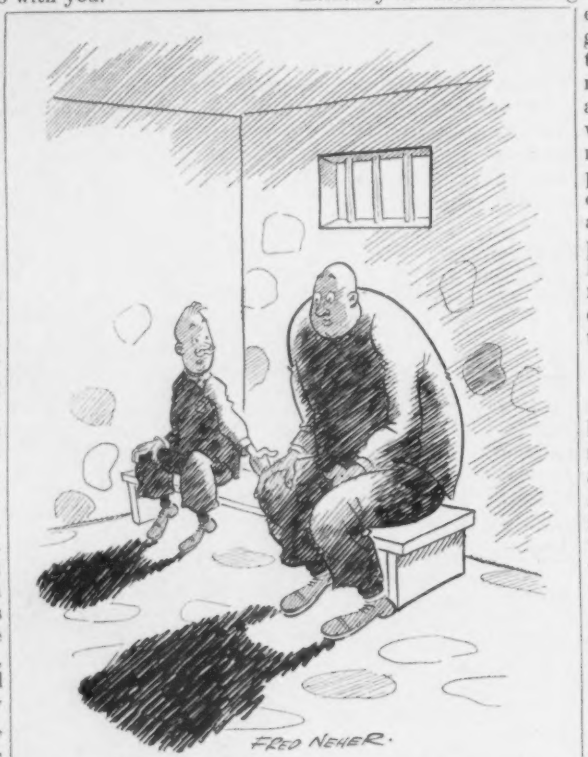
Essays on Friendship.

Public manifestations of personal affection are always embarrassing, and after I had finished Mr. HUGH DE SELINCOURT's *Studies from Life* (UNICORN PRESS, 6/-) I felt I had really no right to have read at least two of these intimate tributes to his friends and that to review them would be impertinent. So much loyalty, generosity and

sincerity have gone into these eulogies of a headmaster, a gamekeeper, an adopted aunt, a gardener and an artist that it seems ungracious to object to the (in my opinion) mawkish references to the "dear presence" of one man and the "dear self" of another. Readers who are not made uncomfortable by the author's lack of reticence in telling about his feelings will enjoy the book without reserve, for it is pleasantly written and full of anecdotes. I particularly liked the account of an uncle whose hospitality was greater than his patience: "Look here—I met you at the station. I've given you a decent lunch and entertained you with good talk. It's three o'clock only on Saturday afternoon, and you are staying till Monday morning. I haven't the faintest notion what to do with you."

Murder at the Mike.

Crime-novelists, racking tired brains for fresh backgrounds against which to despatch their victims, will salute the originality of Mr. VAL GIELGUD and Mr. HOLT MARVELL in staging *Death at Broadcasting House* (RICH AND GOWAN, 7/6). As Mr. GIELGUD is Dramatic Director to the B.B.C. and Mr. MARVELL a practised radio-playwright, they have been able between them to make the most of the intricacies of broadcasting and of the specialised architecture of the Langham Place monster. The body was that of a little-known actor named *Parsons*, who had been engaged to act in a radio-play, but, although his was only a small part, it proved even more dramatic than had been intended. For control purposes he had been placed during the broadcast in a separate room, and his job was to be murdered in the middle of a sentence by a silent enemy. The producer, listening at the control panel, was more than satisfied with *Parsons'* realistic simulation of being strangled, and it was not until the play was over that he discovered that it had not been simulation but fact. The authors develop the mystery with great ingenuity, mixing into it a good story and much interesting information about the B.B.C. system. Recommended.



"IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS I STOLE A PIANO."

Ships So Brave and Beautiful.

As a record of stirring, and now almost vanished, days in the lives of men who go down to the sea in ships Miss CICELY FOX SMITH'S *Ocean Racers* (PHILIP ALLAN, 2/6) has definite value, and it is pleasant to find it reappearing in the cheap and well-printed Nautilus Library. Her tales of the clipper ships, the part played by sail in the gold rushes or the racing for the wool sales are told with unfailing gusto; and her account of the China tea fleet excitingly documents Mr. MASEFIELD'S splendid *Bird of Dawning*. *Ocean Racers* is full of facts, but more exciting than any fiction. The author is as much at home at sea—to use a contradictory phrase—as if she were one of her own old shellbacks, and her knowledgeable use of such phrases as "many were baldheaded, that is to say they crossed nothing above the top-gallant sails," has turned at least one ignorant lover of tall ships sea-green with envy.

Quiet Suffering.

Memoirs of the Unemployed (GOLLANCZ, 5/-) consists of twenty-five accounts at first-hand of the experience of being workless over long periods. So many books of this kind have recently been published that the rich should now know very well how the poorest maintain life rather than live. This collection, however, shows more clearly than columns of statistics the actualities of extreme poverty. Unemployment is recognised as the chief social evil of our time, and naturally all these autobiographers blame politicians for effecting nothing in their languid attempts to deal with the situation. It is being too readily assumed that in future a large proportion of potential workers must always be in receipt of relief without occupation. We need a profession of the opposite belief and an appeal which emphasises purpose rather than privilege. Is not this perhaps the last magnificent opportunity offered to those who still hold to the aristocratic tradition?

Early Years.

Lord BERNERS began, so he tells us, to sit up and take notice when he was three-and-a-half years old, and in *First Childhood* (CONSTABLE, 8/6) you will find his recollections from that age until he went to Eton and "a new and more vigorous chapter" of his life began. Let nobody, however, think that the "chapter" to which he bids farewell was lacking either in vigour or variety; indeed, after reading these entertaining and rather irreverent reminiscences, I feel that from one reason or another his childhood was peculiarly full of incident. He paints himself in vivid colours, and, although when he was nice he must have been very nice, there is no doubt in my mind that he could also be distinctly horrid. But both his candour and his humour are irresistible, and I look forward to the next stage of his career with far more pleasure than alarm.

Wholesome Reading.

Mr. RALPH CONNOR has, in *The Glengarry Girl* (JOHN LANE, 7/6), carried out with complete success what he must have intended to perform. His romance will flutter the hearts of all sentimental readers, and he has issued a warning to crazy gamblers. The heroine, *Sally Rivers*, inherited various factories in Northern Canada, and from start to finish neither her business instinct nor her charm of manner showed a sign of collapse. Her lover was almost as fine as herself, but he became involved in the wild gamble that swept over Canada and America, and for a time his actions were more erratic than praiseworthy. This clean and simple story will give abundant pleasure to Mr. CONNOR'S many admirers.

Charivaria.

THE National Pig-Breeders' Association forbids the powdering of pigs at shows. But very happily no ban has yet been placed upon rouge, if used in moderation.

***

"It is hard to realise the antiquity of the stars by merely gazing at them through a telescope from the earth," says an astronomer. Or even through opera-glasses from the dress-circle.

***

Wireless experts declare that the broadcasting of Parliamentary debates would be just as easy as transmitting a concert. It may be easy, but no, not just.

***

The broadcasting of Bow Bells has given rise to conjecture as to whether this extends the radius within which pure Cockneys may be said to have been born.

***

The mechanical nose invented by Professor FAIR of Harvard University, who claims that it saves nasal fatigue, is going to be of great assistance to American orators.

***

Complaints are being made of the increase of betting in our public libraries. We have asked our bookmaker for the odds against the next book taken out being HERVEY'S *Meditations Among the Tombs*.

***

"I always get another of anything I lose," says a wealthy Frenchman. Presumably the guillotine holds no terrors for him.

***

"Ice-cream helps the complexion," announces a doctor. Sundae's child is fair of face.

***

A San Francisco man has set out to walk eight hundred miles with his golf-clubs. In our opinion that is carrying things too far.

***

In a newly-published scientific work it is pointed out that, owing to the difference in density of atmosphere, the Martians could bombard us with a gun of less muzzle-velocity than we should require to bombard them. Has this been considered at Disarmament Conferences?

***

A woman-writer advises girls whose engagements have been broken not to take it to heart. Some young women prefer to take it to court.

***

A Swedish engineer has invented an apparatus for producing artificial fog. London has received the news unmoved.

***

It was the custom at one time to pay workmen with some of the goods they helped to manufacture. But this is still done at the Mint.

***

Mr. DUFF COOPER'S widely-quoted reference to "little mushroom parties" has aroused enormous excitement amongst epicures.

***

There was a free fight in Aberdeen recently. "Free," you observe.

***

A Wimbledon cat weighs over two-and-a-half stone. The animal crawls up behind unsuspecting mice and suddenly leans on them.

***

"There will be no plush seats in heaven," says a clergyman. In the alternative accommodation there probably won't be even standing-room.

***

A soldier was recently found to have swallowed five boot-studs. Evidently he had heard of the old adage that an army marches on its stomach.

***

The name of a machine-gun which the War Office proposes to adopt is the Zbrojovska Brlo, and instructors will be expected to familiarise themselves with its pronunciation.

***

"A fine sunset is surely one of the most beautiful things on earth," remarks a newspaper-man. He has not, of course, seen the new pull-overs.

***

In the U.S. a boxer has become a clergyman. Still putting people to sleep?



"I SEE THE SPIFFLEY-MELVILLES ARE STAYING IN THEIR VILLA AT JUAN-LES-PINS."
"FUNNY! I THOUGHT IT WAS CANNES."

Victorian Memories.

WILD doings of the wicked 'eighties and naughty 'nineties are recalled by some of the famous drawings of GEORGE DU MAURIER which Mr. Punch has taken from his treasure-house and reproduced in the middle of this number. Observe them, Youth of the thriftless 'thirties, considering what thou mightst have been! Ponder them, Age of the same period, recalling what thou wert. Perpend, O Man, thy foibles, O Woman, the weeds thou worest. . . .

(I cannot go on in this Carlylean strain. You have only to start addressing anybody or anything in the second person singular and you will feel the thorns that encompass this flowery path of literature. In a few moments you will find yourself saying "thou mustest," and the whole machine breaks down. That is why the ode in English poesy has fallen into gradual disuse. For instance:—

"O Minister of Housing and of Health,
Who introducedst this delightful Bill . . ."

The reader simply cannot stand a word like "introducedst." He bursts into tears.) But to return to GEORGE DU MAURIER.

There has been a controversy quite recently in *The Times* about the wearing of the top-hat in clubs. One of our drawings makes it quite clear that this peculiar practice lingered on into the 'nineties, whether because clubs were draughtier then than now or because heads were balder or for some other reason which I cannot determine. But I notice in the same picture a still more pleasing oddity. One old gentleman appears to have drawn his coat-tails through the back of his chair in order to prevent them from being crumpled when he sat down; so that if you secured them with a couple of safety-pins to the plush seat while he slept he would on rising be turned into a kind of human snail. Probably this often used to happen at the Athenæum or the Reform in those bad old days.

The far-famed Curate's Egg will be found amongst these illustrations in its first authentic cup, in its own original and episcopal breakfast-room. It is one of the soundest jokes that was ever made. For if you are told, as I have been told, "I don't really see anything funny in that," you have merely to answer, "Don't you? Well, the curate did, anyhow." And that seems to settle it.

Beauty, it may be observed in these pages, is on the whole very straight of feature and rather statuesque. The bustle dwindles through the period and dies. The best of the ladies have perfect self-assurance, dignity and calm. Observe in particular that one who figures in the telescope joke—repeated, copied and altered how many hundreds of times since by people who suppose that Mrs. Grundy was never seriously assailed until the twentieth century began.

But it may well be asked by the student of social manners what impropriety could be discovered, even by the primmest of ladies, in bathers of 1892, when there was little or no mixed bathing, when bathing-machines still made the journey to and from the foam, and the bathing-costumes, of women at any rate, surrounded almost as much of the bather as the sea itself. I suppose that bathers were chiefly men, though not, I hope, men like the "Studies in Animal Life" so admirably portrayed above.

I think my own favourite amongst these drawings is the Edwin and Angelina dialogue. The poses, the scene, the gentleman's ulster, the lady's muff, the beautiful inanity of the words, the disgust of the aged listener, the eternal truth of the situation—all please me alike. But those who are experts in modern interior decoration may prefer to notice the surroundings in which ladies of fifty years ago tried to be "intense," the furniture and bric-à-brac up to which they strove to live when WILLIAM MORRIS was all the rage.

One other reflection I must not omit, because it does truly portray the naughty 'nineties at their most dreadful worst. It seems (ah, shame!), from the drawing which follows the curate's egg, that publishers existed in those days who tried to gain lucrative notoriety for a novel by suggesting that it contained indecent passages or dealt with unpleasant themes. We may thank Heaven that the publishing trade has lifted itself at last from that slough of infamy in which it wallowed when thou, O Reader, wert young, or, more happily, I hope, hadst not been born. EVOE.

Something Like.

OH, I would do great deeds. I would rise up
Out of the mire in which we lie immersed,
And take Vesuvius for a drinking-cup
To stay my eager thirst.

I would go forth where ancient kingdoms rot
In perilous jungles where no sunbeam smiles
And tie a python in a writhing knot
Round two live crocodiles.

Lions should fawn before me, great apes shield
Their eyes in reverence, not unmixed with dread,
Elephants crouch, and dazzled bisons yield
Me butter for my bread.

I would fling back the typhoon, at my whim
Summon reverberate thunders from the void,
And breathe forked lightnings in the face of him
With whom I felt annoyed.

Then I would ride the rolling seas, my steed
A yacht of several hundred thousand tons,
And sail to unknown gorgeous isles, and feed
Hot cannibals on buns.

And that Atlantis which the pagans knew,
Sunken Atlantis, should obey my call;
And if huge Kraken chose to come up too,
Well, let him come; that 's all.

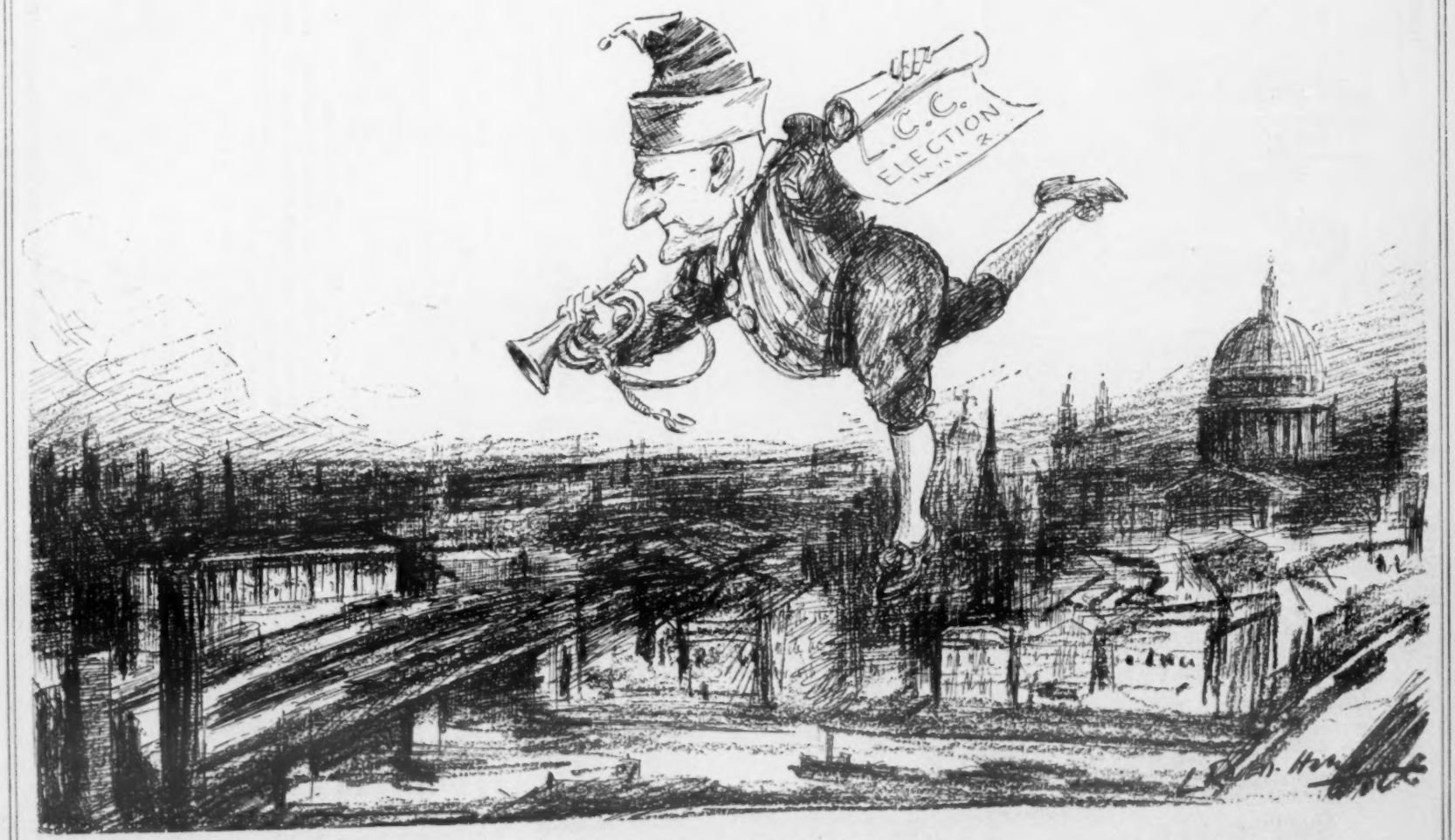
And I would turn Sahara to a lake,
And the white Arctic to a pleasant land;
I 'd slide down Everest in half a shake;
On skis, you understand.

And my great aeroplane with silvery wings
Should soar beyond the utmost stratosphere;
Oh, I would do all these, and lots of things
That I can't get in here.

But there should be an epic in twelve books
Done by myself, about my deeds and me,
Produced in an *édition de luxe*
Which all should buy, pardie.

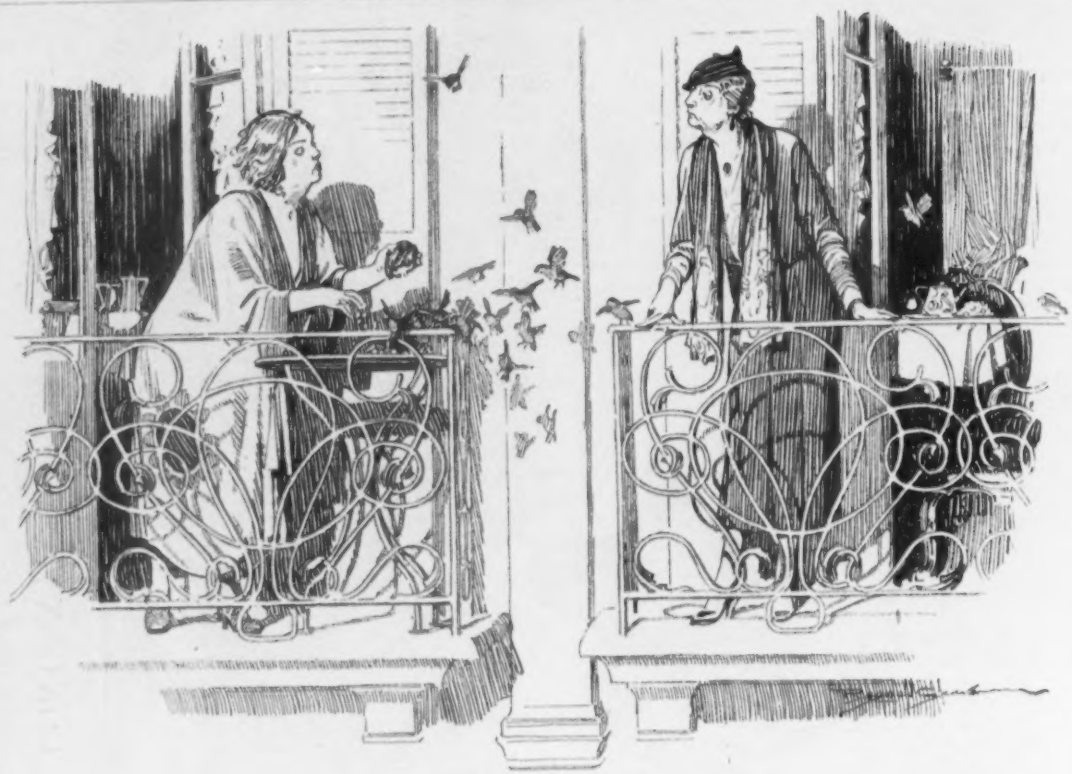
So would I live, so do, and prosper so,
And so become my country's chiefest boast,
A name to set all venturous hearts a-glow;
And here 's my tea and toast. DUM-DUM.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—MARCH 7, 1934



WAKE UP, LONDON!

"SUCH A CITY—SUCH IMPORTANT PROBLEMS—SO MANY VOTERS—BUT HOW MANY WILL TROUBLE TO CAST THEIR VOTES?"



RIVIERA RIVALRIES.

Infuriated sparrow-feeder (to new arrival). "MY BIRDS, I THINK!"

Hawkering.

DEAR SIR,—You recently published a short treatise on Crooning. May I be allowed to contribute a companion-piece on another variant of our much-abused mother-tongue? I refer to "Hawkering."

This patois is not difficult to master, as its vocabulary is limited, but the student will need a fairly wide open space in which to practise it, because a correct pronunciation can only be acquired by shouting (or, if preferred, chanting) a particular phrase repeatedly at the very top of the voice. An improved effect may be obtained by holding one hand to the side of the mouth.

It will be evident, therefore, that the dialect is not one well suited to the conduct of an intimate or witty conversation. Indeed I doubt if Hawkering could produce a single really sparkling epigram. Nevertheless it is used by a considerable body of persons, and some knowledge of it is almost essential to anyone who lives in a London suburb and shops at the local market.

I append a short glossary of useful words and phrases:—

STREET HAWKERING.

'MBUR, ayo'MBUR	I purchase any old lumber.
Oyeep	Sweep.
Pipur—awvefoobawREEzuls—pipur	I am selling evening papers containing all the results of the Association Football matches played to-day.
Oohm (*This is a difficult sound to spell; it should resemble a foghorn or a cow in pain.*)	Coal.
Awmalairon-h'p	This is possibly a phrase exclusive to one district. The general meaning is the same as "Oohm," but the exact translation is still a matter of dispute. "Coalman here, oh!" is the one most generally accepted, the final hiccup having no apparent significance.

MARKET HAWKERING.

(*Note.—Any of the following terms may suitably be preceded by such introductory phrases as "Yuryadeeray," "Yuryaduckay," or, if you are looking rather elderly that morning, "YuryaMA."*)

TannerabunchNAHsiss; *or*, Tannerawvelot	I am selling narcissus (*or other flowers*) at sixpence a bunch.
Itefersixawsahnd; *or* Awsahndfifertuppence	Phrases descriptive of bananas, lemons or oranges, at eight for sixpence or five for twopence.
Nahcebitterminterorse-ADDish	Nice bit of mint or horse-radish.
IpesTORbeez, KensTORbeez	Ripe Kent Strawberries.

As Others Hear Us.

Arranging the Party.

"COULD you *please* say what you think about how I'm to sit people? I've asked you three times."

"I'm terribly sorry. It's the crossword."

"I know; but, after all, that'll keep till after tea. Well, I must have Sir William and the General, and John must have *her* and Mrs. General. You next Sir William."

"Must I? I should have thought Lucy."

"Nonsense! Besides, Lucy must have the publisher creature, because she's written a book."

"Is he going to publish it?"

"Oh, he doesn't know about it. That's why she's sitting next him. Lend me your pencil."

"A bit of the newspaper will do, only not the crossword. Take Holiday Cruises; no one will want that."

"I only wish one did. Fog day in and day out."

"Not that I think Africa for one minute."

"Very well—Me, Sir W., the Gen.—gap—you on Sir W.'s other side, and then you'll have Mr. Crossleigh, little beard and all."

"I liked him much better *before* the little beard."

"Oh, so did I. Miles. But it can't be helped."

"You've left the General's other side."

"I know. It will simply have to be Lucy. And then the publisher."

"I must say I don't think Lucy and the General will do at all."

"Neither do I really. I never did. Shall I change you and Lucy?"

"Or the General and Sir William. Or would that mean husband and wife?"

"Oh, no, we haven't got to bother about that. We're ten."

"We are seven."

"I always think she was an exasperating child. Like old *Kaspar*."

"What was old *Kaspar*?"

"Oh, you know. The famous victory. *Do* help me to decide about Lucy."

"You have. Unless Sir William and the General change over. Only what about your right hand?"

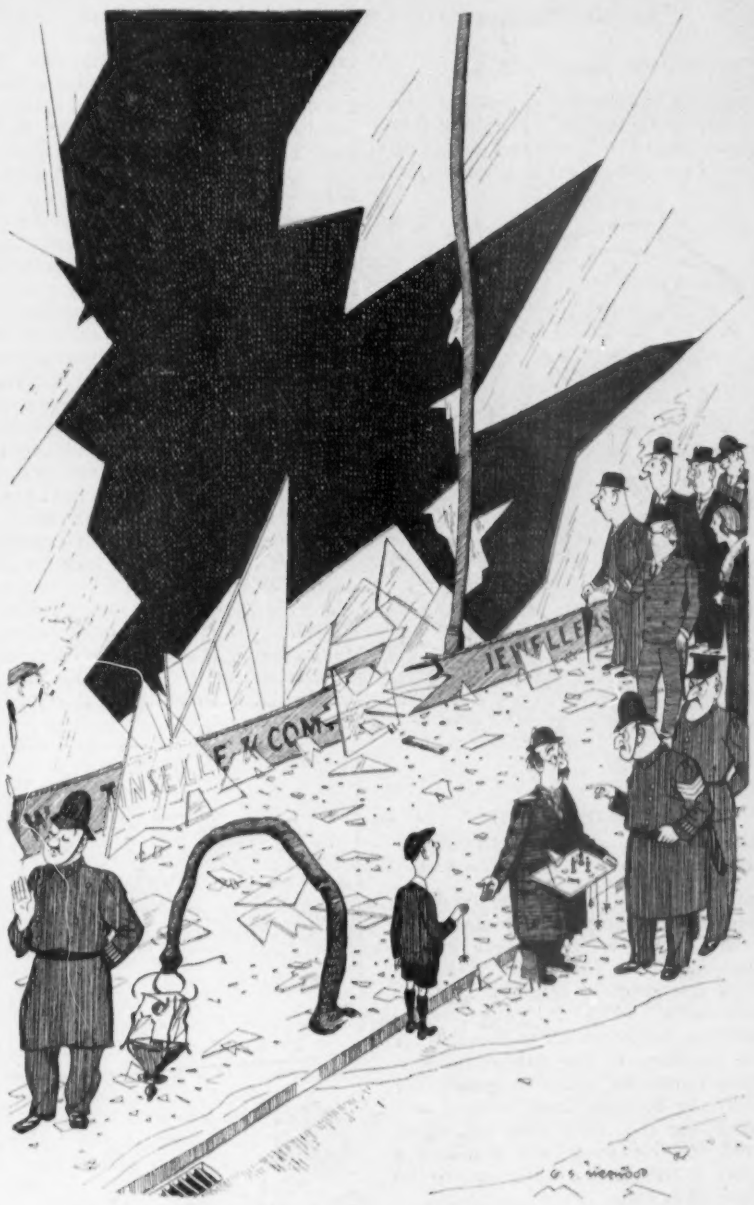
"That's just it."

"Well, change me and Lucy. Only that means the publisher too."

"Him and her, instead of you and Crossleigh, that's all."

"Is Crossleigh any relation to the one who died in *The Times* the other day?"

"Not that I know of."



"YOU WERE HERE. CAN'T YOU GIVE A DESCRIPTION OF THE BANDITS?"
"I WAS 'ERE, YUS, BUT I 'AD ME 'ANDS FULL, SERVING A CUSTOMER."

"I think that one was E. Y., now I come to think of it."

"Well, that ought to do it. Shall I put cards, or just do it out of my head on the night?"

"I wouldn't."

"No, I suppose not. And, after all, one's got enough to think about without that."

"Anyway, your blue always looks lovely."

"That's something. But you know what it's like, with the servants and everything, nowadays. And Sir William sticks rather, sometimes."

"That generation always does. Or else too much the other way. That's the comfort of cocktails."

"I know. Well, thanks frightfully. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"Oh, you didn't a bit. Three Down isn't going to be the slightest use till Twenty-One Across. What a fiend the man is!"

E. M. D.

At the Pictures.

"JACK AHOY!" (TIVOLI).

"Join the Navy," say the posters, "and see the world." Mr. JACK HULBERT joins the Navy and makes the world see him. This new picture will



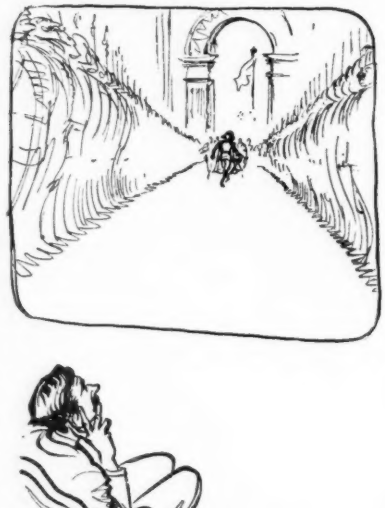
ACTING BANDITS.

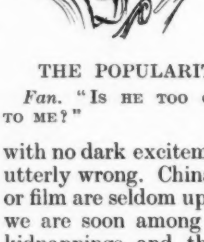
Jack Ponsonby . . . . JACK HULBERT.
Dodger . . . . . SAM WILKINSON.

travel far, and it is understandable, since the Invergordon incidents showed us in 1931 how foreigners could believe anything of our Navy, that there is a plain statement in this film that the Admiralty, while it gave certain facilities, is not at all responsible for the handling of the subject-matter. Their Lordships' lack of responsibility might be deduced from internal evidence, for the Navy does not, apart from Mr. HULBERT, cut much of a figure in the Chinese waters where the story takes place.

Bandits have been allowed to steal a submarine, and the *Admiral* lets himself be kidnapped by them with his daughter; the seaplanes drop bomb after bomb without a hit, and the destroyers do the same with depth-charges. Nor, if the scenario had been composed in the Admiralty as a Fleet-exercise, would there have been so total an effacement of everybody to make way for the high spirits of Mr. HULBERT. It is true that Mr. HULBERT is equal to all his occasions, that his abounding energy and high spirits are never monotonous or wearisome, but the British Tar of tradition and fact is a collective animal, with mates, and one of a little group—not like the racehorse Eclipse, and never a Triton among minnows. The lower deck and the Naval atmosphere are not quite the milieu for a splendid isolation of talent. Nor is Mr. HULBERT's insouciance the same as nautical phlegm. He is of the school of *Brigadier Gerard* or of the great *Michael Mouse*. He does not know what he is letting himself in for, but goes ahead gaily and improvises his path to lucky success. It is a large part of his appeal that he is not resourceful, only gay and happy-go-lucky. The attempt to endow his adventures—essentially adventures of the revue order—with a note of Naval pageantry by photograph sequences, admirable in themselves, of Trafalgar and of modern battleships steaming in line was a blending of the incongruous which Mr. WALTER FORDE might have left out with an enhancement of the excellence of his clear lightly-handled and swift story of *Jack's* love for his *Admiral's* daughter.

The plot gets steadily more exciting. We think at first that, though we may laugh heartily at *Jack's* misadventures in attempting to shave his irate *Admiral*, it is to be all light comedy





THE POPULARITY OF POMP.

Fan. "IS HE TOO GOING TO WALK UP TO ME?"

with no dark excitements. But we are utterly wrong. Chinamen on the stage or film are seldom up to any good, and we are soon among doped cigarettes, kidnappings and threatening pistols. There is a beautiful woman-spy and a masterly smooth-spoken double-crosser, *Larias*. If we could have seen a little more of *Larias* and his evil associates and have been given a clearer sense of their formidable cunning we would have held our breath even more tightly. It is a tribute to the polished acting of *Larias* by Mr. HENRY PETERSON that this desire to see more of our



GRETA GARBO (Christina) to JOHN GILBERT (Antonio). "YOURS IS AN AUSPICIOUS RETURN. IT'S PUT YOU IN ROYAL CIRCLES."

opponents should be induced. If we lose in hilarious tension of one sort, we gain in laughter of another kind, for we see a great deal of the inside of the submarine, with the *Admiral* angry but reluctantly obedient. *Jack's* faithful comrade, *Dodger*, turns up melancholy trumps, for he possesses the bare minimum of essential knowledge of submarines; and Mr. WILKINSON makes a capital study of the seaman doing his best on some rusty recollections; while Mr. HULBERT shows that submarines are as ineffective as anything else to cramp his style.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA" (EMPIRE).

CARL LAEMMLE has recently warned the public that it is no good their going on expecting happy endings in the way they do. Happy endings, he says, happen sometimes but not all the time, and as the film is resolved more and more to follow life, film-goers must take the rough with the smooth. In particular the vogue of the historical film militates against the continuance of the close-up embrace as the natural end of the big film. You cannot invent that an historic personage lived happily ever afterwards as easily as you can invent for them a private tragedy and a secret sorrow. Nor will the great

queens of filmland readily take parts which limit their range and confine them to the less moving and memorable emotions when they can play Dido as well as anybody.

Queen Christina affords GRETA GARBO a magnificent range. She is the Queen in counsel and the Queen dressed as a boy, out on high-spirited rides incognito, the Queen mischievous and the Queen embarrassed at the position into which her adventurousness leads her, the Queen in love and loving, and the Queen in a moment of great tragedy. It is a great performance.

The QUEEN CHRISTINA of history was an extraordinary woman, and no one conveys better than GRETA GARBO a sense of distance and of living in a world of her own. The youth and beauty of the film-star cannot help but spoil the careful efforts of the playwrights to suggest the historical truth that the Queen was not very popular and that her superior intellect had much to do with her being found impossible. There is so much fidelity in little things and such superb photography all through—magnificent castle- and snow- and ship-scenes—that it seems a pity that Hollywood did not base its play more broadly and show more of the historical life of that extraordinary Queen. She felt an instinctive attraction for the Latin civilisation which drew her south and made her, after abdication, settle at last in Rome. In the film this is all personified in a love-affair with a Spanish envoy. As played by Mr. JOHN GILBERT he is a most natural and easy Spaniard, with no stiffness of etiquette at all, and indeed rather insufficient dignity of voice and manner on great occasions of State. D. W.



Host (to Week-End Guest). "WELL, HERE WE ARE, OLD CHAP. WELCOME TO DREAMLANDS!"

Problem Picture.

"SAY, listen to this," said Elmer. "Here you have a guy who's supposed to be looking at a photograph of a guy and saying: 'Brothers and sisters have I none, yet this man's father is my father's son.' You have to say whose picture it is he is looking at."

I smiled wanly. "And whose is it?"

Elmer did some rapid calculating. "This man's father . . . my father . . . father's father . . . father's son . . . yes, of course. Himself."

"Oh, come," I said, "you aren't as bad as that! Think again."

Elmer thought again. "Himself," he said firmly.

"But hang it all," I said, "how can it be himself? His father's son would be himself. But it tells you his father was his father's son—the picture's father, that is. Therefore the picture's father is himself."

"That's right," said Elmer—"himself."

"*Not* himself," I insisted. "His father is himself. *He* isn't."

Elmer was looking at me strangely. I decided to begin again.

"Look here—suppose I'm the man and you're the photograph. I say to you that your father is my father's son."

"No brothers or sisters?" asked Elmer suspiciously.

"No; no brothers or sisters. Well, since my father's son is your father and I'm my father's son, I must be your father."

"Steady," he said. "How do you get that?"

"Because your father is the son of my father, and my father's the father of his own son. And my father's son must be myself because I haven't any brothers or sisters. And since I'm my father's son and my father is the father of your father, I must be your father."

"Have you been eating something?" asked Elmer.

"Let's look at it in a different way, then. My father's son must be myself, as I haven't a brother. You grant that?"

Elmer granted that.

"You're told that the picture's father is my father's son. Substitute 'myself' for 'my father's son' and you will see that the picture's father is myself. Well, if I'm the picture's father I can't be the picture too, can I?"

"I suppose not," Elmer admitted.

"Ah! Then what relation is the man to the man in the picture?"

Elmer pondered. "Grandfather?" he suggested.

"BOXING AT KING'S LYNN.
KNOCKOUT WINS FOR SADD AND MOODY."
Local Paper Heading.

It's a poor heart . . .

"Preacher—The Rev. W. Screech.
Subject—'The breaking point.'"
Church Notice.

It seems to have been reached.

Toast-Master.

THE Toast-Master fascinates me. His beautiful red coat, his princely bearing, his command of titles and dignities, his tremendous voice, his assurance, his anxiety to make the dinner a success.

How does one rise to be a Toast-Master? I always wonder. Why, for example, is he not in Grand Opera? Or was he? Why does he not sing hunting-songs on the wireless? Perhaps he does. If not, what does he do in the day-time when he is not managing toasts? Perhaps he is a Sergeant-major, kindly lent, like the band, by the —— Guards.

Anyhow, I always feel that such a man, such qualities, such a voice are wasted on toast-mastering. Indeed I have sometimes wondered impiously what a Toast-Master is for, exactly. He dates, I suppose, from a period when most of the diners at public dinners were uproarious or drunk and had to be kept in order. For his principal function seems to be to communicate to the diners information with which (if sober) they must be acquainted already: the name of the speaker, the subject of his speech and the nature of the toast which he is proposing. All these particulars are printed in the bill of fare opposite to the food. He does not think it necessary to stand up before each course and shout: "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the next item will be *Suprème de Sole Gloriana à l'Américain!*" The guests are expected to find out what they are eating for themselves, and in these days most of them are quite capable of getting to grips with the toast-list in the same way.

Moreover, to a speaker who takes any pride in the art there is often something a little humiliating in the Toast-Master's intervention. You come to the end of a long and carefully-prepared oration proposing the health of the Houses of Parliament, coupled with the name of the Right Hon. Sir Reginald Flake, M.P. You fondly think that you have made clear to your audience both the general theme of your address and the name of the particular individual whose health is to be drunk. You fire off your peroration and say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the——" And suddenly the excellent fellow bellows, "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the toast is 'The Houses of Parliament, coupled with the name of etc., etc.'" And the man's tone says clearly, "You've no idea what this fellow has been talking about, poor mutts; neither have I; but it doesn't matter. Stand up now and drink 'The Houses of Parliament.'"

Sometimes he causes a heavy drop in dramatic value. It is difficult to propose the health of HIS MAJESTY in a new way; but not long ago I heard Lord —— do it with exceptional effect. When his last word was spoken we felt (if possible) much more than the normal urge to rise and drink to "The KING." Not another word, sound or signal was necessary. But the dear Toast-Master (not his fault, no doubt) must butt in, booming, with, "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the toast is 'HIS MAJESTY the KING!'" The information was entirely superfluous and all the drama in the air was dissipated.

Passing from great to small, I remember once working myself and my audience up to a high state of emotion over the health of the Mayor of Burbleton. When I finished I do believe that people were really excited about the health of the Mayor. I was proud of myself. And when the Toast-Master broke in with "The toast is 'The Worshipful Mayor——'" I felt inclined to say, "Hey, they know that! Are you making this speech or am I?"

On the other hand—to be fair—I have heard speeches at the end of which I was *not* clear what subject had been discussed and whose health I was to celebrate. So there may be something in the system. Perhaps a compromise is possible. The Toast-Master might go to each speaker secretly before he speaks and say, "Are you sober, Sir? And, if sober, are you coherent? That is, at the end of your speech would you like me to tell the audience what you have been talking about or do you think they will know? I only wish to be helpful, Sir (Lord) (Grace) (Highness). Thank-you."

But I have a still more serious quarrel with the T.-M. I remember one very heavy dinner about the Empire or something. By the time I rose the company had settled down into a sort of coma, and I cannot pretend that the first ten minutes of my address much altered their condition. But then I did rouse them to a good laugh, hearty and prolonged. Glancing round the room, pleased with myself, I was horrified to see the Toast-Master, behind the Chairman, making vigorous two-handed "Down, dog!" gestures to the audience, as if to say, "No laughter, please! Let us get on with the serious business!" Suppressing my dear little long-laboured-for laugh!

And then another thing. I do not blame him for taking such rich and evident delight in rolling out the numerous titles and offices of the really distinguished speakers. He is, in his way, an artist and enjoys fine-sounding words. He loves to say, "PR-R-RAY silence for the Right Honourable the most noble Marquess of Fandango, Knight of the Emerald, President of the Grand Council, Master of His Majesty's Light Horse, Lord-Lieutenant of the County Palatine of Blankshire," and so forth. But that does not excuse him for throwing off a mere "Mr." so carelessly. And I find that when he is announcing me he always forgets my name! Well, twice, anyhow, this has happened. "Mr. Chairman, My Lords, etc.," he says, "PR-R-R-RAY silence for——" But, knowing this to be an easy one, he has not rehearsed it properly; he puts on his pince-nez, glances hurriedly at the list of speakers and almost mumbles, "Mr. A. P.—Puddock." This is really most embarrassing; for the audience, instead of being excited about the new speaker, are wondering how such a dim fellow got in.

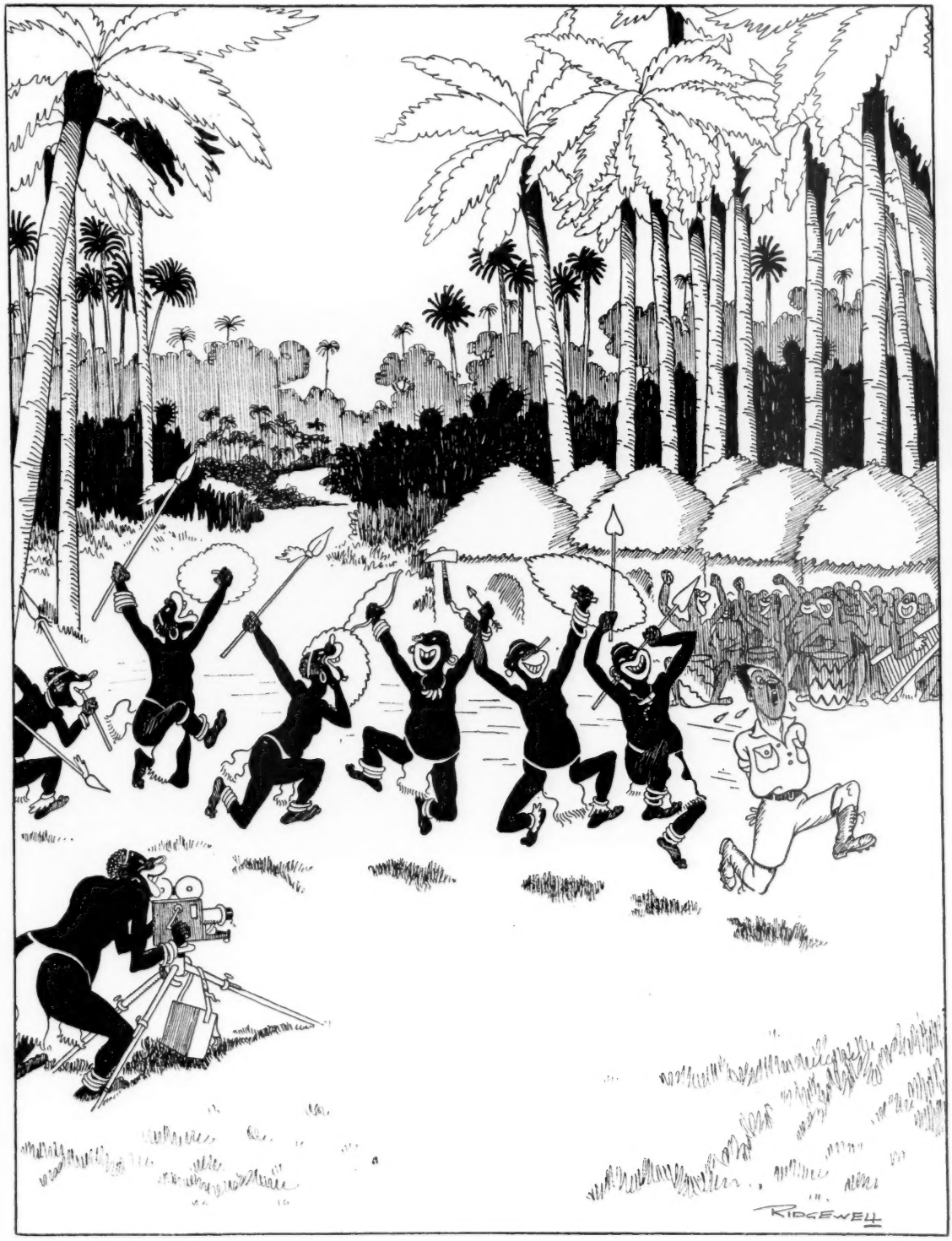
Yes, speaking selfishly, I should like to relieve the T.-M. of some of his duties; but I would give him one or two new ones to make up. He might be much more of a help to the orators than he is—especially, for example, the orator who is called on suddenly or has had no time to prepare an oration. A man who has heard so many speeches must surely know all the good stories. One should be able to summon him during the soup and say, "Rough me out a speech about the 'Guests,' will you? I don't know any of their names or what they've done. And I should like a suitable story to tell against the Chairman. By the way, who was Lord Lapple before he was Lord Lapple? Maurice Aaron, wasn't he?"

"No, Sir. Sir Roger Lint."

How useful! And he could assist one *during* the speech. He should stand behind the speaker, and when (as one does) one is just going to finish without having said a word about one of the most important guests, he should whisper: "Pardon me, Sir; a word about Sir Roderic." He should supply that missing word or phrase after which so many of us flounder in vain at the end of a sentence. He should pull one up at the *beginning* of a dangerous anecdote—"No, no, Sir, not that one, I think; there is a Dean dining." He should be ready with miscellaneous pieces of information: the date of the Club's foundation, the name of the Secretary, and which is the Chairman's wife. And finally, most important of all, he should murmur, "We have put our foot in it, Sir. We have been too long. We had better now sit down."

Such an officer really would deserve a red coat and the name of "Master."

A. P. H.



Denizen of the Jungle. **"KEEP HIM GOING BOYS! WE'LL TEACH HIM TO COME SNOOPING ABOUT HERE TRYING TO CINEMATOGRAPH US!"**

Our Ibrahim.

WHEN Abdel Aziz had been in our service long enough to have become confident of his moral ascendency in the household he presented himself one morning with that look of sweet reason on his face which we had come to recognise as the presage of some unreasonable demand.

"The work in this house," he said, in the tone of one patiently enduring an intolerable injustice, "is very great. All day, from dawn until nearly midnight, I am cleaning the rooms or standing before the stove. Never do I take any rest, and it is indeed"—a carefully calculated whimper crept into his tone—"more than one man can bear. It is necessary that I should have help."

We knew from observation that Abdel Aziz passed the greater part of the day chatting to his friends outside the kitchen door. We also knew from experience that he would probably get his own way in the end. Our protests therefore were made rather as a formal objection than with any hope of gaining our point. Abdel Aziz listened courteously to our remarks about the extra expense.

"*Ganabkum* are my father and my mother," he said gracefully, "and are well aware that the money of this house is as much my constant care as if it were my own. And it is not that I mind the work—to work is my duty. But our *sitt* is very strict—stricter than any English *sitt* in Cairo"—he watched Mary warm to this subtle flattery—"in her house everything must be perfect; and it is for this reason that I wish to bring a boy to help me—a boy from my own village. He is called Ibrahim. A very good boy."

We saw that to refuse this demand would be insanely to deny that Mary was the strictest English *sitt* in Cairo, and thus to bring the blame for dust on the furniture upon ourselves. And Ibrahim duly appeared.

This Ibrahim was the perfect embodiment of the English idea of the comic black man. He was small, as black as soot, and his smile was as wide and startling as the smile of a Jack o' Lantern. He also had magnificent white teeth until vanity and a financial windfall induced him to change them for a set of gold ones.

Ibrahim had no brain at all, but his smile was an excellent substitute and was employed impartially as an indication of willingness to serve and to turn away wrath. When we told Ibrahim to do a thing he smiled and did it wrong, and when we rebuked him for an omission he smiled and said "Oll wight" with an engaging innocence.

This phrase "Oll wight" constituted Ibrahim's entire stock of English, but, although it indicated a general desire to do something useful and pleasing, it did not signify that he had understood his instructions. An English-speaking visitor would ask Ibrahim for his shoes and Ibrahim would depart with alacrity and return with an orange on a plate, followed by Abdel Aziz, who would explain that there were temporarily no apples in the house. Or he would instruct Ibrahim to turn on the bath, only to be embarrassed by the discovery that his only suit had been spirited away to the cleaners.

Ibrahim was a thorn in our flesh and rather a hindrance in the house than a help, and yet Abdel Aziz for some obscure reason treated him with the indulgence of a loving father towards a half-witted child. We would say to Abdel Aziz: "This boy is no good. He does everything wrong. He sweeps the floor just after he has forgotten to dust the furniture; he leaves the pictures crooked; and, although we exhort him daily, he always puts the hot-water-bottles under the pillows. A boy such as this is of no assistance to you. We would be better off without Ibrahim." And Abdel Aziz would smile with fatuous tolerance and say: "*M 'alesh*, be patient, *ganabkum*. The boy is at heart a good boy. He is learning."



"I DUNNO; I THINK IT WAS TO SOME GREAT CONJURER."

But the climax came one day when we found on the white paint of the drawing-room wall the imprint of a hand realistically executed in soot. We said, "This is too much. Even Abdel Aziz could hardly condone such a gross piece of carelessness. That boy must go."

We summoned Ibrahim, determined that on this occasion justice should take its course, and I pointed sternly to the hand.

"Ibrahim," I said in a terrible voice, "what is that?"

Ibrahim's face, however, exhibited none of the expected signs of remorse and mortification. He looked at the hand with a mild speculation in his eye. Then he went over to it and, bending down, subjected it to a long and meticulous scrutiny. At last, when his last doubt as to the precise nature of this phenomenon had been dispelled, he straightened up and his face broke into a reassuring smile.

"That, *ganabak*," he said in the triumphant tone of one who has solved a knotty problem, "is a black mark."

We stared at Ibrahim aghast.

Then, feeling that to induce comprehension into such a mind was beyond our powers, we dismissed Ibrahim and summoned Abdel Aziz. We explained the case to Abdel Aziz. "The boy," we said, "is not only lazy and useless, he is demented. He must go."

But Abdel Aziz still demurred. He still pleaded with us to be patient. He still maintained that the boy was learning.

We were astonished at the attitude of Abdel Aziz. "Come," we said, "be

frank with us. Tell us why it is that you wish to keep this boy."

Abdel Aziz hesitated a moment. Then his eyes opened wide in the indignation of a righteous man who has been reminded of an injury. "Ibrahim," he said with restrained passion, "is indeed all you say and more, and it is a shame to this house that he remains in it. But he is my brother's son, and two years ago I lent my brother twenty pounds. For a time my brother repaid me a small sum each month. Then he said, 'Now I will pay no more. But take my son Ibrahim into your house and let his wages discharge the debt.' *Ganabkum*, what could I do?" Abdel Aziz spread out his hands. "My brother is an evil man. By no means would he pay the debt. I was obliged, *akhara betoh*, to take this Ibrahim. But in one more month it will be finished. Be patient yet one more month till all is paid, and then I will find you a very good boy—from my own village."

A Word to Posterity.

HISTORIANS of the future please be good enough to note:—

I, Egbert Hunk, alive and in possession of all my faculties, have never flown the Atlantic, swum the Channel, climbed Mount Everest, explored the Antarctic, ascended to the stratosphere, crossed the Sahara on foot, spent six weeks in an aeroplane, escaped from the Foreign Legion, walked round the world backwards or pushed a peanut up a mountain with my nose.

Nor have I won the Irish Sweep, acted for the films, been divorced, killed a pedestrian, written a biography, seen the Loch Ness monster, joined a nudist colony, been secretly married to GRETA GARBO, shaken hands with MUSSOLINI, heard the cuckoo in February, read *Ulysses* or been interviewed by *The Sunday Express*.

I will go further. I have never predicted the end of the world, started a political movement, frittered away a large fortune, proved that BACON wrote SHAKESPEARE, written a testimonial for a patent medicine, been Prime Minister of France, solved the world's economic problems, claimed to understand GERTRUDE STEIN, sneered at BARRIE, taken morphine or looped the loop.

"There 's glory for you," as *Humpty Dumpty* has aptly remarked.

Well, historians of the future, how about it? Do I get a chapter to myself?



"GRANTED THE FILM HAS ITS POINTS AS A SPECTACLE, MY DEAR, BUT IT 'S SO ABSURD TO FIND CLEOPATRA SPEAKING WITH AN AMERICAN ACCENT INSTEAD OF AN EDUCATED ENGLISH ONE."

Renunciation.

["I will not employ that much-abused word, genius."—*Our most brilliant reviewer.*]

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to enjoy it;
I don't (as I 've often explained)
Propose to employ it;
I make 'em or break 'em each week,
I 'm thoroughly clever,
But I never of genius speak—
At least, hardly ever.

Though I cannot descend to a blurb,
Here is something tremendous;
This novel is simply superb,
Colossal, stupendous;
It 's a book to be bought and imbibed,
And the story sustains
That quality often ascribed
To the taking of pains.

This book is both Beauty and Truth;
Mr. Alured Whortle,
I protest, is a fortunate youth,
Already immortal.
Yet, though uttermost heights are attained
And the thing 's a sensation.
One word is too often profaned—
I resist the temptation.



THE COCKTAIL PARTY: LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

"HOT PUNCH, OR A TANKARD OF BEER?"

I Stood in a Queue at Midnight.

I STOOD in a queue at midnight;
The clocks were striking the hours;
The heavens were dark above me
And the air was heavy with showers:

And a myriad weary creatures
With faces worn and lined
Stood desolate in the darkness
Before me and behind.

They were lean men, bitter and twisted,
And old men worn and wise,
And young men, haggard and hatless,
With monochromatic ties.

Silent we stood in the darkness—
A dumb and desolate row;
A tired man stood at my elbow
And a stout man stood on my toe.

And as we stood there soaking
Under the soaking sky
Strange Things of the night thronged round us
And mocked us silently.

Street acrobats thronged round us
From many a neighbouring street;
They stood on their heads around us
And mocked us with their feet.

And strange unearthly singers
Stood round us in a row
And sang to us in the darkness
Sad songs of long ago;

They sang to us in the darkness
Old songs of days gone by,
When life was happy and carefree
And the backs of our necks were dry.

I stood in a queue at midnight;
The night was blacker than soot;
A clergyman hired a camp-stool
And camped upon my foot.

Heavily hung the darkness;
The hours moved at a crawl;
The world moved on around us,
But we moved not at all.

I stood in a queue at midnight;
I stood in a queue at two;
I stood in a queue at half-past three;
At five I stood in a queue;

Until, as the dawn was breaking,
We heard a wise man say
That he rather thought, though he was not sure,
That we ought to be in the queue next-door,
For this was the queue for the week before;
And so we went away.

P. B.



A STRICTLY COMMERCIAL MEASURE; OR, ORPHEUS, 1934.

[The Trade Agreement with Russia secures the approval of the House of Commons.]

GEORGE DU MAURIER
Centenary Number



Photographer. "NO SMOKING HERE, SIR!"
Dick Tinto. "OH! A THOUSAND PARDONS! I WAS NOT AWARE THAT——"
Photographer (interrupting with dignified severity). "PLEASE TO REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, THAT THIS IS NOT A COMMON HARTIST'S STUDIO!"—[*N.B.* DICK AND HIS FRIENDS, WHO *ARE* COMMON ARTISTS, FEEL SHUT UP BY THIS LITTLE ARISTOCRATIC DISTINCTION, WHICH HAD NOT YET OCCURRED TO THEM.]

1860

George du Maurier's first drawing for Punch

[The figure nearest to the photographer represents the artist himself. Behind him is Whistler.]

Some Personal Recollections of du Maurier.



IT was at Whitby so long ago as 1883 that I first met him, and I vividly remember the kindness and encouragement with which he received a young writer whose career was scarcely a year old. For some weeks afterwards I was constantly with him and his young and high-spirited family, and the foundations were laid of a friendship that I am proud to think was to endure for the rest of our joint lives.

And yet, as is perhaps to be expected after more than fifty years, I can recall very little of those first pleasant weeks but one or two quite trivial incidents, such as the following:—

A cricket eleven composed entirely of circus clowns had come over from somewhere or other to play the visitors at Whitby, and DU MAURIER told me that after the match was over his youngest daughter, May, had excitedly drawn his attention to a particular vehicle. "Father, do you see *that*?" "Yes; but what is there so remarkable about it?" "Why," said May reverently, "it's the wagonette the clowns came in!"

Another recollection is of a certain dashing young curate arriving breathlessly at a tennis tournament. "Hope I'm not late," he said. "Couldn't help it. Had to take a funeral this afternoon. Awful for me, because I kept wondering whether I should have time to change into flannels." On which DU MAURIER remarked to me that that young man would undoubtedly become a bishop.

During the years that followed I often went up to DU MAURIER'S pleasant house at Hampstead and walked with him about the Heath. No one could be a pleasanter or more interesting companion than he; at times quaintly amusing; at others talking of his younger days with a touch of reminiscent melancholy.

He had a tremendous admiration for tall people, and told me on one of these walks how impressed he had been by a young Chinese giant called CHANG, who was eight feet high, and who in the early 'sixties was on exhibition at the old Egyptian Hall. Years later DU MAURIER'S big St. Bernard was called after that Chinese giant.

A certain air of lofty patronage—which I think hardly survives in these days—displayed by titled persons towards artists generally always amused him, and I remember his describing to me how a certain duchess, hearing that he was on the staff of *Punch*, graciously observed: "I'm told you meet to dine every Wednesday, and do your little sketches in return for the dinner. How *very* nice!"

In the 'eighties and 'nineties ALMA TADEMA was at the height of his fame; he had lived most of his life in England but never lost a pronounced Dutch accent; every Tuesday evening he was At Home to his friends in his magnificent studio in Grove End Road, and such celebrities as JOACHIM, PADEREWSKI, SARASATE were among his guests and were to be heard at their best.

"I don't know how it is," DU MAURIER said to me one afternoon, "but people always seem to mistake me for TADEMA. Enthusiastic women come up to me at parties and say, 'Oh, Mr. TADEMA! I really *must* tell you! I do so adore your pictures! The way you represent marble! Oh, and roses—and everything! Too, *too* wonderful!'"

"And what do *you* do?" I asked.

"Always the same thing," he said with an impish twinkle. "I press their hands warmly and say, 'Gom to me on my Chewsdays.' I don't know if they do."

In 1889 the whole *Punch* Staff went over to Paris for the Exhibition, and to commemorate the visit a Special Number of *Punch* was to appear in which each article and picture would deal with Paris in some aspect. I was told off to do a "*Voces Populi*" on a *Café chantant*, and for my benefit a dinner was arranged at the Ambassadeurs. Unfortunately, as our table was laid in a balcony at such a distance from the stage that it was quite impossible to see or hear anything of the performance, I found, as I told DU MAURIER that evening in the room we shared at the hotel, that I had undertaken a job that was absolutely hopeless.

"Well, I tell you what we'll do," he said with his never-failing kindness and sympathy. "You and I will dine quietly together somewhere to-morrow and go on to the Ambassadeurs afterwards and sit close to the stage."

And he cheerfully gave up a dinner at one of the leading restaurants to help me, and I not only had a thoroughly enjoyable evening in his company but, thanks mostly to him, obtained the local colour indispensable for my purposes.

When he was quite a young man he suddenly lost the sight of one eye, and his whole life-work was carried out with the knowledge that at any moment he might become totally blind. The fear of this was never far away from him, and every now and then the sight of his remaining eye would be gradually clouded and restricted. I found him once painting in water-colour, which I think he had seldom if ever done before, and delighted with the change from black-and-white. But it proved so injurious to his sight that he was soon obliged to abandon colour. And a time came later when he could only do his ordinary work on a greatly enlarged scale.

But he never lost courage or serenity, and it is amazing that, under this constant threat, his work should so often be so gay and light-hearted, and that with so limited a range of vision he was able to observe details in figures and backgrounds with such accuracy.

Of his powers as a draughtsman he certainly had but a modest opinion, but I have often heard him speak with enthusiasm of the work of his contemporaries on *Punch*, perhaps most of that of PHIL MAY, whose economy of line and technique he particularly admired.

He was an exceptionally good amateur actor, with a light baritone voice that he used with much skill. I only saw him act once, at the ARTHUR LEWISES' house on Campden Hill in the late eighties, when he played in OFFENBACH'S operetta, *Les Deux Aveugles* with quite professional ease and ability. This, I believe, was his last appearance in amateur theatricals.

I should like to dwell here on DU MAURIER'S sympathetic powers as an illustrator of fiction from the early days of the *Cornhill* onwards; of his alertness as a satirist of Society's latest crazes and catchwords, and of his mastery of the wildly fantastic and grotesque, but space forbids more than the merest allusion.

It is pleasant to be able to record that, in spite of precarious eyesight and not very robust health, DU MAURIER'S life was an exceedingly happy one—happy in a devoted wife and children of whom he had every reason to be proud; fortunate in the recognition and reward of his genius from its first development.

And when in his later years he made his début as a novelist he realised with whimsical surprise that what he had written mainly for the love of it had not only brought him new fame but a considerable fortune.

His work remains, but few of those who knew him intimately are left, and only they know how staunch a friend, how lovable and charming a personality they lost in GEORGE DU MAURIER.

F. A.



CHERUBIC.

"IS *THAT* GREAT-GRANDPAPA, AUNTIE DEAR?"
"YES. *THAT*'S GREAT-GRANDPAPA!"
"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA CLEVER?"
"VERY CLEVER INDEED!"
"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA VERY *GOOD*?"
"VERY, *VERY* GOOD!"
"AND IS THAT ALL THERE *WAS* OF GREAT-GRANDPAPA?"

1878



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

[Scene—*A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton."*]

Fair Æsthetic (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to dinner). "ARE YOU *INTENSE*?"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



THE SIX-MARK TEAPOT.

Æsthetic Bridegroom. "IT IS QUITE CONSUMMATE, IS IT NOT?"
Intense Bride. "IT IS INDEED! OH, ALGERNON, LET US LIVE UP TO IT."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones. "I WILL!"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



FOND AND FOOLISH.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "DARLING!"
Angelina. "YES, DARLING?"
Edwin. "NOTHING, DARLING. ONLY *DARLING*, DARLING!"

[*Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.* *1888*



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(*Mrs. Professor Borax at Home. Conversazione.*)

Young Masham (to Hostess). "A—A—HOW D' YE DO?—A"—(*glances round the room*)—"A—M—A—GOOD-BYE." [*Exit.* *1889*



THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH GREEK

First Classic. "BY THE WAY, HADN'T DANTE GOT ANOTHER NAME?"

Second Classic. "YES; ALFIERI, I THINK—OR ELSE ALIGHIERI."

First Classic. "AH, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAD A NOTION IT WAS GABRIEL ROSSETTI, OR SOMETHING!"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE GOORMONG. (*Epicuri de Grege Porcus. British Isles.*)

Mr. Huggins. "WHAT A 'EAVENLY DINNER IT WAS!"

Mr. Buggins. "B'LIEVE YER! MYKES YER WISH YER WAS BORN 'OLLER!"

1892



A NUISANCE.

Miss Priscilla. "YES, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL VIEW. BUT TOURISTS ARE IN THE HABIT OF BATHING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, AND THAT'S RATHER A DRAWBACK."

Fair Visitor. "DEAR ME! BUT AT SUCH A DISTANCE AS THAT—SURELY——"

Miss Priscilla. "AH, BUT WITH A *TELESCOPE*, YOU KNOW!"

1892



THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

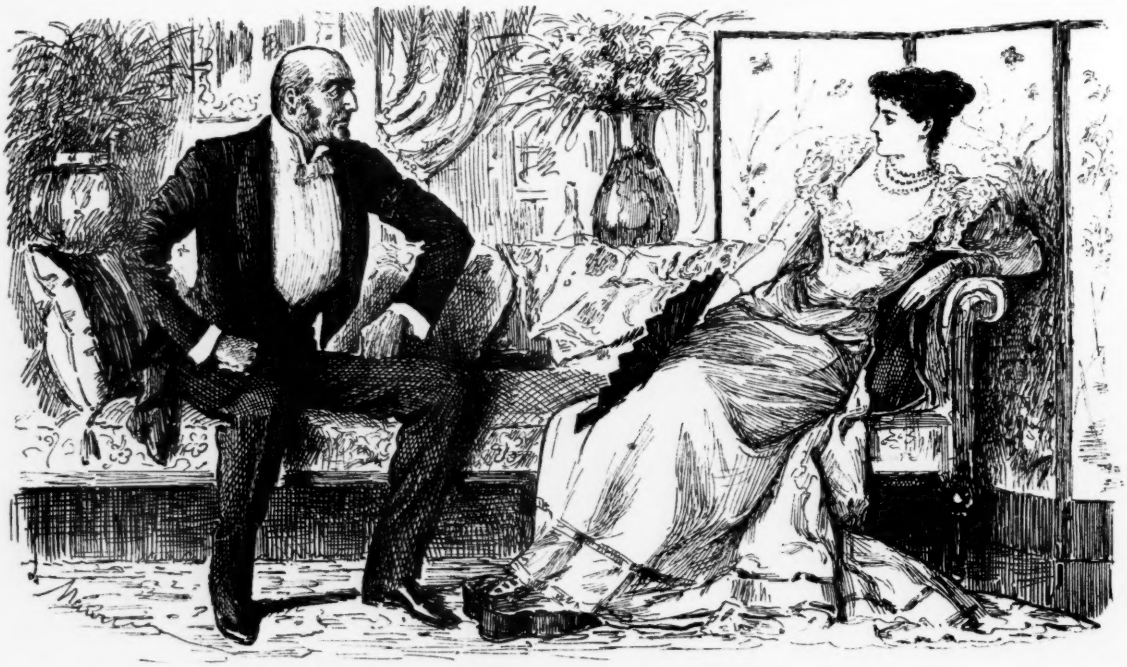
"DIDN'T I SEND 'IM TO HETON AN' HOXFORD? DIDN'T I SEND 'IM INTO THE HARMY, ALONG O' SOME O' THE BIGGEST NOBS IN ALL HENGLAND, WITH AN ALLOWANCE FIT FOR A YOUNG HEARL? AND WHAT'S THE HUPSHOT OF IT ALL? WHY, HE GIVES DINNERS TO DOOKS AND ROYAL 'IGHNESSES, AN' DON'T EVEN HARSK 'IS PORE OLD FATHER TO MEET 'EM. 'IGHNESSES, INDEED! I COULD BUY UP THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT! AND, *WHAT'S MORE, I WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' 'EM SO TO THEIR FACES, FOR TWO PINS!—AH, JUST AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'EM—AND 'E KNOWS IT!*"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Sir Pompey (*so much in earnest that he forgets his grammar*). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THIS, THAT WHAT I GIVE IN CHARITY IS NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"A—I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT IN *THEORY*, LADY HYPATIA. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN PRACTICE THE WORLD AT LARGE WON'T AGREE WITH YOU." "WON'T IT? THEN IT OUGHTN'T TO *BE* AT LARGE!" *1893*



A BLOODTHIRSTY BARITONE.

Miss Maud. "WON'T *YOU* SING SOMETHING, MR. GREEN?"

The Curate. "I HAVEN'T BROUGHT MY MUSIC. BUT, IF YOU KNOW THE ACCOMPANIMENT, AND WOULD PLAY IT, I THINK I COULD SING *THE BRIGAND'S REVENGE*." *1894*

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



[Scene—*A Restaurant near Leicester Square.*]

Jones. "OH—ER—GARSONG, REGARDEZ EECEE—ER—APPORTEZ-VOO LE—LA——"

Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR. I DON'T KNOW FRENCH!"

Jones. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, SEND ME SOMEBODY WHO *DOES!*"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



TRUE HUMILITY.

Right Reverend Host. "I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT A BAD EGG, MR. JONES!"
The Curate. "OH NO, MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU! PARTS OF IT ARE EXCELLENT!"

1895



THE "SEXO-MANIA."

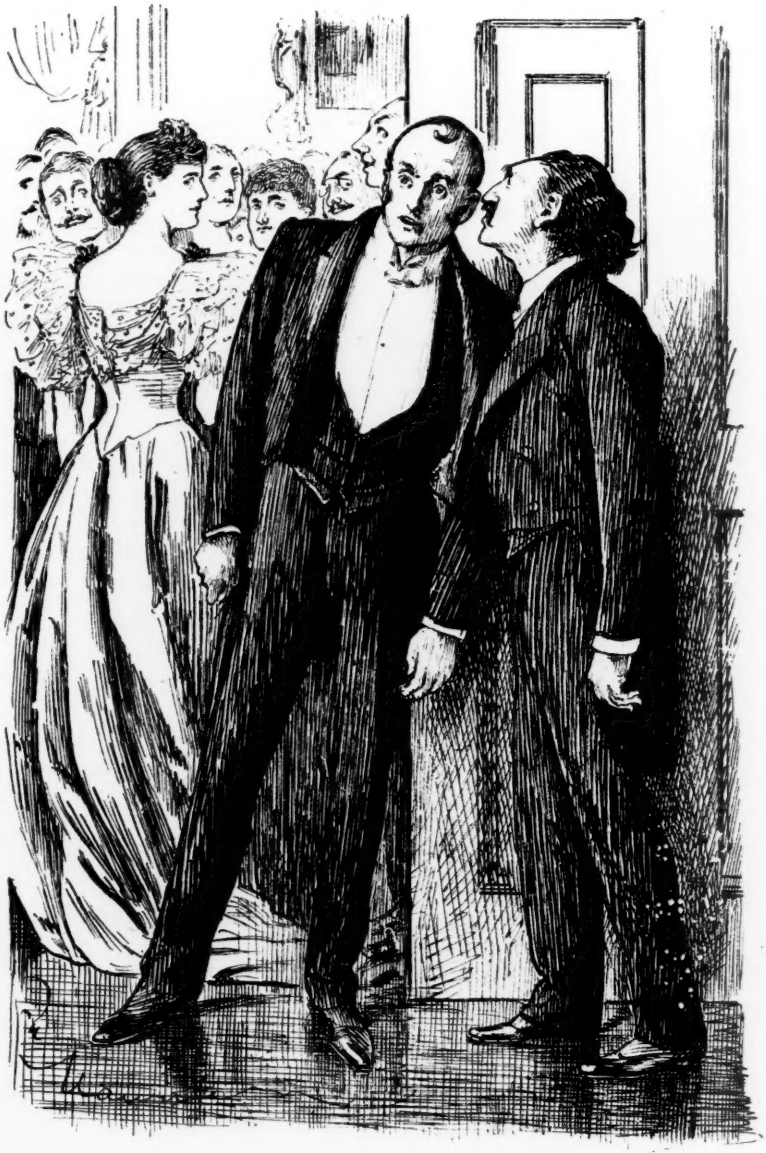
"We think *Lips that have Gone Astray* the foulest novel that ever yet defiled the English tongue; and that in absolute filth its Author can give any modern French writer six and beat him hollow!"—*The Parthenon.*

Fair Author (to her Publisher, pointing to above opinion of the Press quoted in his advertisement of her Novel). "AND PRAY, MR. SHARDSON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY INSERTING *THIS* HIDEOUS NOTICE?"

Publisher. "MY DEAR MISS FITZMORSE, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT WE'VE PAID YOU A LARGE PRICE FOR YOUR BOOK, AND BROUGHT IT OUT AT GREAT EXPENSE—AND WE NATURALLY WISH TO SELL IT!"

1895

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Anxious Musician (in a whisper, to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler). "WHERE'S MY 'CELLO?"

Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room). "SIGNOR WERESMICELLO!"

George du Maurier Centenary Number.



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

He. "I WONDER YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GOING TO NICE AFTER THOSE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES!"

She. "OH, SURELY THOSE THINGS ARE ALWAYS CONFINED TO THE POORER QUARTERS OF THE TOWN!"

1896

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, February 26th.*—Commons: Unemployment Bill, Ninth Day.**

***Tuesday, February 27th.*—Lords: Contraceptives Bill; Diseases of Fish Bill; Assessor of Public Undertakings (Scotland) Bill, considered in Committee.**

Commons: Unemployment Bill, Tenth Day.

***Wednesday, February 28th.*—Lords: Supply of Water in Bulk Bill read Second Time. Discussions on Fascism and Ceylon.**

Commons: Population of Empire Discussed. Manchester Extension Bill read Second Time.

Monday, February 26th.—Mr. MAXTON is troubled by facility of eavesdropping on extension telephones. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD told him to-day that up its capacious sleeve Post Office had all kinds of equipments to suit different requirements, and if subscriber wanted to listen-in on his own telephones it was not for Post Office to ask why. He might have added (rather wittily) that if Mr. MAXTON is an intending customer the perfect installation for him would be the Independent Party-line.

Existence in Austria of Prince STARHEMBERG'S private army, Heimwehr, brought protest from Mr. MANDER, who would like League to take action against it as contrary to Peace Treaty; but FOREIGN MINISTER pointed out that Disarmament Conference already had under consideration problem of political bodies organised on semi-military lines. In highly-disciplined Teutonic countries these are surely inevitable result of Treaty of Versailles, and to oppose Heimwehr would logically involve similar procedure against German organisations, which between them virtually represent new Germany—a grave step.

Two Popular Amendments.

Two Government concessions marked to-day's consideration of Unemployment Bill. First makes it obligatory for Board to exempt first forty shillings of maternity benefit, though the rest, if any, may also be exempted; while, second, Captain FRASER'S admirable Amendment, to which Sir HENRY BETTERTON put his name, exempts first twenty shillings of wound or disability pensions.

Guillotine certainly evokes welcome brevity, but it can also reduce debate to absurdity. Discussion of Means Test, very vital, was cut short by it to-night, and Members of each Party not unnaturally protested. Feeling was growing strong, said Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, that position was rapidly becoming intolerable. It fell to Mr. BALDWIN to placate House by expression of regret that guillotine could not be broken in middle of its operation, and to promise that Government were prepared, after Committee stage, to give further opportunities for discussing important points.



"POACHER TURNED GAMEKEEPER."
MR. MACDONALD AS PORTRAYED BY MR. MCGOVERN.



CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND ORDER.
LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD AND LORD SNELL.

Tuesday, February 27th.—Lords discussed Contraceptives Bill in Committee this afternoon, and Lord DAWSON'S Amendment to permit display of contraceptives in shops was carried by 38 to 20 votes. Another Amendment, to keep doctors, nurses and newspapers within the law, was also agreed to.

Drawing attention to irregularities in the removal of mental cases, Lord KINNOULL quoted powerful instance of lunatic who, on arriving at asylum with a relieving-officer, picked up his own certifying-order and successfully indicated relieving-officer as his patient. It was only after two days and forcible bath that relieving-officer escaped. Motion urging greater precaution was agreed to.

Nautical contingent in Commons was to-day greatly reinforced by introduction of new Member for North Pompey, Sir ROGER KEYES, who was warmly cheered on his transference to the Westminster Patrol.

The Shirt Problem.

International shirt-ballot will have to be arranged for few remaining colours. Question-time elicited from Mr. THOMAS information that I.F.S. is adding territorial force in grey-green haberdashery to political kaleidoscope. And CHANCELLOR duly noted Captain ERSKINE-BOLST'S suggestion for tax on alien servants. There is a widespread hope that should this materialise special exception will be made of large number of Czecho-Slovakian dumb-waiters who are rendering loyal and selfless service in countless British homes.

Interest in Lower House centred mainly in PRIME MINISTER'S refusal to meet deputation of unemployed marchers

or to allow them to speak from Bar of House. As result of his firm attitude Mr. BUCHANAN moved Adjournment and gained necessary support from Labour Party and Samuelites.

Accordingly evening was wound up with acrimonious debate. Suggestion that marchers were victims of Communist agitators seemed to have wounded Mr. BUCHANAN very much. He mourned fact that P.M. had missed opportunity of raising dignity of his office to grandeur hitherto unknown. Mr. MCGOVERN believed that real Tory P.M. would have shown less hesitation in meeting marchers than a Socialist turned Conservative; while Sir HERBERT SAMUEL declared that House had no right to turn deaf ear to such a sad and well-ordered body. In reply P.M. reminded House that not only every Government but also T.U.C. had refused similar requests, and said that, House being actually occupied with Unemployment Measure, its—and his—time was too valuable for them to give attention to deputation which should never have been encouraged to come. Fifty-two Members supported Mr. BUCHANAN'S Motion.

More McGovernment.

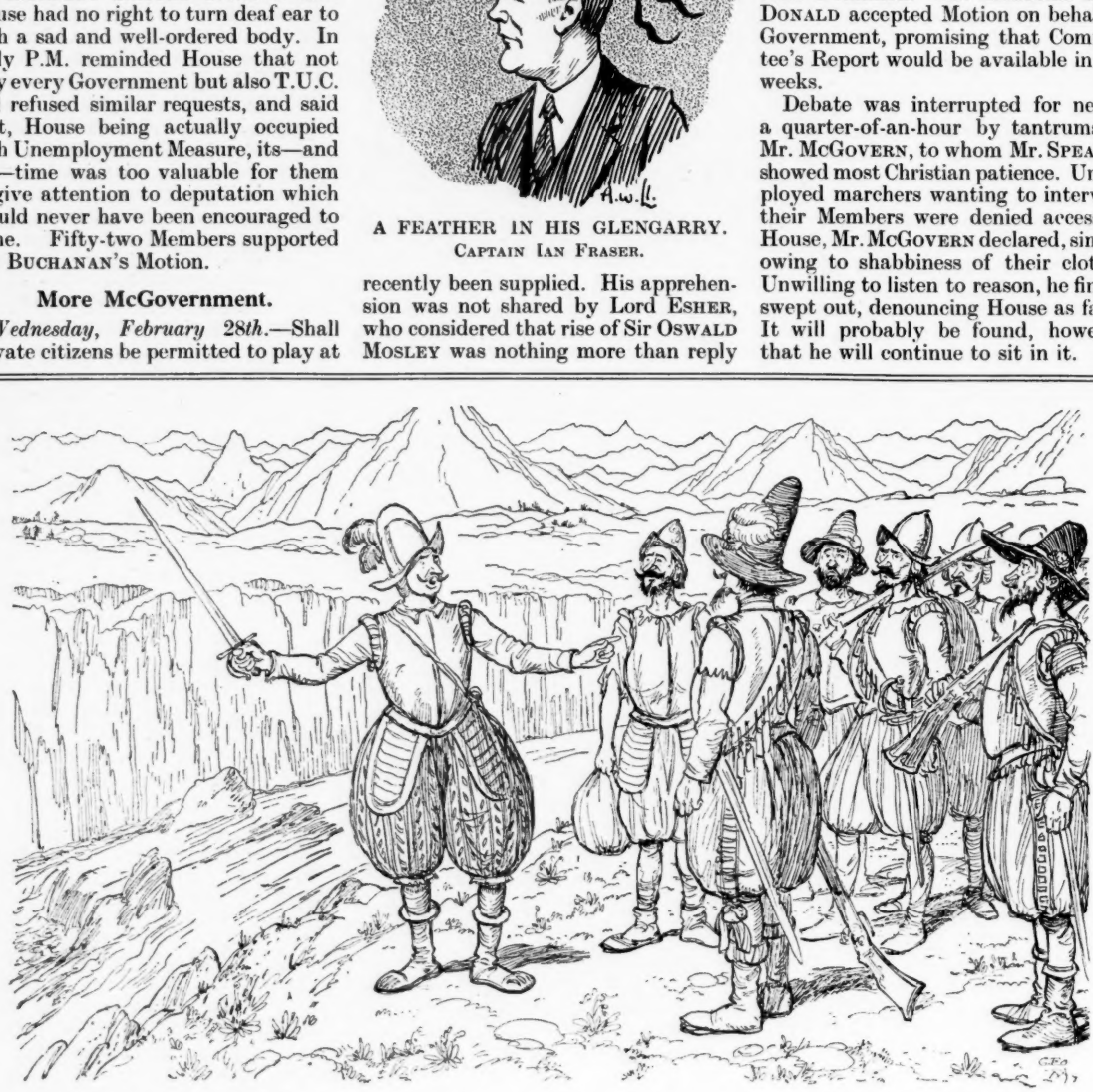
Wednesday, February 28th.—Shall private citizens be permitted to play at soldiers? This afternoon Lord KINNOULL drew attention to growing menace of British Fascists, to whom twenty-five armoured lorries have recently been supplied. His apprehension was not shared by Lord ESHER, who considered that rise of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY was nothing more than reply to Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS. Lord CECIL insisted that Government must be only organisation in this country entitled to use force; Lord SNELL urged increasing danger of the problem; and in reply Lord FEVERSHAM said that, although question was having full attention of Government, British Fascism, safely split into five organisations, as yet called for no restrictions.



A FEATHER IN HIS GLENGARRY.
CAPTAIN IAN FRASER.

Commons discussed Mr. LEVY'S motion on redistribution of population of Empire. He took line that British Commonwealth should be regarded as great business enterprise, and that commissions of business men should be appointed to examine possibilities of each Dominion. Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD accepted Motion on behalf of Government, promising that Committee's Report would be available in few weeks.

Debate was interrupted for nearly a quarter-of-an-hour by tantrums of Mr. MCGOVERN, to whom Mr. SPEAKER showed most Christian patience. Unemployed marchers wanting to interview their Members were denied access to House, Mr. MCGOVERN declared, simply owing to shabbiness of their clothes. Unwilling to listen to reason, he finally swept out, denouncing House as farce. It will probably be found, however, that he will continue to sit in it.



"NOW, MY BRAVE CABALLEROS, I HAVE SOLVED THE DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF CROSSING THIS RIVER—WHICH REMINDS ME OF A STORY ABOUT COLUMBUS AND AN EGG. STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE."

D.O.R.A. Wins Again.

THE country seems to be rather in the dark as to who really won that fight at the Albert Hall.

But Little Ditchling has no donbt on the subject.

The pro-HARVEY section may blame the B.B.C. The followers of LARRY GAINS may point to the broadcast as confirmation of their claims.

It leaves us cold. As far as we are concerned they were both out of it. The fight was won by D.O.R.A.

Of course we were not actually present at the Albert Hall. The only time that Little Ditchling has been represented at the Albert Hall being the occasion of the hearty stranger with the white waistcoat and large cigar, who, getting his car rather involved at the cross-roads signpost, volunteered the information that he was on his way to fight there.

But we are fight-fans to a man, and we get the wireless relay at the "Windsor Arms" as soon as anybody. In fact, as expressed by old Bartupp, we "shudden wonder if we wasn't ahead o' some."

So on the night of the fight every chair in the bar-parlour was filled by half-past seven, old Jim Pullen, being a bit deaf, arriving at opening-time so as to get the chair next the wireless set. By nine o'clock feeling was running high, and a syndicate from the smithy, having backed their opinion of GAINS by a subscribed shilling, it is promptly covered by Mr. Scoop, who intends to see HARVEY through.

Excitement grows as the hour approaches. An argument as to whether B.B.C. stands for "Board of Boxing Control" is being hotly debated. The glasses slide across the bar-counter. Altogether a great night.

Conversation is interrupted by old Bartupp, who has been giving a tense and unheeded description of a fight of TOM CRIBB'S. Old Bartupp, illustrating the progress of the fight by a vivid impersonation of each combatant in turn, brings down the window-curtain and pole with a right swing.

He is disentangled. Little Ditchling, expectant, waits.

At twenty-past nine our landlord calls silence, walks to the wireless-switch and produces a series of howls and whistles which in time clarify to the roar of the Albert Hall assembly.

We listen to the announcer: "Fifteen three-minute rounds," the introduction. We jump at the sound of the bell in the ring. (And, in passing, one may perhaps mention the slight inaccuracy in the timing of the start. According to the clock over the bar the Albert Hall was two minutes late.)

Comes the first round. With bated breath we follow the announcer. As it ends we relax, bursting into comment.

Old Bartupp (pro-HARVEY) now indulges in slow-motion combat with an imaginary GAINS. An argumentative voice is asking: "Why, if the B.B.C. is Board of Boxing Control, do they give us so much music?" when the second round applies the closure to speech.

The precious minutes pass. Another round, then another.

The bell sounds.

"Fourth round," said old Bartupp.

"Fifth," corrected Mr. Scoop with authority.

"Last round, gentlemen," said the landlord.

As we point out to him that there are ten more to come his dreadful meaning dawns on us. It is just on time. Without zest or spirit and in silence we have one more.

The gong goes once again, and the commentary mingles with the sound of the striking of ten. The eye of the Law just glances in casually.

We ask you—a bit hard, don't you think? We pass out into the darkness and hear the bolts rattle behind us. In the bar-parlour the wireless continues to convey the progress of the fight to the aspidistra.

In the morning the papers told us the result. They were wrong. As far as Little Ditchling is concerned the fight was won by D.O.R.A.—a lock-out on a count of ten. T. R. H.



"NO, I'VE NO RIGHT TO BE UP TO-DAY, BUT I COULDN'T STAY IN BED ANY LONGER, I HAD TOO MANY THREATENING LETTERS."

"THREATENING LETTERS?"

"YES, PEOPLE THREATENING TO COME AND SIT WITH ME."



"No water! no water! But this is dreadful!"
"Well, Sir, you can't 'ave it both ways. We 'ad a glorious summer last year."

The Dippers.

It was by the merest chance that old Marty's first glimpse of the new physical culture class should have been obtained at a moment when its perspiring members were sinking with uncertain unaccustomed knees to a sitting position before rising totteringly on to their toes. Yet never since then has he referred to those earnest would-be athletes otherwise than as "the Dippers."

"The divil such kowtowin' ever I seen," he says; "an' the grunts of them was pitiful."

The young men who now meet once a week in Dunne's loft do not like the name at all, but, as another onlooker has said soothingly, "The dear alone knows what epitap he'd have put on ye if he had come in when ye were laid out upon the floor an' the legs wavin' like an acre of ripe oats."

The brand-new physical culture class is an unaccustomed form of entertainment in Mullinabeg, where, except among the Quality—"an' you couldn't mind what they'd do"—exercise for the sake of exercise has never been popular.

By the older villagers the whole idea is looked upon as nothing less than madness, and is classed by them with the wearing of bérets by young men, the drawing of the "idle money," and the carrying of a comb with which to smooth back a cascade of hair that otherwise might interfere seriously with its owner's vision. "The most they have to do now," their disgruntled elders say, "is to put a collar an' a tie upon theirselves. Signs on it they do want some sort of exthracise, the creatures, or they'd fall greatly into mate."

The young instructor, who visits the village once a week and who conducts a similar class in several other places, spells his name in Irish, but, in spite of its intimidating appearance, it boils down to Hegarty. Being a patriot, he issued his preliminary instructions in the Irish language, but being a sensible young man he soon gave that up.

"They flopped and they floundered bad enough as it was," he told a friend afterwards. "Sure it wasn't long until I could see they didn't know B from a bull's foot. 'Touch your toes,' I says then in English; an' they cut a great fourpence—I don't think; but annyway they knew what I was saying."

Impressed by the earnestness of their teacher the Dippers take the new class very seriously, for in some vague manner it seems to mark another advance on the road to freedom. A feeble attempt was made at first to exclude the general public from these weekly gatherings, but dark hints concerning the growth of yet another secret society in Dunne's loft made the young instructor hastily withdraw his objections and positively urge old Marty and his friends to drop in whenever they liked. "Isn't the place actchilly polluted wid secret societies as it is," one of the older men had said suspiciously. "You'd want to be very busy to remember the whole of them widout startin' another an' lettin' on 'tis to touch your toes is what you are afther now an' no political talk goin' on at all be the way. Sure the polis is

kept on the alert these times, interruptin' meetin's here, there an' yandher an' arrestin' people to save them from bein' ett alive." So onlookers are now encouraged to attend and to see for themselves that politics and physical culture have nothing whatever to do with each other; and, as young Foley says bitterly, "We do have a hape of visitants, you may be sure, an' they're terrible free wid their ad-vice."

It was the deep-breathing exercises that first drew the crowd. Marty had told his neighbours that breathing was being taught in Dunne's loft, but they did not believe him until they saw it for themselves; even then they were incredulous.

"You'd never do a die if you was to see them poor Dippers," Marty had said, "an' the puss of consequence upon them for fear they might let out the breath too soon an' they wid too little of it as it was to lasht until the fella would be done countin'. I thought to meself when I seen the faces of them blew out the way they were, 'If so be he don't say "Nine—Ten" very quick there's some of ye will go up in a bottle of smoke.'"

Attracted by Marty's description the onlookers who now line the walls of Dunne's loft on a Wednesday night discuss audibly the relative merits of the exercises—from the spectator's point of view. Most of them agree with the old man that the breathing demonstration is "aiqual to *East Lynne*"—an apparently cryptic utterance that refers to the astounding activities of a troupe of travelling play-actors who gave Mullinabeg something to think of for years to come. Others plump for the prancing advance of the embarrassed young men, hands on hips and knees raised high with a jerky movement that reduces the audience to helpless mirth. "I never thought to see a whole collision of fellas wid the string-halt," the blacksmith said. "Isn't it bad enough for Scally's ould horse to be jiggin' along like that widout them makin' a sample of him?"

Young Foley's already strained nerves gave way at last as he advanced in this unnatural manner towards the convulsed onlookers. "Ye think ye're great," he shouted hysterically, "heeheein' like jinnets an' ho-hoin' like giraffes. Didn't the ancient Fianna have to run under a stick as low as their knees an' lep over one as high as their heads an' no one to make a mock of them?"

But the word "Fianna" was enough. "I was thinkin' the Government was immersed in this some way or another," old Marty said.

D. M. L.



"YOU MAY DEPEND, EPHR'M, THEY FELLERS BAIN'T CALLED NASTIES FOR NOTHING."

A Warning.

You bright young folk whose ardent life
  Strains like a racehorse at the bit,
The world your oyster and your knife
  A very keen and nimble wit,
Remember, while your humours dart
  Round our hoar heads capped like the dunce,
That we in our time played your part—
  We were the Bright Young People once!

With kindly scorn to us you say:
  "What could you dear old people see
In that dull doggerel by A,
  Those sentimental daubs by B?
They're on the shelf now." That is so;
  But let us venture to suggest
That it remains for Time to show
  Which shelf it is whereon they rest.
Perhaps your grandchildren will crowd
  To gaze on B at exhibitions,
And read the works of A aloud
  From calf-bound library editions,
When you who are the mentors now
  And whose opinion the vogue is
Shall in your turn to fashion bow
  And be yourselves the poor old fogeys.

H. C. B.

The Cakes That Mother Made.

"Home-made Pastries and Cakes. Jams. Genuine Antiques for Sale."
Advt. in American Paper.

"Lord ——, the 28-years-old peer who has estates at Glenkindie, in Aberdeenshire, and also in the Isle of Wight, has just arrived in Aberdeenshire and also in the Isle of Wight. He just arrived at Adelaide in the windjammer Mozart."—*Daily Paper.*

Isn't it time he thought of settling down somewhere?

At the Play.

"THE BIG HOUSE" (PLAYHOUSE).

IF in *The Big House* Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON reminds us of some things we would sooner forget, he does so with singularly little bitterness. He seems to stand above the battle, an attitude which is uncommon enough in the long course of Irish tortured politics and social history to be noteworthy. He is here concerned less with the quarrel between his country and ours than with the differences of opinion and attitude between two groups of his own people. On the one hand are the gentry, struggling desperately to survive, distracted by conflicting loyalties—to their country and to an alien religion and alien political institutions; on the other are the people ("they" as opposed to "us"), resentful of their long years of subjection and suspicious of quite genuine gestures of sympathy from a quarter assumed to be tainted. By way of concrete expression of this antagonism we are shown *The Big House: Four Scenes in its Life.*

The *Alcocks* of Ballydonal House are sympathetically represented as the fine flower of their class—a type apart, cultured, liberal-minded, public-spirited, energetic; in contrast with their fellows—almost exclusively preoccupied with sport, slovenly, under-educated. A decadence has been in progress for many years.

In the first scene the *Alcocks—St. Leger Alcock* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN), his English wife (Miss MABEL SEALBY) and their highly-temperamental daughter, *Kate* (Miss ALISON LEGGATT)—are entertaining a wounded English officer, *Captain Despard* (Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR). His manners are bad, his courtship of *Kate* conducted with a phlegm supposed to be characteristic of our tribe. It is within a half-hour of the Armistice. One son of the house, *Despard's* friend, has been killed. The other, *Ulick*, *Kate's* special favourite, is expected home. The two, brother and sister, will devote themselves, so *Kate* dreams, to the loved estate, to their people, and to their country, carrying on their father's fine tradition of service. A telegram announces the death of *Ulick*. It is the first arrow aimed at the heart of the Big House.

In the second scene, dated 1921, are recalled the horrors of the hour. The ambushed Black-and-Tans; the fierce reprisals; the agony in the minds of the family, unable to approve wholeheartedly of either party. (Incidental re-entry of *Captain Despard*, now a Black-and-Tan, drugging his uneasy conscience



THE WORRIES OF A BIG HOUSE.
St. Leger Alcock . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

with the anodyne of drink, savagely forcing a kiss from *Kate* and dissolving in a passion of hysterical weeping when her reluctance turns to a momentary tenderness—a moving scene well played.)



LOVE IN ARMS.
Kate Alcock . . . . . MISS ALISON LEGGATT.
Capt. Montgomery Despard MR. AUSTIN TREVOR.

The third scene (1923) reproduces the atmosphere of a new conflict. The nightmare of the Black-and-Tans is past. But now Republicans are "gunning for" constitutional Free-Staters and the scene ends with a gang of petroleurs ordering the little garrison of the Big House to evacuate. An epilogue shows a summer-house with a few salvaged effects; husband and wife almost glad that the long tension, the hopeless effort to find a place in the Irish sun, is ended. The old people are for Bournemouth and peace. But *Kate*, fortified by a vision of her dead brother, resolves to stay and make a place for herself in her new country.

There is, incidentally, serious discussion, explanation, exposition of matters naturally obscure to an English audience which won our interested attention. There is a generous temper in the treatment. The elderly *St. Leger Alcock* is a fine character and Mr. HANNEN succeeded in making an impressive and vivid portrait, being particularly successful in conveying the gradual ageing of the man with the passage of time and the burden of events. Miss MABEL SEALBY had to present an Englishwoman, dull and conventional but not too unsympathetically drawn by the author, and skilfully pointed the contrast. Miss ALISON LEGGATT, hampered by occasional overlong disquisitions of a somewhat rambling nature which she was called upon to deliver, did succeed in conveying the stresses of a highly-emotional nature, and touched a great moment in the final scene in the psychic encounter with her dead brother's wraith. A pleasant study of a butler who betrayed his trust with regard to his master's cellar but was otherwise a devoted servitor and friend was Mr. EUGENE LEAHY'S excellent contribution. Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR'S careful and clever playing of a difficult and unsympathetic part will not escape the discerning eye; nor Mr. AUBREY MATHER'S half-hearty little clergyman; or Mr. TONY QUINN'S witless horse-coping heir to a peer. T.

"PRIVATE ROOM" (WESTMINSTER).

When the ship of Hymen piles up on the rocks of discord, it seems that in these days an S.O.S. is commonly sent out to some dubious firm of solicitors for a Grace Darling to come to the rescue—their staff co-respondent, generally a militantly

respectable woman making a comfortable living by the manufacture of collusive evidence. Out of this sordid necessity Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH is to be congratulated on distilling the most engaging comedy that we have met for some time. It is light, it is amusing, and behind the humour there is the right amount of pathos to give reality. Moreover, the acting is consistently good.

When *Myra*, a consumptive sister, was brought home in a taxi, full of bitterness that *Lilla* as the baby had had the pick of the larder during the War, *Lilla* would have generously given the last penny of her hat-shop-assistant's pay to send *Myra* to Switzerland as the doctor ordered. But last pennies go no distance in Switzerland, and the *Webster* family had only just mollified the gas company by borrowing from the maid. Their exceptionally crooked brother, *Fred*, a solicitor's tout, took *Lilla* aside, however, and told her that, owing to a hitch at his office, he was at his wits' end to find a lady to dine that night with a client who wanted to fix up a sort of alibi. There was twenty-five pounds in it. . . . And so *Lilla*, without the knowledge of her honest swain, *Charles*, bravely and perhaps a little innocently set out, in the Ascot model she had earned as a bonus and carrying her slippers prudently in an attaché-case, for a hotel on the shady side of Jermyn Street.

Gershwin's was its name, and the word collusion was not new to its vocabulary. A suite was already prepared and a dinner-table laid in the name of *Mr. Wise*; and when the young peer arrived, who was unhappily giving his wife her freedom, he found his solicitor's confidential clerk, disguised as a valet, in command, and was given every assurance that the evidence would all be decently bogus. Just a little dinner, followed by a brief session of locked doors for the detectives' sake; after that a heavy tip to the chambermaid and a merciful escape by the back-stairs. That was all, said the garrulous clerk; and, not knowing that a substitute was coming, entered upon a description of the professional co-respondent, from which *Lilla*, entering tremulously, differed in every detail. But *Fred* had supplied her with the right pass-words, and, her shoes changed and her frock unpinned, dinner began.

It was a very funny dinner, and Miss ROYDE-SMITH makes the most of it. The peer, to whom the outer suburbs seemed infinitely droll and remote, was anxious to hear about life in Walham Green, while *Lilla*, slightly intoxicated and rapidly falling in love, was very willing to tell him. A storm broke when she discovered what kind of an evening *Fred* had let her in for; but she needn't have worried. The peer was a nice and sympathetic young man and, though he also was moved, he thought it wiser for them to part and sent her home early in a taxi, with enough money to take *Myra* to the Alps.

The immediate result of the evening was sad, for to her distress *Lilla* found that after it her good *Charles* looked somehow terribly different, much redder, much clumsier, and that now it mattered absurdly when he failed to light her cigarette or open a door; for a graceful ghost with aquiline features and a lovely swooping moustache sprang up and did it instead. Doubtless you see how it was.



AN AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL CO-RESPONDENT.
Mr. Wise . . . . . MR. ALAN NAPIER.
Lilla . . . . . MISS THEA HOLME.

It would be a pity to disclose the manner in which Miss ROYDE-SMITH overcomes this little tragedy and brings her story to an end which is at once neat and happy and—what is perhaps more surprising—points an estimable moral. And I think it would be an even greater pity if you were to miss such a good comedy, in which I should be a churl to point out certain minor improbabilities which scarcely matter.

Miss THEA HOLME played *Lilla* in a way which wins our hearts from the beginning, and Mr. ALAN NAPIER'S portrait of *Lord Blank* was excellent. Never for a second did either of them drop to farce. Of *Charles*, a difficult part, Mr. BASIL RADFORD made a conspicuous success, and every moment of Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON'S *Edith*, the cook-general, was funny. Mr. ROGER MAXWELL'S humour I like more and more. He was very pleasing as the confidential clerk, and his recital of the regular compromiser's normal dinner was something to remember.

ERIC.

"DON JUAN" (GLOBE).

If we must have a philosophy to account for the scandalous adventures of *Don Juan* perhaps M. ANDRÉ OBEY'S will do as well as any. It was really young *Juan's* haunting fear of death and loneliness, it seems, that flung him into these countless embraces. Which may or may not be the right answer, but anyway helps the idea of the naughty hero being such stuff as dramas are made on.

Even if we do not quite believe in this little bit of near-Freudish psychology, we are ready enough to accept it when the theme is so attractively set forth by M. OBEY and, still more important, by the Compagnie des Quinze. This visiting French Company's technique of speech and action, their instinct for *décor*, makes a museum-piece of delicate perfection. Thanks to them *Don Juan* is a delightful entertainment, and if its story tends to be disjointed and episodic you can put that down to the author, who has not quite rediscovered the golden vein of his *Noé* and *Viol de Lucrèce*.

As in other of the productions which have won the Compagnie a sure welcome here, there is a strong flavour of ancient formalism in the way the piece is staged. In a Seville scene of exquisitely-blended colourings two choruses of five men and five women recall the Greek drama of our school-days by their lively précis of the hero's career from the cradle upwards, and running comments after he has made his actual appearance, aged twenty-five.

Now this particular *Juan*, neatly and ably played by M. PIERRE FRESNAY, is (as may be guessed from the author's thesis) a far from habitually gay deceiver. He talks far more of *la mort* than of *l'amour*—and he talks a good deal. Fortunately for our spirits he has the perfect foil in a valet (M. MICHEL SAINT-DENIS), plumply dapper as his master is slim, irrepressibly comic even in distress.

We see little of *Juan's* actual philan-



"I HEAR YOUR DEAR WIFE IS TO GIVE OUR WOMEN'S INSTITUTE A LECTURE."
"MY DEAR LADY, IT'S NO USE APPEALING TO ME. *I* CAN'T STOP HER."

derings until the end of Act I., when he very reprehensibly impersonates *Anna's fiancé*, just back from the wars with a gallant record and a suit of golden armour, and forces his way into her maiden bower. Her house, I should add, is represented by one of five pulpit-like erections on the stage, each standing for a residence of one of the characters, which is, of course, a very handy device for lending variety to the single scene used throughout the play.

Having killed *Anna's* father, the *Commander*, in the duel which follows—a familiar feature of the *Juan* legend—the hero vanishes for three years. And it is his return and indictment by the *Inquisitor* that brings the most vivid and electric moment in a play inclined to make only desultory advances along the avenue of emotion. The note of real drama, already heralded by the magnificently sorrowful dignity of the *King* (M. AUGUSTE BOVERIO) as he pronounces judgment, is suddenly struck to ringing life in a most moving appeal by *Elvire* (Mme. DASTÉ) that he may be spared for marriage with her.

But grateful as he is, after a shot at settling down the incorrigible *Juan* returns to his bad bold old ways, and in despair at last shoots himself, illogically but none the less fatally, dying (with undiminished eloquence and eyes in fine frenzy rolling) at the banqueting-table they had just set on the stage for him and his bride.

I felt several times during the evening that this loquaciously shallow *Don* must have been rather a bore even to his lady-friends. Our own glimpses of him too might have become a shade tiresome if it had not been for the fervour and vitality M. FRESNAY managed to insinuate into his *rôle*, particularly by varied inflections of voice. Their splendid elocution is of course one of the chief strengths of the company. Another is their positively inspired skill in the subtle handling of colour-schemes, movement and grouping, which enthral the eye even when dramatic opportunity is, if I may so express it, *un peu manqué*.

By the way, to judge from the audience's reactions on the night I went, either there must have been a great many French people present or we are better linguists than we will admit ourselves to be. And the gloriously clear enunciation of the actors—a model for our own—must have made parts at least of the dialogue intelligible even to those still at the stage of *la plume de ma tante*. M. D.

The Essence of Parliament.

"M.P.'s DROUGHT MOVE
EMERGENCY MEASURES PLAN.
. . . It was decided to appoint a sub-committee . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

"The programme . . . opened with a group of Somerset folk songs, including 'Searching for Lambs,' 'O Waly, Waly' and 'The Lark in the Morn.' The tone of the choir was a little woolly at first, but improved later."
Local Paper.

As the titles suggest.

"Hitler, a strong man with a strong chin—as one would see if he removed his moustache."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Let us be content to think that no beard as yet conceals his stiff upper lip.



He. "WHY ON EARTH WILL THEY WRITE ALL THESE THINGS IN FRENCH? NOW WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"
She. "WELL, IN PLAIN ENGLISH, DADDY, IT MEANS BLANCMANGE."

Our Local Golf-Course.

MAHATMAS say that when we die
And seek some other region
Some other life we will descry—
Some form whose name is legion.
An ox, a cat, a dog or snake
Or any other centre,
Whene'er our astral way we take,
Our wandering souls will enter.
I love my golf while still I may
Enjoy the pleasant pastime,
But, when with fleeting breath I play
A golf-ball for the last time,
I hope that as my spirit flees
To seek some new creation
It may attain what most would please—
A triple transmigration.
A goat, a golfer, a giraffe,
To these I would aspire:
The first to scale the dizzy path
High up the hills and higher;
The next to play that perfect shot
That needs a golfer's skill,
That when the ball lies near the pot
It won't roll down the hill;
And last that neck of perfect size,
Not only to discover
What lies beyond the distant rise,
But, when the game is over,
The perfect end that seems like heaven—
A drink that lasts for seven-foot-seven!

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;

or, Business Explained.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

FROM time to time, doubtless, many of our readers will want to give up working for a living and launch out as Captains of Industry. Accordingly, for the benefit of those who feel that they are in a rut and who want to start in to-day to make a fortune, Mr. Punch proposes to provide a series of articles (all from the pens of acknowledged experts) on how to license, start, stop, run, maintain, overhaul and drive in traffic a really modern business. We open this series of Articles for Future Peers with

I.—SORTS OF BUSINESSES (*or* SPECIES OF BUSNI).

There are two main sorts of businesses:—

(1) Buying something and making something out of it. This is called Manufacturing.

(2) Buying something and making a lot out of it. This is called Retailing.

There is a third species known as a Wholesaler or Middleman, which simply buys a thing at one price, puts it in a paper-bag and sells it at another. The Middleman is commonly called a Parasite, except on the Stock Exchange, where he is known as a Jobber.

The actual method by which a business is carried on depends on what is called its Constitution. It may be—

(1) *A Private Trader* (or Family Firm)—rather dying out but still to be seen in the quaint old survival, the Family Butcher.

(2) *A Joint Stock Company* (on no account to be confused with a Touring Stock Company). The main difference between the two is that a Private Trader is a single person with limited assets and unlimited liabilities, while a Joint Stock Company (or Co.) is a lot of people with limited liability and almost unlimited assets. That is to say, if the concern is in debt the Private Trader must pay whether he has the money or not, while the Joint Stock Company (Co. Ltd.) need not pay if it can't. The acute reader will therefore see that it pays to be a Joint Stock Company, because one is then able to plead the Gaming Act.

For our purpose we shall assume that all our readers are Co.s and very definitely Ltd. *This is important.*

Control.

A Company consists of Shareholders who provide the money and are sent circulars. Its control, however, is vested in a Board of Directors. Please note carefully that the control is not *given* to the Directors. It is *vested* in them. Why, I am not sure, but it is always done. It is desirable, if possible, to be a Director.

Directors.

There are several sorts of Directors, viz.:—

Ordinary Directors.
Extraordinary Directors. *
Curious and Interesting Directors. *
Elected Directors.
Selected Directors.
Managing Directors.
Guinea-Pig Directors.
Active Directors.
Sleeping Directors.
Indirectors. *
Directors.

* Avoid these.

The functions of Directors are important but rather vague. As their work is almost entirely Thinking they do not work very long hours, and it is essential that they should spend Saturdays in the open air to recuperate. If you are a Director and someone insinuates that you do not work very hard it is usual either—

(1) To sack him on the spot; or
(2) To point out that reading *The Times* helps you to decide on Policy; or
(3) To explain that the whole success of the firm depends on social contacts at your club.

In any case it is as well to offer with some bitterness to swop your job for his, and then go on quickly to some other matter.

A special word is necessary about Managing Directors. A Managing Director is a man who really knows where the factory is and even goes there sometimes. It is advisable to have a Managing Director.

Nature of the Business.

The grand principle is to make or sell something which people either

(*a*) Must have, *e.g.*, Food.
(*b*) Will have, *e.g.*, Clothes.
(*c*) Can be made to have, *e.g.*, Patent Medicines.

If possible, avoid *permanent* things. It is very nice to sell a grand piano, but the chance of a weekly order is remote. Most of the big fortunes have been made from things which wore out nice and quickly and couldn't very well be repaired, *e.g.*, Beer. By all means, if possible, establish a Habit. A lot of money has been made out of the silly habits of smoking and chewing gum. There is a sizeable fortune awaiting the man who can give the public the bassoon-playing habit.

Alternatively, if you have no capacity for originality, do something which has been done before. Frankly, I don't care much *what* you make. That's your business (ha! ha!), and, if you haven't a fixed idea that you could make a pile of money out of indiarubber cutlery or hairpins, you've no right to be going into business. I will offer only one word of advice—don't worry if there doesn't seem to be much of a market for the thing you want to make. There was once an American who made a huge fortune out of collecting old tins and making them into finger-plates for doors. Remember that *someone* makes a living out of putting spots on rocking-horses, making tooth-picks, printing texts, and making tools to make tools to put the bristles in tooth-brushes. There's plenty of scope. Go in and win; and next week I'll tell you how to finance your Company.

(To be continued.)

More Tampering With The Elements.

". . . He tore open the dispatch and read it. He nodded, sighed heavily, and as a cloud crossed his brow, he scribbled some comment upon its margin and placed it in the correspondence-basket before him for the attention of his private secretary."

Extract from Novel.

Our Sensitive Civil Servants.

"The Post Office is now admitting cellophane, diophane, and similar substances at the inland printed paper rate when sent purely as a medium for print, not as a specimen of the material itself, so far as embarrassment is not caused to the postal officials by their transparency or other peculiarities."—*Trade Journal.*

"'One has only to look at her to see that she has the rare gift of carrying off a dress.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Without being spotted?



"I ASK, 'WHERE ARE WE GOING?'—AND ECHO ANSWERS 'WHERE?'"
"BUT IT WOULDN'T ANSWER 'WHERE,' SIR; IT WOULD ANSWER 'OING'!"

Pegasus in Flatland.

Of altitude enamoured,
In youth I boldly clamoured
That Fate, whate'er my share of good and ill,
Should grant me of her bounty
The freedom of a county
Which boasted of at least one decent hill.

But Destiny, capricious
And oftentimes malicious
In the ruling of the humble human roast,
First placed my humble shieling
In the midmost heart of Ealing,
And latterly upon the Norfolk coast.

And yet, though undulation
May produce exhilaration
And switchbacks make the heart go pit-a-pat,
It must, I think, occur t' you
That stability and virtue
Are promoted by residing on the flat.

Though there ain't no peaks or kopjes
In the poet's land of poppies,*
And you mayn't be ever moved to lyric lauds
Of the height of Norfolk's ranges,
You can safely ring the changes
In extolling the attraction of her Broads.

And if in just requital
Of my services a title
Is ever on this simple scribe conferred,
No county has a chorus
Of place-names more sonorous
To lift one high above the common herd.

If marquisates are going,
What could make a better showing
Than Matlaske, so romantically grand?
While Ancaster and Lancaster
Must yield to Baron Brancaster
Or, best of all, the Earl of Irmingland. C. L. G.

* Cromer: *cf.* CLEMENT SCOTT'S ballad.



Temperamental Orchestra Leader. "ACH! I CAN PLAY NO MORE WHILE THE COUPLES SO ILL-ARRANGED ARE BECOME."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Plain Speaking on Russia.

ONE is used to an admirable straightforwardness from Miss CICELY HAMILTON's surveyals of post-War Germany, France and Italy. Now it is Russia's turn, and the surveyor admits herself handicapped by a public which expects thorough-paced approval or unmitigated horror. Personally I am convinced that Miss HAMILTON describes what she sees. As an individualist with a sense of spiritual values she is on the whole antagonised, the one strange lure which *Modern Russia* (DENT, 7/6) possesses for her as a feminist being its drastic surgical upholding of "voluntary motherhood." Under this head it must be remembered that "the demand for preventives is in excess of the supply: as with bread, clothing, paper, pocket-handkerchiefs, meat, boots, paraffin—any article . . . elsewhere in common use"; that Russia has practically won the anti-religious campaign through its stranglehold on youth; that much-divorced fathers dislike maintaining their children, and that the housing shortage renders normal family life almost impossible. Russia, however, has known a materialist tyranny before; and the present régime's concomitants of persecution-mania, misrepresentation of the outside world and progressive debasement of the arts are common and practical set-backs to the advantages of what Miss HAMILTON discerningly calls "the Insect State."

Sussex Again.

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's latest story about the *Alards* does not give much promise of a sequel, unless we are to fare in another novel with *Simon*, the priest of the family, who returned from Rome to Sussex to find that his father had been killed by his mother's lover and that his chief friends had suffered under the Elizabethan persecutions. *Catherine*, his sister, who rode so hoydenishly in the first chapter, died in the last. She was an uncomfortable figure, an unwilling spinster, forced into celibacy partly because of her Catholicism and partly because of her mannish ways and dress, but she is the most likeable person in the book. The tale of her religious passion, creeping to Mass in the dawn and running away from home disguised as a man, after her friend's house had been burnt down and her father killed, is well told; and the chapter on the hanging of some priests is a great deal too vivid for my taste. I wish Miss KAYE-SMITH would make old bones live more happily, for few people can revive them better; but *Superstition Corner* (CASSELL, 7/6) is a grim depressing book. The author cannot write badly, but she might be a little more cheerful once again, especially as it is difficult to put one of her Sussex stories down until the last chapter is finished.

Some Talk of Alexander.

When you deal with a career that has, as the American lady said, "more *B.C.* than *Anno Domini* about it," there are roughly two methods to employ. Either you eliminate everything that rigid standards of criticism cannot substantiate—in which case you have, as a rule, an exiguous, desultory and probably inhuman book; or you incorporate the whole deposit of tradition with suitable comments and caveats. This latter, undoubtedly the popular method, is Professor F. A. WRIGHT's notion of handling *Alexander the Great* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6), and the result is a portrait as winning as the obviously conventionalised effigies with which the volume is illustrated. It is as the least parochial of the

Greeks, the barbarian moulded to culture by ARISTOTLE, the explorer, the organiser of research and, above all, as the would-be peacemaker, that ALEXANDER is treated here; and the story has a pioneer quality, a stress on the enlargement of horizons that assimilates it rather to the discovery of America than to the empire-building of such a figure as NAPOLEON. Clearly and vivaciously written, and backed by topographical knowledge that makes the Indian campaign particularly absorbing, the book should attract a diversity of interested readers.

Frank Autobiography.

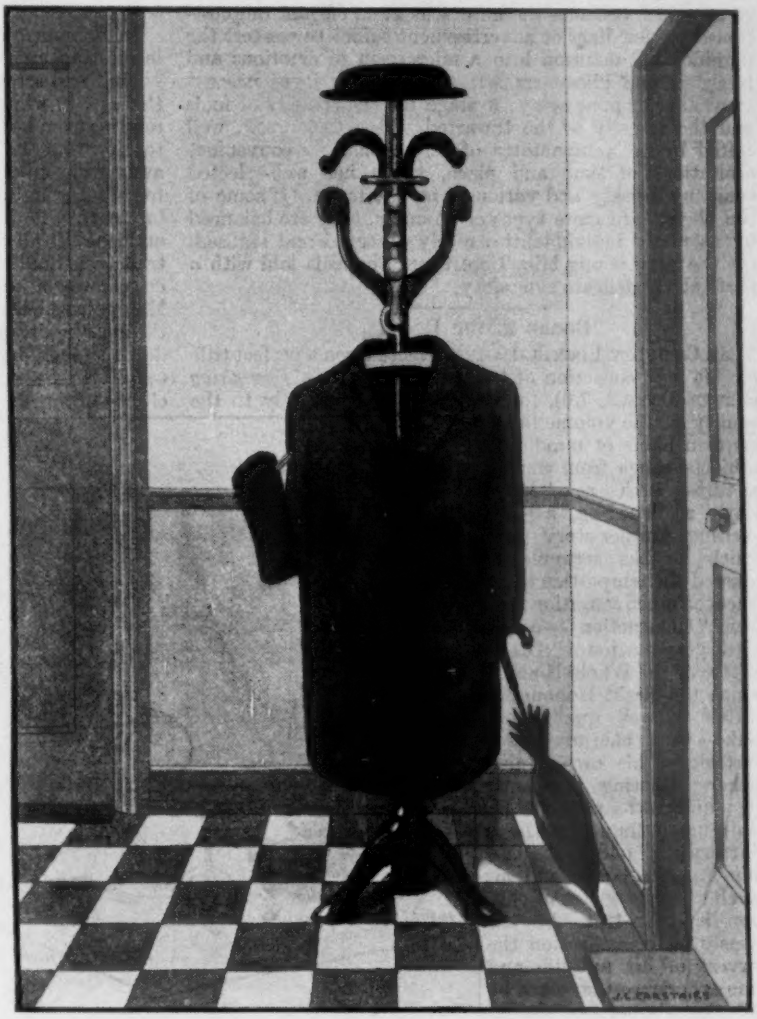
One of the things that puzzle me
In LOIS VIDAL'S *Magpie* 's this—
How to describe explicitly
This curious many-sided Miss.
Am I to call her rolling-stone,
Minx or adventuress or tramp,
Each with a difference all her own,
Or simply let it go as vamp?

Most of the names I 've noted here,
As well as others less polite,
She calls herself (and she 's sincere),
Yet none of them 's exactly right;
For in this record of her days
(Which FABERS sell at 12/6)
She treads a hundred devious ways
And nowhere does she really mix.

Another thing that stops me short
Is how to probe her mental mists
Without a jargon of the sort
Enjoyed by psycho-analysts;
But this I 'll say: by turns she 's vile,
Bewildering, erratic, sage,
And there 's a magic in her style
Which held me till her final page.

The Future of Jewry.

Few men can know more about Jewish sociology than Dr. ARTHUR RUPPIN, Lecturer in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who now discusses the subject at length and with great thoroughness in *The Jews in the Modern World* (MACMILLAN, 15/-). What is to be the future of the Jew? In the nineteenth century the German Jews were the dominant portion of the race, but even before the rise of the HITLER régime they had lost their leading position. Fifty or sixty years ago three-fourths of world-Jewry were concentrated in Eastern Europe; now only about half. The Jewish population in America has risen from less than a quarter-of-a-million in 1880 to four-millions-and-a-half in 1933: the leadership is now clearly in the hands of the English-speaking Jew. But the aim of the American Jews, says Dr. RUPPIN, is to be good Americans rather than good Jews. Accommodation may pass into assimilation. Mr. L. B. NAMIER, who writes an introduction to the book, seems to hold that this would be the better course. The oldest inscription that mentions the Jews by name, he points out, is a monument by that Egyptian Pharaoh who boasted of having exterminated Israel and left none to survive. They survived none the less, and their existence has become not only an obsession to the anti-Semite but something of a burden to themselves. So that it is now a question whether they are justified in bringing more Jewish children into the world to face a fate that seems to become worse every year. The problem of the race's future, he says, should be met boldly, not merely shifted on to the children with a polite assurance that at last the skies are clearing.



STILL LIFE. ARRANGED BY MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

Cross-Currents at Christmas.

Haunted by ghosts of his ancestors and memories of a happy childhood, *Chedsy Place* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) was holy ground to *Robert Beaton*—holy ground under the shadow of the hammer. But to the practical *Celia*, surveying her husband's lovely heritage for the first time with unsentimental eyes, it was a potential Tom Tiddler's ground. This discrepancy in valuation seems at the outset to be the main motive of Miss RICHMAL CROMPTON'S story; but the stream of cross-currents soon flows underground—though to make a final and menacing emergence—and we forget it in contemplation of the antics of a number of folk whose connection with Chedsy Place is fortuitous. For *Celia* of course

has her way, and Chedsy Place, for the season of goodwill at any rate, becomes the most select and elegant of guest-houses: a few lines of advertisement suffice to convert the dignified old mansion into a microcosm of emotions and intrigues and idiosyncrasies; a setting for loves nascent or waning or gone agley; a stage for the comedy of fools and the tragedy of the thwarted. Miss CROMPTON, well suited by the compactness of her scheme, its convenient limitations of time and place, keeps her well-selected company briskly and variously on the move. If some of the players are mere types or humours, they are balanced by as many individualities nicely observed and realised. On the very young Miss CROMPTON'S hand is laid with a particularly delicate sympathy.

Books in the Brooks.

Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON has chosen a perfect title for his new collection of "papers," *A Tale in Everything* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), for it gives a clue not only to the quality of the volume but to his own habit of mind. His subjects range from country pictures such as "March Days" to "The Fog," a really exciting murder-story from which he has scrupulously resisted the temptation to extract too much sensation; and from "Obstruction"—a dramatic presentation of "A Committee of the Whole House," which the Right Honourable author is well qualified to make—to a charming pen-portrait of his own grandfather. Sharing ignorantly his informed passion for sculpture, I found "A Greek Masterpiece" one of the best things in the book; and his touch when he writes of children is delightful. So obviously is this collection the harvest of his full life and wide experience that when he calls the prisoner in a murder case "the defendant" or a doctor's patient his "client" I am almost persuaded that I must be wrong in thinking that he is.



"COULD I ASK MY WIFE A QUESTION WITHOUT SEEING HER?"

A Cumbrian Tale.

Men Who March Away, by HENRY ANDOVER (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 7/6), is a very interesting novel. It is a full book, though not of extreme length, and should not be worried or hustled. Its period is roughly that of the first eight years of the present reign. This includes the War, which is quite admirably done, and if, as with sausage-rolls, the strong meat is in the middle, both ends are palatable. The book has plenty of inhabitants, and the author has so good a knack of making them real that, though poor *Gunnis*, a soldiering barrister, is mentioned only in the most casual way, one is quite sorry to hear (also casually) of his having fallen in action. The scenery, except for the chapters where the action takes place in France, is mainly that of Cumberland. This will have a special appeal for all good Cumbrians; but attractions for the ordinary reader are many, and local details and scenic descriptions have the quality of falling naturally into their places without being obviously pushed in.

Gathering Moss.

In *Express to Hollywood* (JARROLDS, 12/6) we get a really interesting autobiography by Mr. VICTOR MCLAGLEN, of boxing and screen fame. It is a relief to read a book of this sort in which the author frankly criticises himself and refrains from boasting of his triumphs. I would be inclined to say that he is at times almost too humble. He ran away from school to join the Guards at fourteen hoping to get into the Boer War. He lumbered, mined and starved in Canada; he became an itinerant "small-time" wrestler and pugilist all over the United States. He roamed Australia, the South Seas and Africa, living just as chance jobs or chance acquaintances guided him. He fought in Mesopotamia, became again a professional boxer, and finally the most highly-paid star in Hollywood. He puts his success down to luck, but I suspect his joy in fighting (especially uphill) to be an indication of great determination and cheery optimism—qualities which get results. It is curious, by the way, to note how good-humoured and slow to quarrel are pugilists generally.

An Ancestral Home.

Should you be inclined to meet a very inconsequent though intrinsically sensible lady, I direct you to *Honeymoon House* (CASSELL, 7/6). *Lady Placidia* was a confirmed burbler, and if at times she is in danger of exceeding her burbling allowance, she remains entirely lovable and amusing. I can forgive all her faults, with one exception. On p. 247 of G. M. ATTENBOROUGH'S gay romance she tore a note "into twenty pieces and scattered them to the breeze," which was not a good example for a lady of the bluest blood to set. As an antidote to the realistic fiction of to-day I can recommend this story of *Lady Placidia* and of the Abbey, which had an atmosphere that was both delightful and discomforting.

Mr. Punch in Canada.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by LEECH, KEENE, TENNIEL and DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*—which has recently been exhibited at the *Punch* Offices in London and in the principal cities of Great Britain—is now visiting Canada under the auspices of the National Gallery of Canada. The Exhibition is at present at Vancouver, after which it will be on view at Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Hamilton. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of these cities will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, London, England.

Counting Their Blessings.

"We have muck to be thankful for."

Sunday Paper.

Charivaria.

"WHICH is the silliest county?" asks a writer. May we suggest that it is the one with the balmiest air?

***

In Illinois a woman with a baby in her arms held up a bank and stole some thousands of dollars. The trouble is of course that the child will always expect to be kept amused like this.

***

Railway-tickets are sold at several London clubs. At one institution, we hear, a subscription has been opened to present a loquacious member with a first single to Land's End.

***

At Berlin a woman pulled the alarm-signal of a railway-carriage because she didn't like the face of the man sitting opposite her. We have often travelled with faces like that, but could never afford the five-pound fine.

***

At a recent luncheon served in London twenty-six varieties of Australian wine were served. This is the correct figure. They were counted before the luncheon started.

***

Four Russian students are on their way from Petrograd to learn golf on English links. As the Russian equivalent for "Bother it!" is composed of twenty-six syllables it is feared that rest-shelters will have to be erected in most of our bunkers.

***

"Why do wealthy women smuggle silk garments into this country?" asks a writer. We can only suppose that they have no sense of duty.

A man has been convicted of stealing pearls on seventeen different occasions. Apparently he regarded the world as his oyster.

***

An authority on publishing is quoted as saying that the average first novel may be expected to produce a monetary return slightly better than the standard rate of pay for charwomen. Would this justify charwomen in demanding a rise?



Joan to Darby. "I DON'T CARE IF IT *is* GRETA GARBO. I CAN'T WALK NO FASTER."

It is stated that even cheap imitation Japanese goods, which were formerly made in Birmingham, are now being made in Japan.

***

But our newspapers seem to have overlooked the case of the famous man who went on speaking so long in his "Buy British" campaign-speech that he nearly lost the boat-train for the Riviera.

***

According to the latest report of the survey of London conducted by the School of Economics the practice of leaving food on the plate is still considered good manners. But bad economics.

Artificial teeth are being manufactured of specially hardened steel. Makers of leaden half-crowns are in despair.

***

It would be interesting just now if some expert would tell us what used to cause all the juvenile crime in the days before films were invented.

***

It is believed that the Government is to spend twenty-six thousand pounds during the financial year to encourage people to be more thrifty. The first suggestion made is to save twenty-six thousand pounds by not doing so.

***

"A fortune awaits at this moment a girl who can sing a little, dance a little, and act a little," says a producer. And smile steadily all the time.

***

Scientists claim to have produced a more perfect finish for motor-cars. Nothing so far seems to beat a good strong telegraph-post.

***

An American educationist who has been studying our public schools observes that they are behind in the matter of physical punishment. And where else would they be?

***

"What is the secret of the much-decomposed marine carcass found on the shore near Cherbourg?" cries a journalist. A monster smelt?

***

"One can be happy in rags," declares a novelist. Even an old suit has its bright patches.

***

We learn that no female operators in the telephone service are married. But think of the numbers engaged!

Behind The Veil;

or, Thoughts on Lunching with a Permanent Civil Servant.

Boffingham, be to me mild and gentle,
Tell me of birds and flowers and trees,
Conjugal jokes and jokes parental—
Talk to me simply of things like these,
But not about Interdepartmental
Sub-committees, Boffingham, please!

Talk about love and light-foot dancers,
Not about Minutes or Drafted Bills,
Difficult Parliamentary answers,
The noon that worries, the night that kills;
Speak of the Springtime's first advancers—
Talk about crocuses, talk about squills!

Well I know the ways of your prattle,
How you will hang on various pegs
Ministers timid or bold to battle,
Mention the way you urged the eggs,
Drove them about like so many cattle,
Saved their faces and pulled their legs.

Let me remain with a few illusions
Such as the papers love to give—
Stories of minds with no confusions,
Capable, stern, executive,
Ready to smite or to heal contusions;
Not old boys with brains like a sieve!

Boffingham, studious, wearing a mitten
On either hand, be-spectacled, short,
Leave me to dream of types hard-bitten,
Wonderful chiefs of the SOLON sort;
Don't let me learn of the debt Great Britain
Owes to her Boffinghams. Drink your port.

EVOE.

Phineas Clench, Author.

A Tale of Perseverance and its Reward.

Phineas Clench threw down his pen with a sigh and rose stiffly from his desk. For three long years he had been engaged upon *Mountains in Arcady*, and now at last it was finished

He sent it by registered post to Bolton and Tring.

Eighteen days later it came back again to the little rose-clad cottage in Devonshire where Phineas lived and worked. "Too slight," said Bolton with his compliments. "Not enough meat," said Tring.

So Phineas altered it here and trimmed it there, and in a little while delivered it again into the safe keeping of the Post Office. But now it bore upon its paper wrapper the address of Messrs. Shutt and Hissingthorpe. For Phineas had his pride.

This time it was three weeks before the manuscript returned.

Again the intrepid author wrought upon it and again he sent it forth into the unfriendly world. He sent it to Shuttleworth's. He sent it to Matterhawk and Sling. He sent it to Bodkin and Co., The Endive Press, Sigsby and Racket, Hunter and Bun. He even sent it to H.M. Stationery Office and the Pan-European Sociological and Economic Publishing Company, Ltd. But always it returned and always it bore pencilled upon it those fatal words "Too slight." Sigsby wrote them; Matterhawk wrote them; Bodkin and Company chanted them in chorus.

Then Phineas Clench set his teeth and got to work. Night and day he laboured at that manuscript. He put *all he knew* into it. He put the Capitals of Europe and the Dates of the Kings of England and the Binomial Theorem. He put the Table of Weights and Measures and the speed of light and the Hegelian System of Metaphysical Philosophy. Also YOUNG'S Modulus, parts of EUCLID, a list of stratified rocks, forty-eight pages on the circulation of the blood, an account of the Battle of Arbela and—for he was a man of many interests—the winners of the Derby since 1832. All these things he set down, together with the names and addresses of thirty-six publishers and many other matters beyond count or reckoning.

"Never again," said Phineas to himself when it was finished, "shall any publisher call my novel 'slight.' " And with that he summoned a taxi and drove rapidly to the station.

"Sorry, Sir," said the station-master as he caught sight of Phineas about to enter a third-class carriage with his manuscript, "but you can't take that package in there. Too bulky. It'll 'ave to go in the van."

"Then I shall go with it," said Phineas. "It is too precious to be permitted out of my sight."

"Not allowed," said the station-master, glancing rapidly through the Company's bye-laws.

So Phineas drove home again and brooded darkly over the problem of transportation. The railway had let him down. A taxi from Devonshire to London would be expensive. So, for that matter, would an aeroplane. Yet he dare not be parted even for an instant from his masterpiece. For a time the difficulty seemed to be an insuperable one.

And then (it was on a Monday) he made the great decision about which the whole world now knows.

He decided to wheel the manuscript up to London in a wheelbarrow.

* * * * * * * *

The story of that heroic pilgrimage has been told and retold a thousand times. For a while it became one of the brightest jewels in our national heritage. On the day after the inspiration had come to him Phineas left his little cottage at Moreton Hampstead and wheeled his barrow steadily down the road to Exeter. By Thursday there were two lines about him in *The Daily Echo*. On Saturday *The London Advertiser* gave him half-a-column. Next Monday *The Screech* made him front-page news. Less than ten days after he steered his precious freight skilfully through the gates of Roseleaf Cottage his name had become a household word throughout the length and breadth of England. Thousands thronged the roads along his route to see him pass; millions more eagerly followed his progress from day to day on the special maps provided by *The Screech*. At Sherborne he was mobbed by the crowd. Salisbury accorded him a civic reception. At every halt fresh tributes in the shape of fruit and flowers and telegrams from publishers were piled upon his barrow. Phineas Clench, impoverished author, had become a Riot.

Six weeks later, behind the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, he entered London and wheeled his way through frenzied crowds to the steps of the Mansion House, there to receive from the hands of the Lord Mayor the Freedom of the City. Thence the procession wound its way to the offices of Messrs. Shutt and Hissingthorpe, whose offer of eighty per cent. royalties with a fifty-thousand-pound advance Phineas had finally consented to accept, and with the handing-over of the manuscript, the ceremonial signing of the contract and the singing of the National Anthem the proceedings were brought to a close. The great march was over.

The pre-publication sales of *Mountains in Arcady* were,



THE ANTI-JINGOES.

CHORUS OF EUROPEAN POWERS—

"WE DON'T WANT TO BUILD,
BUT BY JINGO IF WE DO,
WE SHALL ALWAYS SAY WE DID IT
BECAUSE YOU FORCED US TO."



Tramp. "WELL, MUM, YOU TOLD ME TO MAKE A NEAT JOB OF IT, SO I'VE BIN ARRANGIN' THE WEEDS ACCORDIN' TO THEIR BOTANICAL CLASSIFICATION."

even for those days, phenomenal. Thirty-eight editions were sold out and another fifty ordered before a single copy had been printed; while by Publishing Day, which was made a national holiday by special Act of Parliament, the sales-figures had reached the astonishing total of seventeen-and-a-half millions.

When the volume appeared upon the bookstalls no fewer than twenty-six different coloured labels were at once noticed adhering to its gigantic cover. *Every single Book-Committee in the country had chosen it as the Book of the Month*—a record. Nor were the reviews unsatisfactory. *The Daily Echo* reviewer, who happened to have opened it at page 2040, called it "the most comprehensive survey of geological stratification ever attempted." *The Clarion* hailed it as a "shattering *exposé* of war-mongering nabobs in the Far East" (pages 807–933). The critic of *The Screech*, who had not opened the book at all, called it quite simply "Immense . . . far and away the most stupendous and awe-inspiring human document ever penned."

Even so the sales might not have exceeded the twenty-five-million mark had not a Miss Elizabeth Droolbody discovered on page 3006 what she considered to be a slighting reference to herself and taken the matter to Court.

"It will be necessary," said Mr. Sigismund Blake, K.C., opening the case for the prosecution, "in order that the jury may obtain a comprehensive knowledge of the grounds of my client's complaint, for me to read the book from the beginning."

This he proceeded to do; but at page 214 the jury stopped the case, saying that they did not wish to hear any more, and awarded heavy damages to the plaintiff.

Both the sales of *Mountains in Arcady* and the popularity of Phineas Clench now knew no bounds. There was even talk of making him Dictator; but on the very day on which the matter was to come up for discussion in Parliament Miss Constance Dank produced her *Open Drains*, a brilliant psychological study of a sanitary inspector's fight for purity, and Phineas, knowing that his star had set, went quietly back to Roseleaf Cottage.

* * * * * * * *

His barrow, unswept, unhonoured and (but for this brief eulogy) unsung, is still to be seen in a quiet corner of the Victoria and Albert Museum, but *Mountains in Arcady* is now, I am sorry to say, out of print. H. F. E.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

All the Girls Love a Billbroker.

WHEN I was a callow bumpkin
My father said to me,
"Stop sucking of your thumb, for the time has come
To decide what you want to be.
To decide what you want to be, my boy,
Is darned well up to you;
Then take your stand, for the time's at hand
To decide what you want to do.

And if," my father told me,
"You want to see some fun—
If you're not just out to be staid and stout
You'll take my tip, my son.
Don't take to the stage at an early age;
Don't run away to sea;
If you want some fun while you're young, my son,
Be a Billbroker," said he.

"All the girls love a Billbroker,
A Billbroker, a Billbroker,
All the girls love a Billbroker,"
He cried and danced around.
"Whether you're a good or an ill broker,
An ill broker, an ill broker,
Whether you're a good or an ill broker
You'll like it, I'll be bound.
A Billbroker has a way with him,
A way with him, a way with him,
A Billbroker has a way with him
Which gets a girl, it do.
A sailor's seldom wanted, Sir,
But all the girls love a Billbroker,
All the girls love a Billbroker,
Tooral-ooral-oo!"

"If that's the case," I answered,
"I'm with you, Sir," said I.
"I don't want cash, but I do want dash—
I do want something spry.
I do want something spry," I said,
"And not mere £ *s. d.*;
So if all this is true that I hear from you
A Billbroker I'll be."
A Billbroker I am, boys,
And glad I am it's so;
I get small pay, but I do feel gay—
I do feel full of go.
My high silk hat and my neat cravat
They give me—well, an air;
And my talk of dates and of discount rates
It fascinates the fair.

"All the girls love a Billbroker,
A Billbroker, a Billbroker,
All the girls love a Billbroker,"
You'll often hear me sing.
Broke I may be and still broker,
Still broker, still broker,
Broke I may be and still broker;
But that's not everything.
Oh, some may envy the soldier-boy.
The soldier-boy, the soldier-boy,
Some may envy the soldier-boy
And some the gay Jack Tar;
But mine's a life that I prefer,
For all the girls love a Billbroker;
All the girls love a Billbroker;
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

P. B.



"OUR NEW MODEL, SIR, IS GUARANTEED TO BE *ABSOLUTELY* OWNER-PROOF."

As Others Hear Us.

The Fellow-Travellers.

"WHY has she only put in one banana?"

"Isn't that like them?"

"Have you looked under the vacuums? Sometimes they do that."

"No."

"All right; you have it."

"Oh, no—you."

"No, no—you. I don't really mind."

"No, really; I mean it."

"Well, look here, have you got a knife?"

"No, no; we won't do that. It isn't worth it. You have it."

"I'm not sure there isn't a paper-cutter in HUGH WALPOLE. You might just look."

"Yes, there is; but it's absurd. Besides, I don't want it, and I know you like them. Look, Taunton!"

"Taunton always makes me think of MONMOUTH and all that."

"Isn't Monmouth Wales?"

"Half-and-half, I think. But I meant the Rebellion and LUCY WALTERS and the Black Box."

"I know; like Mrs. FITZHERBERT."

"I always mix the GEORGES up. But I've always thought he must have married her—really married her, I mean."

"You're frightfully historical, aren't you? I'm not a bit, I'm afraid. Look here, here you are."

"No, I won't; I really mean it."

"So do I."

"It'll be absolutely wasted if you don't."

"Please let's not argue. I *do* so hate it."

"Honestly I can't see why everything has always got to be your way. I gave in about not sitting with my back."

"Well, it would have been absurd not to, when you mind and I don't. Besides, that was different."

"Well, I suppose it's no use talking. I might stand on my head and scream for hours on end and it wouldn't make any difference."

"Not when it's unreasonable."

"Then there's no more to be said."

"There never was."

"I must say it seems rather a pity to go on like this."

"But it was exactly the same over the suitcases."

"The suitcases were your own fault. I said so at the time and I still say so. However, please don't let's go on about it. The thing's over and there's no more to be said. I told you at the time, if you remember, that the suitcases were entirely your own doing, and that I could have told you beforehand exactly what would happen; and it *did* happen, that's all. What's in the flask?"

"Coffee; but it's no use changing the conversation. Have you finished with HUGH WALPOLE?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Oh, never mind. *The Strand* is somewhere, I dare say. Never mind."

"I don't want it. Here you are."

"No, never mind. *The Strand*'ll do."

"Please *take* HUGH WALPOLE."

"No, thanks—at least, not unless you'll have the banana."

"I truly don't want it. I hate bananas. Look here, I'll have half."

"Well, give me HUGH WALPOLE. There."

"It isn't the paper-knife we used for the back of the lady with the lost glove's seat in the other train, is it? Because of germs and things."

"Oh, I know. I wiped it. Not frightfully sharp, is it?"

"Not frightfully. Still, it's not like an apple."

"Thank goodness! Once I cut an apple with a bodkin—I did really. Look at that!"

"What a shame! Pitch-black."

"When they're only brown it doesn't matter, I believe. It's just the colour. A man told me once. They're absolutely all right, really."

"Well, I call this black."

"So do I. Absolutely. Throw it out of the window; I should. It's all right about men on the line, except when it's glass. I'm always so terrified of killing somebody—aren't you?"

"I wonder if they'd bring it in as manslaughter or what. Good heavens! do you know there was *another* banana here the whole time? Under *The Strand*."

"Well, you have it."

"No, you."

"No, really, you. . . ."

E. M. D.

Spring Sunshine.

THIS is a claim on your kindness. The Spring doesn't come with any great rush of gladness to the mean streets near Hackney Road, where the slum children—no, slums are not abolished yet—starved of health by the cold and dark winter, need all the devoted care that doctors can give them, and all the alms, all the charity, however small the individual amount, that benevolence can afford.

In Hackney Road the Queen's Hospital, which was founded in 1867, serves the densest slum areas in East London. As far back as sixty-three years ago the Out-Patients' Department was treating 40,000 children every year. That Department has the same building now as then. But now 140,000 children are brought to it every year, suffering from all those ailments which modern medical skill, if it can only be sufficiently equipped (if it can only be sufficiently equipped!) can alleviate. A child who is well is a child who is happy. There are no after-cares such as those that burden and besiege grown-ups.

To help these East-End children who come to this Hospital a new Out-Patients' Department is urgently needed. £15,000 out of a necessary total of £40,000 has already been generously subscribed. Twenty-five thousand pounds? A dreadful sum. It makes one shudder.

But a few words must be said here for those who do not remember the facts about Lady COOPER, to whose memory it is proposed to build this new Out-Patients' Department. Lady COOPER was Lady Mayoress of London in the year 1919–20. She gave up a fortune and devoted most of her life after her War-work was ended to the Queen's Hospital, living herself in the humblest circumstances, fulfilling the hardest precept that was ever put to the world: "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor."

No such counsel of perfection is urged here: only the recollection of a great and noble example. AND THIS: Can you help even a little to let the Spring into the slums and make that quick transition between misery and happiness, between health and sickness, a little more easy for slum children to obtain? For that is what a donation to the Queen's Hospital truly means. There is overcrowding not only in the houses where the children live, not only in the streets where they try to play, but in the very place where they must come to be healed of their only too frequent illnesses.

Readers who have kindly followed these sentences and tried to picture the urgent need that they indicate are asked to send their gifts to the Secretary, Punch Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, marking the envelopes "Lady Cooper Memorial Fund." Cheques should be made payable to "Punch."

This is one of the great re-housing schemes that Mr. Punch most earnestly advocates for 1934.

"There were eight of them—hacking tugging, shoving. Two men, with a kind of forcing jack, exerted pressure and there will remain £2,102 6s. to carry forward."
Northants Paper.

We could shift that ourselves.

Melodious Comparisons.

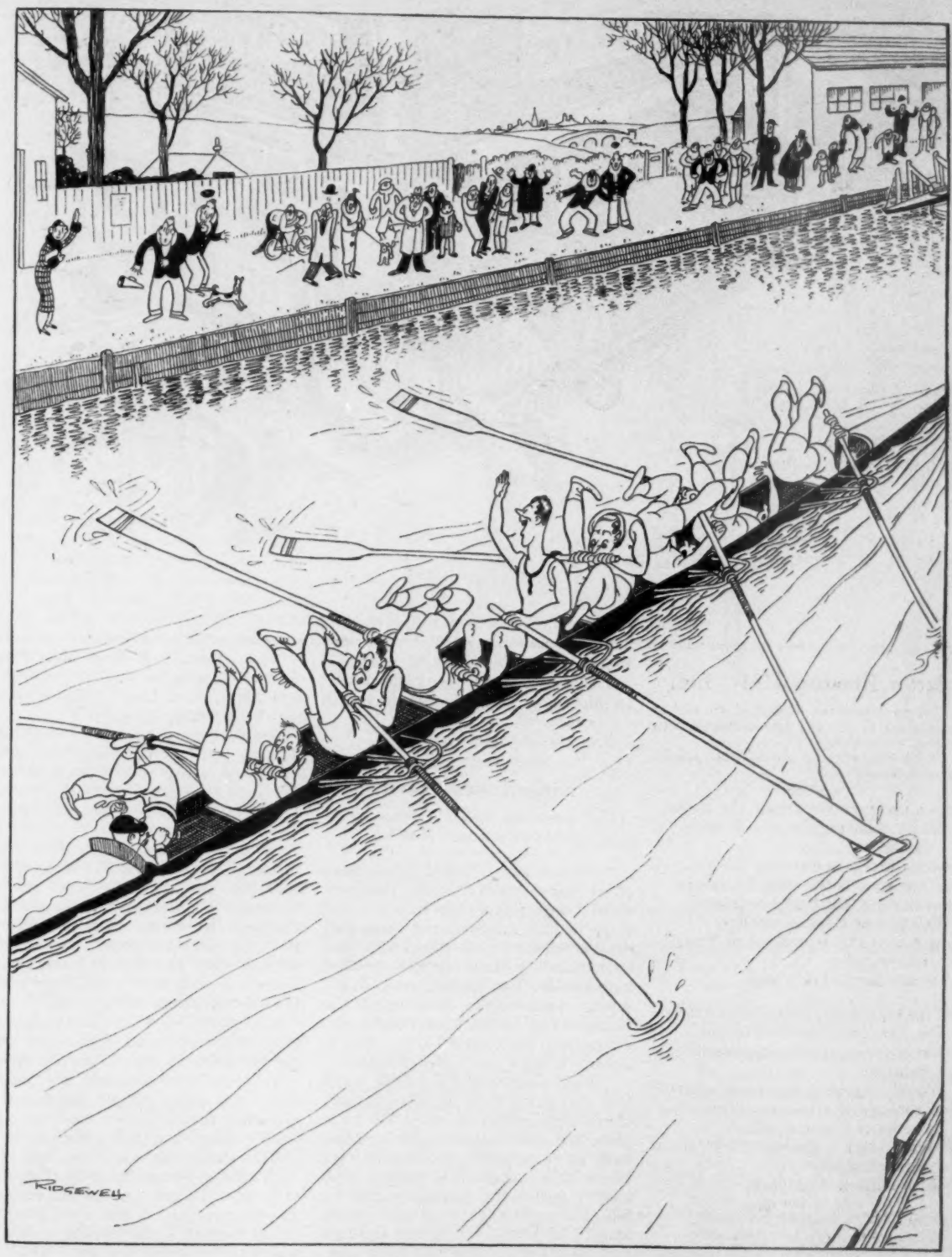
"10.30, Rev. ——. Anthem, 'I was glad' (Elvey). 6.30, the Vicar. Anthem, 'Why, my soul, art thou so vexed?' (Mendelssohn)."
Church Advt.

"15,000 POLICE ENGAGED."
Belfast Paper.

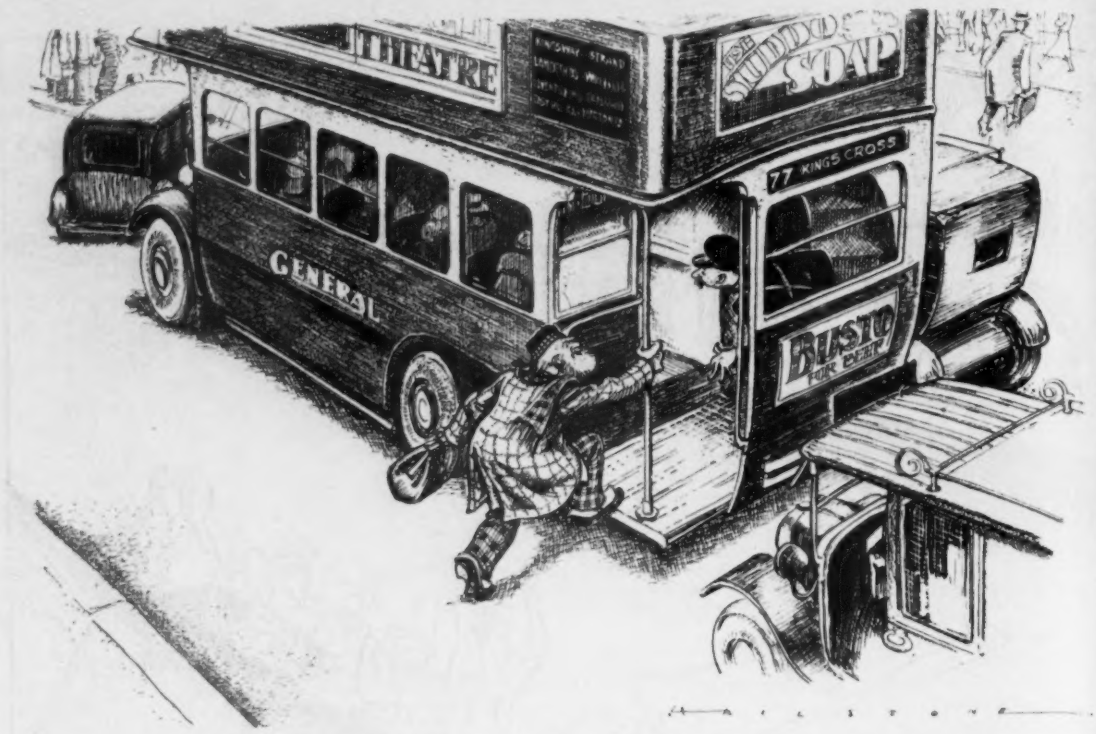
In the Spring a copper's fancy . . .

"SIR JOHN SIMON SITS TIGHT WHERE CABINET NEEDS RECONSTRUCTING."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

He'll have to get up when the carpenter comes.



NUMBER FIVE RECOGNISES A FRIEND.



"HOOTS, MON—KING'S CROSS AS QUICK AS EVER-R-R YE CAN."

Sartor Resartus (1934) Ltd.

["Many Americans celebrated the end of Prohibition by wearing ties decorated with bottles."—*Daily Paper.*

"Loch Ness pyjamas are on sale."—*Same paper, following week.*]

It 's a prosperous time for the hosier,
While demagogues say it with shirts,
And his future is growing still rosier
When such is the sway he exerts
That devices, till lately restricted
To clubs or athletic success,
Now record the sensations of "wet" celebrations
Or monstrous Loch Ness.

Let his enterprise, then, be unstinted!
For instance, if nations disarm,
Little doves on our handkerchiefs printed
Would breathe a significant charm;
And perhaps, if a boom or depression
Infects our financial affairs,
We could mark it discreetly with socks knitted neatly
With bulls or with bears.

So will hosiers, happily scheming,
Win profits more lucrative still,
For the papers with topics are teeming,
In fact, I 've a theme for their skill;
What a chance to devise, if in April
The tax on your income and mine
In miraculous manner were docked of a tanner,
Some brilliant design!

King Takes Count.

(*The American Radio Commentator puts over a Chess Match.*)

"GOOD-EVENING, folks! By courtesy of the Shimmer Silk Stocking Company we 're bringing you right into the final stage of this international chess-play contest between Ivan Checkoffski and Carlo Gambito. Ivan, he 's the swellest king-knocker in Russia, and that 's saying some—well, he 's using the black bits for his work, and Carlo, who comes from Chili—and I 'll say they 're hot down there—he 's Mister White.

"Right away now I 'll tell the world this ain't going to be no decision bout. Checkoffski 's liable to make the home plate any minute now. He 's sitting back there easy-like, picking the spot where he 'll land his final wallop. That Carlo 's gotten his coming to him for fair. Daresy he might stall it off a while longer; he 's quick on his feet and he 's making his man come and fetch him; but, aw, what 's the use? It 's the big end of the purse for little Ivan, folks.

"Say, though, it ain't been Fifth Avenue roses all the way for the Russki and his Harlem boys. That Carlo 's sure been mixing it good 'n plenty ever since the show-down. Dandy in-fighting, stiff work along the side-lines, and every now 'n then—blam! like he was BABE RUTH. That Wop ain't yellow. Nossir. He ain't lying down.

"But, folks, he 's all in. He 's in a bad jam. His defences is all busted wide open like they was the doors of the Shimmer Silk Company's stores when the goods is marked down a quarter. Both his castles is gone. One of 'em went so easy you wouldn't believe it. There 's a coon comes strolling down the sidewalk, just loafing along like he was a lot early yet for the crap game. Nobody don't mind him, and the janitor don't tell him to beat it, when —wiff!—he 's in through the back-door, and next minute there 's the black flag hanging outer the transom. Carlo's other burg took a while longer, but the demolition gang they had it.

"Just cast your lamps on that bishop of Carlo's. All frozen out on the edge of the campus like he was a sophomore scared to come 'n play else the co-eds 'd razz him for losing the gin. And for why? 'Cos there 's a bunch of toughs waiting to give that bish the works

once he tries to make a getaway. Stay put, preacher man, stay put!

"And Carlo's Great White Queen! Folks, what they done to that moll was a shame. There she was handing out the blonde bandit act along the boulevard all among the nigger-boys. And did they fall for her? Say, have you ever seen what MAE WEST does to 'em? Well, that dame was sure doing that and then a little, when round the corner comes a mounted bull riding along like he was TOM MIX. 'Station for yours, sister!' he says, and pulls her in. And they put that baby behind the bars. Wouldn't that make you cry?

"Well, folks, that's how tricks seem right now. There's poor Carlo wearing that worried look like he was a jane whose stockings go bag at the knees 'cos they ain't Shimmer Silk. He just keeps shifting the big shot's apartment to the one next-door, but Ivan's got a squad round that block watching the fire-escapes as well as the main entrance. It's the K.O. drops for H.M., and that not to-morrow neither.

"Here come the killer-men! There's a coupla black bimbos in front there that's sure got republican ideas. One of 'em steps right up and jerks a tear-gas-bomb through the plate-glass. King makes a break for the larder-window, but there's a guy on horse-back outsider there with a rod. 'Well, don't we have fun?' says this caballero. 'Just put 'em right up. Me and a few friends here has been planning to take you for a nice little ride. Best be a good boy and come to it.'

"So here's the towel in; and here's the ref. holding Ivan's mitt up in the air; and here's the swells in the ten-dollar seats reaching for their hats; and here's Ivan's girl-friend climbing through the ropes to give her man a great big kiss. And here's Carlo's manager with a challenge for a return bout; and here's the cameraman ready for the close-ups; and here's Ivan coming to the mike to spiel his little bit. So I guess I'll fade out.

"Folks, this broadcast has been given you by courtesy of the Shimmer Silk Stocking Company. Good-night, folks, and glad to have had you all listening."

The Misanthrope.

I THINK some spiteful fairy
My natal day did grace
And leave with me for dowry
A sympathetic face;

Or why do people tell me,
Whenas by train I go,
The things I do not ask them
And do not care to know?

They tell me of their troubles,
They tell me of their mirth,
Of funerals and of feastings,
Of marriage and of birth.

They speak about their in-laws
And cousins twice removed,
And disagreeable neighbours
And loves inconstant proved—

Smart quips of loathsome children
I inly yearn to smack,
And what is in the parcels
They balance on the rack.

Their lives' most secret moment
From me are seldom hid—
The men they might have married,
The wretched wights they did.

They talk about diseases
And will not be denied,
And what they take to cure them,
And how they feel inside;

Or, leaving mundane matters
For themes more strange and high,
How Millions now Living
Will never need to Die. . . .

And large and stout the volume
That yet would scarce contain
The things that total strangers
Have told me in the train.

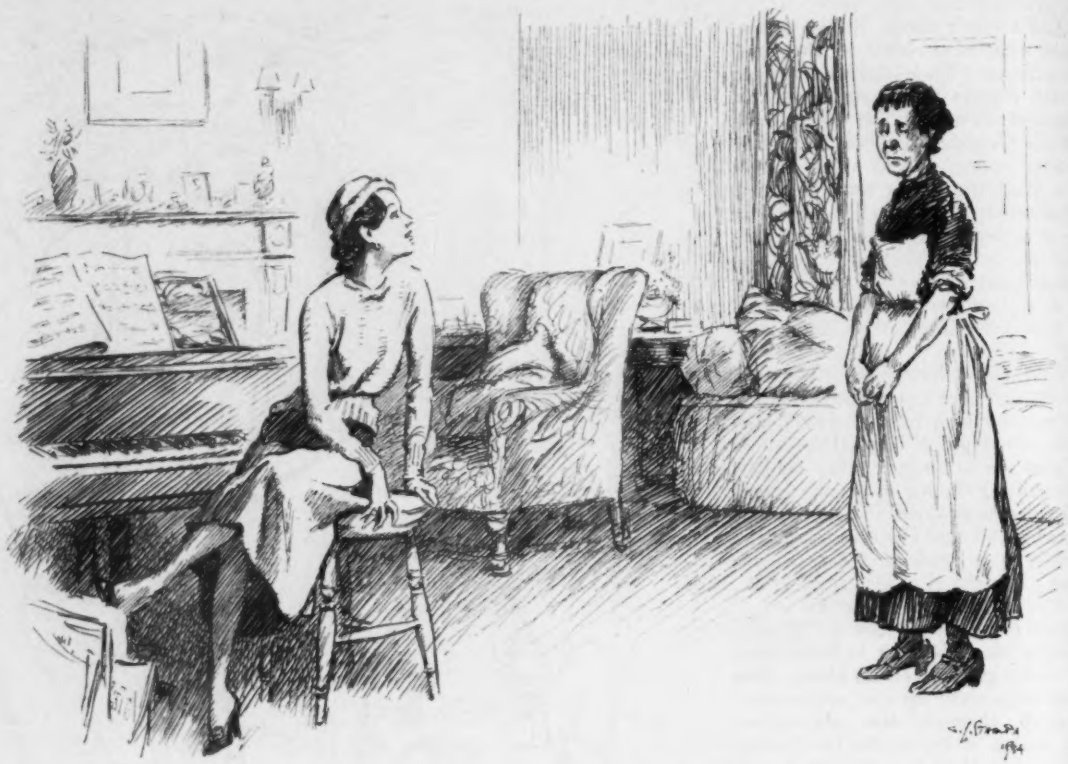
C. F. S.

"3.0: Granada Cinema Organ Tooting."
Wireless Programme.

Let 's wave it on.



"MY BOY, DON'T SIT THERE—YOU 'LL CATCH COLD."
"BUT I *HAVE* A COLD."



Actress (who had given her char a Seat). "How did you enjoy the play?"
Char. "Well, it were a rest and a sit down."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XVI.

A Voyage in Sussex—The Portslade Motor-Course—The Encroaching Jerry-Builder—Opera among the Downs—French and English—A Cousinly Compliment.

That French friend of whom I spoke a while ago having completed his task among the pictures, our host offered to show us one or two interesting things in his county of Sussex before the day had grown too old.

"What do you want to see?" he asked me.

"Well," I said, "I have heard so much about this proposed motor-racing course, both for it and against, that I would like to clap my own eyes on the threatened area. No one should talk about anything of this kind without first-hand knowledge."

So off we went, with the lovely soft undulating line of the Downs before us until the road led us actually among them and we ascended the hill from Saddlescombe to the Dyke, and on the southern side found the English Channel awaiting us, glittering through a light haze. As there is no road we had to walk over the turf to the nearest point from which the proposed arena is visible, and I must confess to being agreeably surprised to find it so little of a menace to the district.

While I personally want no racing-motor track anywhere, and indeed no cars that are always bent upon surpassing the speed of other cars, I must admit that sufficient people feel otherwise, and the motor industry needs such trials. Many a worse choice of a locality might have been made, for, to begin with, it is endangered by the tidal wave of cheap building that has already washed up all the southern slopes; and if, as I am told, the racing days are to be only six during the year, and silencers are compulsory, the mere enclosure of all this land will have the effect—at any rate partially—of sanctuarising it. It will indeed be more or less on a par with Brighton, Goodwood and Lewes racecourses, all on the Downs and neither too quiet nor tidy, but which have never excited much protest.

"And what do you think?" our host asked the Frenchman.

"To a Frenchman," he said, "the opposition is inexplicable. The French do not think about rights and wrongs as you English are always doing. They do not write to the newspapers as you English are always doing. There are, in fact, no newspapers to print such letters. The French have no objection to noise. They are not in love with beauty or what you call amenity. 'Each for himself' is our motto. If you could see the myriad *abris* that, without any sanitary control, are now allowed to be built on the outskirts of Paris and other cities you would look upon a motor-track—if you found one in the midst of them—as a gift of the gods, particularly if it brought about the establishment of more good eating-places, as it assuredly would."

"Well," said our host, "I will now show you something that should be nearer your heart, for you love music, I am sure."

The Frenchman, with an upward glance, kissed the tips of his fingers.

"Whether or not this motor-racing stadium comes about," said our host, "to the desecration or not of the southern side of the Downs, there is another project which has long and secretly been maturing just on the northern side, which will be a feather in the

county's cap, if you like. We will go there now."

Rejoining the car, we drove to Brighton, and thence, amid the great billowing hills again, to Lewes, and through it to a point just before the village of Ringmer, where GILBERT WHITE fraternised with the aged tortoise.

Turning east, with Mount Caburn and its huge bulk to our right, now only a soothing mass of duskiness, we stopped at a mansion.

"Now," said our host as we dismounted, "I will show you how the balance is being redressed."

Having known Sussex for many years, I was aware that it contains much that is unexpected, such as the Carthusian monastery at Cowfold and the barn-theatre for Greek plays at West Hoathly, but I never thought to find, as I found now, in this district of sheep-folds, an opera-house nearing completion, with a system of lighting far superior to that in any Continental city, and arrangements for the comfort of the audiences such as recall the achievements of *Aladdin's* genie. Indeed, with one little touch of thoughtfulness beyond anything I have met with: a separate compartment for the blind. This palace, which is coming into being through the enthusiasm and mechanical skill of one man, a mixture of, shall I say, LEONARDO DA VINCI and VICTOR RADNOR, is to open in May with a series of MOZART masterpieces, and later in the year will give a Wagnerian cycle.

"Well," said my friend to the Frenchman, who had done nothing but utter murmurous sounds of delight, and at the moment was admiring the model for a boudoir, all in green, for the first MOZART production—"well, what do you think?"

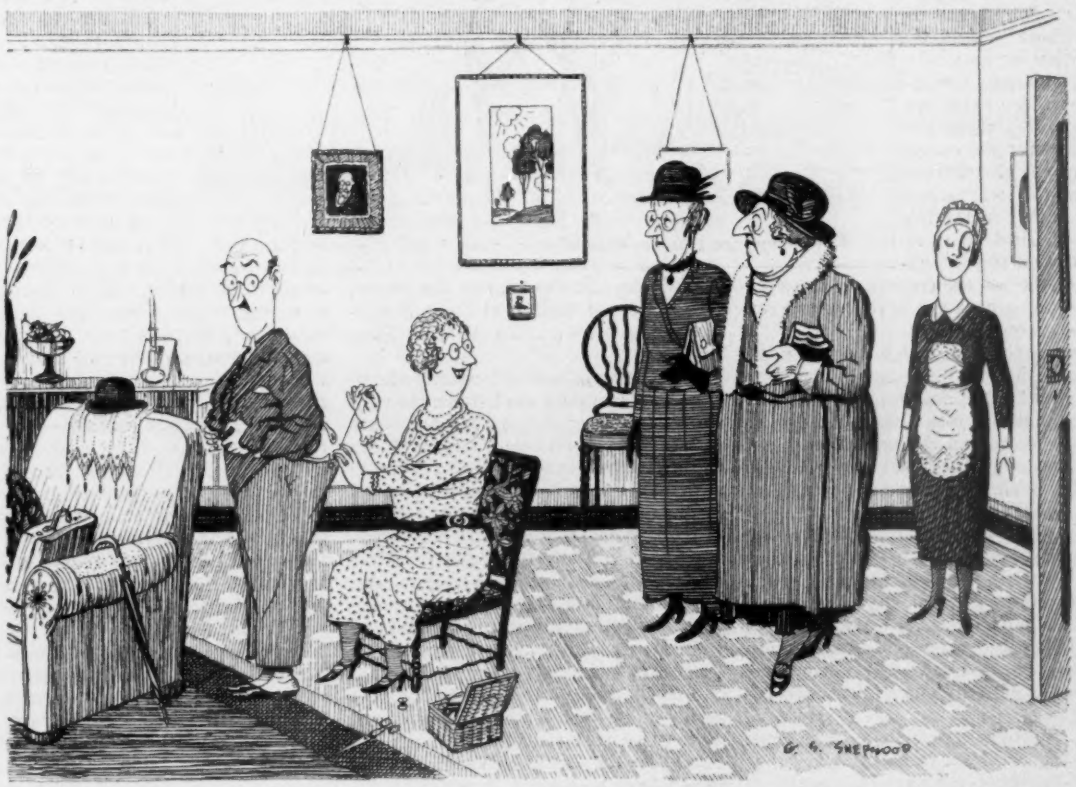
"Think?" he said. "I think you English are the most curious people in the world. You do so many things at the same time. We French concentrate. We can think only of one thing at once, and that is usually how to make money, how to add to our money, how to get full value for our money. And for the rest of the time we eat, or prepare to eat, or digest what we have eaten. As for building private opera-houses for these people or toiling passionately to stop those from seeing motor-races—we should never dream of it. But you—you dissipate your thoughts, you do a thousand frivolous things. You bolt your food, you allow your Members of Parliament to forbid you to drink without sardines on toast, and yet all the time there are among you so many people who are disinterested, so many amateurs of the arts, so many altruists. And, oh, your contradictions, your universality! On one side of these vast, mysterious, beautiful Downs—though why they are called only Downs when they are so emphatically also Ups I cannot comprehend—but on the one side of these Downs, over there, the motor-track and all its angry supporters and opponents, and on this side—here—this superb home of the best music. I am bewildered, but I salute you!" E. V. L.

More Gymnastics in the Home.

"Mrs.—— accompanied the well-balanced group on the piano."—*American Paper.*

"Our Own Reporter Telephones: QUITE SOBER (9.0, Clapton)."
Evening Paper.

Yes, but what was he like at 10.0?



"I MUST APOLOGISE, DEARS, BUT HORACE HAS AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT IN THE CITY, AND I SHOULD NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF ANYTHING UNTOWARD HAPPENED."

That Bridge Again;

or, Waterloo from the Water.

GLANCING over the Victoria Embankment in the neighbourhood of Somerset House or the Shell-Mex building (full marks, by the way, to the anonymous wit who named the great clock "Big Benzine"), you may notice an extraordinary tangle of stone, timber and steel cluttering up the river Thames, obstructing navigation, and with difficulty supporting a few slow omnibuses and careful taxi-cabs. This is Waterloo Bridge and its temporary offspring.

This well-known bridge has been in its present handsome condition for ten years—the grandest advertisement for democracy in the world. To keep it in that condition it has cost—— However, let us not rake up old sores, as the politician said. The point is that the "public" fondly believe that the Waterloo Bridge problem has at last been "definitively" solved, or, as the Australians would charmingly put it, "finalised." And the question is: Has it?

Engineering firms, I believe, are even now considering plans and tenders for the execution of the latest scheme of reconstruction, with "corbelling out." And it is no secret that the difficulties of the job are enough to make the boldest engineer think twice, or even thrice, about it.

The Art-world, which was keen on preservation and reconstruction, but accepted "corbelling-out" for the sake of traffic needs, is not, they whisper, so keen as it was on the present scheme, for it is now realised that the corbelled-out footpath will throw a shadow down to "soffit" level and make a mess of RENNIE'S art. So I understand—or, more probably, don't understand. But I *do* know what "soffit" means, which is more than you do.

The L.C.C., I believe, would prefer to pull down the bridge and build a more suitable motor-track; but Parliament has only granted enough cash to reconstruct.

If the reconstruction scheme goes through the land-traffic will be confined to the temporary bridge for at least five years, which will be great fun for the traffic authorities.

There remains the question of the river-traffic, which of course has never been properly considered. It was, I believe, scarcely mentioned in the Parliamentary debates.

Few citizens realise that there *is* any river-traffic other than the Boat-Race. Let me give them a statistic:—

At least 3,000 *craft of all sizes pass under Waterloo Bridge every week.*

The number and size of the craft have increased and are increasing. They now include the large colliers carrying 2,200 tons which supply the gas-works and power-stations. Whatever may be thought of the policy of erecting vast power-stations in the heart of residential London the policy has come to stay. The fine new monster opposite to Chelsea Embankment is already at work; and another monster is going up at Fulham. No doubt, like the others, it will be fed with coal from North-East coast ports and Scotland, arriving by river.



"I LIKE THE JUMPING-SEASON BEST, THEN I KNOW WHERE I AM."

One or two of the colliers are so large that they can only work down through the bridge, they say, during *two hours* out of every flood-tide. That is, there are only two hours in every twelve in which they can be sure of finding (*a*) sufficient water below and (*b*) sufficient space above. I met a great collier coming through Waterloo Bridge a little after midnight some time ago. The pilot's hat was almost touching the arch. A little later and it would have been knocked off; a little earlier and the vessel would have gone aground.

She filled the "bridge-hole" like a camel going through the needle's eye. It may be said that these vessels are too large for our little river. Indeed it has been whispered in water-circles that the terrific suction which they and the modern tug and coaster cause is not too good for our small-arch bridges and must upset them all in time. But there it is—these craft are using the river daily; and while they do it it is absurd to consider the bridge-problem as if nothing mattered but the convenience of motor-cars and the æsthetic preferences of artists and architects.

There are also the big Dutch and Belgian motor-barges which pass increasingly through London and take increasingly the bread from our brick, cement and tile makers, not to mention our coastal seamen. And, much more important, from the bridge as well as the national point of view, there are our own numerous tugs, with tows of anything up to six lighters or barges; and many of these lighters or barges carry two hundred tons.

Now, dear old "RENNIE'S masterpiece" was not constructed for this traffic any more than the country lane was constructed for the motor-coach. It is difficult to believe that it was constructed for any sort of river-traffic. It is all very well for us artistic chaps to stand on the Embankment and admire "RENNIE'S masterpiece" (though most of us never looked at it till it began to fall down); but we should hear what the watermen have to say about "RENNIE'S masterpiece." They think it's a foul bridge. It is situated at a corner, right across the tide. No doubt in RENNIE'S time the tide was not so fierce, and since he had neither the same tides nor the same traffic to reckon with, the watermen condemn his work, unjustly perhaps—but they do. The tide does its best to swing every vessel that works through the bridge into one of the piers or the side of an arch. Next time you see a tug taking about a thousand tons of coal through RENNIE'S masterpiece watch how the tail of the tow swings round and admire the skill of the tugmaster and the lightermen.

Now for ten years the watermen have "done" with only two working arches on the north side (the arch next to the Embankment being of no real use), and a tug has been in constant attendance to assist craft in difficulty or keep them out of it. It is rumoured darkly on the water that during the reconstruction period they will have to carry on



["He incurred the displeasure of his Sovereign and was thrown into the Tower."—*Extract from any Book of History.*]

AN ENGINEER OF THE MIDDLE AGES TRIES OUT A NEW PRISONER-THROWING MACHINE.

with *less than* two clear navigation arches, which is the minimum demand of the water-world. The engineers, it is whispered, say that it may be impossible to guarantee more than one. Which in the busy times must mean delay and may often mean a mess. For the river, owing to the aforesaid tide, is not like a road in which vehicles can stop dead and wait in a queue till the policeman drops his arm. And a mess, by the way, might be no mean mess. At least two thousand tons of petrol and thousands of gallons of lubricating-oil pass under the bridge every day. A real good traffic-block might mean a real good blow-up—and the Thames on fire at last.

But, assuming that this temporary (five-years?) difficulty is successfully overcome; assuming that the bridge, corbelled and all, is at last reconstructed so as to satisfy the artists and the needs of modern road-traffic, we shall still, my brothers, have a bridge which is *wholly unsuitable to modern river-traffic* and a permanent obstacle to river development. And the Message of these remarks is that it is about time that the Bridge Problem was looked at from the water. The top of Waterloo Bridge is to be altered to suit the needs of motor-cars, and the three thousand ships have as good a right to complain about the rest of it. A better right, for, if necessary, the motor-cars can go some other way, but the ships have only the one way to go. It is the fashion to despise poor old Hungerford Bridge, but from the waterman's angle it is an excellent bridge, well-placed and easy to pass through. Moreover it does its work well, which is more than can be said of RENNIE'S masterpiece—and from the water it doesn't *look* so bad. If you want to know what the watermen would do to Waterloo Bridge the answer is "Remove it!" I agree. Either that or a wide-span bridge. But, though I have not consulted my engineers, the simplest course seems to me to be to delete the thing and build a tunnel for the motor-traffic. Think what a grand sweep of river that would be—*with no bridge at all!*

Anyhow, my orders to everybody are that the whole thing is to be considered again. We have waited ten years; and another year will make small difference.

A. P. H.

In Memoriam.

WITH the deepest sorrow we learned of the death last Saturday morning of Mr. THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE ("F. ANSTEY"), who for so many years delighted readers of *Punch* with his brilliant contributions, both in verse and prose. "F. A." (author of *Vice Versâ*) joined the Round Table in 1887, and continued to write regularly until 1910. The famous creator of *Voces Populi*, *The Travelling Companions*, *The Man from Blankley's* and *Baboo Jabberjee, B.A.*, he was equally felicitous both as a humorist and a satirist in light verse, and nothing better in this kind has been written than his *Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters* and *Mr. Punch's Model Music-Hall Songs*. It was only last week that his pleasant memoir of GEORGE DU MAURIER appeared in our pages, and we lose by his death one who always remained a loyal colleague and a devoted friend.



"THIS FOR THE HOLE?"
"NO—YOU 'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR AIR-SHOT."
"OH! AREN'T WE *REALLY* PLAYING A FRIENDLY GAME?"

Lower Fourth Essays.

I.—The Later Romantics.

BETWEEN the writing of Pilgrim's Progress by John Gilpin, a citizen of some renown, and The Widow on the By-Pass by John Maseworthy, there have been lots of romances written, mostly poetry. These have become more and more romantic, and a lot have been band. First I will deal with the Pre-raffleites (everything written before Raffles). One of the most famous books was The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Evelyn Waugh. Even Edgar Wallace who wrote a book a day and one more in leap year (the Wallace collection) said this was a great book. Meredith (who played outside left for Wales) wrote a lot about this time too or later. Perhaps the most famous writer was perhaps George Moore, often known as Old Moore, who was buried darkly at dead of night at Corunna. Then come Johnson and Bosworth who collabb collab helped each other. They were not very romantic really though they spent most of their time with the Mermaids at Rye. In fact not until Gerald Gould began writing his racing stories and Garvin his love tales did any romantic romance appear in English novels. Shakespeare doesn't count because he only wrote plays about obsessions and things. But Hardy will live on account of his "Nelson's Kiss" and "The Diners."

On the other hand our Poets have been absolutely full of romance. Keats, for instance, is a good example of this. He wrote "On first looking into Chapman's homburg" and "silent upon a Peke in ~~Birmingham Maryland~~ ——." Shelley who fell out with his wife ("Bird thou never wert") wrote a beastly play called Stinky all about inquest and was drowned in a bowl of goldfish. Byron ("butchered to make a half-holiday") was at school at Harrow where he was lame. Two German writers Gotha and Heinz (who wrote fifty-seven different varieties of stuff) thought that Byron should be shut up.

Later on came Coleridge. He died smoking opium and writing "Agha Khan."

Then we come to Swinburne ("If you were Queen of Persia and I were King of Spain"). He was very cruel to his sister, trying to make her eat against her will—"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow." So a lot of people prefer Rosetti ("The blasted Shemozzel") and Browning ("Mr. Pim Passes By"). Unfortunately Tennyson who used to play for Hampshire and wrote "Nights at the round table" and "Moaning at the bar" died of dys dins insomnia. Gray ("Apology in a country churchyard") and William Morris (a relation of the Motor Magnet) were very severe and did not go in for romance much. In fact Kipling ("East is best and might is right") is about the only ~~chap~~ poet left who knows what romance is. This is a great pity because its the spice of life. I had to finish here because its time.

Luxury Cricket in the Antipodes.

"During lunch at the Sydney Cricket Ground, Mr. R. L. Kelly presented W. J. O'Reilly with the gold mounted ball with which he took nine wickets for 50 against Victoria in Melbourne."—*Australian Paper.*

"ALL SEATS HOOKABLE."
Cinema Adv.

Any special bait?



THE SIDNEY TOUCH.

HEROIC TAXPAYER. "IF THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US, GIVE IT TO MY UNEMPLOYED FRIEND HERE. HIS NEED IS GREATER THAN MINE."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 5th.—Commons: Supply Considered in Committee. Dyestuffs (Import Regulation) Bill read Third Time.



ENGLAND *v.* INDIA.

INDIA	289
ENGLAND (under the Captaincy of Mr. CHURCHILL)	34

Tuesday, March 6th.—Lords: Debate on Trade Agreement with Russia.

Commons: Committee of Supply—India.

Wednesday, March 7th.—Lords: Supply of Water in Bulk (No. 2) Bill Considered in Committee. Debate on 24-hour System.

Commons: North Atlantic Shipping Bill read Second Time. British Hydrocarbon Oils Bill read Third Time. Rural Water Supplies Bill Considered in Committee.

Monday, March 5th.—Under Sir KINGSLEY WOOD'S command our gallant postmen are keeping a tighter grip on their bags and a surer eye on our correspondence. This afternoon P.M.G. admitted modestly that compensation paid by his Department for lost or damaged parcels and registered letters fell last year to £17,536, having been in 1931 as high as £22,589. He also informed House that if experimental Sunday-afternoon collection of letters in parts of Outer London area for first delivery next morning all over England and Wales is a success he will extend service to rest of Outer London. Seeing that most private letters only get written on Sunday, this announcement should be popular.

A Laminated Board of Education.

Mr. MCENTEE disapproves of purchase by L.C.C. of German laminated blackboards in place of those made of Canadian yellow pine; and his objection drew from Mr. RAMSBOTHAM explanation that German article is lighter, and from Mr. HANNON cynical inquiry as to whether the question indicated a sudden conversion to Protection or a special regard for L.C.C. election.

This week House is taking well-earned rest from Unemployment Bill, and to-day it went into Committee of Supply on Civil Estimates. Mr. HORE-BELISHA opened debate by announcing that Mr. EDEN'S salary as Lord Privy Seal is to be £2,000, less usual cuts. During discussion on £272,000 needed for Dominion Services much criticism was made of inclusion under this head of cost of Admiral EVANS' expedition to Bechuanaland—£4,000; but Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD insisted that Admiral EVANS had acted with full authority.

Supplementary Beet-Sugar subsidy of £450,000 was then debated, Mr. ELLIOT explaining that this extra sum was necessitated by high acreage under cultivation. Although last year's crop contained poor sugar content, it was very large; and sugar produced represented a quarter of our requirements. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL expressed his alarm lest acreage should be indefinitely increased at expense of taxpayer, but Vote was finally agreed to.

(*"Steward, how does a Member resign?"*

"He applies for the Hundreds, Sir."

"Oh, the Stilton Hundreds? Would anything happen if he applied for the Cheddar Gorge?"

"His action would be regarded as extremely irregular, Sir."

"I am much obliged.")



RICH ARGOSIES.

Antonio. "For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road."
("*Merchant of Venice*," Act. V., Sc. 1.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

Tuesday, March 6th.—Upper House revels in zoology. Having dealt further with sub-fluvial indisposition, Peers turned to-day to misdemeanours of animal most provocative to them—Russian Bear. Lord PHILLIMORE moved that Government should take opportunity afforded by new Trade Treaty to make representations to U.S.S.R. for wide amnesty for political prisoners and return to their homes of those in forced labour camps, citing our recent intervention on behalf of defeated Austrian Socialists; while Lord MOUNT TEMPLE regretted that Treaty had been concluded before Russia had taken steps to pay its debts in this country. Government received unusual support from Opposition Benches, for Lord PONSONBY declared that Treaty would put an end to mutual animosities, and Lord READING agreed that balance of trade was clearly first thing to be redressed.

Foreign Office is fortunate in



HARE AND HOUND

(Paper-chase No. 534).

MR. MORGAN AND MR. JONES.

finding so charming a spokesman as Lord STANHOPE, about whom, while his exposition is entirely lucid, there is refreshing lack of solemnity. He informed Lord PHILLIMORE kindly that his suggestion was not only contrary to normal international usage, but that the Austrian instance, being a sudden and temporary crisis rather than an habitual condition, was not in any way comparable. In course of defending the Treaty he made interesting point that this was first Trade Agreement in which shipping had been included.

Prelude to an Indian Autumn.

Commons treated itself this evening to a few advance sparks of pyrotechnic display which is going to illuminate Autumn Sitting immediately Government's Indian Bill is brought forward. House again going into Committee of Supply, Sir SAMUEL HOARE explained why India Office is asking for an additional £1,501,100. Up till now, he said, India had paid for entire cost of its military defences, but, as result of independent tribunal he had set up, Government had decided to make a contribution of £1,500,000; and he reminded House that in return for this India provided both a unique training-ground for our Army and an army of her own ready at any time to help us.

These views were by no means shared by right hon. Member for Epping, in whom mention of India is enough to liberate untold reserves of epigram. Surely, he suggested scathingly, CHANCELLOR was distributing his surplus very early this year? Our Forces in India were like a dumb-bell held at arm's-length, and maintenance there of 60,000 men involved sacrifice for British nation and great strain on men themselves, which they underwent for sake of security of India. That in addition we should have to pay seemed to him very unreasonable. His Motion to reduce Vote by £130,000 found a mixed batch of supporters, but was defeated by 289 to 34.

Wednesday March 7th.—Lord LAMINGTON urged twenty-four-hour time system used by Navy, Army and Air Force. Lord CRANWORTH contended, however, that proposal would be extremely unpopular in rural parts.

Commons expressed general regret at news of Miss MARY PICKFORD's death.

At Question-time Mr. LOVAT-FRASER, who hasn't noticed that worst traffic-blocks in central areas are usually headed by picturesque but weary Clydesdales, got little change from diplomatic MINISTER OF TRANSPORT when he asked him to oppose attempts to restrict use of horses on public roads.

Socialism is not always an easy profession, and Opposition found themselves in difficulties over North Atlantic Bill (to lend money for completion of Cunarder No. 534), for on one hand it will create work where this is badly needed, while on other hand it is an official boosting of private enterprise. Mr. KIRKWOOD, in pretty burst of candour, explained that Labour Party had to object a little to safeguard their position as Socialists, and went on to welcome Bill so warmly that Captain CROOKSHANK suggested that House should get up and sing "Land of Hope and Glory." Government's attitude was ably defended by Mr. HORE-BELISHA, and Bill was read a Second time.



"NOW TELL ME, MY DEARS, WHERE EXACTLY IS—ER—BLOOMSBURY?"

A Colour Problem.

WE who have the honour to sit on the Committee of the Little Wobbley Beanfeast Organisation Society pride ourselves that in all our deliberations we fall not far short in dignity and style of the standard reached at Westminster. And it was in order to maintain our traditions that we unanimously demanded the resignation of Bloggs, a newcomer, who—but I had better begin at the beginning.

I must first explain that we on the Committee are divided into two parties—Jenks' party and Conkleshill's party. Jenks' party are Conservative, and if they had their way we should hold our beanfeasts every year in the same spots—the May one at Bloodstairs and the August one at Worthington. The Conkleshill party, on the other hand, believe in new ideas. *I* am the leader of the Conkleshill party, and this year we obtained a majority at the election, though only of one vote, and we decided to strike out an entirely new line by holding the May beanfeast at Worthington and the August beanfeast at Bloodstairs. This major measure we carried; but at the next Committee-meeting, when we were to discuss the question of whether the programmes should be printed on red paper or on yellow paper, one of our members was absent, and our only hope of carrying the day was in winning over one of the Opposition party by argument.

This question of the colour of the programmes comes up every year. In the past, when we have always been in Opposition, we have regularly tried to get the colour altered from red to yellow, and each year the Jenks' party has insisted on retaining the red paper. We have attacked them from every possible angle.

This year, being in power, we naturally made a right-about-face in the best Parliamentary style and determined to retain the red paper.

"But last year, when you were in Opposition," said Jenks severely, "you pointed out, very rightly, that the use of red paper would tend to make strangers believe that we were subsidised by the Communists, and also that the red paper would attract the attention of passing bulls."

"And last year," I replied, "when you were in power, you characterised our arguments as tripe. I shall not lower the dignity of this Hall by using a word like 'tripe' to describe your ridiculous and revolutionary proposal to change the colour of the paper from red to yellow, but will content myself by characterising it as 'bilge.'"



Distinguished Author. "THAT'S THE SIXTH LETTER I'VE WRITTEN YOU ABOUT THIS BEASTLY GAS-STOVE."

Manager. "I KNOW, BUT MY BOY WANTS SOME SWOPS FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION."

It was then that the fool Bloggs intervened with a remark that showed at once that he had no right whatever to be on the Committee at all. When he sat down a murmur of hisses rose from all parts of the Parish Hall; and when Jenks rose to move in a trembling voice that Bloggs should be asked to resign I immediately got on my feet and seconded him, supporting myself from swooning by clutching the hair of my nearest neighbour. The motion was carried *nem. con.*, and Bloggs left the House with bowed head. We were sorry for him personally, of course, but his conduct was really disgraceful. Never in the history of the Society had any member so forgotten his duty to the dignity of the Committee or shown himself so ignorant of all established rules of procedure.

He had actually suggested that we should compromise by using *orange* paper.

At the Play.

"LOVE FOR LOVE" (SADLER'S WELLS).

THE talented group of players that has been for some months working at the Old Vic and is now at the Wells is reaping the substantial artistic reward of continued association and constant variation of task and mood. The first of the two parts of this CONGREVE comedy as divided by Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE was played with unquestionable brilliance of attack and finish, sureness of characterisation, and with that satisfying balance that comes from the confidence of the players not merely in their own but in their fellows' talents and in their disciplined restraint which forbids them to play for isolated selfish effects.

Occasionally—as in the scene between *Trapland* the scrivener (Mr. ERNEST HARE), *Valentine* (Mr. BARRIE LIVESEY) and *Jeremy* (Mr. JAMES MASON)—the effect seems richer than the author's script warrants—if that is ever a fair thing to say. It was delightful to see Mr. ERNEST HARE's management of *Trapland's* gradual declension from the formidable unfriendliness of a debt-collector into unsuspicious goodfellowship due to the application of sack and the flattering attribution of gross gallantries by the hero and his adroit valet.

In his presentation of *Tattle*, finicking coxcomb and boastful squire of dames, Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON achieved a startling feat of self-depersonalisation, if the clumsy term may be allowed, for which his normal method of insistence on personal idiosyncrasies had not prepared us. *Tattle* was not in the least like Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON. Miss ELSA LANCHESTER, on the other hand, forced the part of the hoyden *Prue* into the mould of her own fantastic method with brilliant effect and complete justification, in this instance, of a highly dangerous method. The little scene of *Prue's* instruction by *Tattle* in the whole duty of young woman to man was an entrancing piece of work, and no mere academic doubt as to whether it did not in fact stand out as an over-vivid patch on a garment of another texture can be indulged. It was a scene worth going a long way to see.

Brilliant also was the quarrel between the two corrupt and corrupting sisters, the frank *Frail* (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) and the sly *Mrs. Foresight* (Miss FLORA ROBSON), admirably contrasted and playing finely into each other's clever hands. Miss SEYLER'S spirit of mischief and vivid method light up the scenes in which she is happily engaged. Miss FLORA ROBSON had a richer because a subtler opportunity, and for a single feat of impressive understatement commend me to her gesture and faint grimace of invitation to the pursuing *Scandal*. The elocution of both ladies was admirably clear, a quality not, alas! shared by all their associates; and the sweetness of Miss ROBSON'S singing voice was a charming surprise.

I must not overlook another admirable duet between the astrologer *Foresight* (Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM, taking his legitimate opportunity for a display of character-actor's ingenuity in detail) and his niece, *Angelica* (Miss URSULA JEANS), in a gay and wayward mood, giving life to a not altogether credible young woman, who, perhaps because tolerably innocent in deed if not in word, seems not to have interested her creator overmuch). The other virtuous character, *Valentine*, is also something of a stick, uninteresting when sane, unplausible when affecting to be mad. Mr. BARRIE LIVESEY was not defeated by his part. Mr. ROGER LIVESEY made brother *Benjamin*, the sailor, rather friendlier, easier and more presentable, I imagine, than the text indicates. But it was a jolly portrait. This actor always contributes something more than his bare share to a performance. Here he incidentally adds some gymnastic feats of a highly accomplished order; while LIVESEY *père* poured as much life as the part was worth into *Sir Sampson Legend*, giving him a plausible period-mask and a gross apoplectic front of authority.

Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL'S *Scandal* had an authentic air of cynical sophistication; one could always hear him, and he sang with ease and grace. It is a pivot part in the piece and he carried the responsibility well. It is obvious that the play sags towards the end as its intricacies of contrivance become more complex and unreasonable. But I have seen no more diverting and plausible Restoration revival than the first part. Mr. GUTHRIE here adds to his growing reputation for imagination and discernment. There seemed to me only one false touch—the introduction of the fantasticated Hammersmith manner, a good enough thing in its own place and setting, in the attitudinising *Maid*—a gratuitous *gaffe*, I think.

Believe me, this is a very satisfactory if scarcely improving entertainment. T.



A CHARMING PICKPOCKET.

Miss Prue . . . . . MISS ELSA LANCHESTER.
Tattle . . . . . MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (COLISEUM).

Apart from a few small lifts on which singers disappear below, the Coliseum stage confines itself to circular movement in the horizontal, never floating up into the flies, for instance, nor dancing on end like a water-wheel, and never being cleared away like a used plate through a service-hatch in the wings. For this restraint I suppose we must be grateful to Sir OSWALD STOLL and his talented engineers; but personally I would much rather the thing stayed still. Its present load is a heavy assortment of grey crags and tropical

herbage, trimmed at the edges with Indian architecture; from above it must look very like the *plat du jour* at an Oriental restaurant, and from the stalls, since the curtain is not lowered during the changes, I got a brief but uncomfortable impression that the Mappin Terraces had found their feet. Illusion was hard to achieve, even when the stage was at rest, because it was easy to look across, between the boulders, at the backs of the houses and bazaars temporarily in repose.

A preface to the programme tells us that the aim of this romantic play (by Mr. CARL ZUCKMAYER) is to bring to life on the stage "not India—only the scent, the sound, the spirit of India." The first of these I failed altogether to capture, even when the elephant Forget-me-Not was brought on; the second was impossible to distinguish through the delightful but distinctly Nordic accompaniment of SCHUMANN; while the presence of Miss NELLIE WALLACE and Mr. LUPINO LANE, welcome as it always is, did a good deal to dissipate what there was of the third.

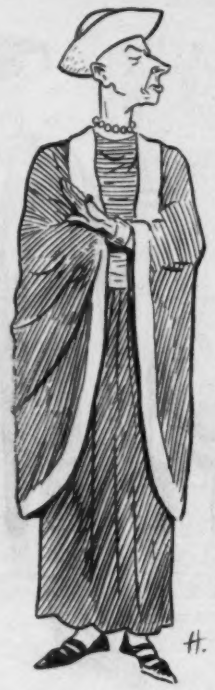
No fewer than twenty scenes elaborate the old Indian legend of the temple-girl, *Vasantasena*, who, pure in spirit despite the exigencies of temple life, remained true to her poor artist-lover through all manner of trials and errors, and was rewarded by finding him heir to the throne. The golden toy itself, a doll's perambulator, is, I imagine, part of the elaboration, the notion being that when the *Prince* had been stolen from the royal cradle the toy had come with him; and, though he seemed to have grown up without wondering how he had come by such a treasure and to have remained poor without any thought of pawning it, as a clue by which his royal father eventually traced him it served its purpose. During the bazaar-scene a trick of light transmuted all the gold to silver, but this must have been an accident and not a subtle comment on world monetary policy.

The love of *Vasantasena* and her *Karudatta* was well tried, for the changeling who had taken *Karudatta's* place had his roving eye on *Vasantasena*, and he was a fellow who thought nothing of pursuing girls through the streets without an introduction or of feeding the royal tigers with his rivals. His perverted idea of humour led him to catch the lovers, who were embracing under a convenient Coliseum boulder, in a large fishing-net (and it *was* fairly funny). When later they escaped he had *Vasantasena* carried to him, by a low trick, in *Karudatta's* sedan-chair (such a smart silver one as in the circumstances only hire-purchase could explain). *Vasantasena* died of shock, or seemed to; and to our surprise stepped off her funeral-bier just in time to bring everything, including the wicked *Prince*, to a satisfactory end.

The chief honours of this confusing entertainment are shared by SCHUMANN with Miss NINETTE DE VALOIS, for she has produced some clever and well-dressed dances which are less overwhelmed by the size and weight of the settings than are any of the other performances; excepting only that of the elephant, Forget-me-Not, whose personality is not readily dimmed and whose easy mastery of the tambourine would be remarkable in any society. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT and Mr. ION SWINLEY do all that is possible to make the lovers credible.

I hope I am not impervious to romance, but my own view is that it demands simplicity and that theatrical mechanisation kills it. A story should have no need of explanation by gentlemen with large megaphones, while lyric notes can be sung more naturally from the stage itself than from gilded windows in the wall. And to me it also seems a pity that so able and charming an actor as Mr. ERNEST THESIGER should be impressed, with coffee on his face, into the uninspiring ranks of the Brahmin priesthood.

ERIC.



SARDONIC SUPERCILIOUSNESS.
MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS *MAITREYA*.



A MOVING SCENE.
Vasantasena . . . . . MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

Turkish Delight in one of its Sourer Forms.

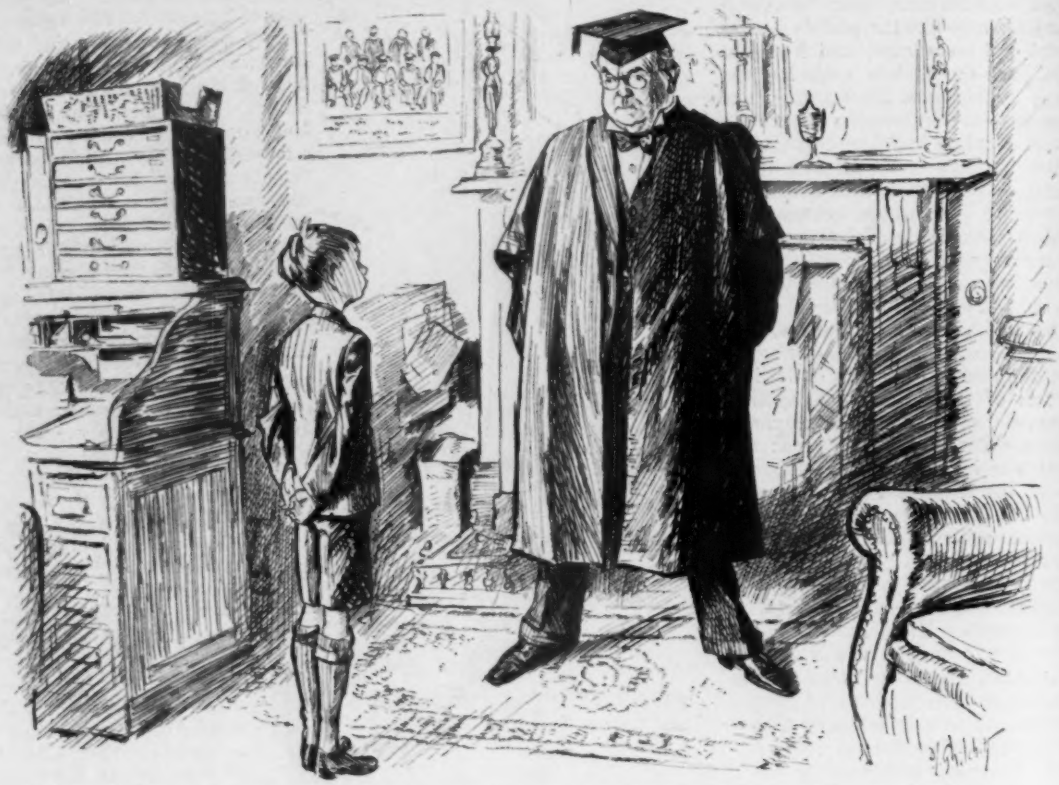
"The appointment of Sir George Clerk to Paris has given great pleasure to his many friends in Turkey."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . He was borne through the ropes in the third round when Dempster dashed forward with the bell and hit him before he emerged from his corner."
Scots Paper.

This sort of thing will do the ring no good.

"The returning officer said he wished to say one friendly word, with no meaning and no implication of any sort."—*Daily Paper.*

Then was it worth saying?



The Head. "NOW, WILKINS, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BREAKING OF THE COMMON-ROOM WINDOW?"
Wilkins (a K.C.'s son). "IN THE FIRST PLACE, SIR, I DENY THAT THE WINDOW IS BROKEN. ALTERNATIVELY, IF IT WAS BROKEN, IT WAS NOT BY ME; AND, ALTERNATIVELY, I PLEAD THAT IF I DID BREAK IT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT."

A Romance of the Rail.

THE moment that he took his seat
Beside me in the train from Brighton
A voice within me whispered "Meet
A modern ADMIRABLE CRICHTON!"
For here was one of noble build,
Of grace and mien defying cavil
While doing credit to the Guild
That dominates the Row of Savile.

He spoke with confidence and zest,
Yet without arrogance or bouncing;
His accent was the very best
Achieved in B.B.C. announcing;
And evermore the wonder grew
Whether from camp or court or college,
Or from some psychic source he drew
His vast encyclopædic knowledge.

The inner policy of "DEV.,"
The aims of EPSTEIN or of ZOFFANY,
The petulance of PROKOVIEV
And HINDEMITH's sublime cacophony—
On all these themes and more I found
Him deeply versed and found it early—
He even quoted EZRA POUND
Before we reached the Downs of Purley.

Till as we swiftly onward flew
Through Croydon to our destination
I naturally yielded to
An irresistible temptation,
And begged him if he would disclose,
To crown and seal our conversation,
The ancestry from which he rose,
His name, address and occupation.

The stranger smiled and said, "My tongue,
Flouting the dictates of discretion,
Once more, I grieve to own, has wrung
From me a full and frank confession.
I am no monarch in disguise,
I own no castles—even Spanish;
The notion that I'm great or wise,
I bid you resolutely banish.

"'Tis true that I have cruised round Greece,"
He boomed in solemn diapason,
"But did not find a golden fleece,
Like the renowned explorer, Jason;
I am no arbiter of mode,
But simply, in the Euston Road,
A monumental mason." C. L. G.

Autobiographies Wanted.

NOT from novelists, poets, gossip-writers, politicians, actors, magistrates, barristers, sportsmen, clubmen, film-stars, impresarios, headmasters, musicians, acrobats, painters and the rest of that too distinguished group of professions which take to reminiscence as part of a supposed obligation to society. Not from these, but from dentists, plumbers, barbers, booking-clerks, postmen, telephone-operators—in fact from all those who normally shrink from autobiography as though they were illiterate.

Possibly some have written their memoirs but are withholding them pending the discovery of a suitable title. For, as you know, the title is the only thing that counts in earning a blurb likely to produce big sales. Hence these few suggestions:—

Machine versus Man: A fearless exposure of life in an Underground booking-office.

Then Came the Thaw: A master-



"WELL, MY BOY, WHAT SPORT HAVE YOU HAD?"
"NOTHING, SIR; THE WORM WASN'T TRYING."

plumber's story of his forty years' search for a perfect mate.

Like Lambs to the Shearing: What a barber believes. (Quotation on title-page, "*Tonsor non potest tacere!*")

The Mountains and the Waves: Thirty years' reminiscences of a Court hairdresser.

Games with Numbers. By "Telephone Girl."

Undistinguished Villa: A postman looks back. (The title-page quotation is, of course, "What 's in a Name? ")

Gas and Gags: Cynicisms by a Licentiate in Dental Surgery.

Three Times Daily: A Tale of Endurance, by a cinema organist—

"Up from Earth's centre, thirty seconds late,
I rose, and on the Throne of Fashion sate."
Omar (adapted).

A Civil Answer: A Taxi-Driver's Apologia—

"Hansoms was as hansoms did."

Coming to Dust: or, Twenty Years of Automatic Carpet-sweeping—

"Golden lads and girls all must
As vacuum-cleaners come to dust."
Shakespeare (adapted).

And, of course—

How it Strikes Me. By the Representative Pedestrian.

Possibly some of the Book Clubs would like to begin blurbing at once. I have no objections to offer.

"It may not be true to say that a good team, but it is true to say good team, but it is true to say that you never saw a football team that was really good yet have a bad half-back line. Now if that sounds a little involved, I ask those of you who have seen Manchester City to think about that side and you will understand what I mean."
Daily Paper.

We are still thinking.

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;

or, Business Explained.

II.—FINANCE.

LAST week we dealt with the various sorts of business and threw out a few hints as to possible openings for keen men. Let us now go a step further and consider how our business should be financed. Once again there are several possibilities:—

(1) You may put the money up yourself. (Perhaps this is scarcely a *possibility*. I mean rather that there is no law against it.)

(2) You may form a Company and invite people to buy shares in it. (Don't worry. It is really extraordinary what people *will* buy. Look at the Drake millions.)

Assuming that you do not wish to disturb your own capital and consequently are going to form a Company, you may issue:—

(1) *Debentures.* On these you pay a dividend.

(2) *Preference Shares.* On these you *may* pay a dividend.

(3) *Cumulative Preference Shares.* On these you express a pious hope that you will one day pay a dividend.

(4) *Ordinary Shares.* On these no one can ever remember your paying a dividend.

(5) *Deferred Ordinary Shares.* On these no reasonable person can even expect you to pay a dividend.

Decide which you would like to have and act accordingly. There is nothing like a real mix-up in the financial structure of a company for dealing with an angry shareholders' meeting. One word of warning—avoid debentures. They are nasty inevitable things, like the gas-bill, and debenture-holders tend to be tough specimens who roll cigars about in their mouths and make their jaw-muscles jump. Before going any further, get out a prospectus describing the business you want to start, how much money you want and how much you are going to make. It is not difficult to draft a prospectus. Remember the prospectus of your old school and stick to about the same standard of accuracy and veracity. I don't want to put ideas into your head, but you may remember that your old school described its food as "scientifically balanced, plentiful, appetising and nutritious." Now think of what its food was really like and you will see my meaning. Don't tell *lies*. A lying prospectus is against the law. But there is no point in being modest or pessimistic. (Beware one thing only. I once knew a man who drew up a prospectus so glowingly, so convincingly, so irresistibly, that he became all intoxicated and went and put money in it himself before anyone could stop him. Beware, as the advertisements say, of auto-intoxication.)

At this point, if you wish to be technical, there is no harm in asking a firm of financiers to underwrite the issue. The Stock Exchange is famous for its ability to see a joke.

Your next problem is to get your prospectus to the people who buy shares. Don't be a dog in the manger. Give everyone a fair chance to come in if they like. It is most unfair to limit your shareholders to people like the big banks and insurance companies, who have plenty of money already. Send your prospectus to some of the people, like country parsons and old maids, who really *need* a sound investment. Now all you have to do is to collect the money.*

* *Note.* If within forty days of issue you haven't collected enough, you are bound by law to return subscriptions. But there are daily sailings from Southampton, so you have plenty of time.

The whole thing is then entirely orderly, shipshape, above-board and straightforward. You will simply have qualified to appear in *The Stock Exchange Handbook* somehow like this:—

You and Your Company, Ltd.

Registered: (Whenever you were registered.)
Office: (Wherever your office is.)
Telegrams: (Wherever you like your telegrams sent.)
Telephone: (Whatever you telephone number is.)
Transfers &c/C—Common Form. Registration Fee, 2/6. Both securities allowed on same deed for one fee. Spouse may witness signature. (This is what is known as Information.)
Directors (qualification, one shilling share): (Rank, if any). You (decorations, if any), (Chairman and Managing Director). A list of other people.
Solicitors: (No, I'm darned if I'll try to think of a funny name for a firm of solicitors.)
Auditors: Etc., etc.
Capital *Authorised:* (*i.e.*, the amount they'll let you have if you can get it): £******.
Issued (*i.e.*, the amount you've got): £20,000 in ten thousand ordinary shares of 1/- each, and 1950 deferred ordinary shares* of £1, fully paid. Owns (*inter alia*)† the freehold property known as Sunny Bank, Homeleigh Road, Blooting Garden City.

So there you are, fairly afloat. Keep still and don't keep rocking the boat, and next week we will go further into the problem of Manufacturing.

(*To be continued.*)

March.

SPRING, did you say? Well, at the time of writing
I *do* begin to notice signs of change;
The thought of golf is, candidly, inviting,
And that—with me, at any rate—is strange.
I recollect that on the last few mornings
While bathing I've felt somewhat moved to sing.
Well, after all, these may be Nature's warnings.
Perhaps you're right; perhaps it *is* the Spring.

Indeed to goodness, now I come to think of it,
In Soho only yesterday I ate
Spring onions, though I hovered on the brink of it;
And down in Surrey cows are less sedate;
The birds are amorous and busy-throated;
The dog's sun-bathing upside-down, the fool!
The ponies are becoming fat and bloated
Now that the children are away at school.

Someone has brought my secretary flowers;
She chatters more; she makes a greater mess
Of letters I dictate to her; my powers
Of tolerance are growing less and less.
My Cousin Fred is rumoured to be courting;
My Uncle George has cleaned up big in Gold;
My desk-lamp flickers—I suppose it's shorting,
And I have got my last and lordliest cold.

"Yet I noticed that in all his distress, then and subsequently, Crossley by some instinct kept his chin buried deeply between his shoulder-blades, the one inevitably vulnerable target being hidden."
Daily Paper.

Naturally the back of his head came in for some severe punishment.

* See above. † Firms always own things (*inter alia*).

Rain.

"WHAT is rain, Father?" asked the Child.

"Er—water—er—water that falls from the sky," answered the Father.

"I wish I could see some," said the Child.

"I wish you could."

"Geoffrey has seen some, but then he is ten. All the same, if it's only water, I don't understand. It says in this book, 'Heavy rain was falling'; and in another place, 'Light showers swept the hill-side.' Water can't be heavy one time and light another. It always weighs the same. Miss Wrangel said so."

"Those are only expressions," said the Father. "People say 'heavy rain' when they mean that the rain is coming down heavily—I mean, more quickly. And light showers would be when the rain was coming down—well, more slowly."

"Then why don't they say, 'Quick rain was falling,' and 'Slow showers swept the hill-side'?"

"Well, they don't," replied the Father a little shortly.

A pause.

"You're quite sure rain *is* water, Father?"

"Of course I am."

"Only—how can you make sheets out of water? It says here, 'Sheets of rain . . .'"

"That's another expression. It means a heavy rain—that is, it means a lot of rain."

"What's an expression?" sighed the Child. "Is 'raining cats and dogs' an expression?"

"Yes."

"There aren't really any cats and dogs?"

"No, no, of course not. It only means exceptionally heavy—that is, a great deal of rain pouring down at once."

"What's the expression for a little rain pouring down at once? 'It rained bluebottles and ladybirds'—is there an expression like that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Can't say."

"And if it's raining quicker than cats and dogs, can it rain elephants and giraffes?"

"No. Cats and dogs are the hardest rain there is."

"Hardest? Hardest? Does it mean more chalk in it?"

"No, no. It's just another expression. Raining hard, meaning it's falling quickly."

"Oh! Cats and dogs is the quickest, then. They're not so very large either. Why shouldn't there be elephants and . . ."

"Oh, ask Miss Wrangel."

The worst of this little dialogue is that by the time it is published (if it is published) the rain may be falling heavily once more—I mean quickly once more, and it will look pretty silly. But there, it's pretty silly anyway. A. W. B.



WINTER MEMORY.

"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, CONSTABLE?"
"ARE YE ASKIN' WHAT IT IS, INSHPECTOR? WELL, IT'S A PRISONER, SWAG AN' ALL."

Our Foolhardy Constabulary.

"Two revolvers, a shotgun, £700 in cash and some poisoned pills were found on the premises, and these have been taken by the police."—*Daily Paper.*

"Therefore let us not join the present foolish protest against the multiplication of bombing aeroplanes. They are angels of pease."—*Glasgow Paper.*

So that's what they're going to drop on us in the next war!



Sportsman (a strong advocate of safety-first principles). "I WISH THEY WOULDN'T MAKE THESE PLACES LOOK SO LIKE GATES FROM A DISTANCE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sound and Fury Signifying Next to Nothing.

TEUTONIC bribery and brow beating alike have failed to shake the resolve of Messrs. LOVAT DICKSON to translate and publish for English readers a book produced by an obscure but self-complacent professor of Brunswick, to whom it gives pleasure "to meditate on the destruction that must sooner or later overtake this proud and seemingly invincible nation"—meaning you and me. Professor BANSE wants to invade our east coast and generally make things extremely unpleasant; but this is literally nothing compared with what he is going to do to France. What we and the French are to be about in the meantime is not made clear. Really and truly *Germany, Prepare for War!* (10/6) is a very unimpressive piece of Nazi ranting. It purports to be a geographical and psychological analysis of the countries and peoples of Europe and as such differs from other military text-books mainly by reason of its element of pompous savagery. Incidentally it is full of inaccuracies, almost ludicrously exemplifies the German propensity for having it both ways, and, since our amiable professor has not realised in the least the influence of the air in war, is twenty years out of date.

The Craftsman.

WILLIAM MORRIS at four years old had read a good part of SCOTT'S novels. At sixty he was haranguing fellow Socialists at street-corners. A refreshing capacity for getting excited, a curiously unegoistic centring of the universe about his own strenuous affairs and a splendid zest in the mere act of living had marked the intervening years. Painter, designer, illuminator, printer, weaver, poet—the present exhibition at South Kensington is well supplemented by Mr. PAUL BLOOMFIELD'S *William Morris* (BARKER, 10/-), a book that presents the background of virile life, often even crude and jarring, where so much vigour and delicacy of hand and eye were nurtured. One need not love the conventionalised flower-design of the MORRIS wall-papers to feel the rightness of his faith that the way to enjoy life is by making necessary tasks pleasurable in the doing. To get his hands dirty making useful and beautiful things was for him the properest task for a man. His revolt against Victorianism was less political or social than æsthetic. Mr. BLOOMFIELD finely shows him pointing a way back to the beauty of every-day life for a generation now at last emerging from a transitional period of slavery to the machine.

Berlin's Bonfire.

It hardly to be compared, for mere output of calories, with the conflagrations of Rome or London or Moscow, *The Burning of the Reichstag* (GOLLANCZ, 12/6) must be accorded major rank among the fires which have made history. And for those who would study its consequences and implications Mr. DOUGLAS REED'S narrative will surely be an essential document. It was Mr. REED'S fortune to be one of the first on the fatal scene, and as special correspondent of *The Times* he was an ever-present attendant at the amazing trial. His book, in the main a day-to-day

record, is that best kind of journalism than which one is sometimes inclined to believe that there is no better kind of writing—vivid yet unsensational, critical but impartial, the memorable word and the significant gesture unerringly selected. All the persons in the drama are made very real, judges and counsel, prisoners at the bar and the motley host of witnesses, from General GÖRING with his guard of swashbucklers to the waiters, jailbirds and charwomen to whom the possession or hallucination of relevant knowledge gave an hour's notoriety. But two stand pre-eminent—the foredoomed VAN DER LUBBE, inarticulate and apparently sub-human, in whose responsibility for his actions it is hardly possible to believe, and DIMITROFF, the courageous, acute and irrepressible. No doubt it is very reprehensible to be a Communist, but it is not only in the MARXIAN history-books that the Bulgarian will figure as a hero. Nor will his fame be diminished by the accident that he was also a humorist.

A Sixteenth-Century Arcadian.

Mr. MARCUS WOODWARD edits,
In a manner you 'll admire,
Certain papers which he credits
To a sixteenth-century squire:
LEONARD MASCALL lived near Lewes;
Letters were his cloistered whim;
Intimately LEONARD knew his
ESTIENNE (CHARLES) and quoted him.

And his pen has represented
Rural life as may have been
Lived by stay-at-home contented
County-folk when BESS was Queen.
Read Squire MASCALL's "huswif" knowledge,
Learn of flowers and honey-bees;
Squire 's a veterinary college
Too of farmyard remedies.

Plumpton Place was his, a grand hall
In its owner's ample day.
These his records CHAPMAN AND HALL
Publish; write to them and say
That you 're anxious to be getting
Sent to you *The Countryman's Jewel*, where, in Sussex setting,
Sing such pastorals as were Pan's.



"AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE, JOE, IF ANY O' THEM ARCTIC EXPLORERS STARTS TELLIN' TALL STORIES ABOUT ICEBERGS IT'LL LEAVE ME STONE-COLD."

Aborigines of the Mexican Hinterland.

Amateurs of the Maya sculpture in the British Museum who would like to go deeper than the handbook into the origin and ways of their sculptors will be a little disappointed, I feel, in Mr. J. LESLIE MITCHELL's portly volume on *The Conquest of the Maya* (JARROLDS, 18/-). The author's primary interest is anthropological, and the most orderly speculation in his story is devoted to suggesting the Asiatic and European influences at work among the Indians found established in Yucatan and Guatemala by the Spaniards. These, with their squat figures and horse-like hair, hail originally, he suspects, from North-East Asia; and many of their religious and cultural *motifs* have drifted across the Pacific or over the Atlantic. The evidence seems nebulous enough to the non-anthropological mind, though undoubtedly the presence of sculptured Indian elephants at Copan and something not unlike a Greek gorgon at Palenque require and suggest explanation. For the rest the Maya were, as their historian luxuriously admits, a peculiarly "horrendous" race of cannibals, and the extermination of their degenerate Second Empire by the conquistadors of the sixteenth century remains, from the point of view of practical civilisation, a sound and meritorious exploit.

Sidelights on the "Groups."

It is said that the Oxford undergraduate, seeing among a shopful of radio fittings the legend, "Let us convert your old set," immediately reverts to the activities of the "Buchmanites," so pervasive is the legend of the "Groups" in the home of lost causes and lost beliefs. Whether or no this particular cause is losing or gaining, beneficial or harmful is discussed in *The Meaning of the Groups* (METHUEN, 5/-), a series of eleven independent papers edited, with an Epilogue, by the Rev. F. A. M. SPENCER, D.D. Four of the writers, a vicar, a doctor, the professor of a North-Country College and a Cambridge don, are champions from within the movement; three, another doctor, an expert psychotherapist and a Catholic priest, are definitely critical. The remaining four, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, the Principal of Ripon Hall, Dr. SELBIE, and Miss EVELYN UNDERHILL check the balance-sheet of the movement with a more or less equivalent sense of profit and loss. Miss UNDERHILL maintains that revivals of every sort tend to crystallise if the Church adopts them and disintegrate if it doesn't. Her paper, as the Bishop of LONDON suggests, is the best in the book.

Fortune's Favourites.

If the promoters of the Irish Sweepstakes had benefited no one else they would at any rate deserve a vote of thanks from quite a number of writers of novels, films and plays hard up for a plot. It must be added, however, that the majority of such beneficiaries have not made strikingly effective use of their material, and among the majority must be included, I regret to say, Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG, whose stories about South Africa usually possess a contact with reality which will be sought in vain in her excursion into an English setting under the title of *Sunshine Lane* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). The adventures of the bricklayer and his family who win the first prize in the Derby Sweep, indulge in foreign travel and annex titled lovers apiece for the young people are occasionally entertaining but more often distressingly sentimental; in fact there is little about them more convincing than about the airy castles in which most purchasers of sweepstake tickets are wont to indulge. The whole thing is oddly like a musical-comedy with the music left out. With a lavish stage setting and a few trimmings in the shape of a Chorus of Lido ladies it would pass muster a good deal better.

The Open Air.

My experience of Sir WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS's work made me open *The Yeoman's England* (MACLEHOSE, 8/6) with a confidence that was more than justified. Frankly this is a delightful book; whether Sir WILLIAM is writing of birds, animals, insects, fish or flowers one cannot fail to realise the extent of his industry and his knowledge. And to my mind he is as wise as he is learned. Listen to him when he discusses the ringing of our small migrant birds. "Some of us cannot quite get rid of the idea that with very small birds this ring, however light, is a burden that cannot but be felt on a five-thousand mile journey . . . I would plead for a statute of limitations; that no bird should be ringed if it weighs less than three ounces." Beautifully illustrated and packed with interesting information this volume's popularity is assured; but before the next edition appears I beg Sir WILLIAM to destroy scores of the countless inverted commas which disfigure his pages.



Night-Watchman. "I TOOK THIS JOB, SIR, BECAUSE I COULDN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS."
Passer-by. "INDEED!"
Night-Watchman. "YES, SIR, AND THANK 'EAVEN IT'S CURED ME."

Pills and Poison.

In *The 12.30 From Croydon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS has made a careful study of a young man whose temptations were too many and too strong for him. *Charles Crowther*, for reasons mainly, though not entirely, selfish, wanted money, and his rich uncle would not give him as much help as he required. So *Charles* decided that this uncle was an encumbrance and must be removed. Not until page 173 does that excellent sleuth, *Inspector French*, appear on the scene, and I am inclined to resent his tardy arrival. From that moment, however, *Charles* began to suspect that to poison a man was not an act that could be accomplished with impunity, and presently in a state of panic he committed another murder. Never did anyone more thoroughly deserve the conviction which *French*, with his usual polish and efficiency, procured.

Another Monster.

Followers of *Anthony Trent's* career will find him as active and courageous as ever in *Death By the Lake* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6). The lake was a lonely spot situated in British Columbia, and strange tragedies were occurring around it when *Trent* arrived and found a beautiful girl in a position of great danger. A gang of unscrupulous ruffians, with "a sport of nature" called *The Bull* to help them, were working with zest to frighten the girl off ground that they coveted. With such a situation Mr. WYNDHAM MARTYN can be trusted to deal firmly and freely, and, although his story cannot be praised for its subtlety, it contains so many exciting adventures that *Anthony Trent's* last case is as spirited as any in which he has been engaged.

Entertainments at Which we should have Loved to Assist.

"Mrs. ——, who won a leg of mutton, kindly gave her prize bark and this raised 7s. for the funds."—*Local Paper.*

"My client places me in that position. Mr. shape. They were put into shape. I will tell shape. They were put into shap. I will tell your Lordship frankly that I read them to the plaintiff, and he didn't like them."—*Yorks Paper.*

There's no pleasing some people.

Charivaria.

A LECTURER says that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was a vicious and untruthful man. Perhaps this will silence the *parvenus* who are always boasting that their ancestors came over with him.

***

Tennis-trousers are expected to be two shillings to five shillings a pair dearer this spring. We shall just have to stand the racket.

***

"Always try to put yourself in the other fellow's place," says a clergyman. We wouldn't advise anyone to try this on in a theatre queue.

***

In view of the probable reinterment of the remains of BOADICEA, which have been discovered at Rhyddlam, it is hoped that representative Romans will attend as a gesture of contrition.

***

Work on the new wing of the Bank of England continues throughout the night now. City men detained late at the office cannot fail to have noted this.

***

A writer states that from a distance of sixty-three miles the Crystal Palace can be seen through glasses. As an alternative to watching cricket or racing, we don't think this new sport will make much headway.

***

"What exactly is 'the Call of the West'?" asks a writer. "Come up 'n see me sometime" is the reply.

***

The latest blow to the study of dead languages has been dealt by twelve boys at a school in County Cork, who went on strike as a protest against compulsory Erse.

***

A scientist says that the world will not end for another thirty million years. We have ordered another monthly season-ticket on the strength of this.



"PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOU LIKE THIS, BUT IT IS SO REFRESHING TO HEAR SOMEONE WHO STILL SPEAKS THE OLD DIALECT OF THE DISTRICT."
"THAT BE O K WITH I, SISTER."

During a demonstration in the East-End a policeman was struck by a wireless battery. We understand that the thrower was presented with a dry cell in exchange.

***

An American artist says he would not give more than twopence each for our London statues. Still, twopence here and twopence there soon mounts up.

***

One of our sporting writers mentions horses that have won their spurs in point-to-point races. But many a noble horse is willing to throw these aside.

***

Disarmament proverb: Limitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

***

A Surrey farmer found a valuable diamond inside a fowl. He is now provided with an excellent grumble that this sort of thing happens so rarely.

***

City waitresses, we are told, are taking up boxing in their spare time. It is understood that no notice is to be taken of the bell.

***

A gossip-writer mentions that he saw Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN with his hands deep in his pockets. Very likely. But he 's not going to keep them *there*.

***

"Wealth is a disease," says a writer. Unfortunately there does not seem much chance of its becoming an epidemic.

***

"There are two Chinas," said a lecturer recently. Came to pieces in his hands, we suppose.

***

A motor-road across New York State is to be known as George Washington Highway. In the hope of promoting veracity among drivers?

"AFTER THE FUR COAT—WHAT?"
Headline in Daily Paper.

Moths probably.

"We guarantee these stockings against adders in the Silk portion."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Aren't the cotton tops snake-proof too?

Terrible Interlude.

For want of anything worse to do, I decided to hold a symposium this week about the screening of the *Odyssey*—Homer's of course. The most ancient way of conducting a symposium was to drink hard and talk freely with other men in a banqueting hall. The most modern way is to bellow at their secretaries through the telephone, get the wrong number, and be told that they are not there, and in any case have nothing to say.

Bidden, then, to hold a modern symposium on the question *"Should the Odyssey be filmed?"* Mr. Punch's special representative obtained the following replies (so he says) from eminent celebrities, thinkers and personalities of the age:—

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., P.C., D.C.L., LL.D. No.

The Lord Chief Justice. Pshaw!

The Prime Minister. When due consideration is given to all the circumstances of importance surrounding the various issues which arise in connection with this proposition, there seems to be every reason for not refusing to explore each available avenue that may possibly lead to a satisfactory solution of the problem which is so evidently at stake.

The Dean of St. Paul's. Ha!

Mr. Cab Calloway. Ho-de-do.

Mr. George Robey. So long as the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey* is carefully maintained not only in the scenic presentation but also throughout the dialogue, and the dignity and grandeur of the whole epic preserved alike by actors and producers, why, certainly Yes. But if not, I say "How now!"

June. Τὸν δ' ἀπαμείβομενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς is my favourite line of Latin poetry.

The President of the Board of Agriculture. Probably one of the most interesting experiments in rapid pig production and a valuable lesson to our own pig-farmers is contained in this fine narrative. The example of the island of Aeaea, where the goddess Circe reigned, is not to be forgotten if we are to hold our own with bacon-competition from overseas.

The Poet Laureate—

> Ulysses, much-enduring man,
> Sailed first from Troy when time began.
> In ships he went about the sea
> Ten thousand suns before A.D.,
> And reached the island of Calypso.
>
> He came to like his lovely trip so——

Mr. Punch's Representative. Stay, stay! We didn't ask for a new epic. We only wanted your opinion.

The Poet Laureate (*ringing off*). Oh!

Mr. Walt Disney. It will mean a lot of work.

Mr. John McGovern, M.P. And how much attention, may I ask you, is paid in this snobbish and capitalist piece of literature to the men who sailed before the mast, to the working-men of Phæacia and Ithaca, to the lads who simply went to make Polyphemus-fodder, and the rest of them? It 'd no be a bad thing for the people of this country to see a privileged and dissolute adventurer like yon man held up to proper scorn. But if this is to be a film glorifying the governing classes I would say "Be damned——"

[*At this point something went wrong with our line.*

The Cambridge Professor of Greek. In any attempt to subdivide the interpolations of Homer, the "Flick-poet——"

Mr. Punch's Representative (*eagerly*). Yes, yes! That's just what we want.

Unhappily, after a long and exhausting conversation, these were the only words uttered by the Cambridge Professor of Greek that Mr. Punch's representative was able to understand.

The Marx Brothers. The sympathy of every member of our family goes out towards this superb adventure of the screen.

Mr. Montagu Norman (broodingly)—

> Much have I travelled in the realms of gold
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.

Sir John Simon. [For this see p. 323.] Evoe.

Golliwog in Exile.

(It is reported that the Golliwog has been banned in Germany as not being in accordance with the Aryan tradition.)

A Golliwog, and German-made, I stand,
Sinless and exiled, innocent but banned,
Over the frontier of my native land.

They came upon me when the night was deep;
In the calm night they came when ill things creep,
And decent persons give the hours to sleep.

I had no inkling of the fate in store;
My mistress, Wilhelmina, knew no more
Than I did, judging by her peaceful snore.

They woke her up. In vain she wept and prayed,
Clutched me and tried to tear her flaxen braid;
It was the order, and must be obeyed.

Only, they said, the light of eye and hair
Shall dwell in German borders; that is where
They had me, for indeed I am not fair.

I am a creature of the Southern sun;
Ebon am I; and that it is that won
My 'Mina's love, when all is said and done.

Nay, and the adults, too, approved me. *Ja*,
I was a present from the Herr Papa
Hung on the sparkling tree at Christmas. Bah!

That was the man that gave the show away,
That led them to the drawer in which I lay;
Out upon such; out on them all, I say.

I will go forth to England, that strange isle
Whereon the sun is never known to smile,
Whose folk are kind, though loose about the tile.

There will I burst my black's invidious bar,
Housed by a people, dotty as they are,
Who will not be so blamed particular.

And flourish, fostered by an English brat;
And Wilhelmina of the flaxen plait
May get a flaxen doll. And that is that. Dum-Dum.

Blood-Sports of the Idle Rich.

"This Yorkshire squire, who lived the life of a country gentlemen, riding to hounds, shooting entertaining house parties at the Doncaster races. . . ."—*Church Paper.*

More Robot Control.

"Flight trials were carried out and the boat was then handed over to the R.A.F. crew of none, who left for Plymouth."
Daily Paper.



THE GENTLEMAN WITH A DUST-PAN.

SIR HILTON YOUNG. "IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG BUSINESS, BUT I'VE MADE A FAIR START AND I MEAN TO SEE IT THROUGH."



"Turnips, are they? Sorry, I thought it was spinach!"

Ashes of Ambition.

My father, the Sultan of Mosul (said the fourth one-eyed calender), being informed by the Secretary of State for Religion and Morals that I was at the head of the neo-modernist movement for throwing open the profession of *imam* to women and introducing the referendum in connection with the administration of the harem, expelled me from his dominions, remarking that misfortune was the offspring of indiscretion oftener than of impropriety. Assuming the dress of a dervish I thereupon proceeded to Aleppo, a city famed for the number and beauty of its dancing-girls.

Entering the city gate, I became aware of a crier who, beating a large gong in order to assemble a crowd, made proclamation as follows: "Zobeide, the world-renowned dancer, whose limbs are insured with a well-known broker for ten thousand sequins, receives daily over a thousand missives complimenting her on her beauty." In the next street another crier, beating a larger gong, was shouting: "Fatima, the world-famous dancer, whose eyes distil real tears and who receives daily over two thousand letters of admiration, wishes the public to know that there is no truth in the report that she is shortly to enter the harem of the Sultan of the Black Isles." Before he had finished, a gigantic Nubian, clashing an enormous pair of cymbals, bawled: "Cavama, the best-beloved dancer, whose eyebrows are the despair of her rivals, and for love of whom over three thousand of the best-connected young men of the city are refusing nourishment, has found it necessary to engage three additional scribes to deal with the increasing number of messages of warm approbation which she hourly receives." In the market-place an old man of dignified appearance, preceded by two trumpeters playing fanfares, was announcing: "Amine, the universally celebrated dancer, the perfection of whose finger-nails causes the sons of all the merchants in the city to languish and become fretful, spends more than a hundred sequins per diem on betel, henna and saffron." In short, in every street in the city a crier was proclaiming the beauty of some dancing-girl's eyes, nose, hair, figure or limbs, the number of her admirers and the magnificence of her entourage.

Conceiving that I had at last found a suitable profession I at once attached myself in the capacity of announcer to the establishment of Balkis, a dancing-girl whose fortunes had fallen so low that she was receiving a mere score of letters of admiration a day. I immediately applied myself to remedy this. I announced that robbers had broken into the house of Balkis and stolen therefrom a necklace of emeralds, rubies and sapphires, each as big as a pigeon's-egg, which had been presented to her by the eldest son of the Sultan of Serendib. I further composed an affecting story concerning the miserable death of the donor, who, forbidden by his father to marry a virtuous dancing-girl, had built a marble tomb and lived inside it, singing extempore verses in praise of her beauty until death put a period to his sufferings. This had the desired effect. In a short time Balkis was receiving so many

letters of admiration that she had to engage two more scribes—both of whom, I announced, were kings' sons. What was my mortification, however, to find that robbers immediately broke into the houses of all the other dancing-girls and absconded with jewellery of every description, all composed of precious stones as big as eggs and all presented by sons of sultans.

I then endeavoured to play upon the superstition of the public. Gathering a quantity of horse-hair, I offered it for sale at the rate of ten drachmas per hair, giving out that it came from the head of Balkis and inventing a proverb that whoever possessed a hair from the head of a dancing-girl born at the first full moon of the year would be lucky in business.

This trade flourished, the fact that the hair was of various colours having no weight with the purchasers. As I might have foreseen, however, all the other dancing-girls in the city turned out to have been born on lucky days, and their criers were so base as to give away, free of charge, whole locks of hair. The *status quo* was soon restored, the only persons to benefit being the vendors of horse-hair.

My mistress, who had now sunk to the lowest ebb of poverty, receiving barely ten letters of admiration a day, demanded that I should find new ways of increasing her popularity. I did so, but since the unprincipled agents of the other dancing-girls promptly copied my methods my good work was nullified. At last my mistress plainly informed me that unless I could better her condition I was to consider myself dismissed.

"Queen of Beauty," I said, "there remains one method which nobody has yet tried. Why not learn to dance?"

In a fit of ungovernable rage she at once struck out my right eye. Perceiving the truth of my father's admonition, I have since refrained from suggesting innovations. W. G.



Valet. "MAY I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ASKING YOU TO CHANGE YOUR TREATMENT, DOCTOR, AS MY MASTER FLATLY REFUSES TO WEAR THAT MUSTARD-PLASTER? YOU SEE, HE IS A CONFIRMED NUDIST."

Old Wood is Best.

A FIRE that 's made of green wood—
Of green wood—
A fire that 's made of green wood
Is nought but smoke and smell;
So light your fire of old wood—
Of old wood—
See your fire be old wood
And it will warm you well.

A ship that 's built of new wood—
Of new wood—
A ship that 's built of new wood
Will let the salt sea through;
So look your planks be seasoned—
Well seasoned—
Build of wood well seasoned
Or you shall surely rue.

A house that 's built of green wood—
Of green wood—
The roof that 's built of green wood
Will only warp and fall;
So look your beams be old wood—
Be old wood—
Look you build with old wood
Or never build at all.

Oak and elm and chestnut—
Sweet chestnut—
Oak and elm and chestnut
That grow on English ground;
And best if you can get 'em—
Can get 'em—
Ships' ribs if you can get 'em
That have sailed the world around.

For old wine 's the best wine—
The best wine—
The oldest wine 's the best wine
And best the oldest friend.
And an old ship 's timbers—
Old timbers—
An old ship 's timbers
Will serve you to the end. C. F. S.

Another Marine Disaster.

"To-day the sea was still not calm and the boatmen were bust repairing their broken boats."—*Palestine Paper.*

At the Pictures.

"Six of a Kind" (Plaza).

Before the War started, the phrase, "Go West, young man," was a stock piece of avuncular encouragement for Uncle Sam to give to his young. The success of the prescription was its undoing in the end, and the modern



CUED UP.

Sheriff (John Hoxley) . . . W. C. Fields.

American too often figures that he is more likely to meet physical adventure by going North through Canada and human adventure by going South through Mexico. Let him then undeceive himself by going to see *Six of a Kind*. Here is a picture which reminds the Englishman of *Three Men in a Boat*. The scale is different, because England is a little island and the States are a continent, and Americans like their laughs loud and clear. But the tale is at bottom the same tale of decent muddleheads seeking an unconventional holiday and meeting with all sorts of trouble. It is excellent trouble, the best I have seen on the screen for countless moons, and it is both American and universal. We too in this country read of advertisements where people invite complete strangers to share their holidays and cut expenses. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Whinney*, about to motor across the continent from the East to California and back in a fortnight, have their advertisement most promptly and devastatingly answered. The newcomers bring an enormous dog of decided views and undecided temper who insists on sitting in the front seat. Both the women-travellers are capable of complacent folly of the grandest order, and one of them wakes up some sleeping gangsters to ask them the way. But the mishaps are minor things compared with the great danger which grows on *Mr. Whinney* because he has talked so loudly at the bank where he works of his vacation plans that a bank-thief seeks to include much loot in *Mr. Whinney's* luggage. In Nuggetville, Nevada, where we meet an admirably sodden and corrupt *Sheriff* (Mr. W. C. Fields), the excitement and the fun increase together to a happy climax. *Mr. Whinney*, who is not above inadvertently packing the telephone in his luggage, is cousin to *Mr. Pooter*—American and several times removed, but still cousin—good-natured, upright and done. Here is a film in which, except for a pretty capable hotel manageress in the form of Alison Skipworth, the race of womankind cuts no sort of figure. But it is, somehow, a most pleasing film.

"Man's Castle."

The new Columbia picture at the New Gallery is an unusual one. It is a study of a character rather than a story, although there is plenty happening all the time. The character, *Bill*, is a tough and truculent guy living, on the waste patches of land outside the city, a hand-to-mouth existence. We are all familiar with the soft-hearted burglar type who loves to sit a-gaping in the sun and has a real feeling for nature. It is Mr. Spencer Tracy's great achievement in this film to avoid the pitfalls in the way of portraying such types. He is not greatly helped by the scenario-writers, but he takes care of himself and makes the hero of the film an extremely vivid individual to whom no categories apply. *Bill* is a free man,



SOMEBODY ELSE'S DOG.

Flora Whinney . . . . . Mary Boland.
J. Pinkham Whinney . . Charlie Ruggles.

not only free by his refusal to accept more than brief and easy employment for two hours or so a day, but really free from the constraints and pressures that mould the ordinary man in an identical society. He lives by impulse, pleasing himself and sublimely indifferent to what anybody thinks of him. *Man's*



LAZY BUT LOVED.

Bill . . . . . Spencer Tracy.
Trina . . . . . Loretta Young.

Castle is in its own way the American counterpart of René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*, showing how a man with character may keep himself outside the whole modern network of earnings and expenses, and how a life of leisure and adequate food can be lived, if only one is not too particular or conventional, on next to nothing. But the idea here is less than the man, who, as Spencer Tracy acts him, is a memorable original, holding the attention in all his sayings and acts because of his vigour and unexpectedness. There is a love-story, and it brings with it the gradual growth in *Bill* of settled affections. It leads him to behave outrageously to an old friend and to run grave risks of prison.

The end is skilfully contrived to leave his wings unclipped while showing the idea of a home taking hold of him. The wife is acted with the right touch of simplicity by Loretta Young, and Miss Glenda Farrell shows us, as convincingly as ever, a very different sort of lady; while Miss Marjorie Rambeau is able to enrich the story with a drunken, good-natured but on occasion fierce neighbour, who finally removes *Bill's* enemy with a pistol-shot and the remark: "This isn't murder; it's a just house-cleaning." D. W.

As Others Hear Us.

Winding the Clocks.

"It is a most extraordinary thing, there isn't a clock in this house that keeps time. Not from one week to another."

"Oh, darling! Poor Aunt Edith!"

"Aunt Edith is no better than the rest of them. Only up to about Thursday, perhaps."

"It's better than losing."

"I don't see that."

"Oh, yes, darling. Trains and things. Not that it's any help when they alter the 9.34 without telling one."

"The 9.34?"

"But it isn't, any more. Last week. Oh, I'm afraid I did the cuckoo myself last night."

"Now why? You know very well that it's every Sunday morning."

"Yes, but the wireless. And it's so worrying to hear it just *after* one's got used to Big Ben and everything."

"I always have said and I always shall say that wireless in the house is an absolute curse."

"Darling, how *can* you? Gracious, what a lot of winding that takes! The smaller they are the more they seem to want. You know you *love* MABEL CONSTANDUROS."

"MABEL's all right, but not all this American stuff. One gets sick of it. What about the kitchen one?"

"Ten minutes fast, please. It's the only way. Even then it's always the same thing. But it *is* useful for giving one the time. Besides, you like the news."

"Not some of those Oxford accents, I don't."

"Conduit."

"Well, what was good enough for my father is good enough for me. Conduit, indeed."

"After all, there's no real reason for any of it."

"Look at Derby and Darby."

"Or Pall Mall for that matter."

"Cholmondeley—Marjoribanks."

"Well, I shall go by the dining-room. It's the best timekeeper in the house."

"It isn't the same as my watch."

"But your watch never is."

"Oh, yes, it is, darling. At least it certainly was last night by the nine-o'clock news."

"You were at the Women's Institute last night, so it couldn't have been."

"Then it must have been the six o'clock. Anyway, I *know* I looked at it *some* time yesterday."

"Did you alter it?"

"Only about seven minutes or something. I shall have to get a new strap."



A PLUMBING PROBLEM.

"Well, if you're going in this week better make certain about the 9.34. It might be a bit awkward."

"Well, if Dodie hadn't been driving last week we should have, for a certainty."

"That girl will have a smash one of these days."

"Still, it was a good thing she did really, because they'd put it on—ten minutes."

"They ought to warn one."

"I know. And you see the time-table is June; though that's really my own fault, in a way, I suppose."

"What about the schoolroom?"

"Oh, do you do that, even when they're away at school?"

"Every clock in the house. It's the only way."

"I believe you *can* get electric ones that go for three years or something."

"American, I suppose."

"I call that frightfully unjust and prejudiced. I don't think they are at all. Dodie saw one at the Ideal Home Exhibition or somewhere like that, I believe. She said so."

"Well, I don't want anything of that sort in *my* house. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

"Darling, if the Bensons come to dinner on Saturday let's play the *Bromide* game after dinner, shall we?"

E. M. D.

The Truth at Last.

"Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of 'powerful foolings.'"—*Indian Periodical.*

"1,500 SWIMMERS IN ONE BATH.
LORD DERBY CASTS THE FOUNDATION STONE."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

That ought to have thinned them out a bit.

Steps to Parnassus.

I DON'T care. The sap is rising in the trees and we must have some verse to-day. The thing is easy enough once you get the hang of it. For instance:—

LINES WRITTEN ON AN ANCIENT TOMBSTONE
with a blunt penknife. March 21st, 1934.

William Henry Edwards
Of "Tweesdale," Albemarle Crescent, Shottermill,
And
Margery Grace Hopkins,
17, Walberswick Avenue, Clapham,
Sat here
March 21st, 1934.

Reading this through again I find it, for some reason, not wholly satisfactory. It has power, certainly, it makes a direct appeal to the imagination, and it is modern enough to suit the most advanced tastes; but it lacks—how shall I put it?—it lacks *music*. One looks in vain for the lilt of the blackbird's song and the faint sweet fragrance of wood-anemones. In a word, it is too austere for the vernal equinox.

What about—

"The daffodils are nodding in the hedgerows"

as an opening line, with perhaps

"The missel-thrush is singing to the shrike"

or something of the kind to follow? You know, I rather like that. There seems to me to be a real hint of spring about those two lines. Below on the grassy banks the gracious daffodils bend their pliant stems before the breeze; above them in the hedge itself the golden-tongued missel warbles a friendly greeting to that excellent bird the shrike. The whole business simply reeks of springtime. Note especially the sing-song rhythm of the first line, so admirably suggestive of the movement of the flowers, and the repetitive "thr—shr" sounds in the second, which reproduce with such extraordinary fidelity the peculiar burring whistle of the missel-thrush. At least that is what everybody would say if WORDSWORTH had written the thing.

We must get on, however:—

The daffodils are nodding in the hedgerows,
The missel-thrush is singing to the shrike,
And down in yonder stream
Lie fourteen little bream,
A stickleback, some minnows and a pike.

There. I am sorry about the last-named fish, whose presence introduces an unwanted sense of impending tragedy into what should be a straightforward picture of nature in her most amiable mood; but it had to be. It is one of the curiosities of natural history, as any spring poet will tell you, that wherever the shrike or butcher-bird makes his appearance there you may be sure to find at least one pike knocking about in a neighbouring stream. Of course one could cut out the shrike altogether and substitute "hake" and "corncrake," but then bang goes the metrical arrangement; and, besides that, the whole setting would have to be shifted to the seaside, unless I am sadly misinformed about the habits of the hake.

That reminds me to say that one *cannot* be too careful about the accuracy of one's springtime verses. In the heat of composition it is only too easy to make statements about birds, flowers and so on which will bring down on one's head the scorn and contumely of thousands of natural historians. For instance, "columbine" and "antirrhinum" make an excellent rhyme, provided the "-um" is held over to the next line; but we must not be led, simply on these grounds and without further investigation, into describing the glorious showing they make together against the old brick wall. For all we know one of them may blossom in December and the other in the middle of July.

Considerations of this nature have decided me not to go on with my vignette about the daffodils. I am not at all sure, now I come to think of it, whether the shrike (excellent bird) is yet to be seen in our hedgerows, nor indeed whether sticklebacks and minnows are out and about so early in the season. Probably they hibernate or change into newts during the winter months. The whole subject bristles with difficulties, so instead I shall write—

The sun was but new in the heaven
The dew was still wet on the ground
As I left (at a quarter-to-seven)
My room at the "Huntsman and Hound."

"The taäp o' the marnin' to 'ee, Sur,
The taäp o' the marnin' to 'ee;
'Tis a wunnerful marnin' it be, Sur,
Ar, a wunnerful *marnin' it be."*

This is narrative poetry of the best kind. It brings home to the reader in the course of two short verses not only the fact that it is morning but also that the morning is an unusually fine one. The scene is set for a brisk (but not too detailed) conversation between the writer and the oldest inhabitant about the beauties of the countryside around them. No surprise need be felt at the somewhat abrupt introduction of the second character; this sudden bursting into italicised speech is in the best traditions of rural poetry. Not that I couldn't have linked it all up if I had wished. It would have to go something like this—following immediately after the words "Huntsman and Hound":—

On my way through the flowering meadows
Tum-tumtete-tumte ahead, in bed, etc.,
Tum-tumte, whose surname was Beddoes
(*You see the idea?*)
And as I approached him he *said*—

"The taäp o' the marnin' to 'ee, Sur,"

—and we 're off.

I fear that lack of space makes it impossible for me to continue this promising little poem, but for the benefit of those who may care to go on with it themselves I should just like to add one suggestion. Do let the third—or, if you insist, the fourth—verse begin something like this—

"It is certainly beautiful weather,"
I said to him, "*Beddoes, old man.*"

This effectively clears up any lingering doubt in the mind of the reader that the name of the oldest inhabitant really *was* Beddoes. It would never do to let him suspect that the vulgar necessities of rhyming had any influence on our choice of nomenclature. We poets have our reputations to think of.

H. F. E.

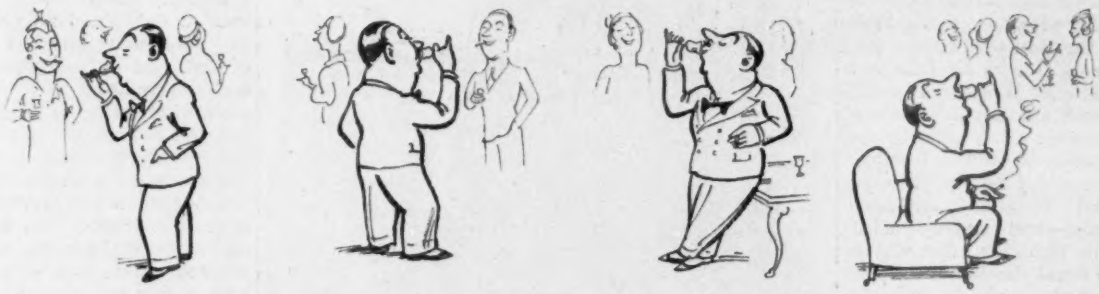
"Keep a large nose in its place with powder a tone deeper than that you use for the rest of your face. Bring into prominence a receding chin with a trace of rouge on its tip, applied under your powder."—*Daily Paper.*

And keep a foolish mouth shut with a strip of sticking-plaster.

APÉRITIF.



THESE SHERRY-PARTIES ARE ALL VERY WELL—



BUT BY THE TIME I HAVE DONE MY BEST TO HELP MAKE THINGS GO—



MY APPETITE IS SO AMAZINGLY SHARPENED—



THAT IT COSTS ME QUITE A LOT TO SATISFY IT.

The Old School Tie.

SINCE they started making jokes about the Old School tie I have dug mine out and wear it constantly.

I have never quite understood the logical basis of the joke. The argument seems to be (*a*) that it is a laughable and shameful thing for a man to retain and exhibit the sentiments of loyalty, gratitude, affection and pride towards the institution to which he owes his education, and (*b*) that those schools which do not inspire such sentiments are superior to those which do.

Either of these propositions may stand by itself, but together, surely, they fall. In point of fact, no one is so snobbishly proud of his education as the man who thinks that the old school tie joke is a good one. You can hear him almost any day on the east side of the House of Commons. "I was educated at Gumbles Elementary School," he says, "and Wicklesea Grammar School—and I'm proud of it." Quite right too. But why in the world should not the poor devil who could do no better than Eton and Balliol be entitled to a little pride too? Nor have I observed that the numerous supporters of Northern football teams, whom we are all so glad to see in London on Cup-tie days, are entirely free from coloured emblems, and even garments, which indicate in a reticent manner some particularly beloved locality or organisation.

And these assaults upon the futile character of the Public Schools and the whiffling imbecility of their *alumni* are always coupled, strangely enough, with complaints that everybody cannot go to them. "Thank God I am not a Public School man," the queer reasoning runs, "but it's a crying shame that my boy can't be one." We are told in the same breath that the Public Schools never get any scholarships nowadays, that all the best places in the Civil Service Examinations are being won by clever boys who never went to a Public School, and that the country is still being revoltingly run by gentlemen in Old School ties who owe their position to the privileged education they received at the aforesaid effete old Public Schools.

I read an interesting article the other day entitled "The New Governing Class," by a former Minister of Education. "At these new Secondary Schools," he said, "the teaching is practically as good as in the old Public Schools. This time the State-aided Secondary Schools have beaten those from the Public Schools." Excellent. And I hope these boys are properly grateful to their schools, and, if there is a school tie, I hope they wear it now and then, as certain friends of mine are proud to wear Trade Union buttons, shamrock, leeks, red ties, uniforms, football colours, municipal, club and Friendly Society insignia. Is there so much colour and loyalty about in these days that a mere tie is to be made a mock of? Do I go round deriding the postman's uniform as an exhibition of exclusiveness? Is the Boy Scout shirt no more than a symbol of snobbery? The people to whom this joke appeals, I fear, are the same people whose first instinct, when they see a lady at a party with a coloured balloon, is to "pop" it.

Still, we must admit, I suppose, that the poor old Public Schools are pretty putrid and redundant. But, not being "State-aided," they will, I suppose, gradually disappear, and then all will be well with England. Or will the wise "State" take them over and turn them into efficient institutions? And, if so, will the State forbid the use of Old School ties (together with the White Ensign, policemen's helmets, Horse Guards' uniform, and Judges' wigs)? A fascinating field for speculation.

Meanwhile, we must all do what we can to prevent our sons from being lured into these perilous haunts. What frightens me most is the danger of over-standardisation (from which of course all State institutions are free). You know what they say—the Public Schools grind every boy down to the same dead level of convention and dulness. Every spark of originality and daring is snuffed out, the bold genius has the stuffing knocked out of him, and is turned out in the same pattern as a thousand others, with nothing but the Old School tie to show. The gay little shrimp goes in and comes out a whelk. Well, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a good example. We must all have noticed his poor crushed spirit, lack of creative energy and slavish conformity to pattern—haven't we?

But, looking about among my own generation, I do see one or two encouraging signs. Among the politicians of about my age I suppose the two most frequently mentioned at the present time, not counting MR. ANTHONY EDEN (Eton), are—

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

and

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY.

I have already recorded with pride that Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS gave me my football-colours at a certain effete old Public School (yes, we actually wore coloured shirts and things at football there, unlike the simpler, manlier players of Arsenal and Chelsea). And I have now to reveal that Sir OSWALD MOSLEY was at the same school.

Both these politicians have their detractors, but I have not heard it said of either that he was incapable of striking out a line of his own.

I suppose that the most bold and original writer of my generation is one

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

How he has managed it I do not know, for all the boldness and originality



Enthusiastic American. "WELL, FRIEND, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Calm Londoner. "IT'S DREADFULLY AMERICAN, ISN'T IT?"



"PERKINS, YOU MUST GIVE FI-FI MORE THAN ORDINARY CARE. WHILE I'M AWAY YOU MUST LIVE ONLY FOR HER."

must have been knocked out of him many years ago at Eton. The same institution, at about the same time, must have been snuffing out the vital spark in

Professor J. B. S. HALDANE,

whose craven inability to attempt anything new in the field of bio-chemistry and what-not is notorious.

Returning to Parliament, I see that the acting-leader of the Labour Party,

Major J. S. ATTLEE,

was educated at a bourgeois Public School in England.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT is so energetic and revolutionary that I thought he must have been at Eton. But he acknowledges his debt to Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University; and I hope, for the sake of the Academy, that he wears the old Academy tie. Neither Eton nor Harrow can claim Mr. JAMES MAXTON, but it will be idle for him to deny that he is a Master of Arts of Glasgow University.

I next observe that

Mr. J. M. KEYNES,

who is always trying to hatch our finances again and hatch them differently, was a product of Eton.

That soulless dichard,

The Rev. P. B. CLAYTON,

was at another famous Public School; also that cowed and conventional journalist,

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON,

and those dull unimaginative fellows—

Lord DUNSANY (Eton),
Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY (Eton),
The Archbishop of YORK (Rugby),
Mr. OSBERT SITWELL (Eton),
Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN (Malvern),
Dean INGE (Eton).

I have not mentioned the names of mere conventional Cabinet Ministers, Judges, civil servants, proconsuls, and business men, doctors, teachers, lawyers and others who do a certain amount of the work of the world. For if they were all moved to wear their Old School ties on the same day it might look like a Demonstration or a Movement, and questions would be asked in the House. I have only picked out a few names at random to support my timid theory that the Public School "pattern" is not quite so rigid and indelible as some people suppose. Looking at my list, I am half afraid that it may frighten parents away, fearful that their boys may become not whelks but revolutionaries. If the old Public Schools were challenged to provide a revolutionary Cabinet (which is not, I imagine, the purpose of a Public or any other kind of school) the O.S.T.'s, I fancy, could put up a pretty good show. Indeed, if the three Older Parties are ever displaced, we may see a rather charming sight in the Commons—Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS (Mr. D. N. PRITT, K.C., at his side) facing Sir OSWALD MOSLEY across the Table—all wearing the same school tie.

But by that time, I suppose, all coloured ties will be illegal. A. P. H.



Nimrod's Wife. "I HOPE MY LORD MAY NOT THINK ME UNGRATEFUL, BUT REALLY I FIND THE COLOUR SCHEME OF THIS ROOM A TRIFLE MONOTONOUS."

The Draper's Love-Song.

YOUR eyes are deeper than velour;
Your skin than *"peau-de-soie"* more pure;
Your tresses have a brighter sheen
Than our most saleable sateen.
I watch your swift expressions change
And think how startling is the range
Of qualities that all combine
To mark you as a Special Line.

What poor material life must prove
That is not woven in with love;
How soon the shortest length will grow
As commonplace as calico;
But love brings no synthetic joy,
It lasts as long as corduroy,
And those who shun its pure silk net
Deserve to die in flannelette.

Then yield, my love, and do not miss
An opportunity like this
Which (like our sale of crêpe romaine)
May never, never come again.

"The following is the latest betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap, to be run at Lincoln on March 21.

100/0 Generous Gift (taken and offered)."
Egyptian Paper.

No one should dream of looking *this* gift-horse in the mouth.

The Dairyman's Daughter.

BORN of robust but antiquarian parents with the surname Twigg, and christened Hazel, the girl inevitably became a water-diviner. Her hand was, as it were, forced. But in another sense, unhappily, her hand was not forced, for Hazel Twigg, with or without the assistance of a hazel twig, could not divine.

Can we then call her a water-diviner? The fact is that, dowse she or dowse she not, no other designation gives so precise a summary of her activities. She went through all the motions of being a water-diviner; but she never liked to commit herself. Even on the estate of her aunt, who as a result of long residence in Scotland suffered severely from aiblins, she had not liked to commit herself; and her aunt had been a good deal fashed. But since (as it proved) Hazel would never have been right, how wise she was! How rich in foresight!

While her father, Mr. Twigg, a dairyman, was still wealthy and respected all went satisfactorily. But there came a time when he was not as wealthy and hence not as respected as he had been, and (later) a time when the demand for his dairy-produce had declined so much that he did not know which way to churn. Then he bethought himself of his daughter.

"Hazel," he said, "divine."

She did not know what to do. At first she put it off, saying she was not in the mood. But at last her father paused on the way to business (which continued as usual during altercations) and impressed on her with many a dairyman's diluted oath that the matter was urgent. She was on the point of confession, but he paused only a moment.

"If all the time you have spent on this pursuit proves to have been wasted," he said, "it will be a butter pill for me—a butter pill."

His occupation had somewhat affected his speech.

But how could she tell her father that all these years no divination whatever had been going on? How could she confess at this late hour that throughout those cloudless days when she had been out with her hazel twig it had never once manifested any inclination to be about to begin being on the point of an incipient desire to stir within her grasp? She could not.

But something had to be done, and

quickly, if the family fortunes were to be saved now that the family fortune was lost, for the very next day there was to be a meeting of her father's creditors in the Albert Hall.

There was one possible source of advice: the lady who was so assiduous and, it seemed, successful in solving problems for the readers of a weekly paper. Hazel could not wait for her distraught inquiry to be answered in the next issue; she sent a telegram reply (to a certain extent) paid:—

"Am tall willowy blonde fond reading etc. stop have unjustified reputation as dowser stop gentlemen friends unable tell me best course follow in present instance colon father needing money looks to my ability restore family fortunes stop what should refined girl do for best HAZEL TWIGG."

The reply came in due course:—

"Well Hazel dear I cannot feel really nice girl would have allowed unjustified reputation as dowser to arise in bosom of loving family stop my experience is if gentlemen friends cannot advise in jam who hell can query feel sure cold cream would be of assistance somehow but unable particularise stop what is dowser anyhow AUNTIE JOANIE."

As the boy rode away after delivering this telegram a procession of lorries went slowly past the window, loaded to the bulwarks and beyond with gilt chairs to reinforce (as placards proclaimed) the Albert Hall seating accommodation. Hazel watched them in dull despair. The one thing she could do, she felt, was to go to the meeting and stand by her father's side. Perhaps she could address the crowd. Perhaps they would soften at the sight of her . . .

Hazel was no public speaker. On her previous attempts hardly two words at a time had passed her lips without the accompanying cry "Speak up!" from the audience. This cry was apt to deter further words from any attempt to pass her lips at all; they would pause coyly on the brink for one second too long and retreat engulfed in an anguished swallow. Her impassioned and effective speech at the Albert Hall, therefore, to her father's incensed creditors, many of whom were breathing fire, many slaughter, and several murder of various colours, principally blue—her speech, I say, on this occasion can only be described as a triumph of mind over mutter.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she characteristically began—and in the same happy vein continued. At those first syllables the indignant bellows of "Attim!" "Forward, lads!" "Biffim on the conk!" with which the startled air had hitherto been thick, were hushed. Later syllables merely reinforced their effect. She had been introduced as "the celebrated dowser," and partly because most of the audience had taken the word to be "boozer" they regarded her with curiosity which rapidly became awe, with awe which perceptibly changed, as they found they could understand nothing of what she spoke about, to enthusiasm. This at least she was able to divine. She felt her power. At the crucial moment she broke off her speech and cried, "Now, all together, lads and lassies—'The Jolly Young Waterman'!" at the same time indicating Mr. Twigg.

The choice of song was perhaps risky, but all went well. The vast company sang itself into such a condition that it was a simple matter for Mr. Twigg's solicitor to make it agree that its erstwhile victim should pay no more than one farthing in the pound. (Further, this excellent man saw, and afterwards seized, the opportunity of litigation about which particular pound his client was to pay the farthing in.)

There was hardly anything in the papers, except of course the headlines.



"WE SHALL BE VERY SORRY TO LOSE YOUR SERVICES, MR. BROWN, BUT YOU MUST REALISE THAT WE *MUST* MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH."



"THERE! LOOK WHAT COMES OF SQUASHING FOUR INTO YOUR BEASTLY LITTLE CAR—IT'S RUINED MY DRESS."
"DARLING, IT'S MARVELLOUS! YOU'VE ACHIEVED THE 'TYPHOON' SILHOUETTE."

Lower Fourth Essays.

II.—Old Testament Heroes.

NEARLY everyone was pretty brave in the olden days. They ~~jolly well~~ had to be because the rule was the survival of the fittest or nothing, and nothing was no good to them. In chronic order I should say Daniel was one of the bravest because he used to weigh the lions and find them wanting. Later on he became known as Dan and married Beersheba a fascinating Queen whom he saw in her bath. She was the mother of about a tribe of Israelites in good time. Luckily King Nebudchadnezza was put out to grass so he couldn't stop this.

Samson was an especially brave man. He went about doing a lot of good work with the jawbone of an ass until he absolutely lost his hair and brought the house down.

One of the most famous warriors was Jehu. He stuck up for Naboth against Jezebel who was rather scarlet and went to the dogs. He also rode furiously. Moses who was found by Pharoah's daughter in a burning bulrush was another great leader. He led about a thousand Israelites across the Dead Sea and they all came out alive. He could also get blood out of a stone when he was angry.

Jacob might easily have been a hero but he dreamt he was walking under a ladder which is frightfully bad luck so he lost his parentage.

Lot was another great leader but his wife was a great handicap as she would keep looking back to-Tomorrow. However she was soon turned into a pillow of salt and she stands there to this day.

Abraham who had children all over the sands of the seashore was not particularly brave and rather old all the time.

Joshua was the greatest soldier of them all. Having crossed Jordan ("One more river to cross") he simply blew the city walls to Jericho. Noah who took two of everything into the Ark was the greatest sailor. There were no airmen in those days though the Manna (a sort of white food and a Derby winner) must have come from somewhere.

I have left Samuel I. and Samuel II. until the end because they weren't really heroes and one of them broke Eli's neck.

To end up David and Jonathan who were very keen on each other slew thousands and thousands of Hittites, Levites, Hiveites and people. They were rather like Derby and Joan in other ways. After David had killed Goliath he began begatting crowds and crowds of Jews, but Jonathan preferred fighting.

Car Topics.

I HAD a little *——**——* Nine;
I kept it *——**——* years;
It had a *——**——* body-line,
And *——**——* *——**——* gears.

The chassis had a *——**——* spring;
It had a *——**——* hood;
And why I bought the *——**—— thing
I never understood.

The sparking-plugs were *——**——*
——;
The brakes were *——**——* *——*;
The steering-gear was *——**——*
——
—— *——**——* *——**——* *——*;

And when a *——**——* *——**——*
——
Ran into it, the cad!
I own that I was *——**——* *——*
*——**——**——* *——**——* glad.

P. B.



THE SEAFARER'S RETURN.

ULYSSES. "CAN THAT BE MY DEAR OLD HOME?"

[In view of the suggestion that HOMER'S *Odyssey* should be filmed, Mr. Punch has much pleasure in presenting a topical episode from this stirring screen-drama, with Sir JOHN SIMON in the *rôle* of the "much-enduring" Ulysses.]

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, March 12th.*—Commons: Debate on Navy Estimates.**

***Tuesday, March 13th.*—Lords: Dye-stuffs (Import Regulation) and Solicitors Bills read Second Time.**

Commons: Mining Industry (Welfare Fund), Rural Water Supplies, and Indian Pay (Temporary Abatements) Bills read Third Time.

***Wednesday, March 14th.*—Lords: Debate on Co-ordination of Defence Services.**

Commons: Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Monday, March 12th.—What is known as hot dance-music, uncooled by transit from Harlem, is a matter of taste. Mr. REMER, for one, is not partial to it, and this afternoon, describing performance of visiting band of negro musicians as series of cat-calls, he objected, on this ground and also on that of native unemployment, to Ministry of Labour's permission for them to play at music-halls and at a restaurant. Mr. HUDSON'S reply, that restaurant permit was only for one night, seemed to leave him still unquiet. For further particulars of band to which he presumably referred, *see* p. 330.

This Year's Ha'porth of Tar.

House devoted all day to Navy Estimates. These produced excellent debate, in which six sailor Back-Benchers fired expert broadsides, on whole question of our sea-defences.

Sir BOLTON EYRES MONSELL began his review by stating that we were by no means free this year, as some appeared to think, from restrictions of London Naval Treaty. This still governed construction of new ships, and Admiralty intended to pursue usual steady programme of building and replacement. In any case it would be bad policy to make great increases with 1935 Naval Conference so near. Paying high compliment to R.A.F., he deplored controversy as to whether it or R.N. was real bulwark of Empire, for both were of course vital. He concluded with defence of big battleship, which remained backbone of Navy and was, for economical, strategical and defensive reasons, infinitely preferable to 10,000-ton capital ship.

Regret that since the War this country has spent £2,000,000,000 on armaments, half of which has gone to the Navy, was expressed by Mr. HALL; two interesting maiden speeches came from Sir ROGER KEYES and Lieut.-Commander TUFNELL, both urging dangers, even from point of view of peace-making, of weak Navy; while Admiral CAMPBELL urged that 10,000 tons was quite big enough for a capital ship and criticised both the cost of Dartmouth College and superfluous personnel at Admiralty.



By all his men he is adored,
For B. EYRES MONSELL, Knight, First Lord,
Does all that lies within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.
(*After* "*The Bab Ballads.*")

["The Admiralty were doing much to improve the conditions and prospects of the lower deck. . . . The victualling of the Fleet was continually being improved."—*The First Lord of the Admiralty.*]

Tuesday, March 13th.—Press Gallery of Lords never fails to be exciting owing to supply to each correspondent of pair of headphones and a volume-control knob, microphones being discreetly hidden in body of House notorious for its appalling acoustics. Turning knob full on, which gathers every noble wheeze and cough into the headphones, is therefore like applying a stethoscope to *Debrett*. Just at present Peerage sounds rather bronchial, and not a few ducal sneezes are finding their way into the microphone.

In spite of this, Lords to-day got through varied business, most interesting being Solicitors' Bill, designed to prevent limited companies from acting as solicitors. Second Reading, moved by LORD CHANCELLOR, was agreed to.

In Commons, East Worcestershire Water Bill was Ordered to Lie upon the Table, a command which it instantly obeyed. At Question-time Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD admitted to that resolute champion of an innocent flutter, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, that postal referendum recently held in Southern Rhodesia showed majority of 16,949 to 3,604 in favour of sweepstakes under strict legislative control, 73 per cent. of electorate voting. Millions of citizens of this country



THE INFANT HERCULES.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir ROGER KEYES (in his maiden speech on the Navy Estimates). "I TRUST THAT THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT WILL RELEASE THE NAVY FROM THE TOILS OF THE LONDON TREATY."



THE KITE THAT FAILED.
LORD HUTCHISON.

have of course already given postal support to same idea on occasion of countless Irish Sweeps, but Government seems to consider that Royal Commission may, for some obscure reason, know better than the people themselves. Answer to which remains: What was it that paid for British Museum?

Commons spent dull but useful day. Labour opposition to Mining Industry (Welfare Fund) Bill was so protracted that Committee stage of North Atlantic Shipping Bill had to be postponed; but former was finally given Third Reading.

Wednesday, March 14th.—Debates of great interest took place in both Houses to-day. Lord HUTCHISON moved in Lords that control of Defence Services should be co-ordinated, suggesting that Board of Cabinet Ministers without portfolio would protect taxpayer, ensure profitable expenditure of funds and avoid faulty *liaison* in higher direction which was shown up by the War. He was supported by Lord MARLEY, who considered that Ministry of Defence was necessitated by obstinacy of Services in "concealing obsolescence," but Lord LLOYD disagreed, saying that it would involve a superman, who, if indeed he could be found, would supersede PRIME MINISTER.

In reply Lord LONDONDERRY, though sympathetic to notion of better co-ordination, assured Lord HUTCHISON that task of Minister of Defence would become unmanageable in a major war. Much better plan, he thought, was to expand present Committee of Imperial Defence, an elastic body presided over, very properly, by PRIME MINISTER.

The Dove Still on the Wing.

Commons' debate was opened by Mr. MORGAN JONES, who alleged that Government had bungled disarmament. He was followed by Mr. EDEN, handicapped by absence of official comments from Paris on his mission, but well able to repudiate such a contention. The LORD PRIVY SEAL deplored General GÖRING'S recent swashbuckling utterance, but refused to be pessimistic about chances of reconciling French insistence on security with German irritation at postponement of her equality. Failure would of course necessitate review of armaments, but he felt confident that France and Germany had been brought closer by British Memorandum and his own visits.

This statement brought an ironic Mr. CHURCHILL to his feet, politely incredulous that Mr. EDEN'S tour, though harmless, could have done any good. It was only a little while back that he had heard Ministers reading diplomatic documents saying that rearmament was unthinkable; now all our hope was to regulate the unthinkable. Our present policy of continually asking France to weaken herself was full of dangers.

In reply Sir JOHN SIMON refuted Opposition's statement that American proposals had exceeded British willingness to disarm, praised skill with which Mr. EDEN had prosecuted his mission, and spoke of need for quick action in disarmament.



THAT SPRING FEELING.

The Railway Room.

ALL friends, acquaintances and neighbours of George Wilberforce Wostle will be relieved to hear he is anxious to dispose of his famous, or rather infamous, collection.

George Wilberforce has been a collector ever since he could toddle. It is in the blood. He has passed through all the usual stages of "collectiveness"—pretty stones, tram-tickets, cigarette-cards, birds'-eggs, foreign stamps and fossils—to higher and riskier things. Not that he is really dishonest; it is just that the urge to collect overcomes his sense of property and propriety. One year he collected early spring flowers, with the result that all the neighbourhood was forced to sit up all night or tether fierce watch-dogs by their patches of snowdrops or daffodils.

His chief pride and joy is the Wostle collection of Railway Souvenirs, started by his father. This unique collection occupies a whole room at Wostle Villa. George once showed me round and explained the history of each exhibit with unholy pride.

He has pieces from nearly every railway in Great Britain, functioning, defunct or amalgamated, ranging from a warming-pan from the old "Chatham Flyer" to an ash-tray from the "Royal Scot."

In the centre of the room is a large solid-looking table, the beginning of the collection, which his father removed from the first-class waiting-room at Chulberry Junction on Mafeking Night. The walls are artistically papered with posters and hand-bills of all shapes and sizes. The chairs are from the refreshment-rooms of Wigan, Preston and Blackpool, and the electric-light fittings are G.W.R. 1925 pattern which George collected to replace the L.N.E.R. gas-fittings which his father had installed.

The drawers of the sideboard, an old ticket-desk from Bournemouth, are fully furnished with cloths and cutlery hand-picked from the Liverpool boat-trains.

He drew my particular attention to the hard-wearing curtains which he had laboriously cut from the backs of seats and to the linoleum which, though laid like crazy-paving and emblazoned with several tell-tale emblems and initials, would otherwise be fit for a palace or even a talkie theatre.

The sideboard is adorned with several old time-tables of no particular interest, but the book-ends which support them are some of the finest specimens of their kind, being drop-forged from a pair of ham-sandwiches collected from the only refreshment-room on the Lesser Bassington branch-line. The glass cover which came with them is used to house one of the gems of the collection—a small piece of communication-cord which George removed and replaced with string on a Cup-Final Special (1932–33 season).

All round the walls are various fittings, such as door-handles (many quaint types), window-straps, blinds, mirrors, a large collection of seaside views and a luggage-rack, which was removed part by part from the 8.17 to King's Cross and smuggled past the ticket-barrier under George's overcoat—a piece of villainy which he proudly informed me took three months to complete.

The prime piece of the collection, however, is the door. It is a complete first-class L.M.S. door fitted specially into the doorway. George hung round a deserted siding for weeks with a fearsome collection of tools concealed about his person, waiting for a foggy night to get it. At last his patience was rewarded and he brought it home early one morning on the garden wheelbarrow. He loves that door. It is the old type, with only a handle on the outside; you have to lower the window every time you want to get out. The window has become very stiff, and George takes great delight in trying it on every visitor—or at least he did before the unfortunate affair with Colonel Frossby, whom George shut in and then forgot while he went to the Old Boys' dinner. Army life is fatal to the sense of humour, so George says.

But I understand he is intending to take up exploration if he can make a good sale, so if anyone wishes to earn the blessing and save the reputation of this parish, just step forward and offer him enough for a single ticket to Tristan da Cunha for the lot.



"PLEASE, SIR, WIRELESS MESSAGE, SIR. WE HAVE TO RETURN TO PORT AT ONCE, SIR."

At the Play.

"NURSE CAVELL" (VAUDEVILLE).

IT was natural that the announcement of this play should rouse the gravest misgivings. It might so easily have been written in the mood of frantic hysteria and ignoble misrepresentation, with which our honest pride in the noble action and still nobler resignation of a brave woman was overlaid by the clever devils of our propaganda department in pursuit of what they felt to be their duty, no doubt rightly, for such is the nature of war.

The discretion of the authors, C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS and C. S. FORESTER, has been perfect—too perfect to please the fire-eaters. They have restored the true perspective of this bad business. The enemy has nothing charged against him which is not in the cold record. He appears justly as fool rather than knave, obsessed with his own point of view, oblivious of any other, enemy or neutral, and as profoundly ignorant of psychology and clumsy in diplomacy (which is to say the same thing) as expert in the art of war.

Was it due to apprehension lest the charge of folly to the *n*th degree should seem to smack of prejudice and thus embitter international relations that the authors should so fantastically underline the folly of the heroine? The idea that a technique so crude, a guilelessness so ingenuous should have been the means of getting some two hundred British and Belgian soldiers across the Dutch frontier is preposterous. I should put it at a dozen at the most. No wonder poor *Phillippe Baucq*, the architect, lost his nerve and let himself go on the subject of the imbecility of the English, interested only in "croquet, their national game." The hearty, the very much too hearty, English soldier (a part admirably interpreted by Mr. S. VICTOR STANLEY, in the key in which it was written) had a mentality appreciably lower than the apes.

But this is a slight point, which I find myself unwarrantly overstressing. The play as a whole is worthy of its fine theme. The material is handled with real selective skill so as to suggest, sustain and gradually heighten to a climax the dramatic interest of the poignant story. I found it moving to the point of tears, and I imagine myself to be inoculated against unmanly susceptibility. The production, or, as Mr. COCHRAN would have us say, the direction, by Mr. FRANK BIRCH was admirably done and with great simplicity and economy which adds to the credit of the feat. There were, too, several unknown or less well-known



IRREPRESSIBLE COCKNEY SPIRITS.

An English Soldier MR. S. VICTOR STANLEY.
Phillippe Baucq . MR. GUY LE FEUVRE.

players in the cast, and yet there was no trace of raggedness. Perhaps the court-martial scene—in which we heard but did not see the judges or prosecuting counsel themselves, saw only their sinister shadows thrown by lurid light-



TROUBLE IN THE NURSERY.

Edith Cavell . . . . . MISS NANCY PRICE.

ing upon the wall behind the accused—might be criticised as somewhat too theatrical for the texture of the piece, but I think it was a legitimate concession to human weakness, and effective in itself.

Miss NANCY PRICE's interpretation had a fine dignity and *vraisemblance*. She is an actress temperamentally prone to flamboyant effect, and the quiet control and *piano* pace of this performance was a tribute to her technical skill and experience. I didn't notice a false or exaggerated movement at any time. And little touches, such as the neat smoothing of the coverlet of her bed and the painstaking care in which her uniform was buttoned up to the last button before she would leave her cell to face the firing-party, showed how carefully she had prepared her effects. A brilliant little study of a kindly padre by Mr. LEWIS CASSON showed that always intelligent and sensitive artist at his best. I was much impressed by the German probationer-nurse of Miss HELEN GOSS, patriotic fervour and fever conflicting with fundamental decency—a sound and effective interpolation this on the part of the authors. Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT's fawning spy was child's-play to so subtle a character-actor, and the hard proud note in his voice and bearing as he declared himself completed a good study.

A plausible reconstruction of the legalist mind, with indications of the length to which a sense of abstract justice and military necessity can triumph over mercy and plain commonsense, is presented in the *Hans Stolz*, most excellently presented by Mr. ERIK CHITTY.

I do most warmly commend this play both to those who are old enough and those who are too young to remember. T.

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY" (PRINCES).

This must have been considered quite a pretty kettle of royal oddsfish when Miss JULIA NEILSON first boiled it up at the turn of the century, judging by the number of its revivals; but I should have thought Mr. CHARLES MACDONA was taking a distinct risk in trying it again on sophisticated London audiences, even with Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY to grace the mantle of her charming mother.

The portrait of *Nell*, though limited, is, I admit, very fair. It is the best thing in the piece. "Like a mistress she must stand or fall, and please you to a height or not at all," somebody wrote about her; and there is not the slightest doubt that in her case the British public have gladly embraced the maxim that the King can do no wrong, and have taken her to their hearts from the moment when she leant out of her carriage and cried

to inhospitable Oxford, "Pray, good people, be civil! I am the Protestant mistress."

It must have been difficult for Mr. PAUL KESTER to know where to begin his play, seeing that when *Nell* first attracted *Charles'* attention she was only about seventeen, and had already scored successes on the stage and sufficient triumphs off it to christen him her Charles the Third. He adopted the safe course of opening with *Nell* grown up and still an orange-girl at Killigrew's theatre. There she meets the *King*, and when the curtain rises on the second Act she is already installed in the freehold mansion on the south side of Pall Mall which was later, by the strangest freak of chance, to become for some years the offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At this point everything seems set for a promising comedy of the domestic humours with which *Charles'* Court abounded; but we soon discover that the mainspring of the play is not to be *Nell* + *Charles* but *Nell* v. *Judge Jeffreys*, with the *King* in the position of referee. And this, I am afraid, is not so amusing, though it amply illustrates *Nell's* qualities of loyalty and impish courage.

The *Judge's* wish, you see, was for his ward, *Lady Olivia*, to accept *Lord Rochester's* proposal of marriage (a mild edition, this, surely, of *Rochester*, that riotous rake and ruthless lampoonist?); but *Lady Olivia* wanted to marry *Sir Roger Fairfax*, a nice young cavalier wrongfully exiled by the wicked *Judge*. Out of kindness of heart and an old affection for *Sir Roger*, *Nell* throws in her weight on the side of the lovers and, braving the *King's* anger, overcomes all obstacles by the most daring strategies. These, often on the plane of melodrama, take up most of the later part of the play, and too much time is spent by *Jeffreys* in roaring, which he habitually did, even to himself. The most perceptive passage is in the Second Act, when *Nell* tells *Charles* what kind of a king he might yet be if it were not for puppydogs and women. But the portrait of *Charles* is disappointing; if there was one vice of which he was free it was sentimentality, and to show him soliloquising like a Hollywood beau over an imaginary infidelity of *Nell's* and sobbing out "My idol false to me!" is nothing less than a cruel historical libel. The fault, however, is more the author's than that of Mr. IVAN SAMSON.

Miss NEILSON-TERRY sustains the part of *Nell*, so far as it goes, with charm and a proper vigour; and the other members of the English Mistressy, *Portsmouth* and *Castlemaine*, are soundly played by Miss PHYLLIS RELPH and Miss MARGARET MACDONA. Mr. IVAN SAMSON'S *Charles* was somewhat subdued, and Mr. MATTHEW BOULTON laid on the *Judge* of legend a little thickly. Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB swilling *Nell's* best Burgundy I could watch for ever, even if the pleasure is, to a small extent, vicarious. ERIC.

"MAGNOLIA STREET" (ADELPHI).

So much water has flowed under the literary bridges since Mr. LOUIS GOLDING'S outsize novel *Magnolia Street* was published and acclaimed two years ago that even its most fervent admirers must be feeling a bit hazy by now about who was who and what was what among its cornucopia of characters and incidents.

With this in mind the author and his collaborator in the stage version might well have steeled themselves to a more ruthless thinning of the original forest. They could hardly have offended the faithful and would have saved the rest of us some bewilderment. A programme with nearly fifty characters in it needs much studying. Also there is a certain sketchiness in the tale as tabloided for the two hours' traffic of our stage, and some of the connecting-links seem to have got lost in the process.

However, we are none the less grateful for the entertainment that has emerged from this ticklish task of sorting such an *embarras de richesse*—a large slice of that gratitude going to the actors and to M. KOMISARJEVSKY as producer.

One would not willingly have missed those vivid crowd-scenes in the Doomington back-street and the chattering railing clash of Jew and Gentile in their *Montague* v. *Capulet* feud, with *Rose Berman*, the music-shop assistant, as *Juliet* and young *John Cooper* as a nautical *Romeo*. With ever-changing kaleidoscope of grouping and movement the Jews meet, greet and cluster round the Kosher provision-shop of *Mrs. Poyser*, while on the other side of the street portly *Steve* and his mountainous wife hover as Christian receptionists by the doorway that leads to the magnetic attraction of their bar.

Aloof, yet each with a watchfully suspicious eye on the other, the two parties discuss the adventures of their separate little worlds—not always too easy to follow owing to the play's compression—until suddenly some little spark sets smouldering enmity alight. The Gentiles advance threateningly; the Jews retreat; and hostility culminates in crash-on-crash of poor *Mr.* and *Mrs. Poyser's* shop-window glass. (Always a popular stage turn, this Breaking Up the Happy Home, and doubtless deemed by Mr. COCHRAN well worth the small nightly addition to production costs.)

It is with the rescue of little *Tommy Wright* from drowning by stalwart *Bennie Edelman* (Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE) that the breach is first apparently healed. This gallant deed not only wins over the boy's mother but rallies Magnolians of both camps under the optimist banner of *Mr. Emanuel* (Mr. ALEXANDER SARNER) to join in presenting a gold watch to the hero. Alas! the auspicious occasion ends in fiasco. Lured away to a rendezvous by the brazen charms of *Jessie Wright* (Miss BEATRIX THOMSON in one of her liveliest Cockney moods), *Bennie* fails to turn up and the old hatred flares up again.

Easily the high-water-mark moment of the play is a scene of mourning in a Jewish home, which brings another *rapprochement*. It is war-time now, and to the Jewish mother (Miss JOAN PEREIRA), who has just had news that her son is killed, comes in pale condolence the hitherto irreconcilable Gentile girl (Miss EDITH SHARPE), who has lost a brother. Staged with a sombre dignity and acted with fine restraint,



SWEET NELL OF OLD ROWLEY.

Charles II. . . . . . MR. IVAN SAMSON.
Nell Gwyn . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.



"I WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT, MRS. HOPKINS. I MUST FEED THE BIRDS, THEY HAVE SUCH DIFFICULTY IN FINDING GRUBS IN MY SMALL GARDEN."

this episode is genuinely moving and artistically perfect. Miss PEREIRA's performance, here as elsewhere, is beautiful and just right.

Nothing that follows can touch this level, and the grand *finale* at a reunion party (complete with revolving stage), in which *Bennie* is forgiven by a stern mother for his lapse with Gentile *Jessie*, and the betrothal of *John* and *Rose* at last gains general approval, fails to be convincing. Partly because one feels that the "happy ending" does violence to the one real *motif* which emerges from the disjointed rhythm of the play, of a racial gulf that will never really be bridged.

All the same, this curiously mixed dish of drama and spectacle, served up with agreeable snippets of popular music of the period, is decidedly one to be sampled by the connoisseur. Some of the acting, especially of the Jewish characters, is of rich quality. The *Mrs. Poyser* of Miss BETTY DALSKA, the marriage broker of Mr. WOLF SILBERBERG, and the *Mrs. Shulman* of Miss REBECCA GOLDSTEIN are a trio of the best.

Incidentally I was surprised to find how wonderfully two at least of the principal personages seemed to have kept their speech unspotted by any taint of Doomington or other dialect. Both *John* (Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON) and *Rose* (Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM) loved, lost and were reunited in tones that sounded almost exotic amid the rougher accents of the *Floreat Magnolia* school. M. D.

Variety.

THE PALLADIUM.

THE latest phenomenon of the 20th century is the least hackneyed CAB in the world, a vehicle for jazz so incandescent that without an asbestos-jacket one runs the risk of being blistered by it—CAB CALLOWAY, or His Hi-De Highness of Ho-De-Ho, and his Cotton Club Orchestra. His methods first beggar description, then leave it a cinder.

When the curtain rises there is nothing extraordinary about his outfit, for several rows of neat brown gentlemen sit symmetrically amongst the usual glittering mass of instrumental metal, and the temperature of their rhythm seems about normal. Then Mr. CALLOWAY, who has been conducting, steps forward to an amplifying microphone and lets us have it. The band, which is very highly disciplined, works up a savage negroid intensity; and now caressing, now growling, now bellowing, now flying unexpectedly over any number of octaves, Mr. CALLOWAY breaks sharply from the love-notes of the cotton-fields to the harsh *argot* of the Bowery, and again to the primitive chanting of the warriors returning in triumph to the *kraal*. He is clearly an experimentalist, and I should say he is the JAMES JOYCE of jazz, trying out every trick of punctuation and rhythm and syntax; the most interesting dramatically are developments of the familiar "*Frankie and Johnnie*" type of vocal monologue. Many people will hate the whole performance, even as an experience. The audience I saw applauded hysterically. ERIC.

Inducements We Fail to Appreciate.

"TRAVELLERS VITALS COOKED HERE."
Notice in Eating-House.

"Scandinavia had poets called scalds."
Schoolboy's Essay.

It was only Scotland that had BURNS.

Haste to the Wedding.

I FELT very dubious at the time about promising John I would go to his wedding. After all, it's not much fun if you don't know the people, and I had never met Mary Gillingham or her parents at all. And there was another reason—clothes.

John, however, insisted.

"You can drive over easily," he said. "It's only about fifty miles from your place. Her father owns a lot of land round——"

But I wasn't thinking about her father. I was thinking about clothes.

It is an awkward little problem which has baffled me before. What do you do if your car is an old two-seater and you don't know any house on the way where you can change?

There are, as far as I can see, only three solutions—

(*a*) Change before starting. Result: your shoes are filthy, your trousers uncreased, your top-hat battered, and your morning-coat like a rug after the dog has slept on it.

(*b*) Change secretly just before you arrive.

(*c*) Refuse the invitation.

I have tried (*a*). It is hopeless—unless you want to attend the reception looking like a comic turn. So this time I chose (*b*). I shall not choose it again.

I imagined that it would be easy. Five minutes in a handy little wood by the roadside will do it, I thought.

But there was no handy little wood. The further I got into the danger area the rarer grew the trees: things were growing desperate.

The church tower was actually in view when a ray of hope appeared—a broken-down cowshed near the road surrounded by a sea of mud. With my suit-case and hat-box I floundered heavily across to it.

Then, to the gratification of about a dozen cows, I began to take off my shoes. I was standing flamingo-like on one leg, rescuing my left spat from the curiosity of a rheumy shorthorn, when a suspicious face appeared round the corner.

"Good afternoon," I said with dignity.

"Ah!" said the face. "'Ee can't go in ther'."

"I'm changing," I said, "for a wedding."

The face was plainly incredulous, so I opened my hat-box, which two Jersey calves were nozzling with relish, and revealed a shiny topper.

The man was disappointed; he had stepped eagerly forward, expecting, no doubt, to find it stuffed with loot. However, he did not give up hope.

"Weddin' me foot!" he remarked; "there 's no weddin' round these parts to-day." Evidently he took no interest in local events. "Don't 'ee try caddlin' Oi up wi' no sich tarrydiddles. Disguises, that 's what. Disguises."

"Look here," I said with indignation—"are you taking me for a bandit? Because, if so, I warn you——"

"'Ee don't go scarifyin' Oi like that. What be in that bag, then?"

"My clothes," I retorted contemptuously and flung open the suitcase, disclosing a rather fine pair of silver fruit-dishes.

"Well, Oi be danged!" he muttered excitedly. "Now, look 'ee see; we bain't 'avin' no lawless goin's-on in *our* fields. 'Ee be comin' up to Big 'Ouse to see Mr. Gillingham."

Gillingham! This was too much. I could see John, who told a story well, dining out on this one for weeks.

I snatched up my belongings, nearly dropping the fatal wedding-present in my panic, and fairly bolted to the car.

Plastered with liquid mud, I drove straight home and made an inflexible resolution. In future I stick to solution (*c*).

And the discovery I made this morning has clinched it. The wedding, I hear, took place the following week.



"ANYTHINK FOR THE CLEANERS TO-DAY, MISSIS?"
"THERE WASN'T TILL *you* CAME. NOW YOU CAN HAVE MY STEPS."

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;
or, Business Explained.

III.—Name. Objects. Factory. Staff.

In previous weeks you will remember we dealt with the various species of businesses and how to finance them. Let us assume for purposes of illustration that you have taken a hint from one of our *jeux d'esprit* and decided to go in for the manufacture of bassoons in a Big Way. Further, let us assume that you have deceived people into financing the thing. The next thing we require is a

Name for the Company.

There are several possibilities.
Firstly, you can use your own name. For example:—

(1) The chaste and businesslike "Arbottle, Ltd."

(2) The slightly more intimate "Alfred Arbottle and Co., Ltd."

(3) The genealogical tree, "Alfred Arbottle, Sons and Nephew, Ltd."

(4) The localised, both as to time and place, "Alfred Arbottle, Sons and Nephew (Bootle) (1934), Ltd."

If you must use your name, try to make it scan. The possession of a name like "Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson," which rolls trippingly off the tongue, must have helped its owners to sell a lot of ships.

Alternatively you can use the name of your product, *e.g.*,
Bassoons, Ltd.
The Bassoons Sales Corporation

—or even something wildly exotic, like "Ground Bass Manufactures, Ltd." Make up your mind about a name and have a neat notepaper designed. The notepaper should carry—

(1) The name of the firm.

(2) Its address.

(3) Fictitious address for creditors.

(4) Telephone number (at least ten lines).

(5) Names of Directors (if likely to inspire confidence).

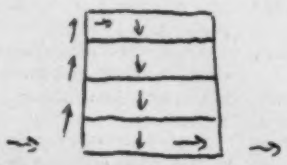
(6) { Our ref.
{ Your ref.

It is usual to add that you are on the Admiralty List. Don't claim to be "Bassoon Makers by Special Appointment, etc.," yet. That comes later.

Factory.

Before actually beginning operations it is necessary to acquire a factory. There are two principal types of factory—

(1) The gravity principle, in which you take things to the top and let them fall down, putting in bits as they pass—



(2) The one-floor principle, in which you start things at one end and push them to the other, still putting on bits as they pass—



(Arrows in both cases show path of bassoons—also in cases.)

You can have your factory made to measure or buy it off the peg. There is always the danger with ready-mades, however, that they may be a bit tight under the arms. On the whole I think you had better consult somebody about your factory. After all, I can't do everything for you.

Staff.

Having acquired your factory you now need a staff. Staff may be divided into four grades:—

(1) People who work.
(2) Expert staff.
(3) Directors.
(4) Staff.

Frankly, I don't know how you acquire (1). In any factory I have seen they have always just been there. But don't worry. They'll turn up. And in any case they don't matter much.

Experts. To run a factory properly you need—

(1) An Accountant.
(2) Another Accountant. (Two are necessary because accountants never agree, and it is desirable to see both sides of everything. An accountant left all alone soon pines away and dies.)
(3) A Time-Study Expert. (More about him later.)
(4) An Engineer. (To look after the engines.)
(5) An Electrician. (To mend fuses.)
(6) A Psychologist. (More—*much* more—about him later.)
(7) A Welfare Worker. (To make coffee.)
(8) A Fireman. (Use your common-sense.)
(9) A Draughtsman. (If you are starting in a small way leave him out and let the welfare worker deal with the draughts.)
(10) A lot of people who aren't anything specific, but who know the bassoon business from A to G♯.

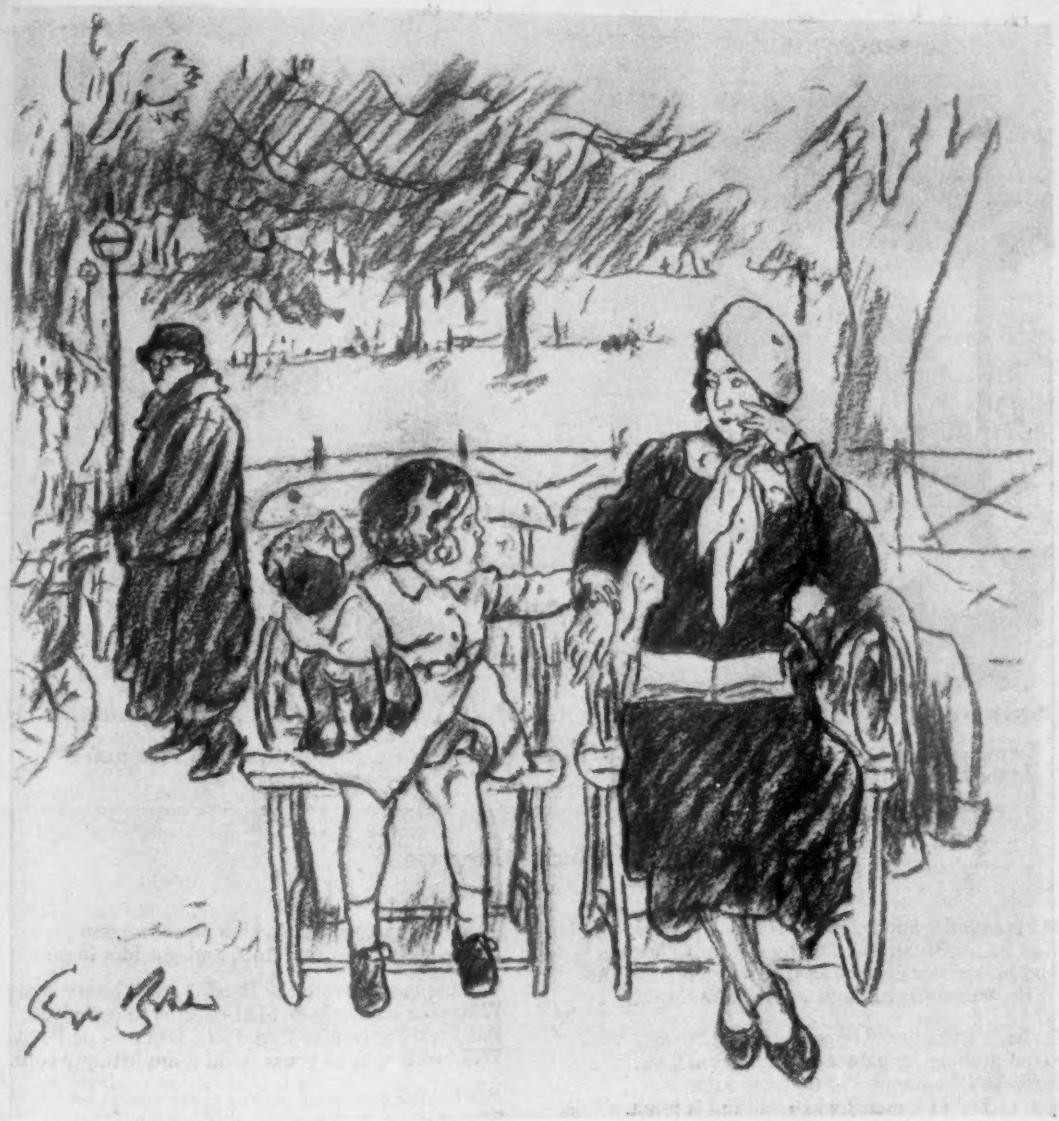
Most of these can be bought from competitors at popular prices. Otherwise from all *good* grocers.

We have already dealt briefly with Directors. There remains Staff. Staff is everybody who is not a Director, an Expert or a Worker. The absolute necessities are:—

(1) *A Secretary.* His main duties are —

(*a*) To be pleasant but firm with people who want to sell machines for recording the number of times a day doors are opened.
(*b*) To keep away people who wish to waste the time of the Directors.
(*c*) To control the rest of the staff.
(*d*) To make the brook-like babblings of Board Meetings into something like businesslike minutes.
(*e*) To take all the blame that cannot be otherwise disposed of.

(2) *An Assistant Secretary.* Main function to keep away people who wish to interrupt the Secretary in keeping away



Governess (after much questioning). "YOU KNOW, CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, NATALIE."
Natalie. "WHAT DID THE CAT WANT TO KNOW, MISS SMITH?"

people who wish to interrupt the Directors. (Don't pay him much. Just advertise the job as a "small starting salary. Excellent prospects.")

(3) *A Manager.* Should preferably know about

(*a*) Bassoons.
(*b*) People.

For your purpose a really humanitarian bassoon expert would be the ideal, but they are rare and costly.

(4) *Foremen.* The only known definition of a foreman is that he is a man who does not think it can be done. This applies to anything which is proposed to him.* The type is easily recognisable and can be obtained at small cost.

(5) *A Buyer.* Chief function, to know the exact state of the market for raw bassoon material. The importance of the buyer cannot be over-estimated. By buying a single shipload of cocus-wood or reeds or bits of kid for pads at exactly the right moment he may alter the whole destiny of the firm. It is advisable to secure a buyer with as much previous experience and as few previous convictions as possible.

(6) *Sales Manager.* Should have the entrée to all the big bassoon buyers and a strong personal connection among bassoonists. Although imagination is a valuable asset in a sales manager, avoid a man who is likely to overdo it. If he constantly pesters your production side for bassoons fitted with a patent moustache-guard there is a danger that friction may arise; and friction will certainly arise quite often enough anyhow without provocation of this sort.

(*To be continued.*)

* Therefore keep him away from the expert. The foreman's chief food is obtained by swallowing little shoals of experts.



"GREAT HEAVENS, CAPTAIN BELLAMY! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU KILLED *THAT* WITH YOUR BARE HANDS?"
"OH LORD, NO! I HAD THIS FORK."

The Hack's Progress.

MY talented schoolfellow, "Crocodile" Jones,
Was born with an itch for the pen in his bones,
And his sponsors encouraged this urge by the gift
Of the forenames of Horace Euripides Swift.

He hadn't the tastes of conventional boys,
Cared nothing for games or mechanical toys;
He wasn't enamoured of toffee or jam,
But sucked at a pencil while still in his pram.

At school he won prizes for essays and odes
And wrote a long epic about CECIL RHODES;
While his lyrical raptures attained to a pitch
That rivalled the songs of Miss W. STITCH.

But, alas! this profuse and torrential flux
Availed him no more than the quacking of ducks
When he gallantly strove recognition to wring
From GOULD and from PRIESTLEY, from STRAUSS and from SPRING.

And so, since the living were loth to concede
To his genius its proper and adequate meed,
The happy idea came into his head
To appeal by planchette to the votes of the dead.

His earliest effort—at HOMER—was nipped
In the bud by the Chian's illegible script,
So he promptly re-sighted his psychical gun
At the good SWAN OF AVON, and got him in one.

"Young man," wrote the Bard, "I will honestly try
With your curiously-worded request to comply,
But I frankly confess that JOHN DRYDEN or POPE
With work such as yours could more fittingly cope.

For I think that your poetry aptly combines
The glamour of TUPPER'S most sumptuous lines
With the *verve* of the Dame who, in Red, White and Blue,
Presides o'er the *Saturday's* lucid *Review*.

And as for your prose—oh, I envy the comp.
Who has got to set up its purpureal pomp,
Uniting in one vast gargantuan gala
The grandeur of SHADWELL, the splendour of SALA."

On reading this message, Jones fruitlessly tried
To smother his wrath, and indignantly cried,
"I used to think WILLIAM an excellent egg
But I cannot acquit him of pulling my leg."

* * * * * * *

Whereupon, quite unhinged by this horrible jolt,
He instantly joined the red camp of revolt,
And assists with the uttermost strength of his jaw
In the savage debunking of SHAKESPEARE by SHAW.

C. L. G.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Talk of the Village.

The Oldest Inhabitant (7/6,
From HUTCHINSON) shows the man-
œuvres and tricks
Of one whose environment, neighbours
and kin
EDEN PHILLPOTTS preserves a mono-
poly in.

A schemer is "Grandfer"; for various
ends,
Which, though they bewilder his family
and friends,
He manages somehow by hook or by
crook
To achieve to their joy by the end of
the book.

His doings are mostly presented in chat,
And, apart from the yarn which
emerges from that,
I get a conviction which nothing can mar
Of what wonderful talkers these
countryfolk are.

Journalist and Visionary.

A fine sense of present values has, with other virtues, made Mr. HENRY W. NEVINSON a great journalist. A sense of the past as vivid and as unerring informs the collection of separate but homogeneous papers which he has called *In the Dark Backward* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6). When Mr. NEVINSON stands on historic ground—and he has stood on more such than most of us—time is annihilated; far-off things come near and battles long ago are re-fought before his eyes. Thus at Helles in the Dardanelles in that fateful summer of '15 he was simultaneously aware of the thunder of the Turkish guns and the topless towers of Ilium ablaze; and on a slave-ship out of Loanda, during a brave and memorable journey, he had for fellow-passenger the noble ghost of DAVID LIVINGSTONE. These fusions of past and present make very attractive reading, but perhaps even more than for their evocations of the mighty dead they will be valued for their revelations of a vital and generous personality. NEVINSON the champion of the oppressed and NEVINSON the adventurous war correspondent, both are here, responsive alike to the austerities of MILTON and the gallantry of XENOPHON or PRINCE CHARLIE; treading the Via Dolorosa with reverent steps yet joyously at home in Thélème. And it obviously affords him no little satisfaction to be able to record a highwayman among his collateral ancestors.

A Family at Sea.

The trouble with family life nowadays is that there is either too much or too little of it. The ideals of the patriarchal household and those of the State *crèche* strive for mastery; and the consequent mix-up, especially when all but rudderless youth is growing up to resent what guidance there is, is an undesirable thing to live through and not in itself interesting to contemplate. Why Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM—always at his best with some large-scale historical chequer-board for his pieces to move about on—has taken to analysing the holiday of a middle-class family is not particularly evident. If there are elderly parents so lacking in vitality and good sense as to spend themselves in reveries on the more unpleasant aspects of their own childhood and the more cryptic aspects of their offsprings,



Sailor. "SORRY IF IT DISTURBS YOU, SIR, BUT I HAVE TO STRIKE THE TIME EVERY HALF-HOUR SO THAT THEY CAN HEAR IT ON THE BRIDGE."
First-time Cruiser. "WELL, MY GOODNESS! AIN'T THEY GOT A CLOCK?"

I have yet, thank Heaven, to meet them. These, however, are the main preoccupations of *Mr. Medway* in his seaside lodgings; and his worries are intensified by the passion of his adolescent son for a charmer of his own youth. *Bumphrey's* (MURRAY, 7/6) is undoubtedly ingenious in detail; but nothing can be cumulatively duller than ingenuity that shirks its own issues.

"Ach und Weh der Grossen."

If greatness in exile is alone in a position to bewail the present state of Germany, it is not, maintains Prince HUMBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN, because the simple who remain behind are silent out of contentment. On the contrary, there was a real chance of a true German democracy, heir to all that was devoted in the ardours and sacrifices of the War, arising within the limits of the Weimar Constitution of 1918; and the fact that through lack of inspiring direction the chance to consolidate its position was lost does not mean that the material and purpose are not there nor that they will not eventually triumph. That such a triumph would mean renewed hope for Germany and Europe and that the present German temper argues badly for both is the ultimate lesson of *The Tragedy of a Nation* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). In this extremely interesting book a German patriot of eight-and-twenty resumes the history of 1918–34 and suggests its bearing on the future. His attitude strikes the outsider as sincere and disinterested, and his material, though not conspicuously easy to master, demands and repays the courtesy of effort.



"PAY AT THE DESK, PLEASE!"

Narcissism in Novelists.

I am inclined to think that one of the first "don'ts for young novelists" should warn them against falling in love with their own heroines—it is apt to make the creatures so irritating to the reader who does not share a passion often suspiciously like self-love. *Camilla* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), the heroine of Miss ANNE STRETTON's very pleasantly-written novel, is rather a case in point, a charming, innocent and good little girl no doubt, but much too obviously a pet character. The story of the book, in a few words, is one of two horrid modern young people and two attractive country-bred people—one young, one older—arranged in the wrong couples and happily resorted. *Camilla*, who got herself married to the unpleasant *Stephen* by keeping her promise to her brother that she would never share any man's life save in holy matrimony, seems to forget all that when, on the last page, she finds her proper partner, for each is at the moment married to someone else; but the author apparently doesn't blame her—nor did I.

Diadems of Attainment.

In borrowing my title from the opening pages of Mr. DEREK WALKER-SMITH's *Lord Reading and his Cases* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 15/-), I am not insinuating that the book is written throughout on this level of hyperbole. On the contrary, it strikes me as a straightforward piece of work enough, though rather a compilation than an estimate. "To have expected Lord Reading to have been as successful on the Bench as Rufus Isaacs had been in the Courts would perhaps have been over-exacting." The view here is that later honours flowed from the initial forensic success, subsequently allied to gifts rather diplomatic than political. The most notable manifestations of these last—the American mission of 1917 and the Indian Viceroyalty—are outside the book's scope. The *causes célèbres* which displayed the brilliance of the great advocate's methods constitute two-thirds of its material. In their presentment the biographer has allowed himself to be too obviously swayed by popular appeal. In the *Titanic* disaster, for instance, to which he devotes a chapter, the Attorney-General, who appeared for the Board of Trade, unquestionably cuts far less of a figure than the ship and its personnel.

A Man of Vision.

If Sir EVELYN WRENCH had added "and Down Dale" to the title of *Uphill* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 8/6) I think that he would have given a more accurate name to his book, but having moved this amendment I am left with nothing except praise for this frank and stimulating autobiography. Educated at Eton, Sir EVELYN left before he was seventeen, and he was still in his teens when he became head of an amazingly successful post-card business. This business, for reasons scarcely intelligible to ordinary mortals, presently failed, and soon afterwards Sir EVELYN began his close connection with Lord NORTHCLIFFE. At this time he states plainly that he was a "careerist," power and money were in his hands and it is no wonder that he was dazzled by them. But during these early years what may truly be called his soul was coming to life, and the awakening brought with it results of the most real importance. Here Sir EVELYN gives us the first stage of his strenuous and fruitful life. Few books will be more eagerly awaited than his second volume.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

An Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient is on view at The Public Library and Art Gallery, Kidderminster, until March 24th; at The Public Art Gallery, Hastings, March 31st to April 28th; and at Bristol, May 5th to June 2nd. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

The Return of the Gadarenes.

"HOGS RESUME CLIMB TO NEW HIGH LEVEL."
Market Report in Canadian Paper.

Charivaria.

"A NEW nation is being born in Austria," says a writer. Judging by the noise, people were beginning to suspect that it was twins.

***

Rouge "within certain limits" has met with the approval of a New York clergyman. The limits, we take it, are roughly the ear and the collar-bone.

***

A business-man says that the best typist is the one who paints and sings in her spare time. Most employers don't care what their typists do in their spare time @S £Ong @ $ ththey don tyPe LI%k(e (thsi;

***

"Old Master as School Target," said a recent headline. More usually this *rôle* is filled by a new master.

***

Summoned for assault at Highgate, a woman said that the whole trouble started because a man called her dog a saveloy. A remark that was at least premature.

***

Official requests are being made for everybody to be economical with water. People who fall into the river are requested to wring themselves out thoroughly before going home to change.

***

A champion hammer-thrower takes seven raw eggs before breakfast. We ourselves believe in breakfasting on an empty stomach. But then we don't throw hammers.

***

The theory is advanced that laughter originated when man was in process of evolution from the ape. It *must* have been a mirth-provoking period.

***

"It is dangerous to read a newspaper when crossing a street," says a coroner. If you *will* indulge in the practice it is advisable to keep your thumb on the Free Insurance coupon.



"MY DEAR, I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT A BARBER COULD DO IT, BUT I'VE NO *WISH* TO LOOK LIKE THAT."

Motorists trapped by the Severn bore were unable to get away for two hours. Many a Thames bore would have detained them longer than that.

***

A composer of revue music says that he writes his numbers at the end of Brighton Pier. An unkind theatre-goer suggests that he should go a few steps further south.

"Young men and women of to-day," says a writer, "are quite content to take back seats." This point has been confirmed at all the best cinemas.

***

A piece of scenery fell on the principal comedian in a West-End revue. He rose to the occasion, however, by just laughing it off.

***

"What does a woman want a ten-guinea frock for, anyway?" demands a correspondent. Five guineas usually.

***

Rubber bathing-costumes are predicted for this season. This fashion should reveal what, in racing parlance, is known as Form at a Glance.

***

A plague of wasps is predicted this summer. So look out for Community Stinging.

***

The Burmese natives play a game of football peculiarly their own. So, for that matter, do the men of Chelsea.

***

A septuagenarian says that fifty years ago women were much prettier than they are to-day. Well, they are fifty years older now.

***

"No person has a real excuse for looking down in the mouth," says a writer. Unless he happens to be a throat-specialist, of course.

***

The unprecedented severity of the drought that has recently parched England can be gauged from the fact that hundreds of worthy persons are said to have returned the umbrellas they borrowed last year.

Fantasia on a Box.

I AM minded this morning, because the Muse has flowed in upon me, to make a rhapsody—a rhapsody on my portable radio, since no rhapsody worthy of so great a wonder has ever yet, I think (or trow), reader, been penned.

Long ago I attempted to write some sort of appreciation of the Brighton poet, Joseph Sykes, amongst whose many fine poems was one which bore the title, "*Lines to a Lady on a Journey who said, 'We were better without this great box!'*"

But that was a mere portmanteau, a box of useless finery, a silent box. Those were Victorian days, when wireless had not permeated and linked and conquered and captivated the civilised world. Not like this great box of mine.

Box of melody! Box of beauty! Box of erudition! Box of uplift! Box of atmospherics! Box of balderdash! Box of Art!

To what may I compare this great box that moves about my house from room to room? This great box made of I know not what woods and having within it I know not what hidden fires: this great box, full of sounds and voices, signifying sometimes nothing and sometimes, I suppose, a great deal that should enchant and inform and entertain my care-sick soul. This great box that is the humble servant, they tell me, of the great Sir JOHN REITH, whom some call Prussian and some call kindly and humane. This great box of magic and mystery that has so altered and modified the shape and colour of our modern existence. To what shall I liken it? To what?

Sometimes I think it is like a secondary dog in the home, that neither paws nor prances, nor even barks unbidden. Yet to stop it one cannot simply say, "Down, Fido, down!" but must need rise out of one's comfortable chair to prevent it from making a nuisance of itself any longer. Yet it does not have to be fed so often as a dog nor turned out o' nights, nor must it be combed with a comb and taken for desultory walks in the Park.

Perhaps it is more like a canary, or a wife, or a baby, or a familiar friend. And when I say it does not have to be taken out for walks in the Park, why not?

Is there any reason why I should not wheel my wireless out, if it be that kind of wireless, in a decent perambulator, when I stroll amongst the flowers and the trees? Lonely meditation is perhaps not good for a temperament such as mine. Is there any reason why I should not take my wireless out with me to a public dinner when I have another ticket saying "and Friend," set it on a chair by my side, and allow it to charm me with its varied repertoire, instead of listening to whatever inanities may be forthcoming from the guest on my other hand? Might I not perhaps allow it to mingle its voices with the platitudinous words of the speakers, and only restrain it from dance-tunes and music-hall imitations during the toast of "God Save the King"?

"I wish I had brought my great box with me to-night!" How often must not that thought have crossed the mind of a miserable man at some great banquet or even a private dinner-party when he is bored by his neighbour to right or to left!

Joy of the picnic party! Most pleasant traveller on the back of my motor-car! Comrade of the punt and of the train! Shall I not take you to fish with me? Shall not my caddie lead you behind me when I golf, to inspire me to prodigies of driving, to shrewder and more delicate putts? Preacher, comedian, harbinger of news, mechanical nightingale, politician and lecturer, so knowledgeable about the ways and prices of cattle and rubber and gold! There is no attendant to whom a man might not compare you in his lifetime; and perhaps when he is dead you will come and howl upon his grave.

Sometimes, when I remember the portraits of Sir JOHN REITH in the papers, I murmur to myself—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand quips
> And sacked the topliss greens of Ilium?"

Though Heaven forfend that he should ever contemplate anything so terrible as that. It is but a fancy that comes into my poor addled brain when the wireless is singing to someone in the drawing-room and I am wrestling with the Budget downstairs.

Accompanied by you, great box, the housemaid sweeps, the cook cooks, the housewife sews, the young man has his bath! Friend to the vacuum-cleaner and the kitchen-range, you attend the rites of the toilet and mingle with the invited guests so that conversation has become unnecessary, *ennui* is impossible, dancing is endless, and the exercise of the intellect unnecessary for evermore.

Great box, you have got into my head. Is it possible to imagine a world in which demure-looking pieces of furniture did not break into song or state incontrovertible facts about the weather and the news in a voice from which all trace of passion and bias has been removed? Box of Pandora! Box of pandemonium! Censor of my pronunciation! Repository of drama! Running and commentatory Box! If you were only as beautiful to the eye as you are to the ear! I should like you to be a porcelain vase, a landscape painting, a greyhound, a racehorse, a statue of marble or bronze. Only, if you were either of the latter, you would not be so easy to carry between the bathroom and the kitchen, between the drawing-room and the place-wherever-it-is that the boots are done. Box in which, to my frenzied imagination, Sir JOHN REITH resides like *Tinker Bell* in *Peter Pan*. Portable box! Most fascinating box! Most irritating and insupportable box! If I were Grand Lama of Tibet I would wish to have you crooning by my side whilst I indulged in contemplation of the Infinite. If I were a prisoner I would wish to have you instead of a tame rat in my cell. If at any time I decide to drown myself in the ocean, I shall tie you, delivering a lecture on Maritime Fauna, to my feet. EVOE.

Walt Disney's Noah's Ark.

I USED to think of NOAH as a rather dull old man
Who made an Ark and lived in it because a Flood began
Till Mr. DISNEY's picture (I'm an ardent DISNEY fan)
Convinced me in a moment that the business was a lark,
And Mr. NOAH was, in fact, a jovial old spark
Who used the beasts, each in its way, to help him build the Ark;
The rhino with his nasal horn ripped planking from the boles,
The hippopotamus' teeth were used to drill the holes,
And all the other quadrupeds were diligent as moles.
And when the Ark put out to sea life wasn't dull at all;
However fierce the tempest or vociferous the squall,
Old NOAH and his family gave sing-songs in the hall.
And when the Ark touched Ararat it landed on a tree
That looked to me as insecure as anything could be;
But everybody walked the plank, from elephant to flea.
So here's to Mr. DISNEY! May his genius never fail!
For if I'm good I hope to live to hear him tell the tale
Of other Bible heroes, such as JONAH and the Whale. I. B.



BUDGET IS A-COMING IN.

THE PIPER. "FROLIC, CAN'T YOU?"
THE APRIL LAMB. "KAMERAD!"



A CIRCUS-RIDER'S DREAM OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

As Others Hear Us.

Being Hospitable.

"COULD we just settle Easter, if you don't mind?"

"I thought Easter was all right."

"Well, Frederick and Catherine are all right, but we ought to settle something about what's going to happen. I mean, four days."

"Good Lord! D'you mean Frederick and Catherine here for *Easter*?"

"Dear, you always knew about it. I mean, what's the good of saying that *now*, when you suggested it yourself, if I let you off Christmas?"

"I never remember saying anything of the kind. Or if I did I simply said a week-end. I never said Easter."

"You can't say just a week-end when it's Gloucestershire."

"But, good Lord! that's practically five days."

"That's just what I'm saying. Though it isn't actually, because Friday Saturday Sunday Monday and they'll go on Tuesday."

"Well, I *must* say——"

"Dear, you're being absolutely unreasonable. After all, I've got all the worry, with everything shut. Practically four Sundays straight on end."

"I don't suppose there's enough whisky in the house."

"Better order some on your way through. I shall spend the whole day on the telephone as it is. Besides, I thought of asking the Greens on Saturday night."

"Must we?"

"Well, Frederick and Catherine."

"Oh, I see. But I must say if Cathine's going to go No Trumps on the Ace of Clubs and two little ones and not another thing in her hand, all I can say is—well, all I can say is I'd just as soon we played Happy Families once and for all."

"Mr. Bones the Butcher. I dare say she won't, though."

"How Frederick has stood it all these years I simply can't imagine. Why not strangle her and have done with it?"

"I can't think. I'm frightfully fond of Catherine, but I do think she needs strangling."

"Oh, they both do, come to that."

"Yes, I know. I agree absolutely. If you were me would you have the new bungalow people as *well* as the Greens?"

"What are they?"

"Oh, just ordinary. Called Bird. Our sort of age, only older."

"Didn't I meet them at the Rectory? Rather the kind of people who've lived in the East or something?"

"That's it. I called and the whole room was crammed to the ceiling with brass trays and that kind of blue stuff. As I said to her at the time, I only wonder they don't have curry for tea."

"Tiffin."

"All that sort of thing. Then you think *not*?"

"Oh, why not? It seems more friendly. And I dare say it'll make things a bit livelier for Frederick and Catherine."

"All right. Then it'll have to be chickens. I'd half thought of ducks. Not really, though."

"Isn't it too early?"

"I meant frozen. One really can't tell the difference. Then that's Saturday. And Sunday, church and tea with the Wilkinsons."

"Tea with the *Wilkinsons*?"

"Well, it'll take up time getting there, and looking at the garden and everything, and coming back. I must do *something* with Frederick and Catherine."

"Well, of course, if they're going to dislocate the entire week. Who suggested the Wilkinsons?"

"Oh, I did—in a way."

"I thought they were going to be abroad."

"Dear, if they were going to be abroad how could we be going to tea there? They're not going till *after* Easter. The General is afraid of its being crowded or something. I expect it's *her*, really."

"They're both more or less balmy, if you ask me."

"Oh, yes, I've always thought that. She *certainly* ought to be shut up, and he's practically off his head, more or less. Well, that'll be Sunday. Then there's only Monday."

"Everything will be crowded. Better stay in the garden."

"It's so frightfully early this year. I can't think why they don't fix a date and stick to it."

"Much simpler. Look at the school holidays."

"It's exactly like Daylight Saving, really. Look at all the fuss there was at first. About milking the cows and all that."

"Well, give my love to Frederick and Catherine. I suppose there's no hope of their chucking?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, give 'em my love and say I'm looking forward to seeing them."

"I have. I just said: 'DEAREST CATHERINE,—We are both so frightfully glad that you and Frederick are coming to us for Easter. . . .'"

E. M. D.

Perilous Stitchcraft.

"VANCOUVER GIRL IS RESCUED. BEAK WAS CAUGHT BY COTTON THREAD."
Headlines in Canadian Paper.

The New Pilgrim's Progress.

"BISHOP SPENDS FIVE DAYS IN SLOUGH."
Heading in Church Paper.

Diner's Dilemma.

I AM skilled in the art of eating,
My manners I don't forget;
I consider I take some beating
When it comes to etiquette.
In the most intractable lobster-shell
I can probe the remotest cache,
While the trickiest soup I silently scoop
And my grape-fruit doesn't splash.

A Brazil-nut brings no terror—
I crack it without a fuss;
I have learnt, by trial and error,
The tricks of asparagus;
My potato-crisps I cleverly steer,
And if ever a green-pea slips
I've a dexterous way with the ricochet,
And I'm neat with orange-pips.

But out last night at a party,
By embarrassment overcome,
When the talk was free and hearty
I suddenly sat there dumb. . . .
Well, what an unfortunate wight can do
I never have understood
When he's left alone with an olive-stone
And his plate has gone for good.



Serious Politician. "UTOPIA WILL NEVER BE ACHIEVED BY A SINGLE PARTY."
Gay Young Thing. "OH, NO—THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE A PARTY EVERY NIGHT."

The Milk Trade.

My poor friend Poker is in trouble again.

Poker wrote a little sketch for the wireless in which he mentioned the beverages milk and beer. Both these old-fashioned liquids, it seems, are now indecent themes, at any rate on the air. Poker found that he had put the cat among the cows. The Milk Marketing Board itself nearly boiled over, and Poker is still receiving letters—*pro* and *con*—from helpful strangers all over the country. The majority, he is glad to say, are *pro*; but the *cons* are so very cross and unkind that they have darkened Poker's life, and he is now afraid to use the word "water" for fear of trouble with the Metropolitan Water Board.

Poker asks me to emphasise, by the way, that he is *not* in the pay of the brewers or the Beer Trade. Nor is he in the pay of the Milk Trade. He is not so sure about some of his correspondents. Poker has an unpleasant theory that there are people who are paid to write angry letters whenever anybody says "beer."

For the odd thing, Poker says, is this. This particular sketch was the tenth of a weekly series. In the previous nine he had said the most outrageous things on every sort of subject: criticised the Government for lack of vigour in various matters; recommended drastic reform of the House of Commons; supported Divorce Law Reform; questioned the merits of the Locarno Treaty (twice); expressed doubts concerning our Foreign Policy (twice); made jokes about the Prime Minister, about Royal Commissions, about cricket, about motor-cars, about aeroplanes, films and crooners; blasphemed against Speed and recommended the adoption of local speed-limits; advised Ministers to receive the Hunger Marchers more warmly than they did; discoursed upon the dangerous topics of Empire Settlement, Unemployment, Europe, Disarmament—and in short, it seems, said the most perilous things on the most important matters for nine weeks with hardly a word of protest from any quarter. And then, thinking to give the listening world a little light relief, he mentions Milk and Beer. The listening world (or a little bit of it) first shudders and then shouts. Poker is accused of "boosting" beer, of being part of "the Trade's advertising campaign," a "hireling of the Demon Alcohol," and Heaven knows what.

Poker almost thinks that there may be one or two people whose sense of proportion may not be very highly developed. He would not put it stronger than that.

Very odd, he says. When he said a kind word for the Hunger Marchers no one suggested that he was "paid by Moscow"; when he attacked the slaughter on the roads no one complained that he was "boosting" the railways or hired by the Horse Trade or the Coal Trade; and when he advocated Divorce Law Reform no one seemed to think that he was "boosting" the legal profession or encouraging immorality.

But Milk and Beer—fatal! (In case I have not made it perfectly clear, Poker asked me to say that he is *not* in the pay of the brewers—not even now.)

Now, the main purpose of Poker's little sketch was neither to "boost" beer nor diminish the use of milk, but to protest against the increasing use of what he calls "question-begging epithets" in politics. For example, it is as absurd, he points out, to describe every glass of wine or beer as "intoxicating liquor" as it would be to describe every motor-car as a "homicidal vehicle" or every glass of milk a "tuberculous beverage." Milk is sometimes tuberculous, motor-cars sometimes homicidal, and beer sometimes intoxicating. But only one of the three has to go through life with this permanent abusive label round its neck.

Poker thinks that this sort of thing should cease, and he asked for a little more fair-play. It is legitimate, for example, to criticise the Unemployment Bill, but silly to talk of the "Slave Bill"; it was legitimate to protest against the rowdy breaking-up of an L.C.C. Election meeting, but there was a touch of undesirable exaggeration in the description of the entire London Labour Party as hooligans.

Poker, he says, expressed this kind of message in the form of a little domestic comedy, forgetting that England is no longer a humorous nation where milk, beer or tea is concerned. Yes, he even laid his sacrilegious tongue upon tea. He had a man in bed with a cough, protesting that what would do him good would be a glass of beer, which he wanted, rather than a glass of milk, which his womenfolk recommended. His daughter said that beer was "intoxicating"—"poisonous"; and he replied that the glass of milk might be "tuberculous," according to the testimony of five famous doctors in a recent letter to *The Times*. His wife said that the glass of milk would have been carefully boiled, and he made the infamous reply that it would not be necessary to boil his glass of beer before it was fit to drink. He might have added, but did not, I gather, that the boiling of milk is said to remove most of the virtues for which milk is recommended.

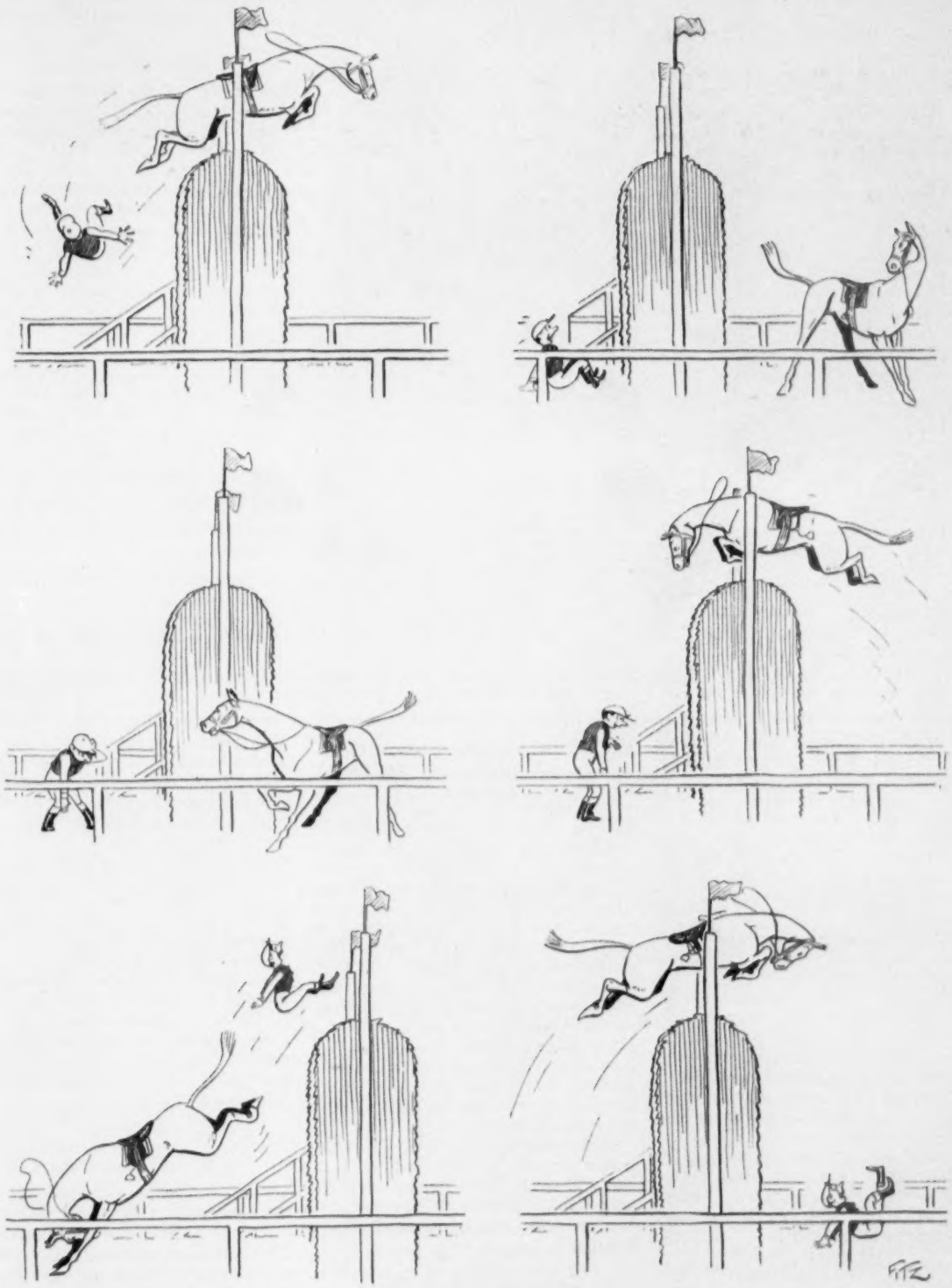
But he *did* ask the ladies, before abusing the motes in his favourite liquid, to consider the beams in their own. Tea, he remarked, if infused for more than three minutes, becomes rich in tannin, or tannic acid, which turns any meat consumed with it into a leather-like substance, thus causing widespread indigestion and bad temper. His daughter, he observed, took meat with her tea every evening, and let the latter stand for half-an-hour. But no one, he said, went about the country denouncing the Tea Trade or the Tannic Acid "Traffic."

In short, a little lesson in Christian toleration. Stimulated by the above undeniable truths, the ladies let him have his glass of beer, and all was well.

Or all would have been well but for the comical antics of some of (*a*) the Friends of Milk and (*b*) the enemies of Beer, who do not seem to have learned anything yet (even from the recent history of America).

Poker asks me to say that he proposes to give them another chance and to leave the matter for the present where it is. He might have challenged the boiling Milk Marketing Board to give an official denial to the alarming figures published by the doctors in *The Times*, but he did not. Those figures have not been answered, so far as he knows; but he has asked me not to repeat them here. For he is in sympathy with the Milk Trade (though not in their pay) and does not wish to add to their difficulties. He knows that the Government and the Trade are doing their best to remove the admitted defects in the production and supply of milk, he wishes them well, and proposes to maintain his own consumption of milk at its present level, which is high.

But he does insist upon a similar forbearance among the Enemies of Beer; and he asks me to say that if this is not forthcoming there will be trouble. If Lady Astor, Mr. Isaac Foot and others do not moderate their habitually intemperate language towards anyone who proposes a reform of the Licensing Laws (though designed to promote, among other things, sobriety), Poker will at once publish all he knows about milk and the methods of its production, marketing and distribution (and he knows, I gather, a lot more than he has said). To every frantic phrase about "Demon Beer" Poker will reply with a scientific article on "Tuberculous Cow." And if wild accusations are made in the House of Commons Poker



CO-OPERATION.



House-Agent (to prospective tenant). "I SHOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT, SIR, THAT THIS SURFACE-WATER IS ABNORMAL. WE HAVE DEFINITE PROOF THAT THE 'SOAK AWAY' WAS NEGLECTED BY THE LAST TENANT."

will begin an investigation into what he believes to be the sinister influence of the Milk Trade in politics.

They can have it which way they like, he says—"Live and let live" or "War to the what-not." He would prefer the former, for he holds the mild opinion that in these hard times it is a good thing for every British trade to prosper.

Poker's attitude, to me, seems monstrous, but, wrong-headed or not, he is a man of his word.

The proper course, therefore, for the Milk Marketing Board, I suggest, is to go to the intolerant ladies and gentlemen aforesaid and persuade them to pipe down for the general good.

Poker asks me, by the way, to make it quite clear that he is *not* in the pay of the brewers.

Indeed, he says, he is quite capable of forming a judgment upon public affairs without the assistance of brewers—or even milk marketers and anonymous letter-writers. A. P. H.

A Modern Gadarene.

"Mr. —— pushed the car from the garage, and blazing furiously ran down a slope and was destroyed."—*Cornish Paper.*

Mundane Memorabilia.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening Standard.")

Lady Aldehyde's birthday dance for her daughter, the Hon. Sallie Killick, was remarkable for the presence of the leaders of the "Tinted Venus" Group, whose aim is to introduce prismatic colour into the drab monotony of London life. Miss Ruby Conduit, Miss Aniline Dyer and Lady "Cotchy" O'Neill were conspicuous by the colourful creations donned for the occasion, but the "star turn" of the evening was Lady Henna Bundy, fresh from her triumphs on the Tay, where she recently landed a forty-pound rainbow salmon. Lady Henna, who has been married four times, has five children.

A notable figure among the male guests was the monumental figure of Lord Woking, who has recently returned from his villa at Aigues Mortes and is now staying at the Hotel Necropole.

★ ★ ★

HIGH-TIDDLY-HIGH TEA.

The Psycho-Dietist Tea organised by Lady Parry Gorwick and held in the Regency music-room of her new Tudor house in Curzon Street was a *succès fou.* After a brief address from the hostess, Madame Medulla Endocrine, wearing a periwinkle mauve hat and a reversible cape of crimson crash with vandyked tucks, stood up and in loud clear tones described the spiritual content of fifty-seven different brands of tea, including Oolong, Boolong, Geelong and the Paraguayan Maté. Perhaps the most thrilling passage in her discourse was that in which she insisted on the elimination of tannin as the only effectual means of combating the ravages of *delirium teamens* which has recently made such alarming progress in the hinterland of Borrioboola.

★ ★ ★

A MYSTERIOUS MALADY.

Lord Waterstock of Rampingham, the eminent financier, had to put off the party he intended to give for the Grand National. He is laid up with ambulatory mumps, a rare disease which is believed to be caused by potted shrimps; but Dr. Tabb Lloyd, the famous Harley Street specialist, is

treating him with injections of aplanatic elasmobranchs and is confident of effecting a complete cure.

★ ★ ★

MUSIC IN EXCELSIS.

At the musical party which the Dowager Lady Polkinghorn recently gave for the young Bessarabian balalaikist, Pilaffsky, we sat informally at one end of the room round a silver samovar and were regaled with home-made waffles, caravan tea and old Brown Windsor sherry, while Pilaffsky played divinely the *Grillo del Diavolo* at the other end of the room. The Baroness "Baba" Rumpelheim was there in a large mink muff, looking deliciously comfy. Lady Polkinghorn herself is a musician and a performer on the nasi-flute, which she learned while on a recent visit to the Solomon Islands, which are now becoming fashionable for honeymooners interested in polygamous customs.

C. L. G.

The Muse at No. 10.

"It is rare to find a Prime Minister who is also a poet."—*Press.*

The Prime Minister Speaks.

THOUGH, mark you, men of high report,
With eloquence of every sort,
As one may say, their special *forte*,
And that so flowing
That nothing seems to cut it short
Once it gets going,

Prime Ministers, however fine
In nobler things, have failed to shine
At work in the poetic line;
Indeed, I gather
Their efforts with the Sacred Nine
Have been just blather.

On looking back, I'm bound to say
That history seems to point that way;
My brothers of a former day
Though sound in morals
(I trust) have never sprung a lay
That's earned the laurels.

They had of course a lot to bear;
The daily load, the weight of care,
So whitening to a Premier's hair
(Though most becoming)
Leaves one with little strength to spare
For idle strumming.

And yet a man so highly graced,
So rich in words, so pure in taste,
Ought to do something rather chaste;
In all humility
I would submit that here 's a waste
Of grand ability.

I will eradicate this blot
Or have, at all events, a shot;
Though slinging poetry is not,
With me, a hobby,
I am a braw and pawky Scot
As much as ROBBIE.



"THE FIRST TWO PRIMROSES, DARLING!"
"BRING THEM BOTH HERE, PERCY."

I mean, as you 'll no doubt have guessed,
The poet BURNS (by far the best)
Honoured by Scotsmen with a zest
Still undiminished,
Who got his poems off his chest
When work was finished.

I feel it in my bones that I 'm
As poet, e'en as statesman, Prime;
Give me, I ask, a little time,
And don't be queasy
On trifling details such as rhyme—
It 'll come easy.

I'll play the untaught poet's part
With more or less untramelled art;
And as a subject, for a start,
While yet unlaurelled,
Sing the emotions of my heart
To a' the wor-ruld. DUM-DUM.

"SCRATCHED.

All engagements including Grand National: Half Asleep (at 9 a.m. to-day)."
Daily Paper.

So were we; but we got to Aintree all the same.

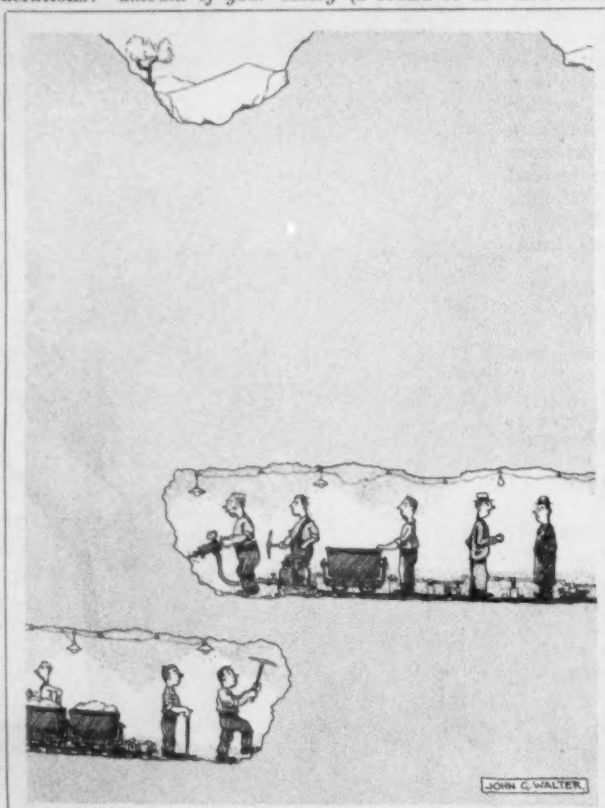
Another Surplus Letter.

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

YOUR CHANCELLORSHIP,—You will, I expect, have been wondering more than a little during the last few days why I, alone among the great company of taxpayers, have not yet written to tell you how best you may dispose of your welcome if somewhat embarrassing surplus. But the fact is, I have been delayed by two considerations: firstly, the fear that, through a sudden decision to send a small cheque on account to America or (more probably), owing to some last-minute drop in the receipts from Hop Oil or the sale of Hawkers' Licences, there might not be a surplus to dispose of after all; and, secondly, the hope, however slight, that I might unexpectedly be made a bishop in time to write with that added authority on financial matters which so naturally belongs to high dignitaries of the Church.

The need for further procrastination has now, happily or unhappily, passed away. Every day, so I read, the overseers of your treasure-chamber report to you the delivery of cartload after cartload of good red money; every day the certainty of larger and yet larger profits on the year's workings brings a sweeter smile to the faces of your Principal Assistant Parliamentary Private Secretary (unpaid) and your Parliamentary Private Secretary's Unprincipled Assistant (paid). And as for my second consideration, I am forced regretfully to the conclusion that my chances of being offered an episcopacy in the bare fortnight that now remains till Budget Day are so slight as to be almost—well, *nil*. In these circumstances my continued silence would be both ill-mannered and (I venture to think) ill-advised. But of that you, when you have read what I have to say, must be the judge.

I am writing to you direct, instead of adopting the device, so popular with my fellow-citizens, of addressing you *c/o* The Editor of *The Times*, partly because my suggestions are intended for your ear alone, but chiefly because I feel we know each other too well to permit of the use of go-betweens. You may be surprised at this, I know. You may even think it presumptuous of me, a mere nobody, to claim close acquaintanceship with a high Officer of State. But a moment's reflection will show you how hasty and how ill-considered such a judgment must be. For, after all, you cannot deny the sanctity of at least one great tie that binds us together: *I know the exact amount of your salary* (I found it in *Whitaker*), *and you*—dash it all!—*you know the exact amount of mine*; and I can think of no other friend of mine with whom intimacy has gone to quite such lengths as this. The exchange of confidences, as anyone will tell you, is the real basis of enduring friendship between man and man.



Engineer (to Visitor). "THE REMARKABLE THING IS THAT TUNNELLING OPERATIONS ARE COMMENCED FROM EACH SIDE OF THE HILL AND MEET EXACTLY IN THE MIDDLE."

Well now, to come down to business. I don't know what the precise amount of your surplus is going to be—though I take it that twenty millions would be a more than conservative estimate—but the actual figure seems to me a matter of little consequence. What is important is to make the sum, whatever it may be, go as far as is humanly possible; and that, I submit, you can only do by splitting it up into little pieces. If, I mean to say, you follow the advice of all your other advisers and put the whole boiling into a single venture, such as the building of battleships or the restoration of wage-cuts, the effect will be too shortlived to be really worthy of the occasion. We shall forget the battleships or we shall blue the extra wages at a celebration dinner, and there we shall be, with the money gone and nothing that we can remember to show for it. No, no; believe me, Sir, the best and wisest course for you to pursue is to spend the cash in driblets—two thousand pounds here, a quarter-of-a-million there—and to spend it at such intervals and in such surprising ways that your delighted creditors will never know from day to day whether some new and gratifying boon is not about to be bestowed upon them. "What has the CHANCELLOR got up his sleeve for us to-day?" we shall all be asking, and we shall rush for an evening paper to see whether it is free tickets to the Hippodrome for everybody in Lilac Crescent or an extra pint of beer on Sunday night for the Chelsea Pensioners. Think of the hope, the anticipation, the joy that this will bring into our drab and colourless lives! Think how earnestly we shall all strive to ensure an even bigger surplus next year! Think, above all, Sir, of the fun that you will get out of it yourself! Why, you will have all the enjoyment that comes to those who make eccentric wills, with the added pleasure of seeing its provisions put into effect. And what more could you ask than that?

Perhaps I can best make my meaning absolutely clear with the aid of an example. Here, then, with the utmost deference, are my own suggestions for the disposal during the coming financial year of an estimated surplus of (say) twenty million pounds:—

SURPLUS (1933–4), DISPOSAL OF.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Payment of all fines inflicted under D.O.R.A.	1,500,000	0	0
Trip to seaside for whole population of East Ham, and provision of meat-tea for same..	71,000	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Re-purchase from America of some fifty stately homes of England (to alleviate housing shortage)	5,000,000	0	0
Special Whitsuntide issue of buns at Whipsnade	20	0	0
Speculations on Stock Exchange (*great fun*) ..	2,000,000	0	0
Ditto on Derby (*ditto*) ..	10,000	0	0
Present of ticket in Irish Sweepstake to one million deserving taxpayers, including me ..	500,000	0	0
Pocket-money for another million ditto ditto to spend on Hampstead Heath on August Bank Holiday	250,000	0	0
To having a go on the roundabouts yourself ..		2	
To selecting twelve queerest names in *Telephone Directory* and paying five hundred pounds consolation money to owners of same..	6,000	0	0
Free hair-cut for the whole of Bloomsbury (*say*) ..	979	12	6
Purchase and consignment to flames of *Penge, Battersea, Worplesdon and East Surrey Gazette*, whose leaders on Municipal Drainage annoy me more than I can say (*about*)	12,000	0	0
Supply of complete new team to Chelsea F.C. ..	100,000	0	0
Remission of Armorial Bearings Tax, so that we can all have crowns and things on our baby saloons (*I don't know in the least, but say*).. ..	40,000	0	0
Pensioning off all itinerant street-musicians, or at least providing new cornets for same	10,000	0	0
Grand Free-for-All Open-Air Beer-Garden on Salisbury Plain, or other National Fiesta (*to taste*)	10,000,000	0	0
To making me a Bishop (*probably every bit of*)..	500,000	0	0
My mitre		7	6
	£20,000,000	0	2

There, Sir, you will agree, is a bit of budgeting that will bring light and happiness into the lives of millions of citizens, besides shedding fresh lustre on your own name as the greatest innovator in the whole history of the Chancellorship. I am aware that the total estimated expenditure under my scheme is somewhat in excess of the amount of which I set myself to dispose, but the discrepancy should, I think, be accounted for by your profits on your Stock Exchange Speculations (Item No. 5), or possibly those on Item 6. Failing this, however, it gives me much pleasure to say that full security for the total excess outlay (representing the costs of your own trip on the roundabout) will gladly be furnished by

Your humble and insolvent debtor,
H. F. E.

P.S.—Should my suggestions seem to you, after consideration, either misguided or unworkable, you will, I am sure, do what we all want you to do and give it to the unemployed. But I shall still want to be a bishop.

"Miss —— orders Pattern No. 2047, but does not give her town or bust measurement."—*From a Woman's Paper.*

How very provincial of her.



MOTHERS' MEETING.

"WELL, THANK YOU, MISS, FOR A LOVELY TALK. NOW I MUST HURRY HOME AND MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME."



"LOOK WHAT THEM 'IKERS 'AVE GIVE ME, MA—'ARF-A-CROWN!"
"NOT SO *LOUD*, GERTRUDE. THEM'S NOT 'IKERS—THEM'S GENTRY."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XVII.

The Housekeeper's Report—Shanks's Mare, Song for Hikers—The Advertiser's Adversity—Trying it On.

My friend Knight brought me last evening a literary gem in the shape of a report written to Mrs. Knight by the caretaker who was in charge of the house and of Mr. Knight during the absence of the rest of the family on a holiday, Knight, poor fellow, being too busy to go away. This is how the missive runs:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I was very pleased to recieve your letter this morning, you must find it very tiring being in bed so long, but time will soon pass and, you will soon be Home again Madam I am sorry you thought Mr. Knight sad and lonely, I expect he misses you, but I am doing my best in looking after him he eats well, Madam, I am pleased to say, you know what they say Madam Absense Makes the Heart grow fonder Madam we thought we'd lost the kitten yesterday he took his early morning trip as usual, and nothing more was seen of Him till this Moring thursday he had had a night out already I thought it rather young for Him to start his Capers me and florrie got quite anxious and started to explore the Garden Walls when while we were shouting ourselves Hoarse up he popped from over the wall as if nothing had happened, we were on the verge of collaspe from shouting puss puss puss However we soon was ourselves again by having the cup that cheers. well Madam I must say it seems very lonely not seeing you, but I am looking forward to seeing you one afternoon next week when I find it conveinent, the weather has been very Hot but it is quite cool again here this morning, its a very funny climate to get used too one does'nt know wether to dress for the North Pole or wether to go out dressed as Maud Allen but there I suppose we have to get used to it, so words are lost."

A young friend whose sources of information are unknown to me says that this year there is to be more hiking then ever; that it is to say, than ever before bicycles and cars were invented, although walking was not called hiking then: just walking. I could wish it was not called hiking now. But anyway, since we are to see more of the young men in shorts without hats, and the young women without hats in shorts or skirts, and both grasping staves and both carrying knapsacks, let me transcribe a little-known burst of poetry on their pastime which I found while reading a fantasy by HENRY KINGSLEY called *The Boy in Grey*, written as long ago as 1871. This is how the lines go:—

"Earth moves on with accumulative forces:
Where should we be but for those who 've gone before?
Shanks's mare, the iron foal, steamships, camels, horses,
Toiling onward night and day by desert, stream and shore.
But Shanks his mare is always first,
Spite of hunger, danger, thirst;

So here's a health, and three good cheers,
For all glorious pioneers.
There are none on the earth who can compare
With those who ride on Shanks his mare."

One of my cousins in the country, wishing to be in London for three months, advertised for a furnished flat containing two reception-rooms and four bedrooms, which "must overlook Hyde Park."

She showed me some of her replies.

DEAR SIR,—I have exactly the accommodation you require, except that it is at Clapham. But Clapham Common is just as good as Hyde Park, and I am sure that the rent will be lower than you will be asked to pay there. I shall be glad to accept thirty-five shillings a week.

The Hon. Mrs. —— would be willing to vacate her flat to a good and careful tenant for the term specified. Being situated in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace it does not actually overlook the Park, but is conveniently contiguous.

Major —— wonders if the advertiser in *The Times* for February 11th is aware that all the flats overlooking Hyde Park have become exceedingly noisy. His own flat, in a very quiet street, within easy walking distance of the Marble Arch, would, he thinks, be far more suitable, and it can be seen at any time.

DEAR SIR,—Answering your advertisement, which I saw at the Ealing Free Library, I beg to offer you the upper part of this house situated near the Broadway, which has all the accommodation you require. Rent two guineas and, should you keep a dog, use of the back-garden.

"Let me show them to William," I said.

"Of course," she said; and we watched his face as he read them.

"Well?" I asked.

"You can't beat human nature," he said. "Always trying it on." E. V. L.

Our Misanthropical Reporters.

"A pig with an almost human face was born in a litter of sixteen to a farmer at Sheet, Petersfield. It only had one eye and a long snout above it, and was in other ways a definite freak."—*Hants Paper.*

"General von Seeckt, who has been invited to take over an advisory military post in China and keep the many German Army instructors up to the mark, is not nearly so beautiful as Mrs. Helen Wills."
West Indies Paper.

We never suggested it.



"I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU CARRY CIGARS BEFORE."
"NO. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I DIDN'T GET MY RIGHT COAT AT THAT RESTAURANT."

Captives.

GREY wolves, I watch you through the wires
Pad-padding to and fro,
Stirred by the lust that led your sires
To ring the forest camping-fires
And hunt with hate that never tires
The pack-horse in the snow.

Beyond the spire of yonder church,
O'er far horizons dim,
Your pale eyes never cease to search
For maple woods, for belts of birch,
For trails on which your brothers lurch
On journeys grave and grim.

Your restless hearts no bars confine:
On fancy's feet you fly
Through endless aisles of tasselled pine,
The while you hold the devious line
Of scented hoof-prints left for sign
Some elk has wandered by.

Grey wolves, whene'er I watch you tied
To fate's relentless round,
I seem to see the mountain-side
On which your lean-flanked leaders glide
Beneath dark boughs whose snow-caps slide
In thunder to the ground.

In Freedom's cause could Right prevail
Your fierceness I'd forgive;
I'd batter down your iron pale,
I'd shout to you, "Grey Kings, all hail!
Go forth, pick up the hunting-trail,
The wild wolf-trail—and *live!*"

W. H. O.



"THAT'S A ABSERLOOTLY UNIQUE PIECE—THAT IS, LADY. I GUARANTEE YOU WON'T FIND A UNIQUER PIECE THAN THAT IN THE MARKET—NOT AT THE PRICE."

Reminiscences.

I went out to Splitzen to learn how to ski;
Sing Both Feets Together and Bend in the Knee!
Without introduction I soon got to know
The various people I met in the snow.

"We all have our tosses and tumbles,
But only a pessimist grumbles,"
I said to Lord Rush with affection
As, losing all sense of direction,
I ruined his rapid descent.
I'm sorry my stick sent him flying;
I tried while his goggles were drying
To yodel away his dejection;
But sadly and stiffly he went.

My ski-ing was bad but my courage was fine;
Sing Röte and Weisse and all sorts of wine!
When accidents threatened it seemed to be clear
The oncoming party had little to fear.

"We all have our tumbles and tosses
And even quite serious losses,"
I said to that charming Miss Logan
As, trying a *Telemarkbogen*,
I injured her handsome young guide.
I meant to turn swiftly and neatly,
But stunned the poor fellow completely;
Which bears out my favourite slogan,
"You never can tell till you've tried."

Before I departed I noticed with pain,
Sing Bruises and Bandages, Fracture and Sprain!
That most of the visitors took to the rink;
A very unfortunate spirit, I think.

"We all have our tumbles and crashes,
And sometimes some part of us smashes,"
I said to old Colonel Macpherson
As, freeing my skis from his person,
I rose to my feet with a smile.
He seemed just a little outspoken
Because his right ankle was broken:
Unmoved, I allowed him to curse on;
Undaunted, I answered, *"Ski Heil!"*

ENVOI.

My absence of balance some men may deplore;
Sing "Achtung!" "Attention!" "Hi, there!" and "Fore!"
Despite their aversion I very much fear
They'll find me at Splitzen the following year.



CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.

MR. DE VALERA (*relaxing a little of his customary austerity*). "THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR BEING MORE KIND TO OUR HOSPITALS THAN YOU ARE TO YOUR OWN."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, March 19th.*—Commons: Debate on Supply.**

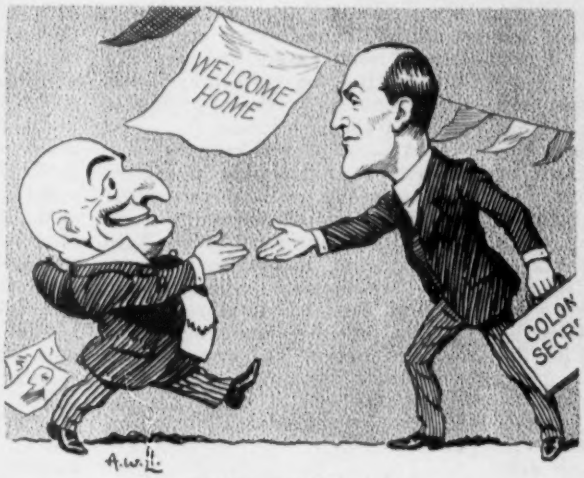
***Tuesday, March 20th.*—Lords: Supply of Water in Bulk (No. 2), and Arbitration Bills given Third Reading. Rural Water Supplies Bill given Second Reading.**

Commons: Illegal Trawling (Scotland) and Assessor of Public Undertakings (Scotland) Bills given Second Reading.

***Wednesday, March 21st.*—Lords: Debate on Housing.**

Commons: Debate on Imperial Defence.

Monday, March 19th.—To Mr. P.'s R. (Mr. Punch's Representative), one of the most picturesque elements in present Parliament is indecisive duel fought through length and breadth of India between Duchess of ATHOLL and India Office at Question-time. One day the Duchess is up on points and pressing her advantage, the next Sir SAMUEL HOARE carries off the honours with polished and impenetrable defence. To-day's joust about even.



"JAMBO BWANA!"

MR. PUNCH GREETS SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER ON HIS RETURN FROM EAST AFRICA.



The Patient (*viewing his latest medico*). "DIDN'T I FEEL ALL ALONG THAT PROTECTION WOULD BE BETTER THAN CURE?"

MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

Diseased Dutch bulbs are causing the Member for Ely grave anxiety.

Ariel's Kind Godfather.

Campaign which is being carried on in some sections of Press to undermine public confidence in administration of B.B.C. is reflected just now by certain Members; but Sir KINGSLEY WOOD is stalwart champion of his young protégé, and to-day insisted that, as B.B.C. Charter has still nearly three years to run, an inquiry would be premature.

On Report stage of Navy Estimates Mr. G. HALL objected to retention of Admiralty yacht, *Enchantress*, whose disposal Geddes Committee had recommended in 1922; and, while expressing Labour Party's desire that Naval comforts should not be reduced, criticised this year's increase of two thousand men, which he argued to be out of proportion to our tonnage. Unfortunately, as Lord STANLEY pointed out, one could not be achieved without the other, for smaller personnel would mean considerable interference with welfare of lower deck, to whom fair share of home service meant a great deal.

Vote for Singapore Base having been agreed to, House considered Air Estimates on Report. On Vote of £513,000 for civil aviation, Captain GUEST thought it a pity that 86% of it should go to Imperial Airways and only 14% to light aeroplane clubs, which were faced with great difficulties; though, according to Mr. PERKINS, most efficient of these were unaided by Government. In reply Sir PHILIP SASSOON declared his Department's sympathy with private flying movement, but reminded House that Imperial Airways only got one-tenth of corresponding American subsidy, one-quarter of French, and one-half of German and Italian, whereas it showed profit against Continental losses.

Moving exemption of certain works of art from Import Duty, Dr. BURGIN explained that sculpture was not included owing to difficulty of defining where granite stopped and art began.

Tuesday, March 20th.—Taking shelter from violent rainstorms outside, Lords generously gave further Reading this afternoon to two Bills aiming at acceleration of water supplies. Mr. P's. R. was glad to find that, despite consequent humidity, his head-phone test indicated marked improvement in bronchial condition of Upper Chamber reported last week.

Question-time gave Members chance to welcome back Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER with cheers after his severe illness, Mr. EDEN refused to be drawn by Mr. MABANE into discussion on Rome conversations. One thing, however, is evident, that Italian interest has given Dr. DOLLFUSS opportunity to wash his hands, in the Danubian Basin, of German interference.

("*Steward, I observe that Members do not bring pets into the House. Why no white mice, no armadilloes?*"

"*Such a practice is expressly forbidden, Sir. Ever since Mr. Gladstone*



THE DEFENCEMAN.

Design for the uniform of the Royal Navy-cum-Army-cum-Air Force.

COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON.

let a cat out of a bag in '81 *we have been very much on the alert.*"

"*Surely you can't prevent an occasional* canard *from roosting amongst the Liberal Benches?*"

"*If you refer to the goose of that Party, Sir, it is understood to have been recently cooked.*"

"*Ah!*")

This afternoon Commons was thick with r's, which rolled about in great quantities, for Scottish Members were all present to discuss SECRETARY OF STATE'S Bill to protect Scottish inshore fishermen by increasing penalties incurred by trawlers poaching within three-mile limit. Sir GODFREY COLLINS told exciting tales of rogue-trawlers chased for days by fishery-cruisers, which are about to be replaced by much faster "Q" ships; and his Bill was read a Second time.

Wednesday, March 21st.—Big debates in both Houses to-day. In Lords Archbishop of CANTERBURY moved to welcome Government's housing proposals and to hope that these would speedily be put into operation. He criticised MINISTER OF HEALTH, who had not seemed fully to realise gravity of situation, but admitted that his recently-declared programme, if carried out with determination, would deserve country's gratitude. In course of long speech PRIMATE emphasised evils of overcrowding as apart from slum conditions, expressed his concern at state of rural housing, and asked if a National Housing Corporation would not be soundest solution of problem of providing cheapest houses.

Lord READING considered that Government had lost great chance of devising really national programme and urged establishment of some co-ordinating authority; while Lord MOYNE, whose Report has done so much to stimulate action, stoutly defended MINISTER. In his reply Lord HALIFAX refused to accept suggestion that Government had any cause to apologise for the way in which they had tackled such a complex problem, but he welcomed all-important public interest.

A Job for a Super-Man.

Commons debate on Imperial Defence was opened by Mr. ATTLEE, who held that question of defence had been so altered by modern conditions that there was a strong case for Minister of Defence acting under P. M.

PRIME MINISTER himself then described present arrangements in considerable detail, assuring House that Committee of Imperial Defence was an elastic and vigilant body, and meeting suggestion that small combined staff should be formed in addition to Committee with objection that this would divide authority. Co-operation between Staff colleges was already being provided for, and as regards Dominions valuable contacts were regularly maintained through Committee.

Idea of Ministry of Defence appealed to Mr. CHURCHILL, both because science was constantly breaking down old barriers by new inventions, and because functions common to all three Services would be more efficient if unified. All the same he realised that such a Ministry would have to be a gradual growth. In reply Mr. BALDWIN, while agreeing that P. M. had far too much to do, made plea that whatever else he relinquished he should retain close control of defence, as its responsibility would be his in case of war.



Inspector Pink of the C.I.D. "THOMAS HENRY PLUNK, I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST ON THE CHARGE OF MISAPPROPRIATING THE FUNDS OF THE BEAU BRUMMEL VALET SERVICE SYNDICATE OF SAVILE ROW, LONDON. AND I WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU."

Beauty Wrinkles.

Folds in the face constitute a menace which threatens every one of us. Even before they appear, attention to a few simple preventive complexion rules will be well repaid. Regular skin-drill is definitely worth while and should be diligently carried out, whether your face is folded or flat.

Goat's milk is a good thing. Put a little in a shallow jar or whatsit and dip a good long loofah into it. This done, place the face (face upwards) on a convenient table or shelf and squeeze the loofah at it. If the face is a good face and one that is as yet ungrooved, it will stand a lot of this sort of thing. On the other hand, it if is already deeply puckered with lines of worry, whoopee, revelry, etc., be sparing with the liquid. Prevention in these things is necessarily wetter than cure. Cure is, however, stickier.

In the case of a countenance which shows genuine signs of breaking up, cure lies in the Treacle Treatment. The treacle should be placed in an ordinary treacle-squirt or molasses-gun and used in conjunction with, *though not at the same time as*, the goat's-milk. With regard to the actual order of application of the two rejuvenators, a sequence which can be highly recommended is as follows:—(1) the goat's-milk; (2) the treacle. You may, however, prefer to adopt some other order.

A simple experiment will show the way it all works out. If the face is pushed sideways (get a friend to do this to you) you will notice that the longitudinal lines of lassitude disappear, leaving the flat matt surface which it is our ambition to achieve. Immediately, however, the face is allowed to slide back into position, back come the corrugations, corroborating everything your friends think about you. It is clear, then, that our object is twofold: (*a*) to smooth out the face; (*b*) to keep it like that.

Some otherwise intelligent people have the strangest ideas of what is good for the profile. I have often heard it said that a face which shows the marks of tragedy should be poulticed with a piece of raw beef or (in the case of a really bitter face) with a bit of veal. This is, however, so much grandmothers' nonsense and may be disregarded with derision by the keen connoisseur of contour-culture.

Put away the meat, then, and at the same time discard the powder-puff, the hare's-foot, the rouge and the lipstick. If you are accustomed to slapping your face (and, after all, it is your own face), use a simple slap-stick. Apart from the slap-stick, the squirt and a suitable piece of brown-paper, no other tools are needed.

Composing the features, then, take the cheeks firmly, one in each hand, and draw them gently upwards and sideways towards the ears, fixing them in position with ordinary beauty-clips. When the ravages of time are satisfactorily straightened out—even quite a deeply-sunk ravage will respond to this treatment—apply the treacle liberally to (*a*) the face and (*b*) the piece of brown-paper. Avoid allowing the paper to get stuck to the dressing-table. Now bring (*b*) into contact with (*a*), or, alternatively, if, after all, the paper *has* got stuck to the dressing-table, (*a*) into contact with (*b*). Mould the whole arrangement delicately with the finger-tips and, when all seems well, relax and enjoy yourself. I am assuming you have just the average face, in which case you will require this treatment about once a week. In unhappy cases which have been allowed to go too far the procedure may be enjoyed three or four times a week. In really bad cases of really sad faces the brown-paper may with advantage be worn permanently.



IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"Why hasn't she got any nose?"
"Because she 's very old, darling."
"Grandpa's very old, and he's got a nose."

At the Play.

"Good Morning, Bill" (Daly's).

The revival of this excellent piece of nonsense is welcome. It is something more (or less) than a mere revival, for Mr. Wodehouse seems to have spent odd moments of the seven intervening years thinking up new variations on Wodehousian themes. I should doubt if there is much left of the Hungarian original save the central situation of a young, beautiful, ruthlessly business-like and unsusceptible woman-doctor being wooed by a hopelessly infatuated lover who declares himself her patient; and even this the high-souled English purity which makes us the envy of the continent of Europe prevents the author from exploiting to the full. Mr. Wodehouse fries quite other fish.

Mr. Haddon makes an admirable Wodehouse hero—the clever kind; for *Bill Paradene* conceals under the outward appearance of the perfect goof brains sufficient to understand the mysteries of milk separators and sundry bacteriological terms, thereby finally winning the respect and love of *Dr. Sally Smith*, a part in which Miss Winifred Shotter, with her hard, bright, tyrannical, commonsensical, professional manner and her swift disintegration into the subservient lover at the end, proved herself to be capable of much more interesting work than she has hitherto been permitted to do. Her enchanting prettiness was thrown in to make the measure flow over.

I can't help finding the quarter-witted *Lord Tidmouth* the most attractive of the invented characters in this harlequinade, at least as interpreted by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, who has found the perfect formula for this perfect fool. Occasionally the author deals him flashes of insight or wit or criticism which are out of character—"He winced beneath her laughter, reddened slightly and went to Africa." But it is in the most abject of the inanities and in the natural gusto with which he rolls an avid eye upon the shameless *Lottie* that he particularly shines. Miss Phyllis Monkman brought a glorious vulgarity and vitality into the part of *Lottie*. I thought that perhaps she was not quite subtle enough to give us the hint of what made her tolerable to the rather sensitive *Bill*; but that is perhaps being hypercritical. Mr. Sebastian Smith, whether as disapproving uncle, blustering bore, pompous and disingenuous physician, golf-maniac or anecdotist "waggling," as poor *Tidmouth* sadly complained, "a wicked jaw," was a delightful *Sir Hugo Drake*.



OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE.

Bill Paradene . . . . . Mr. Peter Haddon.
Lottie . . . . . Miss Phyllis Monkman.

I venture, but with some diffidence, to suggest to that experienced actor, Mr. Reginald Bach, who produced the play, that the fact that all three of the principal comedians take a slow *tempo* in accordance with the mood of their parts makes advisable some deliberate and exaggerated speeding-up of certain parts of the action in order to prevent the spectre of dulness from creeping in.

The piece was enthusiastically received, as it deserved to be, and all old stagers in the audience seemed to be agreed that the revival was an even better show than the quite successful first presentation. T.



THE LADY GOLF-DOCTOR.

Sir Hugo Drake . . Mr. Sebastian Smith.
Sally Smith, M.D. . Miss Winifred Shotter.

Somebody has succeeded in breeding triple-tailed goldfish. Spare tails as an aid to swifter navigation have been a long-felt want in the gold-fish world.

* * *

A writer states that seventy million telegraph-forms are wasted every year. But it isn't clear whether or not this number includes the forms on which Scotsmen write their letters home.

* * *

Rubber perambulators are predicted this year. We already have bouncing babies to go inside.

* * *

At the latest mannequin shows music appropriate to the frocks is being played. Some of it must be almost inaudible.

* * *

A lecturer says that horn-rimmed glasses were first worn by the more intelligent natives of Zululand to indicate their superior education. The reason for wearing them in this country has not yet of course been definitely ascertained.

* * *

Dogs likely to be useful to the Japanese army in war are exempt from tax. Pekes, on the other hand, are suspected of Chinese sympathies.

* * *

A Continental family of hand-bell ringers is to appear in London. Tea shop waitresses are thoroughly alarmed.

"Mrs. —— has since returned to ——, and her and the twins are doing well."
Daily Paper.

Shouldn't it be "*is* doing well"?

"The ladies quickly showed themselves to be a fast and pretty team, displaying plenty of combination."
Indian Paper.

We fear we cannot approve.



"SORRY, OLD CHAP. CAN'T GET ROUND TO-NIGHT. GOT SOME PEOPLE HERE."



THE REFEREE WHO *WAS* APPRECIATED.

Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Tuesday, March 20, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I have to inform you that on the 13th green this morning General Sir Armstrong Forcursue threw his putter at me.

As you have just cause to remember, Sir, this is not the first occasion on which this gentleman (?) has forgotten himself during the many years that he and I have played our weekly game of golf; and I now insist that you summon a committee-meeting at the earliest opportunity so that he may be forthwith removed from the Club.

Yours very truly,
L. NUTMEG.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., "The Cedars," Roughover.

Tuesday, 20/3/34.

SIR,—I wish to report Mr. Lionel Nutmeg to the Committee of the Club for habitually whistling through a broken eye-tooth whenever he becomes dormy. Please call a meeting as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—It is ridiculous to pretend this disgusting habit is a form of nervousness.

From Ralph Viney (Captain of Roughover Golf Club).

21*st March*, 1934.

DEAR WHELK,—Sorry to hear about the row, but it has been coming for some time, and you had much better send out notices for a meeting, as the General and Nutmeg request, getting them to come along too.

I can't possibly manage to attend as I am leaving by the evening train for Scotland.

Yours sincerely, R. VINEY.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring Stymie, C.B. (Member of Roughover Golf Club Committee).

Thursday, 22/3/34.

DEAR WHELK,—I have your notice of the meeting for Monday the 26th March, but unfortunately only five minutes before it arrived a most urgent telephone-call came through from my stockbrokers necessitating my leaving for London to-morrow. I shall be away at least a month.

Please accept my apologies.

Yours sincerely,
C. SNEYRING STYMIE.

From Ignatius Thudd (Member of Roughover Golf Club Committee).

March 22, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—Regret unable attend meeting. Otherwise engaged.

Yours faithfully, I. T.

From Barnabas Hackett (Member of Roughover Golf Club Committee).

Thursday, 22nd March, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Afraid I won't be able to come to the meeting on Monday, as I have been told for some months now that if I am to get those three or four extra yards from my No. 3 iron I must have a minor operation on the terminal phalanx of my great toe (left).

As the present seems a more suitable time than any other, I have arranged to go into a nursing-home this afternoon and shall not be out for at least ten days.

Yours sincerely,
BARNABAS HACKETT.

Postcards were also received from General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., and Mr. Nutmeg, signifying their intention of being present at the meeting.

From Ralph Viney (Captain of Roughover Golf Club), now in Scotland.

Friday, 23rd March, 1934.

DEAR WHELK,—Your telegram has just arrived and I promptly wired my approval of your suggestion.

Sorry the Committee are funking Monday—I really thought they had more stuffing than that. However, I am sure that if the General and Nutmeg are shown into the committee-room as if for the meeting and left to themselves for a bit they will achieve a reconciliation. Personally, though, I shouldn't lock the door on the outside. Cheer up. Yours sincerely,

R. VINEY.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Monday, March 26th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Sir, I had your note on Sunday saying you was leaving in a hurry for the Austrian Tyrol, and hope, Sir, your health will mend, it being nothing serious.

Well, Sir, I did as you bid with the General and Mr. Nutmeg, and showed them into the committee-room when they come this P.M. And, Sir, they is both in the Cottage Hospital at this moment—the General's left ear badly torn and Mr. Nutmeg's ankle real bad, which, so far as I could see through the keyhole, Sir, was from the General biting it.

Well, Sir, it was a great "do" and no mistake; but there will be a tidy bill for the House Repairs Account—three panes of glass in the bay-window, new weights for the grandfather clock, and the handle of the President Cup nowhere to be seen.

Hoping you is O.K., Sir, as all is here, *now*. Yours faithfully,

E. WOBBLEGOOSE, *Steward.*

P.S.—Matron has just rung up to know if I can find the General's eyeglass, but there is nothing of it but the string.

She said both the patients was doing well and was planning to go off together next month for a golfing holiday in the South of France.

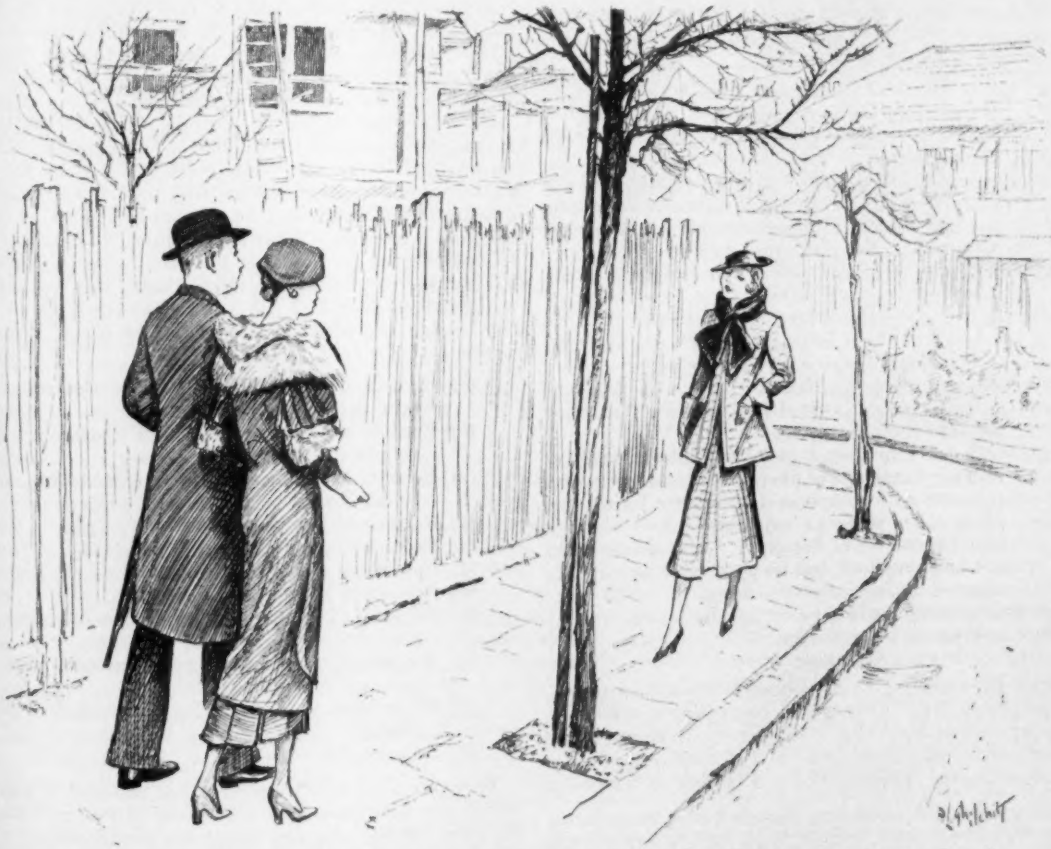
The Magic Phrase.

(From a Transatlantic Reader.)

OF deep dank tarns let poets rave,
Of lonely moor and fen,
Of beetling crag, dim rocky cave
Or shaded sylvan glen.
All these and more the poet may
Ingeniously commingle,
But I would sing a simple lay
About a bosky dingle.

The starry heavens, briny deep,
Green bowers and gentle spring,
A grassy lea with timid sheep—
Of these let poets sing
In idylls, odes or roundelays—
I rhyme a homely jingle
About the most enchanting phrase
Of all—the bosky dingle.

A bosky dingle! Magic spell
To set my heart a-tingle!
For ever and a day I'd dwell
Down in a bosky dingle!



"LOOK, STEPHEN—HERE COMES THAT ODIOUS MRS. ENDERBY, WEARING HER NEW SPRING SUIT AT ME."

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;

or, Business Explained.

IV.—Modern Methods.

You will remember that in describing the two possible sorts of factories I emphasised that the bassoon in the process of manufacture either fell or was pushed through the factory, the bits being put on as it passed. In that single statement you have the keynote of modern method. Things must be kept moving through an orderly sequence of operations. Ideally the factory should be one great machine with cocus-trees (*Are* there cocus-trees?) and lumps of metal and sheets of kid and bundles of reed-cane going in one end and complete bassoons emerging at the other. Let me draw your attention to the main needs of a modern factory:—

(1) Mechanisation.
(2) Organisation.

(1) *Mechanisation.* Let me implore you to mechanise your processes as far as possible. The more machines you can use the fewer people you need employ, the less will be your labour costs and the more profits you will make. And having made a nice lot of profit you will be able to pay most of it in income-tax for the benefit of people who cannot get work. So you will have the double satisfaction of having a thoroughly modern factory and at the same time Doing Good. The whole basis of the modern factory was summed up by *Richard II*: "Oh, good! *Convey.* Conveyers are you all." Recollect that unless the bassoon is on a conveyer and going *somewhere*—no matter where—then your process is at fault. Let me just run through the ideal process with you step by step.

(*a*) Cocus-tree, metal, kid, reed-cane, etc., arrive by lorry at receipt bay. *All are at once placed on separate conveyers.* Lorry and lorry-driver accompany tree.
(*b*) Tree automatically turned down to standard-size bassoon authorised by the Weights and Measures Act and the British Pharmacœpia. Lorry-driver meanwhile takes rest-pause (*q.v.*).
(*c*) Holes automatically bored in single process. Lorry-driver also bored.
(*d*) Meanwhile metal has been automatically cast into keys and kid cut into pads. Pads are attached to keys by old man with pot of glue.*
(*e*) Keys automatically fall into place on bassoons as they pass. Lorry-driver ensures that they fall into the *right* place.
(*f*) Reeds turn up from somewhere (automatically of course). Lorry-driver fits reeds into bassoons and connects with compressed-air system for testing. (This takes place as conveyer passes through sound-proof bit of factory.) Lorry-driver must not be stone-deaf, but he had better be carefully selected for hardness of hearing.
(*g*) Lorry-driver loads bassoon into lorry.
(*h*) Lorry passes off conveyer.
(*i*) Lorry-driver drives lorry away.

You see the essentials of the process? Throughout something was happening. Throughout everything was moving. The great tireless machines, man's slaves, have converted the raw product of Nature into—and all that sort of thing.

(2) *Organisation.* Organisation is a process by which the human being becomes as accurate and as reliable as the machine. In a well-organised factory everything moves with a click. There is nothing which helps the organisation of a factory so much as a few rheumatic employees who click loudly when they move. Above all, everyone must know exactly *what to do* in any emergency. Let me give you an example. Supposing the place catches fire. In a well-organised factory the following simple routine is followed:—

(*a*) Employee detecting fire reports to Foreman.
(*b*) Foreman reports to Shop Superintendent.
(*c*) Shop Superintendent reports to Departmental Manager.
(*d*) Departmental Manager advises Factory Manager.
(*e*) Factory Manager gets in touch with Managing Director (if in town).
(*f*) Managing Director acquaints Board (if sitting).
(*g*) Board records minute instructing Secretary that fire be put out.
(*h*) Secretary issues acquisition to Fireman for extinguisher.
(*i*) Fireman issues extinguisher to Foreman of department concerned.
(*j*) Foreman signs for issue of extinguisher.
(*k*) Foreman proceeds to seat of conflagration.
(*l*) Foreman finds fire has gone out.
(*m*) Foreman returns extinguisher.
(*n*) Fireman signs for return of extinguisher.

You see the point? You see that even in emergency everyone knew exactly what to do? No rush. No flurry. No panic. A proper check on the issue and return of stock. Everything running with well-oiled smoothness. The situation completely under control from start to finish.

While on this matter of organisation I would stress the value of proper records. Nothing helps in the proper running of a business more than a few hundredweight of records (preferably referring to some period about ten years ago). Supposing you suddenly find that you have a bank overdraft of £250,000 and no one can remember when you last sold a bassoon. What can be more illuminating than to look at your graph and to note that your proportion of left-handed employees has risen during the last year by no less than 5·4%? I ask you, what can? The following records are absolutely essential to a really modern factory:—

(*a*) Records of things coming in (cocus-trees, metal, rain, people, etc.).
(*b*) Records of things going out (bassoons, lights, people, etc.).
(*c*) Records of things in stock (cocus-trees, metal, people, bassoons, etc.).
(*d*) Records of bassoons spoiled.
(*e*) Records of hours worked.
(*f*) Records of hours not worked.
(*g*) Records of hours *really* worked.
(*h*) Records of people buying bassoons (for sales analysis).
(*i*) Records of people paying for bassoons (for comparison).
(*k*) Records of people playing bassoons (for gramophone).
(*l*) Records of records kept.

There are a lot of other records you can keep if you like, but if you take the above and place them carefully in a fire-resisting safe and then forget the combination you will have a real aid to efficiency.

(*To be continued.*)

* I know this doesn't sound very modern, but in every factory there is always *one* process which *has* to be done by hand by old, old men. It is an odd thing but it is always so. I think this is the place for it.

Obituary of a Shirt.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death, at Aintree last week, of one of the best and finest shirts that has ever been known. Born in 1926 of good old Piccadilly stock, Gentz Heaviwaite Tapheter Shirt soon showed promise of the tenacity and hardihood for which it afterwards became so famous. At an extremely early age it was separated from all the care and protection of home surroundings and sent to the laundry, where it received the most brutal treatment imaginable, actually losing a button in some unfortunate scrape. Indeed it has been asserted that it was never the same shirt again after that experience, and it is true that those who saw it at the time remarked that it was decidedly thinner and paler than of yore.

After leaving the laundry we find it taking its place in the sphere for which it was intended—that of a City Shirt. Though it was a wearing life—we hear of it coming back week after week limp and grubby from the office—yet it never lost the erect carriage of its collar nor allowed itself to get frayed by its daily routine.

This smartness soon attracted attention, and at all the important social functions it became a figure. But an early mishap did something to take from its youth and freshness. It became deeply attached to a pretty clinging little collar-stud (one of the Woolworth Studs), but unfortunately it was considered an unsuitable match for a Piccadilly Shirt, and the two were ruthlessly torn apart. The wrench left a gap which was never quite filled.

In 1928, however, there occurred an event which changed the whole tenor of its life. At a political house-party it chanced to stray, in error, into the bedroom of a Cabinet Minister, who was so struck by its pleasing appearance and genuine worth that he was loth to part with such an acquisition, and contrived to take it up to London with him. Thus, at twenty-five months old, we witness a triumphant shirt embarking on a new career. Soon afterwards it entered Parliament, and, despite somewhat harsh treatment in the House of Commons, managed to maintain its seat magnificently for fifteen months. All this time, though heavily overburdened—it was sat on all through three Disarmament Conferences—it never gave way under the weight that was put upon it, however much it may have felt the strain.

In 1930, to its great grief, it was forced to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds and was banished to a humdrum country existence.

It is a pathetic picture, that of the Grand Old Shirt, who had once lived in the wardrobes of the great, now shrunken and transparent, yet still playing its part in life. It became devoted to gardening and riding, though after 1932, when it underwent a severe operation—both its cuffs being amputated—it was even debarred from those. However, such was its nature, it still continued to be of use, cleaning the car, polishing brass, even binding up the puppy's paw when needed.

But it was this indomitable spirit that led to its untimely end. Last Friday it was the victim of one of the most magnificent deeds of bravado of modern times. It allowed itself, old and frail as it was, to be put on an outsider for the Grand National—and the horse fell at the first fence. Let us not dwell upon its end. Rather let us remember the glories of its youth, the usefulness of its old age and those qualities of strength combined with distinction that earned for it in its heyday the title of "Superfine" Shirt.



The Tough. "DON'T TALK SILLY ABAHT YOU 'AD A LOT O' TROUBLE GETTIN' ME 'ERE. WHY, YOUR 'ELMET'S STILL ON AN' YOUR TOONIC AIN'T EVEN TORN."



Visitor from U.S.A. (*to owner of ancient country town*). "SAY NOW, SIR CHARLES, DO YOU CALL THIS OLD DUMP OF YOURS A BURG OR A COW-TOWN?"

Our Booking-Office.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

England in the Witness-Box.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY, having traversed England from Southampton to Tyneside with open eyes, a reasonably open mind and a generously open heart, reports his findings on the present state of his countrymen in *English Journey* (HEINEMANN AND GOLLANCZ, 8/6). It is easy to pick holes in Mr. PRIESTLEY as a social commentator. He has all the inconsistencies of the liberal-minded nineteenth-century which has made England, he maintains, what it so shockingly is. He sees Coventry, where his car was made, and Leicester, the birthplace of his typewriter; and in every industrial centre he muses on the tragedy of industrial dreariness, bad enough when it meant security and work, but unbearable now it spells neither. You cannot go to him for the constructive attitude, but you can count on him for a sincere indictment of its absence. He has little or nothing to say about the land—a chapter on the Cotswolds (largely preserved as a showpiece by the money of contrite industrialists) and a glance at large-scale Lincolnshire farming. The finest thing in what is nevertheless a fine book is its plea for a big policy for the ruined industrial North.

A Prophet Among His Own.

Mr. EDGAR LANSBURY breaks startlingly new ground in the way of metaphors when he calls his father venturing into polite society a bear in a china-shop. In honest fact no one could be much less of a bear than the Socialist statesman who likes to have a reputation for being able to stop the baby's crying, who meets his friends in any barber's shop and rarely goes beyond "jolly-well" in the way of expletives. This strange jumble of a book—*George Lansbury—My Father* (SAMPSON LOW, 8/6)—is prevented only by its rather snarling incursions into politics from being a wholly artistic record of working-class home-life. Father and mother singing hymns at the American organ; the triumphant yearly trip to the country; the audience cheering the unheeding brother and sister squabbling on the platform; the tragedy of "little George's" boat, sunk out of soundings in the lake in Victoria Park—here are a hundred pictures true and tender. Completely one with his people, yet never losing sight of his "mission," here moves that Christian gentleman once known as His Majesty's First Commissioner of Good Works.

A Failure in the Alps.

The tragedy of a dreamer too weak to make his dreams come true is the theme of Miss ETHEL MANNIN'S novel, *Men Are Unwise* (JARROLDS, 7/6). As *Donald Hildred's* dreams are of the conquest of high mountains, Miss MANNIN has opportunities of depicting Alpine scenes in a manner to make you rush forth and buy a ticket for Switzerland, and the horrors of nerve-failure among the snows in a manner to deter you from buying ice-axe and rope. Charming *Donald*, his selfish young wife, and *Max*, his sophisticated friend, are well drawn after the modern fashion, which overlooks the fact that the normal man has some preoccupations that are not material and, faced with dazzling beauty or darkest fear, will inevitably reach out

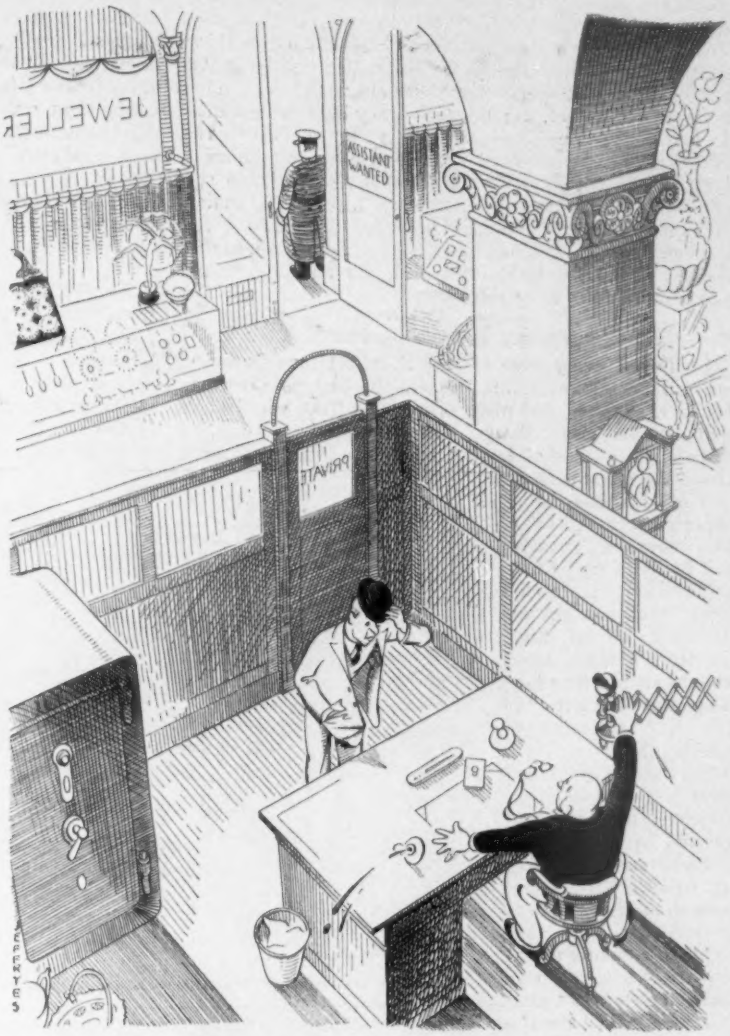
to something beyond himself. I am not equipped to judge Miss MANNIN'S knowledge of mountaineering; but the fact that she thinks the Wrekin worth a climber's time, even in his slackest moments, brings doubt to the mind of one who in youth gambolled on its green brow and tourist-trodden crags.

Hunting the Fox.

From LONGMANS GREEN, this morning here is,
Its rather critical world confronting
(Last of the "English Heritage" series),
A little book which is called *Fox-Hunting.*
By J. R. YOUNG is this pocket serial—
This miniature guide to the glorious Chase,
But it seems to cram too much material
Into too little space.

Here's horse and man, hounds, Hunts and quarry,
Their salient features are sped like winking;
Here are ancient days and transitory
Days, the Past and the Present linking;
And now are anecdotes said concisely,
New some, some not so new, I fear;
And now the author has written nicely
An essay—"The Hunting Year."

But here all *science* has been omitted
('Tis easy to criticise books and plan 'em all;
And I like to see a huntsman pitted
Against the wiles of the "wily animal");
And of *horses* here I'd not have desired one
Except to show me the hounds that run;
Yet, "An excellent work if an uninspired one,"
Said I when this book was done.



"HOW LONG WERE YOU AT YOUR LAST JOB?"
"TWENTY SECONDS."
"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WAS IT?"
"SMASH AND GRAB."

Jeeves.

Where in the future, I wonder, shall we have to place Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE in our novelists' gallery? A difficult matter this of determining his just position; and your reviewer is seldom content until he can label his man neatly and stick him in the card-index for future reference. I note with concern that some of our critics are beginning to carp at their WODEHOUSE. This was perhaps inevitable, but I am sorry to see it. Personally I am ready to continue consuming *Jeeves* stories (and others by the same hand) as long as the author can turn them out with this deftness and command of language. We know most of the characters in *Thank You, Jeeves* (JENKINS, 7/6) fairly well, no doubt. Here they all are—*Jeeves* himself, the mirror of man-servants, the prince of contrivers, never at a loss, never wanting in his superb dignity of phrase; and *Bertram Wooster*, head and chief of the large tribe of Silly Ass; and *Sir Roderick Glossop*, the specialist in lunacy; and *J. Washburn Stoker*, fierce and wealthy American, with his daughter *Pauline*; with many other old friends, brought forward again and made to perform for our delectation in a full-blown novel. For one moment, early in the story, owing to *Wooster's* unfortunate attachment to a banjolele, he and *Jeeves* separate, and we are left wondering whether the twain can work their miracles apart. But the parting is more apparent than real; and clearly all will be well in the end, for the new master, *Lord Chuffnell*, marries *Pauline*. And for *Jeeves* to serve with a married gentleman would be unthinkable.

Guineas from Guiana.

We have all read travel-books and have perhaps become a little surfeited with those that stress the dreadful dangers and moments of horror through which the author lived. Mr. EVELYN WAUGH, in *Ninety-Two Days* (DUCKWORTH, 12/6), gives us an account of a trip into the hinterland of British Guiana. In previous "Touring Diaries" he has written of civilised ports and peoples: here he tells of weeks of riding on poor horses, of ranches with hosts who were

charming, queer or obviously mad (but all genuine and interesting), and does it in his usual nice way. Little matters such as being lost in the back-blocks, exhaustion from thirst, partial starvation and so on are touched on lightly—not as a lady-explorer or special correspondent would do. He just keeps to his subject. He did the journey because he wanted to, and hoped to pay for it by writing about it. He says so. He says, "I had caused unavoidable pain to several horses" (yes, but he got off and walked them). "I had seen several sorts of life being led, rancher, missionary, Indian, diamond-hunter, which I could never have imagined." But I am glad he lets us know about them. Best of all, as contrasted with most books of travel, the author does not make himself out to be the hero.

Variety Entertainment.

I enjoyed every page of Miss STELLA GIBBON's second novel, *Bassett* (LONGMANS, 7/6), though I suppose it would not be thought a good piece of work by those who believe that balance and "shape" are essential in a story. I suspect the author of having set out to write a full book about the adventure of two old maids—one a paper-pattern cutter who dressed "neatly and badly in ugly little hats and ugly little necklaces" and was not in the least wistful; and the other a faded lady who decided to turn her home (dust and gilt and all) into a country boarding-house. But before the first and only guest has arrived Miss GIBBON becomes so interested in another set of characters—two dashing intellectuals, their German mother and her companion—that she begins to squander plots and writes a novel in a novel. Personally I am glad about this, for the author is as satirical and funny and kind in describing the mental antics of the moderns as she is about the two old ladies and their erratic guest. *Bassett* really is a book to be grateful for and to read several times.



Fugitive. "SO THE MODERATES HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AFTER ALL."

From Place to Place.

Major W. T. BLAKE has travelled far and wide, and in *Ports of Call* (GRAYSON, 5/-) he gives information that will be especially useful to people who, for want of a better name, may be called "cruisers." As a rule he has begun his chapters with a short historical outline of the town or island which he is describing, and if tourists visit any of these places without knowing something of their history they have only themselves to blame. An appendix, which provides tabulated details about hotels, temperatures, currencies, etc., is by no means the least valuable part of a modest and neat little book.

A Champion Gives Instructions.

If players of squash rackets do not reach a state of efficiency, the reason cannot be that expert advice is lacking. In the latest volume of "The Lonsdale Library" five chapters were devoted to the game, and now *The Art of Squash Rackets* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 10/6) gives us careful and excellent instruction. In the whole history of ball games I doubt if any player has risen more quickly and incontestably to fame than F. D. AMR BEY. To-day his qualifications for discussing squash rackets are in more ways than one supreme. Especially to be praised are his chapters on "Court Position" and "Physical Fitness and Training," and the numerous illustrations. Miss SUSAN NOEL, Mr. DONALD BUTCHER and Mr. "OKE" JOHNSON contribute to a book which is a welcome addition to the literature of games.

The Cat and the Mice.

Mr. HYLTON CLEAVER can be trusted to extract humour from almost any situation, but I think that in *They Were Not Amused* (METHUEN, 7/6) he is severely handicapped by his theme. A rich and eccentric man, who possessed several poor relations, invited them to visit him and to take part in a gigantic treasure-hunt. Cheques were hidden in the strangest places, and while the guests hunted jealously for the loot their host watched both them and their efforts with derisive amusement. It is not a very edifying spectacle, but in the earlier part of the book at any rate Mr. CLEAVER succeeds in being entertaining.

Flies on the Water.

How welcome to come across an angling book which neither breaks away on every other page to wallow in the sunset nor assumes that one is necessariliy fishng the opulent waters of the Test or Itchen! Too many manuals, as Mr. R. D. PECK declares, include tantalising phrases like "A dozen three-pounders were rising merrily under the mill-hatch"; and it is in order to give us just the advice which these prouder writers omit that he has written *Fly-Fishing for Duffers* (BLACK, 3/6), a most useful little work, embellished by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN with six heartening drawings of the zealous muff in action. It is Mr. PECK's whim to pretend that he too is a duffer, but clearly he knows so much about fly-fishing that he is able to focus its essentials, and these he passes on in an admirably lucid way and with a nice turn of humour. Here is a comforting book with which, in the intervals of reel-greasing and fly-parading, to while away the tedium until your stream opens.

From Our Celestial Boxing Correspondent.

"I've said it before, and I'll say it again: Max Baer is the next world's heavy-weight champion."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The two choruses from Purcell's 'Di Do' were especially successful."—*Sunday Paper.*

We ourselves prefer the solos from VERDI'S "Aï Da."

Economies We Resolutely Decline to Practise.

"Add one tablespoonful of borax to the water when washing hairbrushes. In this way every trace of grease or dirt will make a good eye lotion or throat gargle."—*Australian Paper.*

Charivaria.

A CONTEMPORARY refers to those who are trying to further the interests of Lancashire's industries as "Knights of Cotton." It is thought that nighties of cotton might also be of use.

* * *

As a result of an earth-tremor parts of Somerset are reported to have moved nearer the Severn, but the next movement may not take place for hundreds of years. In that case we can only advise people to take an omnibus.

* * *

A Belfast policeman has been bitten by a Sinn Feiner. It is something to know that while the Sinn Feiners don't like the politics of the Ulster men they at least like their taste.

* * *

"Both the soul-mate and spirit-mate exist to-day, although neither is ever actually seen," declares a spiritualist. And then of course there is the plumber's mate, who comes under the same category.

* * *

It is said that about one-half the diamonds of the world are owned by America. We always suspected it ever since we saw one of her prize-fighters in mufti.

* * *

A French electrician claims to have invented an apparatus that produces sleep. PETERSEN of course is equipped with one in each hand.

* * *

A tape-machine in a London club was smashed recently with a padded hammer which was found lying on the ground close by. Evidently someone wanted to break the news as gently as possible.

* * *

Bachelor flats are described as ideal homes. This is often realised too late.

* * *

A Press-man mentions that he bought a second-hand car on the First of April. Then without much doubt he will be gathering nuts in May.



"AND WHEN IT 'S ALL SAID AND DONE, MRS. 'ARRIS, SHE 'S 'OPELESSLY OVER'ATTED."

If only the world would refuse to have another war until the last one was paid for perpetual peace would be assured.

* * *

It took us, by the way, about three months to prepare for war, but we've been preparing for peace for sixteen years now.

* * *

"Supreme confidence is necessary to be a successful golfer," says a writer. But it is safer for a beginner to take his putter with him.

We understand there is no truth in the rumour that one enterprising newspaper has purchased the serial rights of the new Waterloo Bridge controversy.

* * *

The discovery in Italy of a medal of the Second Punic War buried with a skeleton is regarded as evidence that old Roman soldiers actually died instead of merely fading away.

* * *

"Doctors," says a writer, "are not in business for their health." We hardly like to comment on this.

* * *

A fortune, it is stated, awaits the man who can introduce a new game to the card-playing public. Until, of course, he is found out.

* * *

"A crowd of women seldom get on together," says a gossip-writer. But they never seem to realise this at a bus-stop.

* * *

"We are taxed for things we don't get," complained a speaker. Especially amusement.

* * *

Somebody says that a man could carry a million pounds if the money was in pound-notes. We mention this so that our readers may be prepared for any emergency.

* * *

"Los Angeles is not a Sunday School," declares a writer. We had half suspected this

Official Tact.

"*Description of Goods.*
ONE DOG.
CONTENTS NOT EXAMINED."
Nigerian Consignment Note.

"VIRILE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION."
Headline in Welsh Paper.

Granny is determined to join.

Romance and the Motor-Car.

Was it not there where the long hill winds,
Woods to the left and the plain below,
And the world a dream that the dreamer finds
(Ah, how many years ago)—
Was it not here when the light lay clear
Over the grasslands, over the loam,
That we suddenly punctured a tyre, my dear,
One hundred miles from home?

Memories still come thronging back
Of the high-blown clouds in the front of Spring,
Of fooling about with the aged jack
Till we finally smashed the thing;
And the birds were loud in that woody place,
The shining valley was filled with peace,
And you had mud on your hands and face
And I was all covered with grease.

And I seldom look at a grey stone town,
And I seldom gaze at a field of stubble,
But I think of a place where the car broke down
On account of magneto trouble;
And the buttressed bridge where the stream runs strong,
The swift stream running from shallow to pools—
It was there that we sighed so long, so long
For an A.A. man with tools.

Faint and few were the flowers that showed—
Ah, do you remember the lanes we thrid
Trying to get to a first-class road
On the day we had that skid—
The little lanes in the heart of the shires
That moved our minds with a delicate doubt
Because of the keen flints under the tyres
And the hobnails lying about?

And was it not there, by the ruined farm,
By the ruined farm where the gate hangs loose,
That we felt the shade of a sick alarm,
Being almost out of juice?
Was it not here, where the light lay clear
On the broken byres and the desolation,
That suddenly round the bend, my dear,
We discovered a petrol-station?

EVOE.

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;

or, Business Explained.

V.—The Psychology of the Worker.

The whole object of civilisation is a gradual advance in the general standard of life. The longer you go on the more things are invented, and the longer things stay invented the more people get them. Look at wireless sets. Now stop looking at wireless sets and look at psychologies. A hundred years ago our fathers had to manage without psychologies at all. Even thirty years ago they were the privilege of the very few. But nowadays with our cheap methods of production they are to be found in every home.

As a modern business man it is most important for you to realise that your workers want psychologies of their own, and to see that they get really first-class chromium-plated ones with cavity walls. That was why, somewhat earlier on, I placed a psychologist high on the list of Experts You Can't Do Without. It is essential to have a man in the place whose expert knowledge tells him that workers are Human Beings Not Machines. The old chap with whiskers who glues the bits of kid on the bassoon keys, he isn't a machine—really he isn't. So don't let your maintenance-engineer oil him, and don't think if he breaks down you can just fit a spare part. He is like the author of *Pagliacci*, "a man with a heart like you," and he can probably be depended upon to keep himself well-oiled. So just keep him bright and healthy, change his water every day and have a psychologist to deal with his soul. A first-class psychologist should be able to look after the following:—

(1) *Number One.*

(2) *The Selection of Work-people.*

This is very important. Clearly, if you want a man to stand and look at a machine and you take on a man who is

(*a*) Blind, or
(*b*) Incapable of looking at a machine,

then the machine won't be looked at, which will Decrease Efficiency. If, however, you use Scientific Method, your psychologist will select a man who

(*a*) Isn't blind, and
(*b*) Loves standing and looking at machines.

The machine will thus be looked at and this will Increase Efficiency.

The technique of scientific selection is something like this:—

(*a*) You take your applicant and place before him an Unfamiliar Piece of Prose. If he can read it he isn't blind. If he can't read it he is either blind or can't read, in either of which case he is Unsuitable;

(*b*) If he gets through this test satisfactorily you take him along, place him in front of a machine and tell him to look at it. If when you come back an hour later he is still looking at it he is Suitable.

If, on the other hand, he has stopped looking at it, note what he has begun to do. The following list shows how this may help you to fit him into an appropriate job:—

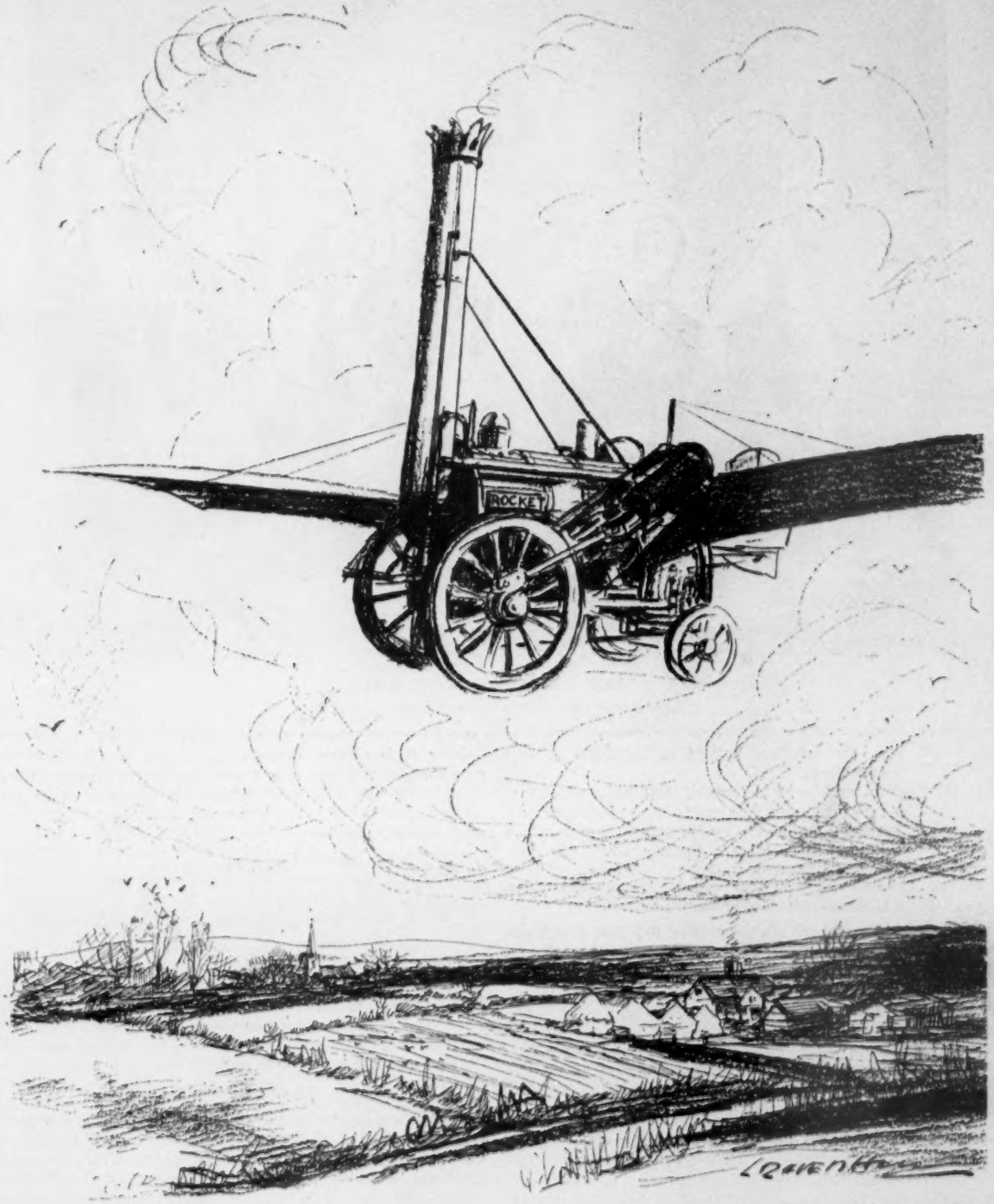
If he is	*Then he is more suitable for*
Asleep	Night-Watchman
Gone	Traveller
Reading the paper	Director
Writing a letter	Clerical post
Looking at the girl on the next machine	Personnel Department
Arguing with somebody	Accountant
Looking at his watch	Time-Study
Contemplating	Monk or Director.

The main idea is to place people in positions where they may use their natural bent. If people have no natural bent but just stay straight all the time, they are suitable as Cashiers.

(3) *Incentives.*

The old idea was that to get a man to work you first shouted at him, then cursed at him, and finally, in despair, sacked him. The psychologist has changed all that. It is now realised that to get a man to work you should—

(*a*) Ask him nicely, saying "Please."
(*b*) Not offend him by assuming that he can be bribed with pay.
(*c*) Promote *esprit de corps* by grouping him into houses (on public-school lines), each with a special coloured tie (or, where ties are not worn, special braces), and promoting house-matches,



THE ROCKET GOES UP AGAIN.

[Our Railway Companies propose to run additional Air Services this year.]



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

"ADAPTABILITY TO FOREIGN CONDITIONS."

e.g., the greatest output of bassoons in any given week.

(*d*) Convincing him by lectures of the dignity of labour.

(*e*) Generally doing all you can to make him feel that he is a member of one big happy family. (In this case the Happy Family would be Mr. Blurb the Bassoon-maker.)

(4) *Eliminating Sources of Friction.*

In every factory there are Sources of Friction which the psychologist can eliminate. I do not, of course, refer to things like emery-wheels, which are useful and necessary, I refer rather to those occasions when People Hit Other People With Hammers. This sort of thing wastes time, lowers output, damages implements and causes endless bad feeling. Now supposing, in old old-fashioned factory where there is no psychologist, A hits B with some blunt instrument. What happens? Following the crude antiquated methods it is usual—

(*a*) To remove blunt instrument.
(*b*) To remove body.
(*c*) To remove A.

Nowadays the proceeding is—

(*a*) Remove blunt instrument (gently, without snatching).
(*b*) Remove body.
(*c*) Send for psychologist.

Now it is almost certain that upon examination the psychologist will find that there is a Deeper Psychological Reason for the attack, of which the beaning of B was merely symbolical. The following most significant facts may well emerge:—

(*a*) A has had no breakfast.
(*b*) A has had breakfast, but his egg was bad.
(*c*) A's home-life (apart from the egg) is not happy.
(*d*) A is an intelligent person who feels Thwarted by his work.
(*e*) B was a pest anyway.

In any case it clearly is no use merely to fire A. Rather he should be transferred to a department where there is less Thwarting going on. Give him a job in a room by himself, hitting things with hammers all the time, and he may well become a useful member of society.

(5) *General Uplift.*

I shall deal later with General Uplift under "WELFARE." I shall only say here that the psychologist, with his ability to see Everybody's Point of View about Everything All the Time, should get underneath things with the Welfare worker and unite in giving everything a shove upwards in general tone. Since even military bands have adopted low pitch the bassoon trade has sunk to depths unequalled in its history. By engaging a psychologist you will help in restoring it to its former level.

(*To be continued.*)

April Fool.

"WHERE are you going to,
Piper, Piper,
Your lute so old
And your reed so worn?"
"To play to the swallowtail
Nesting, nesting;
To play to the buttercups
Bobbing in the rain;
To play to the vagabond
Resting, resting
Underneath the hazel-bush
Yellow in the lane."

"Where are you going to,
Singer, Singer,
Your voice so clear
And your song so gay?"
"To sing to a dragon-fly
Sleeping, sleeping;
To sing to a celandine
Dancing on her toes;
To sing to a willow-tree
Weeping, weeping,
And wake a dreaming tendril
On a wild briar-rose."

"Where are you going to,
Jester, Jester,
Rings on your fingers
And bells on your cap?"
"To mock at a daffodil
Winking, winking;
To jape with a salmon in
A still brown pool;
To tipple up a kingfisher
Drinking, drinking,
And make her Faëry Majesty
A Royal April Fool."

The Inoculation School.

IT is not always easy to avoid Johnson in the club, and a short time ago he buttonholed me and began talking about prep-schools.

"In my opinion, Coot," he declared, "prep-schools make a great deal too much fuss about the educational side. Boys are taught arithmetic, algebra, Latin, French, football and so on and so forth. Unnecessary. They'll learn all about them at their public school. You don't agree?"

"I don't agree that they'll learn all about them," I said. "They may be taught them."

"I'll accept the word 'taught,'" said Johnson, as if he were making me an extremely handsome concession; "it's immaterial. The fact is that most of this so-called preparatory education is a waste of time and energy anyway. Now here's my theory. It would be much more sensible if a prep-school headmaster could guarantee your son opportunities for acquiring by contact a first-hand knowledge of the common infectious diseases."

"What on earth do you mean?" I wondered.

"You send your son to a public school," Johnson postulated keenly. "Right. He spends about five years there, a third of which is taken up in holidays and goodness knows how much in playing games. You mayn't altogether object to this, but you do begrudge the time he spends in the sanatorium having measles, whooping-cough and whatnot. What illnesses did you have at your public school?"

"Mumps and chicken-pox."

"Not measles or German measles?"

"No," I said. "I remember I had those at my prep-school. Oh, yes, and whooping-cough too."

He leaned forward and pounded my knee-cap with his clenched fist. "How much better if you could have had mumps, chicken-pox, whooping-cough and measles over and done with before your fourteenth birthday! Catch 'em young! Now do you see the point, Coot?"

"Yes, I see it," I admitted; "but wouldn't all these illnesses waste a great deal of time? What about the Common Entrance Examination?"

"Abolish it. Ask any headmaster of any public school whether he'd sooner take a boy who was up to Common Entrance Standard or one who could produce a first-class Immunity Certificate and see what he says. My dear chap, he wouldn't hesitate. The man's all for a clean school-bill of health. Well, there's my theory. I give it you for what it's worth."

It didn't seem to me to be worth very much. But I thought I would mention it. WOON.



"HONEST, DAD, IS IT MY FAULT IF THE ACADEMY REJECTED YOUR STUFF AND ACCEPTED MINE?"

At the Pictures.

"THE EMPEROR JONES."

IF not *From Log Cabin to White House*, at any rate from negro cabin to imperial palace is the career of *Brutus Jones* in *The Emperor Jones* at the Marble Arch Pavilion. *Jones* is Mr. PAUL ROBESON, and he goes on his dark and finally disastrous way singing. The film uses its advantages over the stage to give the early life of *Jones* directly and vividly. We see not only the Pullman porter's job as the porter envisages it, with some exegesis on the gauging of tips from footwear, but also the Southern chain-gang. *Jones* does not exactly wade through slaughter to his throne, but he does kill two men—one black and one white, and it is because of these blots on his record that he flees from the States to a small island where blacks rule. Here he becomes the assistant and then the partner of a corrupt white trader, *Smithers*, excellently portrayed by Mr. DUDLEY DIGGES.



Smithers (DUDLEY DIGGES) *to Brutus Jones* (PAUL ROBESON). "SAY, YER MAJESTY, WOT ABOUT A LITTLE REVENUE FOR YER NATIONAL EXCHEQUER, AN' 'AVE YER PICTURE IN THE PAPERS ADVERTISING SOMEBODY'S TOOTH-PASTE?"

In EUGENE O'NEILL'S play everything turns on the growth of terror in *Jones* as he wanders in the forest knowing that his island has risen against him and hearing the fatal tom-toms of his enemies. The film can show far more jungle, and trick photography can make the spectres of a distracted mind visible to the audience. Mr. ROBESON does his part in crashing through the undergrowth and growing more and more terrified. But the advantages of the film prove as treacherous as the subjects of the *Emperor Jones*. The quick succession of jungle-views gives an impression of a journey, not the mounting sense of desolation and abandonment; and Mr. ROBESON keeps showing through the *Emperor*—Mr. ROBESON in full possession of himself and his voice.

There is too much crowded into an hour or so, and we no sooner see *Jones* so astonishingly on a throne than his final agonies begin. We never get the sense of fallen greatness, because the greatness has never been given time to dry.

"THE MYSTERY OF MR. X."

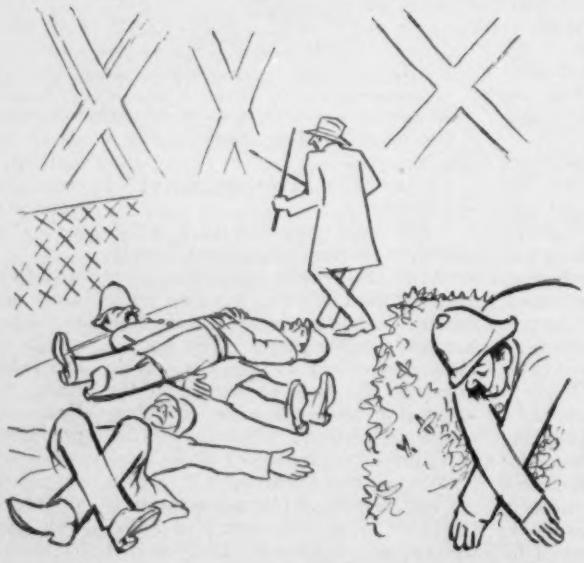
There is always an extra excitement when the surroundings are homely and familiar, and the breath is taken in more sharply when murder stalks along our familiar daily paths than when we see it in a wild setting of canyons or swamps or ice-floes. *The Mystery of Mr. X* is very exciting stuff, in which the dingy shrubberies and railings of London streets and squares are the background of some relentless murdering. The victims are policemen and the weapon is the sword. Except for a curious Transatlantic flavour about the police-court proceedings the London atmosphere is faithfully preserved and the Scotland Yard chiefs are admirably done. The chief figure would be equally at home in New York or Paris, because the easy imperturbability of Mr. ROBERT MONTGOMERY makes him free of the universe. He can conduct business with the most various underworld characters and make them like him almost as much as does the daughter of the *Commissioner of Police*. The mysterious murders are connected by the police with the simultaneous disappearance of a valuable gem, the Drayton pendant, and there is some of the best shadowing imaginable in and out of public-houses as the police attempt to get something on somebody.



THE WEIGHT OF OFFICE.
Inspector Connor. . . . . LEWIS STONE.

The plot has some curiously careless and avoidable weaknesses. When it is essential for Mr. MONTGOMERY to find the real murderer without delay he does so at once by glancing at the map of London and plotting the eight murders to date. They have all happened at equal distances in the form of an X, with one arm still needing completion. This is enough to give not only the district but the actual spot where the next murder will be attempted, and so the stage is set for the climax. It is painful to see Mr. MONTGOMERY, who is at his best showing us the rapid matching of wits at a high level of encounter, compelled to use such crude material as that sudden map.

D. W.



BOBBY'S BLIGHT.
AN XY AFFAIR.

"Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has revived the art of playing the crwth."—*Caption in Daily Paper.*

Strwth!

The Mixture As Before.

WHEN (as sometimes happens) we are in a position to have one of our rooms redecorated we send for Mr. Cocklethwaite. Similarly, if a tile should stir from its bed or the wistaria forsake its sheltering wall under the blandishments of the west wind, Mr. Cocklethwaite is called upon to execute repairs in the appropriate branch. But the embellishment—or, as he would style it, the "doing-out"—of interiors is his special pride and solace. To see him plying his largest brush and spangling the floor with whitewash is to behold a man twice happy in his work.

This year it was the turn of the east wing; that is to say, the room over the garage. After removing all breakables and spreading underfoot a triple thickness of *The Daily Circulator*, we despatched the customary invitation. To our surprise Mr. Cocklethwaite's reply bore a printed heading in which his name was, so to speak, co-billed with that of a hitherto undisclosed Son. A sub-title in Gothic type hailed the new combine as Ruttenham's Up-to-the-Minute Renovators. Perhaps that should have prepared us for what followed.

Our old friend arrived with a preoccupied air and a notebook. For his expansive "Ah! we'll soon have this little lot done!" he substituted a glum announcement of his intention to Get Out the Estimate. Normally this estimate merely implies Mr. Cocklethwaite's holding his head on one side and chanting "Three-fifteen, four-ten, and stopple up them cracks; say four-fifteen to you, guv'nor." This time he spent the whole of the afternoon in semi-classical postures with a two-foot rule as *motif*. The resultant total, to my relief, proved to be about the average.

Next day I received a summons to the annual conference on materials. In previous years the tenor has been one of confident suggestion on Mr. Cocklethwaite's side and of formal acquiescence upon my own. For example—

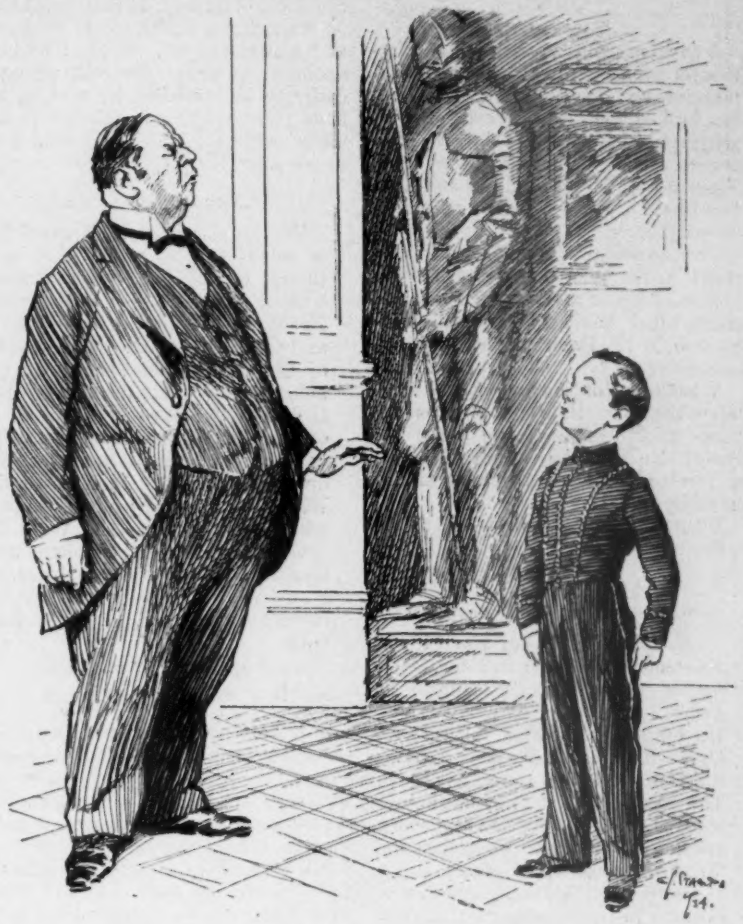
Mr. C. Nice drop o' paint, shall we say, with a nice bit o' body to it?

Myself. Oh, certainly. Plenty of *body*, by all means.

—and so on. But now he began heavily, "Regarding the constitootion o' the covering agent——"

"I'm quite content," I said, "to leave that to you."

"There's some that holds with a more or less volatile oil, see, as a vehicle for to carry the pigments. I do meself. Others, again——"



"AND PLEASE TO RECOLLECT—NO WEDDIN'S HEVER *TAKES PLACE* IN THIS FAMILY—THEY 'RE HALWAYS *SOLEMNISED*."

"Do they matter?" I put in hastily; but Mr. Cocklethwaite appeared determined that no share of blame for my ignorance was to rest with him. I could have picked up a great deal about "driers" and "spreading capacity" if I had not been thinking of the urgent job of work which awaited me in my study.

Finally we settled on the old familiar brand. I withdrew to the inharmonious sound of the ceiling-scraper. When the plaster had yielded its last reluctant flake Mr. Cocklethwaite applied through the usual domestic channels for the "lend" of a thermometer. Curiosity got the better of my prudence and I took the thing in myself.

A packet of whitening powder lay ready broached near the stove. But first Mr. Cocklethwaite, breathing hard, lowered the bulb of the thermometer ceremonially into his bucket of water. Unfortunately research-work by my six-year-old son has tended to efface the figures on the scale. By the time a mean reading had been arrived at I had lit and smoked two cigarettes.

As Mr. Cocklethwaite turned and reached for the whitening a look of consternation spread over his face.

"*You've* done it, guv'nor!" he cried. "You've burnt the slip o' paper with me reckonings!"

"Couldn't you manage without them?" I asked, displaying a specious sorrow.

Our eyes met, and I smiled encouragingly upon his hesitation.

It was enough. Within a few seconds an approximate third of the powder cascaded into the pail. Very soon Mr. Cocklethwaite was plying his largest brush and spangling the floor with whitewash—a man twice happy in his work.

Quiet.

I READ every week with due admiration for our gallant engineers and manufacturers and drivers that a British car has broken some new record for swift geographical movement—the Two Kilometres, the Thousand Miles, the Twenty-Four Hours, and this and that. But I read it without much excitement or satisfaction.

For the fact that Mr. Bing of Hampstead in his What-Ho Seven will be able to rush past my house at Hammersmith much faster than Mr. Bung of Staines in his Haricot Nine does not interest me.

What would interest me would be to learn that Mr. Bing would pass my house much more *quietly* than Mr. Bung. No one else, however, seems to think that this is a matter of the smallest interest.

What I am waiting patiently to see in the papers is:—

"NEW 'QUIET' RECORD.

BRITISH CAR'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. Bing, holder of the Fifteen Kilometre Speed Record for Bijou Buses, added to his laurels at Brooklands to-day. Driving a What-Ho Seven, he wrested the World's Quiet Record from France by covering a hundred miles almost in silence. The recording instruments showed a percentage of only ·29 pernicious vibrations to the mile, as against the ·37 of the Frenchman, Maroc.

Selected invalids and literary men, sleeping in the experimental dormitories round the track, reported an almost complete absence of disturbance."

When shall I see that, I wonder?

I read every week that larger, swifter and better aeroplanes are being constructed. I read that my mails will soon reach India sooner; that I myself may soon proceed by air to Berlin in four hours and return to London the same evening. This leaves me singularly cold. Indeed it seems a senseless thing to do. If I am ever conveyed to Berlin by air I shall stay and have a look round. However, again, I hastily take off my hat to all concerned. But I should positively fling it into the air if I ever saw anything—let it be no more than a hazy promise—about an aeroplane that was to be not only bigger, better and swifter but *quieter*.

Pardon my absurd ignorance—but is anyone thinking about this? Does anyone else look forward hopefully to the Age of Quiet? Is the Internal Combustion World as firmly dedicated to the Conquest of Quiet as it is to the Conquest of Speed? It may be. I may be wronging a multitude of designers and manufacturers. If so, I humbly apologise at once. But the wrong is easily to be remedied by making the facts plain in the advertisements and motor-columns. I shall hope next week to see something like this:—

"THE QUIETEST CAR.

Frankly the What-Ho Seven (1935) is *not* as fast as some other cars, though it will do a hundred round a blind corner without overturning. But this is because we have deliberately sacrificed a little Speed to a lot of Quiet. For the speed of a car benefits nobody but the owner, while the noise it makes is damaging to others. British Science and Industry have done all that is necessary for Speed at present. Henceforth the What-Ho Company proposes to concentrate on Quiet. The What-Ho Seven can be started and kept running for five minutes at 3.0 A.M. on a cold winter morning without disturbing a dyspeptic poet or teething baby.

NO MORE COMPLAINTS.

BUY THE CHRISTIAN CAR."

If it be the case, as some say, that the manufacturers' efforts are made vain by the passionate devotion of the Young to Noise—by the young sports-car drivers who insist on having a half-silencer, a loud silencer or no silencer at all, because the noise of the exhaust makes them feel that they are MALCOLM CAMPBELLS—if this be so it is hard on the manufacturers. But again there are remedies. Let them make a car which is proof against the Noise-Cad and advertise it as such:—

"WE DO NOT RECOMMEND
the
WHAT-HO SEVEN
to the
NOISE-HOG OR EXHAUST-HOUND
because, no matter how hard he tries,
THIS CAR
WILL NOT
MAKE A NOISE."

And that is all. The great British Motor Trade, I am sure, with all its resources and energy, could as easily create a cult of Quiet as it has fostered and defended the Religion of Speed. Let those who already own or manufacture the Noiseless Car boast about its quietness as now they boast about its swiftness, its body and its brakes and all. Call it, for example "The Hospitals' Friend." And, conversely, let them create a tradition of horror and loathing towards the unnecessary noise-maker, whether it be the antiquated gear-grinding lorry, the Noise-noodle in the sports-car who will not use a silencer, the malignant night-hooter or the man with a horn like a hyena's stomach-ache. Let it be regarded as ungentlemanly and disgusting to make a hideous noise in another person's street as it would be in another person's house. Let a bad noise be frowned on as a social lapse, like a bad word, or a social nuisance, like a bad smell. At present, say what you like, it is not. Even the young Sports-lad would feel a certain disquiet, dashing through London in the dark hours, if he knew that everywhere he was leaving behind him a filthy smell. He does not mind leaving a variety of filthy noises—or does not seem to. He must. And, if the great Craft and Trade of Motoring will address their minds to it the thing can surely be done. I announce with moderate confidence the Age of Quiet.

No one, I hope, will think I am suggesting that the only noises are made by motors. By no means. I am still hoping to persuade my own family and friends not to slam the doors of taxis and cars at dead of night, and to make their partings and appointments for the next week indoors and not out. It is difficult. But there, again, is a slight thought for the manufacturers. In my experience all motor-doors have to be slammed before they will shut. Has anyone thought of making a car-door which did not have to be slammed—or could be slammed quietly? If so, let it be advertised at once. A. P. H.

Good News for the Grousers.

"As a result of the alteration overlapping and confusion will largely be eliminated and British listeners will be enabled to bear 25 per cent. more entertainment."
N.Z. Paper.

"Described as the most beautiful woman ever arrested in France on an espionage charge, Mrs. Switz insisted that there had been a great mistake."—*Daily Paper.*

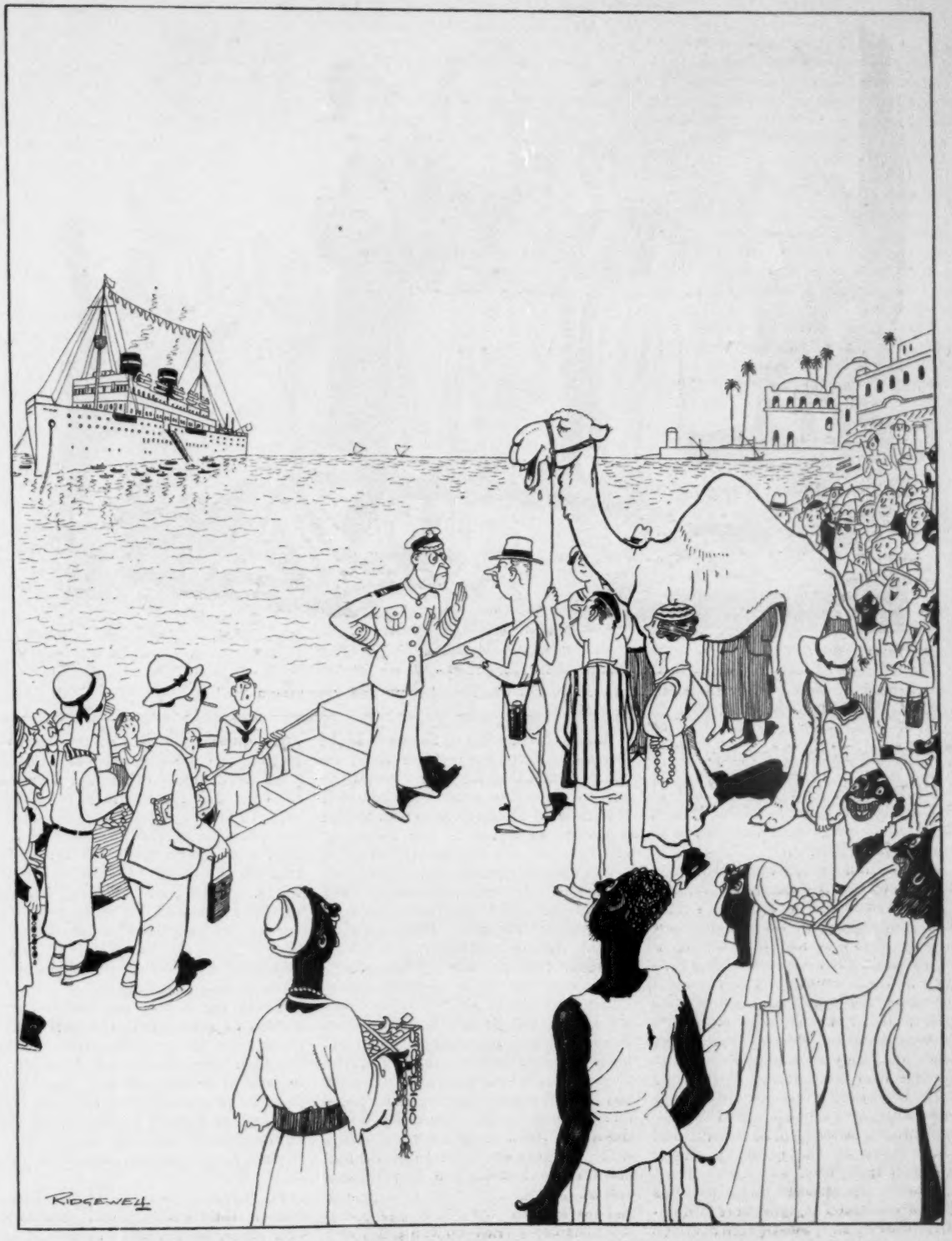
This modesty becomes her well.

"Play On, the winner, was one of the most exposed candidates in the field."
Daily Paper.

We can only say we should have put our shirt on him if we had known.

For a Certain Novelist.

He has—biographers have said it—
A score of novels to his credit.
Familiar with his work, I muse;
Is "credit" quite the word to use?



"BUT THINK WHAT FUN WE COULD HAVE RAFFLING IT AFTER DINNER!"



"CAN YOU DESCRIBE YOUR ASSAILANT?"
"OF COURSE I CAN. THAT'S WHAT HE 'IT ME FOR, DESCRIBING 'IM."

The New Novelty.

St. Patrick's Day is over, but in Ballykealy the memory of its "round the houses" motor-race promises to be a long-lived affair.

Of our small but self-important town it has been said by admiring citizens: "There never did a Pathrick's Day come here yet but we'd have some new novelty, if it was only the two bands massa-creeing one another in Beggar's Lane above." Small as it is, the town has two fife-and-drum bands that parade their own particular streets on the seventeenth of March. Once, many years ago, they met unexpectedly in the lane near the station. Both being in full blast they refused to give way to each other, and there followed the impromptu battle that will be remembered when many of the carefully-staged novelties have been forgotten. Even now, when the unusual motor-race has partially eclipsed it, onlookers still describe that fight. "The Church Sthreets was no valya at all agen the Erin go Braghs," they say regretfully.

When the officials of the local Light Car and Motor-Cycle Club fixed on St. Patrick's Day for their "round the houses" race they earned the heartfelt gratitude of all those who had feared a parade of shirts of one colour or another. At the preliminary meeting most of the listeners accepted the statement of a complacent enthusiast. "The eyes of the world will be focussed on Ballykealy," he said. Others sighed audibly for the days when "you'd hear a mouse throttin' the Cloney road," where now the traffic is considerable. "The most you'd meet in them times would be a vicycle or a viz," old John Brady has said, referring in the second place to one of the two ancient victorias that may still be encountered when for any special reason the transport problem becomes acute. "Sure we're well usened to them motohs runnin' into a wall," he goes on, "but to be runnin' around the houses is a new thransaction."

* * * * *

At an early hour on the great day conscientious householders gathered together as many of the small children and—quite regardless of ownership—as many of the dogs as was humanly possible and locked them up. This was all very well for the men, who then sallied forth to watch the race, but the lamentations of the prisoners rose to high heaven and made life very difficult for the already distracted housewives. "The roars of them has me actchilly harished," a mother said of her complaining brood. "We have no liberty here for a parcel of small childher, let alone Brady's dogs, wheresomever *they* kem from."

Every car in the race had to carry a horn of some kind, and this added greatly to the general effect. Once touched, the klaxon of Number 3 refused to be silenced, and other competitors thankfully ignored their own hooters and availed themselves of this uninterrupted warning, which, on so short a circuit, served equally well for all.

Mr. Grace's housekeeper has had a terrible time with the old gentleman ever since, for he hates noise and his temper is uncertain. "Look 'd he's as short as a carrot on the head of that

ould horn," she says sadly. "Sure I never gev it toleration to be bawlin' like that, God knows."

Mrs. O'Toole will never forget her difficulty in procuring water from the pump at the edge of the road. "I med the dart four times," she says bitterly, "an' me cravin' a cup of tay, for the butther was as salt as LOT'S wife; but no, I was bet back every time be them ould field-marshals that was pattherowlin' the footpath." She too speaks of the noise of Number Three's progress; "It had a woeful whang," she says simply; "an' if it wasn't comin', bedad it was goin'."

Phelan's yard-man and the three cows to which he must minister on working days and holidays alike have as good reason as anyone in the town to remember the race. The wide gateway at the end of Bridge Street had an irresistible attraction for some of the competitors. "There's no doubt but poor Rosie met wid a great defeat that day," Phelan's man says of the most temperamental of the three animals, who still refuses to settle down. "What matther only them cars always hot up agen something in the yard afore they could stop theirselves, if it was only the rick of hay. It used to put the heart across in poor Rosie every time, for she was always one for semi-quivers of some sort or another. You wouldn't wet your whistle wid what milk she gev that day, the creature; an' every time the roarin' would go by she'd shake like an asp."

"He let her bawl away to the very end," someone else has said of the driver of Number Three; "but the first minute he got didn't he tear the guts out of her an' she never med another cheepas much as?" So we see that while this year's novelty will be remembered by the citizens of Ballykealy for a variety of reasons, the memory of the shrieking horn is common to all of them. "I am not very averse in the matther of them motohs," old people say, "but there was one of them that med an oration all right." D. M. L.

HEAD-WEAR FOR EASTER.



THE CURATE'S EGG.



THE POP-CORN.



THE EQUILIBRIST.



THE WIND-SWEPT SAILOR.

Board-Room Ballad.

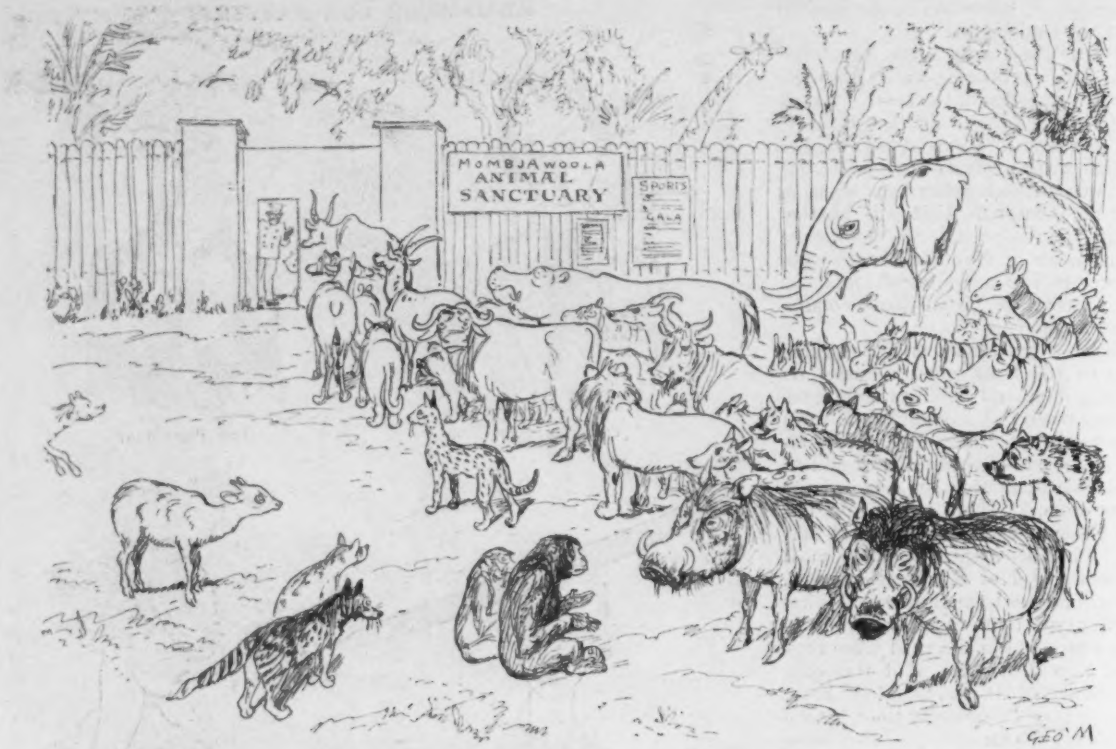
Oh, I'M a director. Ha Ha! He He!
A brand-new director
Of Smaggle and Skee.
I've read the prospectus and taken up shares;
There's an office for me at the top of some stairs,
With a desk and some papers and one or two chairs,
For I'm a director
Of Smaggle and Skee.

I never knew Smaggle; I've never seen Skee;
Poor Smaggle passed over
In nineteen-o-three.
Pincher is chairman and Pincher's a lord;
Sir Anthony Rooker, he's one of the board.
He's hinted quite freely my future's assured
Now I'm a director
Of Smaggle and Skee.

The shareholders' meeting is pretty to see;
I'm sitting by Rooker
And Rooker by me;
Pincher has balanced up Smaggle and Skee's
And squashed some shareholders who started a breeze
By trouncing the fellows and waiving the fees
Of all the directors
Of Smaggle and Skee.

Pincher, Lord Pincher has gone overseas;
He's looking for markets
For Smaggle and Skee's;
And Rooker is missing, and so are the books;
Some auditor chappies—I don't like their looks—
Are going through papers and talking of crooks
Among the directors
Of Smaggle and Skee.

I'm still a director. Ho Ho! He He!
Directing the fortunes
Of Smaggle and Skee.
Pincher's forgotten, I fancy, that we,
The Board of Directors, have stood guarantee
For the bank overdraft, so they're coming on me,
The only survivor
Of Smaggle and Skee.



Mr. Wart-Hog. "NO, I AM NOT VERY KEEN ON GOING IN, BUT MY WIFE THINKS SHE WOULD LIKE TO ENTER FOR THE BEAUTY COMPETITION NEXT WEEK."

As Others Hear Us.

The Traveller's Tale.

"I WANT to hear every single thing about Switzerland, and if you both enjoyed it. Have a screen, George?"

"It's all right, thanks."

"No, really. Or look—here's the newspaper. I always do. Well, was it marvellous?"

"Do you know, I think *I* will, even if George won't."

"Oh, Jane dear, *do*. I always think this fire gives out so terrifically, if you know what I mean. Well, now *do* go on."

"Isn't the rug new? It's frightfully good in this room. Of course the hotel was all parquet."

"They always are. Except Italy, which always used to be marble or something. Though that was years ago, and I'm sure MUSSOLINI has made them change it."

"That reminds me—the shops were extraordinarily empty at Montreux *and* at Lausanne."

"Oh, were they? But what about Winter Sports for George? Now, George, *do* smoke. You surely weren't waiting to be asked?"

"Thanks. Is a pipe all right?"

"Of course. William always does. Fancy, wasn't it a coincidence, William's second sister—the one with the nerves—has got a child who goes to school in Switzerland."

"Oh, really. What part?"

"I don't really know. Some place rather like Zurich, only *not* Zurich, of course."

"Of course Montreux and Lausanne are simply full of schools. It's the air, I suppose."

"And French."

"Oh, do you think the accent is the same? I never think *quite*. But I suppose Winter Sports are a great thing?"

"Skis. Or is it shis? I never really know. I suppose George did everything—I do so want to hear about it all."

"Skis, actually. At least that's what they always call them out there."

"I thought so. It must have been marvellous. Do you know, they're opening a place for roller-skating in this very town?"

"There was a place in Montreux where they roller-skated. *Not* the Kursaal—another place."

"Was there really? Do you remember Prince's in the old days?"

"And those sealskin jackets and the little round hats? And how we had photographs taken in snowstorms and things? Cotton-wool really, I suppose?"

"I always have rather a horror of cotton-wool on Christmas-trees and things. When there are a lot of children about, you know."

"I know. Santa Claus's beard and all that. One's always hearing of something or other."

"Talking of coincidences, a chap who travelled out with us as far as Geneva thought he'd once met a relation of yours. I can't remember the name."

"Not really? Well, it might have been any of them. Did you see anything of the League of Nations?"

"Oh, we only went through. Anyway, George has quite stopped believing in them."

"Trying to alter human nature from what it always has been and always will be."

"I know. One does feel that, of course."

"Look at the Japanese."

"And what about America?"

"There was an American fellow in the hotel—at the very next table, mind you—drank cold water at breakfast-time. Used to make me perfectly ill to look at him."

"Oh, I like Americans. Though of

course everything is always iced water."

"It's steam-heating really."

"I know. And then you see millionaires with French chefs and everything, and they can't touch a thing except dry toast or something."

"I must say the Swiss cooking is quite good."

"I used to like the wild strawberries so much in the old days."

"Oh, *much* too early in the year."

"Oh, I know."

"Nearly everything was, as a matter of fact. Even eidelweiss, that I always thought went on all the time."

"One always *associates* it. Like cuckoo-clocks and musical-boxes and châlets."

"Yo-del O-del—O—*O*—del."

"Oh, *yes*. Yo-del—O—O—*OH*. No, that wasn't really very good. But hearing you tell all about it does bring everything back so." E. M. D.

Adjective Control.

On behalf of the Unemployed Poets' Protection Society I demand attention.

Consider the plight of the poet. To-day his meagre livelihood is menaced on all sides. What is the poet's stock-in-trade? He is mainly dependent on adjectives. Take away his adjectives and where is he?

There are two main menaces. One comes from an excess of foreign imports. His market is flooded by cheap mass-produced adjectives of American manufacture. If you had ever tried to get a lyric accepted you would know what I mean. Lyric-writing has now been reduced to a fine art and, incidentally, to a vocabulary of about seventeen words. The cartel of American lyrists has drawn up regulations forbidding the use of any adjective other than "swell," "red-hot" or "blue." These are the Big Three, and all other adjectives are banned. Thus, if I wish to express my emotion in lyric form, I am not allowed to feel forlorn, plaintive, wistful, pale, spectre-thin or leaden-eyed. I am merely permitted to feel blue, as though I were a woad-encrusted Ancient Briton? Is this fair? Is this right?

The position on the home front is even graver. Nothing in recent times has been more sinister than the continued filching of all the poet's hard-earned adjectives by the advertising world. This detestable traffic has gone on for years unchecked, and now we poets have scarcely an adjective left to call our own. For instance, suppose that in the ordinary way of business I wish to describe a dawn or a daffodil. You would have thought that I might have been allowed an option on some such word as "exquisite" or "enchanting." But no. The poet is crowded out. The adjective "exquisite" is now indiscriminately applied to breakfast cereals, garage-furnishings and film-stars, coupled with the said film-stars' complexions, lingerie, technique, taste and bath-salts. Dawns and sunsets also ran. Is it just? Is it cricket?

The facts are not in dispute. Surely I have demonstrated the need for Adjective Control. Mr. (Walter) Elliot has controlled bacon not because there was anything rotten in the state of Denmark but solely for the sake of British pigs. If pigs, why not poets? This is not the place for a discussion on the relative æsthetic value of the pig and the poet. As a rural versifier I have first-hand knowledge of both and prefer to preserve an open mind. Yet I like to think that any nice-minded pig would not be above saying to a poet: "There is room in this world, if I may coin a phrase, for me and thee."

The policy of my society is clear-cut. We are out for (*a*) a prohibitive tariff on adjectives of American manufacture, and (*b*) a quota system, ruthlessly enforced, for home advertisers, under which no copy-writer is allowed to use (say) the word "superb" or "ravishing" more than eleven times in ten lines.

If this warning goes unheeded we shall go on strike, refusing to employ a single adjective until our wrongs are righted. I have already sketched out a stark little poem, "Whither Driven?" It is a macabre piece of work, consisting exclusively of prepositions, past participles and interrogation-marks. But it will at least show whither we poets *are* being driven.



"There's definitely something sprouting, George. I think you'd better bring the greenhouse over here."



"PRAY, JANE, WHY HAVE YOU DISCONTINUED PLACING PARSLEY ROUND THE COLD MEAT?"
"I DIDN'T SEE NO USE—YOU NEVER EATS IT WHEN I DO."

Songs of a Sub-Man.

When Spring Was Come and Far and Wide . . . .

WHEN Spring was come and far and wide
Was wakening the countryside
And starring all the dales and hills
With primroses and daffodils,
I made myself a song to sing
In celebration of the Spring,
And, lifting up my voice on high,
I sang it to the April sky.

I sang it in the busy street—
The constable upon the beat
Did not appear to like the air;
He bade me sing my song elsewhere.
I sang it to the April dawn
On Dr. Simpson's tennis-lawn;
The Doctor, looking worn and grey,
Requested me to go away.

I took my song and wrote it down;
I sang it all about the town.
I sang it loud and clear and high
To every casual passer-by.
I sang it blithely, like a bird,
And boldly, that it might be heard.
It is not meet that Man be dumb
When Nature shouts that Spring has come.

I sang my song to Mrs. May—
She looked at me and walked away;
Though my impression may be wrong,
She did not seem to like my song.
It struck me that perhaps she found
My voice too diffident a sound,
So to intensify the tone
I sang it through a megaphone.

I sang my song to Colonel Dare,
And later to Commander Blair:
The former struck me with a brick,
The latter with a walking-stick.
I sang it to Miss Compton-Carr,
To Fanny ffoulkes and her mamma;
They none of them, it seemed to me,
Received my song with sympathy.

I sang my song to Mrs. Lee—
She threw a frying-pan at me;
I sang it to Commander Strang—
He hit me with a boomerang;
I sang it to a child—it cried;
I sang it to a dog—it died;
I sang it to a Mrs. Bland—
She left for Bechuanaland.

I cannot tell wherein my song
Appeared offensive to the throng,
Or what it was that passers-by
Disliked about my minstrelsy;
But this I know, and know full well—
That when the Spring in dale and dell
Renews the voice of bird and brute,
It is not meet that Man be mute.

So up and down the town I go
And sing my song to high and low,
To rich and poor, to great and small,
To one, to sundry and to all,
That poor and rich and all and one,
Whoever I may happen on,
May hear the song that I have writ
And be the happier for it.



EASTER IN GERMANY.

GENERAL GOERING. "WONDERFUL GUN-RISE, ISN'T IT?"

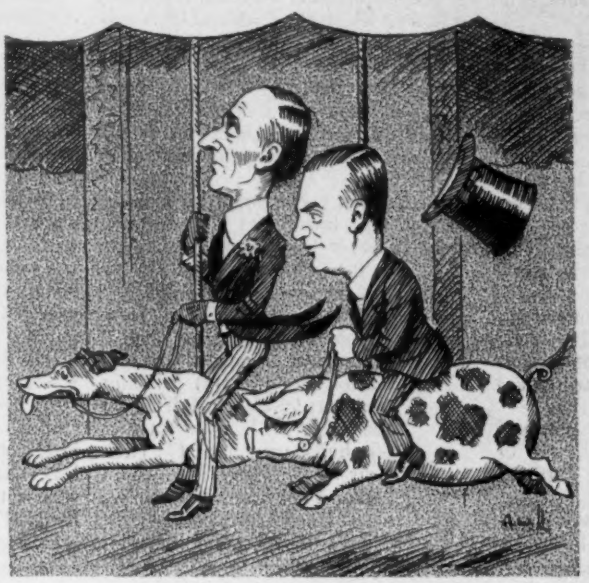
HERR HITLER. "Y-YES. I EXPECT IT'LL GET RATHER WARM, THOUGH, LATER. WE'D BETTER NOT GO TOO FAST."

Impressions of Parliament.

Friday, March 23rd.—Mr. G. HARVEY withdrew his Rating and Valuation (Metropolis) Amendment Bill after statement by Mr. SHAKESPEARE that it was Government's intention to introduce Bill to assimilate rating law in London with that operating in provinces.

Monday, March 26th.—Mr. GROVES' sensibilities, which have been offended by cobwebs on walls of Westminster Hall, were only partially soothed by FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS' promise to-day that these will certainly be removed—in 1935; and Mr. DUNCAN drew further announcement from Mr. ORMSBY-GORE that Big Ben will take a holiday for two months from April 30 in order to undergo internal treatment which will cost £260.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY having presented his new Road Traffic Bill, House returned to Unemployment Bill, and after discussion rejected Amendments dealing with pensions of local authorities' officers and amount of powers to be delegated to new Unemployment Assistance Board. Several Clauses were subsequently passed.



BANK HOLIDAY DIVERSIONS;
OR, STATE CONTROL ON THE ROUNDABOUTS.
The Greyhound ridden by Lord LONDONDERRY.
The Road-Hog, Mr. OLIVER STANLEY up.

(*"Well, Steward, that's that, for we go to press early on account of Easter. Is there anything else I ought to mention?"*

"If I might venture to suggest, Sir, a few words in general might be much appreciated. A kind of half-term report."

"A very good idea. We'll begin with—

DECORUM. *This is commendably high. It is true that the occupants of the Front Benches have acquired a traditional habit of resting their feet, and often the greater part of their limbs, on the Table, thereby marring the* ensemble *of the House, especially when seen from above; but when one considers that there is a reasonable chance of none of them having to stand again before* 1936 *they have every excuse for forgetting their legs. The remarkable courtesy and good temper displayed in debate is sincere, and I like very much the great respect in which Mr. SPEAKER is deservedly held.*

WAKEFULNESS. *Room for improvement, but on the whole creditable.*

ELOCUTION. *This varies more than it should. There is a lot to be said for a preliminary test with some modern form of Demosthenic pebbles to make sure that Members will be audible at a reasonable distance. As talking is their life-work, it is a pity if they are not heard. Under this head must also be mentioned a common misapprehension that political arguments are rendered increasingly deadly in proportion to the movements of the arms, some Members' perorations being delivered largely by Swedish drill and tic-tac work. In the* Chambre des Députés, oui, *but in the House of Commons,* non.

HUMOUR. *The House is somewhat easily amused, but it is also quick to appraise wit; although once anybody has got a really big laugh all his subsequent speeches are apt to be interrupted by applause, whether he wants it or not, and for this reason many Members are careful to give the House no initial encouragement.*

SPEECHES. *Occasionally extraordinarily good, but nearly always longer than the material justifies, and often seriously overlapping. Except in the case of a special survey, a ten-minute rule would raise the standard and make for better-informed debate.*

HOBBIES. *Statistic-swapping remains the chief recreation, and so much progress has been made this Session that it is now fair to say that there is not a Member who cannot bandy nine noughts without a blush.*

GENERAL STUDIES. *Since November House has got through much useful work, and there have been excellent debates on Disarmament, Shipping, Agriculture and every aspect of Imperial Defence. All other business, however, has been overshadowed by the Government's giant Unemployment Bill, which has now almost finished its Committee stage. The application to it of the guillotine or fixed time-limit for the discussion of each compartment has aroused much protest from the Opposition, who took childish vengeance at Christmas by forcing an exhausting and unprofitable all-night sitting. Politically the Session has been marked by the decision of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL and his followers to cross the floor at last and look the Treasury Bench in the eye, which they do at intervals.*

"How's that, Steward?"

"No mention of their Lordships, Sir, or of the other place?"

"Not until our Summer Prize-Day. Would you care to join me in wishing both Houses a gay vacation?"

"Most certainly, Sir.")



SPRING CLEANING, 1935.

"ORMSBY-GORE, O ORMSBY-GORE,
Whither, oh, whither, dost thou soar?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from Westminster Hall
(They 're found in the roof and *not* on the floor!)."

An Impending Apology.

"8.10. 'The Life Behind the Music,' Princess Nathalie Troubetskoy: 'The human background to some well-known Balkan tunes.'
8.30. 'The King's Double' or 'More Bunkum from the Balkans.'"
Wireless Paper.

The Bridge Budget.

THAT particular year (1950, if I remember) it was not a Breakfast-Table Budget nor even a Brewers' Budget: it was the Bridge Budget.

For some years the Chancellor had had his eyes on this potential source of revenue, and at last he had persuaded his colleagues that the time was ripe for the introduction of Card-Playing Licences.

The storm of protest which greeted the imposition moved the Chancellor not at all.

"We tax the cards," he said; "why not the players?" There was really no reply to this argument.

He did make two concessions at the instance of the Portland Club. He agreed to divide the licences into classes according to the type of card-games the holder wished to play.

Thus Class I. (5/- per annum) entitled you to play "any game of cards whatsoever, including Plafond, Auction Bridge and Contract Bridge."

Class II. (3/6 per annum) covered you for any game "up to and including Piquet, Bezique and Whist"; while for an annual shilling (Class III.) you could indulge in Happy Families, Rummy and/or Snap.

And he also adopted *in toto* the suggested Application Form for a Licence (Class I.) which the Portland Club submitted. This was a long and comprehensive document and was obtainable at any Post Office.

In addition to a declaration of physical fitness in general terms the applicant had to answer questions such as—

(3) Do you prefer (*a*) a high chair; (*b*) a low chair?
Whether (*a*) or (*b*), do you wriggle in it?

(5) What do you call a Spade?

(8) Have you ever suffered from Psychics?

(13) In moments of mental concentration do you (*a*) whistle; (*b*) hum; (*c*) sing; (*d*) drum on the table with your fingers; (*e*) shuffle your feet; (*f*) click your teeth (if any)?
Strike out actions not applicable. If none, write "None."

The motives which prompted the Portland Club to make these suggestions were not far to seek. Here was an opportunity, long sought, to regulate card-table conduct, to raise the standard of the game. And how!

Each five-shilling licence-book had a number of blank pages reserved for endorsements. Specially constituted local bodies, with authority delegated from the Portland Club, were set up to try offences against the Laws and Etiquette of Bridge; and these had power to endorse or even suspend a licence.

Ordinary offences against the laws, such as provoking or braying out of turn, could manifestly be settled on the spot, so that the local bodies were generally called upon to deal with offences against the etiquette of the game.

The first action to be tried, however, was a plea to exempt "Family Bridge" from licence altogether on the ground that it was unlike any game mentioned in the statute. It was held, nevertheless, that Family Bridge was Bridge within the meaning of the Act, even if it (Family Bridge) had no other meaning.



Boy (arriving at a gallop). "FATHER SAYS HE HOPES YOU ARE NOT HURT, AND DID YOU SEE WHICH WAY HOUNDS WENT?"

Then there was the case of Major Tenace, who had his licence endorsed for what was described on the charge-sheet as "persistent intimidation by means of facial and vocal expressions." The Major bitterly resented what in his calmer moments he called "the insufferable insolence of jumped-up jacks-in-office"; but those who played with him felt secretly grateful for the shelter which the new law afforded them.

Shortly afterwards there was the case of Mrs. Singleton-King, who had her licence suspended for two years because she insisted on putting her pet Peke on the card-table. It emerged that in spite of remonstrance Mrs. Singleton-King refused to remove the dog, even when it began to chew Dummy's cards. The local body held, and this was confirmed on appeal to the Portland Club, that the card-table was not a proper place for a display of Peke.

These, however, were exceptional cases, and as a general rule the charges took one of the following forms:—

(*a*) Playing without due care and attention.
(*b*) Failing to give audible warning of approach bids.
(*c*) Ignoring partner's signals.
(*d*) Failing to stop after a slam.
(*e*) Being drunk in charge of a card.

Such vigilance on the part of the authorities was bound to lead to better Bridge, and for a time everybody was happy. Especially the Chancellor, because the tax yielded several thousands more than he had estimated; and when presenting his next Budget he referred in glowing terms to the "continued well-being of the Bridge industry." The phrase proved to be ill-chosen, for people suddenly realised that modern Bridge was far too much like work, so they all dropped it and began to play something else.



Lady from next Studio. "OH, MR. SMITH, I WONDER, IF YOU ARE TAKING YOUR CHARMING GROUP UP TO THE ACADEMY, WOULD YOU MIND DROPPING MY LITTLE MINIATURE IN AT THE SAME TIME?"

Their Trumpet-Major.

["We have now got a good business Government, but what it lacks is a really good booster. It has a corps of excellent quartermasters, but badly wants a first-class trumpet-major."—*The Chairman of the Association of Conservative Clubs at Harrogate.*]

Now who this rousing *rôle* shall don,
While foemen stir the land and stump it—
Bid dull false modesty begone
And blow a fitting blast upon
The Ministerial trumpet?

Shall RAMSAY wind the welcome note,
Of presence dignified and manly;
Blare forth the joyous facts by rote
Or the last words of *Marmion* quote
And hand it "on" to "STANLEY"?

Must SIMON be his leader's choice
To cut this most commanding figure?
Or EDEN raise his peaceful voice
And cause his country to rejoice
In all his martial vigour?

What of those two persuasive peers—
Shall HAILSHAM blow the brass, or SANKEY,
Until Britannia staunches tears
(A thing she hasn't done for years)
Of gladness with her hanky?

Others there are—I 've named a few—
Who ply their vocal powers precisely—
Men of outstanding lung-power, who,
If they 'd the doughty deed to do,
Would do it very nicely.

Yet one there is on whom are bent
The orbs of this expectant poet,
Vowed to the task with one consent,
Who 's fashioning the instrument,
And ready soon to blow it.

Our sympathy no more he pleads,
Save for his job; and who will grudge it?
So may he sate his colleagues' needs
And trumpet forth their "first-class" deeds
Upon a "first-class" Budget! A. K.

At the Play.

"DOUBLE DOOR" (GLOBE).

Double Door is a study somewhat in the Grand Guignol manner of the doings in the *Van Brett* house in 1899, presumably in New York. There is no explicit indication of place in the programme—perhaps with a view to avoiding the embarrassing necessity of attempting American intonation.

The *Van Bretts* have long been prominent members of the world's proudest plutocracy. The nominal head of the family is the amiable young *Robert* (Mr. OWEN NARES), the effective head the formidable, indeed definitely sinister *Victoria Van Brett*, his half-sister (Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE)—a character so unlikely as to suggest that it must be a portrait from life or at least from current legend. *Victoria's* obsession is the wealth and consequent importance of the *Van Bretts*. Nothing must jeopardise them.

Young *Robert*, having barely escaped with his life from a serious illness, is marrying his charming nurse, *Anne Darrow* (Miss CAROL GOODNER). One can see by the grim look on *Victoria's* forbidding face that it won't be for lack of trying if she does not separate the young bride from her groom at an early date. One asks, as one comes to realise *Victoria's* uncompromising ruthlessness, how on earth the marriage was ever allowed to take place, and receives no satisfactory answer.

Anne had formerly been affianced to *Robert's* friend, *Dr. John Sully* (Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW). There still subsists between them an affection ardent but entirely innocent. This excellent opportunity *Victoria* sets herself to exploit mercilessly. She insists, using financial levers, on *Robert's* living under her eye with his bride in the least comfortable quarters of the gloomy *Van Brett* palace; keeps the two apart as much as possible; makes *Anne's* life unbearable with insults petty and gross; forbids the servants to take her orders; refuses to hand over the *Van Brett* pearls, *Robert's* wedding-present. There is a horrible vein of cruelty in the malefic spinster grafted on to her insane pride of family and her unquenchable avarice. She has reduced her sister *Caroline* to a cringing wraith of a woman fluttering about the house without a will of her own.

Playing on the carefully-fostered jealousy of *Robert* and skilfully inducing and using an untruthful denial of *Anne's* to make her quite innocent conduct appear guilty, she counts on *Robert's* defection. Instead he comes to his senses and defies her. The two young people agree to leave the house. *Victoria*, whom this act of defiance drives to insane fury, takes a horrible means to retrieve her defeat, and I confess to having experienced a dismaying tremor of the spine at the moment when *Anne* was decoyed into the secret chamber and the doors shut upon her.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Anne Darrow . . . . . MISS CAROL GOODNER.
Victoria Van Brett . . . . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.



IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

ROBERT VAN BRETT (MR. OWEN NARES) BEGINS TO SUSPECT THE SAFE DEPOSIT.

It is, very appropriately, poor trembling witless sister *Caroline* who, having once been imprisoned there by her sister by way of punishment, gives the clue to the whereabouts of *Anne* and the guilt of *Victoria*. Tortured by the half-demented *Robert*, she yields and opens the strong-room door of which she alone knows the combination; the thin thread of her sanity and self-control snaps and she is left slobbering and gibbering over the *Van Brett* pearls.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, superbly made up, with her cruel twisted lips and the hint of physical deformity conveyed by the slightly raised shoulder, was positively horrifying in the savage intensity of her passion. She did not show her hand all at once, but cleverly helped her author, Miss ELIZABETH MCFADDEN, to increase the tension by calculated degrees till the last startling catastrophe. A very forcible, indeed frightening, performance.

Miss CAROL GOODNER, with the more difficult and less flattering task of presenting the sensitive over-burdened *Anne*, sustained her deserved reputation for subtly differentiated character-drawing. Her characters are never mere embroidered versions of her natural self. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER'S handling of the pathetic faded *Caroline* was admirable. And we had no reason to complain of the two friends, impersonated by Mr. NARES and Mr. SHAW, though the author had evidently not been so much interested in them as in the three women. T.

At the Non-Stop Variety.

THE LONDON PAVILION.

HAVE the resources of Variety been outstripped by its new popularity? I rather think so. There has never been enough really good stuff to go round, but apart from a few most honourable exceptions we do seem to be suffering from a dearth of original turns. In this programme, though four were sound, some of the others drifted drearily close to the end of the pier, without gaining that robustness which is often the contribution of sea-air to jaded entertainment.

But the SU-YEE CHINESE TROUPE could appear with credit on any bill, and indeed, if I were Mr. PU-YI, I would attach them permanently to the Manchukuo Court for putting a kick

into Imperial parties. Just to tune us in to an Oriental wave-length they came on first in a brief ballet, wearing rare bedspreads and carrying gargoyles on their heads; and then they began a superb display of acrobatics. A very talented little girl seemed to be able not only to twist herself into unknown shapes but actually to enjoy doing so; two life-size wooden dolls, locked in each other's arms and presumably containing two members of the troupe, executed a kind of *boutique fantasque* dance, at the end of which we discovered that only one man had, incredibly, supplied the works; the whole troupe formed a pyramid, balancing on each other's chins, noses and eyebrows; and finally they burst into such a rich feast of juggling that one was unable to take everything in. It can't be so bad to make a ball run round the edge of a parasol, but keeping a plate revolving on the top of a whippy rod twelve or fifteen feet high must be a very different proposition. Salmon-fishermen, please try it at lunch-time!

I think I have written before about the GANJOU BROTHERS and their adorable little JUANITA. From a porcelain tableau they sprang to life, and the Dresden maid, the centre of the ballet, passed with marvellous accuracy from one to another of the three wigged brothers, sometimes tripping along the floor and sometimes flying through the air, whizzing round and round before being safely caught. The movements were quick and easy and exquisitely timed, and the performance was all too short.

There was another good step-turn in the other half of the programme, the HAZEL MANGEAN GIRLS, attractive American visitors who described themselves as whirlwind dancers. They were; and, having delighted us with a cyclonic elasticity achieved in male dress-clothes, they returned in less than no time to tumble dazzlingly in fashionable evening frocks. (I wish I knew the secret of this miraculous escape from stiff shirts and collars—which would make the night a gladder time for so many men. Hidden zipps perhaps; but everything looked all right.) Their contortions were never ungraceful, and undoubtedly they got a double effect by looking as if they had just walked into a ball-room. I wished they had; for it must be a constant temptation to them, possessing such a divine gift of cart-wheeling, to shatter the ice at serious social functions with a sudden revolution.

The other item which I liked was LES KAETH (THE KAETHS? French?), four very accomplished accordion-players in Dutch dress. Their instruments were large and pearly and telescoped in and out like huge excited caterpillars, and their fingers flashed



"I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."—*SHAKESPEARE.*
MESSRS. PAUL AND WALTER BRIANT.

nimbly over innumerable controls to produce the most agreeable melodies. It would be a great treat to hear them pealing out the drinking-songs of Tyrol, the best accordion-music in the world.

In all fairness to Mr. DANNY MALONE



A SOPHISTICATED SONGSTER.
MISS BETTY FRANKISS.

he went over like anything with many of the audience. Manly emotion coloured his voice as he sang "When Oirish Oyes Are Smoiling" and a number of other songs about that country which always seem to me grossly misrepresentative of the facts. Is it truly, for instance, a little bit of heaven? Can it be seriously maintained that it has been sprinkled with stardust just to make the shamrocks grow? Or is this merely the wittiest description anyone has yet put forward of Mr. DE VALERA'S agricultural policy?

Too many of the songs in the programme dwelt on mothers geographically remote, despite modern travel facilities, and on love thwarted for no apparently solid reason. The talents of Miss BETTY FRANKISS in particular might have been better served.

ERIC.

Epping Forest: Of Ambresbury Banks.

BY Ambresbury Banks
Where once the Briton
In blue-skinned ranks
Smote or was smitten,
Ye picnickers,
Shall there not be a
Brief reference made in verse
To BOADICEA?

Rise from your tea
Or other fluids
That Queen to see
Consulting Druids,
The chief of whom
Spoke as a super-
Prophet to Rome of doom
(*See* WILLIAM COWPER).

By this gate, damp
And poached by cattle,
She left the camp
To fight the battle
Whereafter she,
Ruined and shabby,
Took poison by the Lea,
Near Waltham Abbey.

What woe, what pain
Her honour cost her!
She died again,
I hear, by Gloucester.
Recent research
Has also found her
In Rhuddlan parish church,
With brickwork round her.

But what care we
Where others set her?
By Ambresbury
We all know better,
And to a man
In this her dell swear
No antiquarian
Shall put her elsewhere.

VERGES.

Purple Patches.

"This was spoilt by too violet crescendos."
Derbyshire Paper.



"JUST IN TIME, FRIENDS; MRS. SCATTERGOOD IS ABOUT TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE FOR OUR NEW ROCK-GARDEN."

Odyssey.

"IT'S all very well these 'ere blessed flim-flammers—
These 'ere bloomin' 'OMERS an' suchlike
Writin' books about the ol' windjammers,
Same as I used to know," said Mike;
"All about the wonderful sort o' things as goes on
Or as used to go on at sea;
But nothin' ever used to 'appen as I knows on—
Leastways, it never did to me.

I've been follerin' the sea since I was a nipper
An' sailed in a billyboy from Humber way
With a real old 'ard case of a preachin' skipper
As wrung my ear-'ole ten times a day.
An' I've done nothin' much else but roam about
In all sorts o' ships the whole world round,
But I never seed nothin' in it to write 'ome about—
Leastways, nothin' as ever I found.

You turned in to a wet bunk after 'arf the night haulin'
On ropes as stiff as bars in a freezin' gale,
An' as soon as you'd shut an eye there'd be the bosun bawlin':
'Turn out, all 'ands, an' shorten sail!'
You could grumble an' grouse, but you just 'ad to do it;
When the mate said 'Go,' you'd *got* to go;
'Ard work an' rotten grub an' there weren't much else to it,
You can take that from me—for why? I *know*.

You signed on an' you paid off an' you drawed your pay an' blowed it,
An' when you got down to your last pence
You took an' signed on again afore you knowed it
(Because you 'adn't got no more sense).
The tack was full o' weevils an' the beef was stinkin',
What bit of it you got;
An' you went to all sorts o' foreign ports where the beer weren't worth drinkin'
(An' when you'd seen one you'd seen the lot).

Some weather was good an' some was mucky,
The same as it is anywhere you go;
An' your pay was three-poun'-ten a month if you was lucky;
An' some ships was fast an' some was slow.
You might get a kicking mate or a crazy cap'n,
For you never quite know your luck at sea;
But as for anythin' 'appenin'—wot you might call '*appen*,
Well, it didn't, that's all," said he. C. F. S.

A Cross-Purpose.

Six months ago Augustine left her secluded home in Vaud to help us in all that perilous adventure which is inseparably wedded to the maintenance of "Sunnyside." She left a life of cream-cheese and a rather delightful white wine to assist us and learn English—the Berkshire variety. What she thinks of our cheese and our white wine—cider—I do not know. She is too polite to tell us. But Augustine has not the Continental flair for languages. Her English, after six months' steady application, is lamentable. Behold her interviewing the fishmonger:—

"Scarboro' soles? Lemon soles? Very good cod to-day, Miss."

"Cod, sank you, no good. Madame say herrang veery fresh. That is good."

So by uneven steps we may become possessed of good fresh herrings for breakfast. But sometimes through lingual complications we miss them and get something less desirable. Then comes the butcher's latest recruit.

"Mornin', Miss. Any orders?"

"Orders! Orders, you say! All is good orders. The house is good."

"Any meat to-day?" The butcher's boy changes his ground. "I am the butcher."

"*Ah! Oui, oui, le boucher. Pardon!* Madame say chop two leetle mouton."

Sometimes we get two mutton chops and frequently we get merely chopped mutton. After all, it's mutton, and in the provinces one chop from any part of the mutton is just as tough as the rest.

A few days ago I was favoured to hear something rather better. I was clipping the privet-hedge by the back-door when an onion-man from Normandy came along. He rapped upon the door and Augustine opened it. Two people with a common language confronting one another in an alien land. The one swarthy and the other blue-eyed from some ancestor who descended through Central Europe from the North. There was no evidence of consanguinity. Augustine probably regarded him as a queer fellow from a neighbouring village fulfilling another of the unfathomable English customs, whilst the man, seeing, as he thought, a pleasant English girl, sought for the best words from a sparse vocabulary with which to please her and sell his wares. He opened the debate.

"Mees. Goo' morning."

"Yes, sank you. But yesterday better."

"Sorree. I say to you, 'Goo' morning.'"

"Ah! yes, to-day is good, but yesterday better."



The Star. "Hullo, *darling!* It's *me* who's speaking, *darling!*"

Here the onion-man sighed and abandoned his pursuit of the English idiom. He swung his strings of onions from his shoulder and held them waist-high for closer inspection.

"I have good onion," he said—"ver' good. You buy?"

"No, sank you. We have onion lots. No to-day."

"Ah! but my onion sheep. Ver' sheep—and good."

"No, sank you. No onion to-day."

"But look. They are ver' good onion. You look, you buy."

"No, sank you. No."

"But look; you do not look good."

"Look good!" Augustine stiffened. "I am veery good. Madame say I am good."

"No! No! No, Madame. I say you no look good to the onion. They are sheep onion. You buy?"



"I DON'T 'OLD WITH ALL THIS 'ERE COUNTRY DANCIN'. 'TAIN'T NATURAL."

"No, sank you. No onion to-day. Madame already have the onion."

"But look, plees."

The onion-man dangled a string of onions enticingly in front of Augustine and at the same time placed a foot inside the scullery-door—an impertinence which was too much even for the gentle nature of Augustine.

"*Cochon!*" she cried, and slammed the door upon the offending foot.

This lapse from good manners had an unexpected result. The onion-man neither fainted nor retorted in the worst language of Normandy. He dropped his onions and pushed upon the door. "*Ah! Vous parlez Français, Mademoiselle!*"

"*Oui, oui!*" replied the equally astonished Mademoiselle and opened the door widely.

The linguistic struggle was over and I, not wishing to intrude upon the privacy of those who spoke a language of which I have but a shallow knowledge, withdrew from the privet-hedge knowing that in the near future onions would command the flavour of many dishes.

Our Candid Contemporaries.

"Taking the ball well in the middle of her racket, Mrs. —— felt for the base and sidelines, and her fine length, combined with her face, put her younger opponent right off her game."—*Indian Paper.*

Big Ben's Holiday.

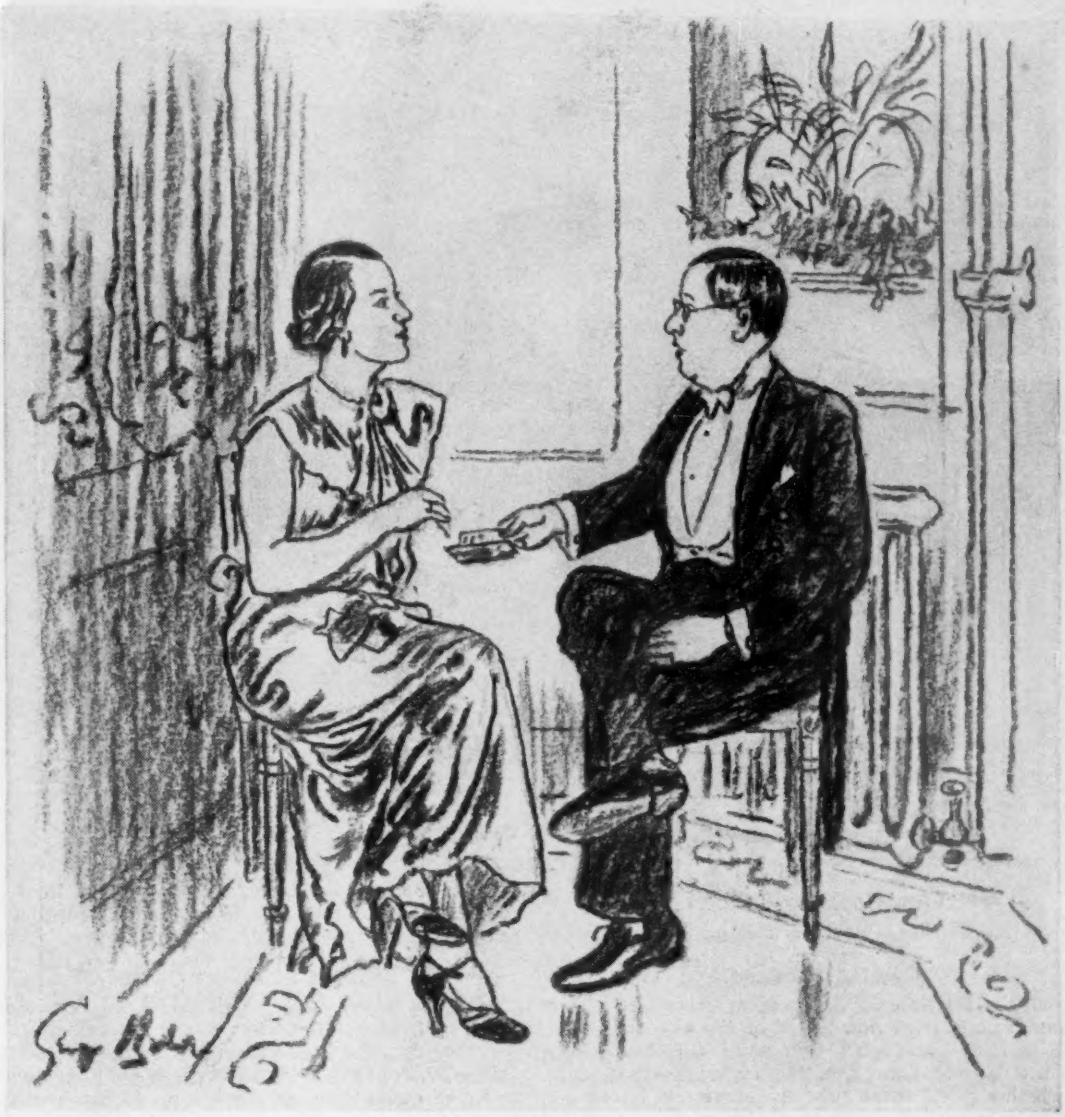
WHAT a strange irony of Fate it is to be the eponymous hero of a great national institution and yet be almost entirely forgotten, though the institution has become not merely a household word but an emblem of the stability of Empire—a *vox populi Britannici* which rings round the world!

Such at least is the comment that springs to the mind of Mr. Punch as he reads of the impending silence for two months of Big Ben—a piece of news regarded as of imperial importance, as it undoubtedly is. Even the younger generation can remember the emotion caused in the hearts of all Londoners when, after being compulsorily mute during the later years of the War, Big Ben and his chimes rang out again on Armistice Day. Almost equally momentous was the part he played in the strike of May, 1926, when the wildest rumours were current throughout the country of what was happening in London, only to be dispelled by the unmistakable proof over the wireless that the Clock Tower was still standing. Since then the radius of Big Ben's beneficent influence has been immeasurably extended and he has become familiar, as an antidote to nostalgia, to the dwellers in the uttermost parts of the Empire.

These are mere commonplaces of our life to-day, and yet Mr. Punch has good reason, from repeated inquiries amongst his friends, to maintain that not one in a hundred knows why Big Ben was so called, and how justly the title was bestowed. The fact is not mentioned even in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but Mr. Punch is not likely to forget it, for BENJAMIN HALL was one of his heroes, as an enlightened and courageous Liberal, always on the side of wise and humane reform, who especially endeared himself to Londoners by his administration of the Office of Works and his pioneer work in emancipating the Parks from the restrictions of Sabbatarianism and bringing their amenities within the reach of the poor. His services were not overlooked in his lifetime. He was made a baronet before he was forty and raised to the peerage before his death. But both his sons died before him. As Lord LLANOVER he is forgotten, and the greatest honour paid him, by a strange irony, instead of reminding us of his benefactions, has hitherto served to relegate him to neglect, if not oblivion. C. L. G.

"KEEPSAKE FOR BETTY NUTHALL. NINETY-YEAR-OLD MAN WHO WATCHED HER GROW UP."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

But where is she going to keep him?



She. "WHAT DO YOU DO?"
He. "I'M UP AT OXFORD DOING MODERN GREATS."
She. "HOW INTERESTING! DO YOU DESIGN THEM YOURSELF?"

Office Architecture.

A BRITISH Memnon carved from Portland stone,
Behold Sir Henry at the dictaphone!
His dexter hand his massive forehead props,
Mute to the floor the idle mouthpiece drops;
Moveless he sits, while in that pregnant brain
Th' elusive phrase forms, fades and forms again.
Moveless sit all, for till that phrase be ripe
Clerks stay their stylos, typists fear to type.

At last (as Egypt's dawn must surely break,
E'en though belief the watcher's heart forsake)
The eyes unglaze and slow the lab'ring head
Rears from its rude and unreposeful bed.
Now ears, now lips the task once more promote,
A crimsoned flush proceeds from brow to throat.
Not, not in vain those signals in his cheeks;
Sir Henry moves! he lives, he breathes, he speaks!



"YOU OUGHT TO BE 'APPY NOW, FRED, WITH A SWIMMIN'-POOL IN YOUR LUXURY BARGE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Goering Speaking.

To all the English-speaking peoples General HERMANN GOERING, Lord High Jew-baiter of the German Reich, sends greetings and glad tidings of *Germany Reborn* (MATHEWS AND MARROT, 2/6). It is an impressive message, but whether it will make quite the impression intended is open to question. We who speak the complex language called English have travelled somewhat beyond the beautiful Prussian simplicity which can envisage all human motives and movements in terms of black, white and red; while to General GOERING, untroubled by any inconvenient sense of intermediate shades, every Nazi wears the white flower of a blameless life, and all who raise an unwilling arm in salutation of the swastika are black of heart and red of hand. This, one feels, is to make politics an easier game than we have warrant from history for believing it. Nevertheless one cannot but respect the General's passionate enthusiasm for his cause, his loyalty and lyrical devotion to its leader, or the energy and self-confessed efficiency which he has brought to the manifold tasks appointed him. He has written a vigorous and succinct account of the genesis and rise of National Socialism, of the conditions which, from his point of view, made it a necessity, and, though he stops short of the crowning campaign against the Golliwogs, of its achievements while in power. Yet, viewed solely in the light of propaganda, one fears his pamphlet will cut but little of our peculiarly resistant Anglo-Saxon ice.

Johnson and His "Queeney."

Although I am far from sharing Lord LANSDOWNE'S relative estimate of Mrs. THRALE and her daughters, I am delighted that the letters addressed to the eldest THRALE child—Dr. JOHNSON'S "QUEENEY"—should have emerged under so enthusiastic an editorship. It was part of the family feud, culminating in Mrs. THRALE'S marriage to PIOZZI, that QUEENEY'S letters—from the Doctor himself, from FANNY BURNEY and from her mother—should have remained unpublished during their recipient's lifetime and lain hidden for over a century in the library at Bowood. Dr. JOHNSON'S, a characteristic series, have recently seen light in a limited edition. He taught his "dear Sweeting" Latin, gave her a cabinet for "Natural Curiosities" and news of the burial of Miss PORTER'S "fine black cat," attested the well-being of those "pretty Animals Jigg and Jessamy"—species unspecified—and adapted himself somewhat ponderously to her maturer and sadder years. To these Miss BURNEY'S correspondence—high-flown, much-italicised and in somewhat dubious taste—chiefly belongs. Of the mother's own contributions to *The Queeney Letters* (CASSELL, 10/6) vivacious descriptions of the Piozzi honeymoon, with its Venetian junketing and water-music on Maggiore, display, I feel, considerable kindliness in addition to epistolary talent.

Regiments and Rat-Catching.

If you're the tippler and swallower
(Like *Major La Guerre*) of "the blood of a foe"
This book, *Memoirs of a Camp Follower*,
Is one that you'd better forgo;
It's a book by a medical man
On his service in France—India too—
But little the drum's rataplan
Wakes a dreamer whose dreams are a Zoo.

So he's scarcely a shell or a shot for us,
Unless in relation to beast or to bird;
And medicine likewise is not for us
Until a buck-rat has occurred,
When the author (he's laudably brief)
Discourses on mange and the plague,
And becomes the rat-catcher-in-chief
To an Army (the Second) of HAIG.

In short, here is war where small rumour is
Of warfare and battles that redden and rage,
But throughout it a lovable humour is
And laughter enlivens the page.
Our "follower" is PHILIP GOSSE;
His publishing firm's LONGMANS, GREEN,
And truly he "gets it across"
In as good a war-book as I've seen.

De Gustibus.

Conservatism in the appraisement of the arts as in other fields has grown timid of late. We have lost the hearty old habit of hailing novelty with denunciation or derision, and extend to the most extravagant of experiments at least a suspension of judgment. Humbly we hope that sooner or later we shall see the light glimmering even in the deepest obscurity. But there are some who are beginning to think that this amiable openmindedness can be carried too far—among them Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD, who speaks on one art with undeniable authority and on all the others with knowledge and understanding. The Teutonic title of his little book—*Modernismus* (MACMILLAN, 6/-)—is a patriot's avowal that he is at issue with an undesirable alien: cosmopolitanism he hates like the Devil, and he maintains, justly enough, that the spirit of iconoclasm has behaved more discreetly (if not more feebly) in this country than elsewhere. He is on even surer ground in his indictment of the Modernist's arrogant and quite unbiological claim that he has made, or can make, a clear break with the past. His book, in short, is a spirited defence of a sane regard for tradition and ordered progress, and besides containing, as regards architecture especially, some excellent criticism in detail, it constitutes a shrewd and witty exposure of the more salient fallacies of the newer æsthetic. It will not carry conviction everywhere, but to many it will seem to say a deal that needed saying.



"... AND WHEN I TOLD 'ER I SPENT MOST OF ME TIME KNOCKIN' ABOUT WEST-END 'OTELS AND PLACES SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME."

The Portentous East.

It seems long ago that we followed daily in the newspapers the fortunes of that delightful pair, WU PEI FU and FENG YU HSIANG. Their day is done, but the young Emperor is still forging ahead and is at the moment occupying a kind of throne at Mukden. Sir REGINALD JOHNSTON, in *Twilight in the Forbidden City* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-), describes the course of events in China from 1917 to 1931. As tutor to the EMPEROR, he was in a position to know exactly what was going on behind as well as before the scenes. He has a poor opinion of YUAN SHI KAI and little admiration for Dr. WELLINGTON KOO; he is not misled by their euphonious

names. But his respect for his pupil knows no bounds. The author is more royalist than the EMPEROR and writes with a kow-tow in his pen. This imparts an effect of solemn dignity which is authentically Chinese but likely to produce levity in the barbarous West. The matter, however, is invariably interesting, and the illustrations, mostly familiar views of the Forbidden City and the Summer Palace, are well chosen.

Idol-Making and Idol-Breaking.

Among the innumerable deterrents to the average man's appreciation of art I should set first and foremost the art critic. Take Mr. ROGER FRY, for instance, whose *Reflections on British Painting* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) contain the substance of two lectures given on the recent exhibition. He likes a picture to be "plastic," not "linear." He likes it to have the effect, "immense but quite inexplicable," of music. He premises that ours is a Minor School because English society frequently extracted something quite different and English artists frequently enjoyed supplying it. Yet, if distraught with caveats against patrons and practitioners, you rush to the critic for guidance, you are warned against the snobbism that accepts the dogmas of the elect. Finally, I suppose, you look at the pictures carefully and comparatively and back your own fancy—which is where Mr. FRY at his best provides a serviceable precedent. He deals generously with the unfashionable LAWRENCE and exhibits an acceptable reserve towards the preposterously modish BLAKE; and his comparison between TURNER the craftsman and CONSTABLE the contemplative is interesting if exaggerated. On the whole, I feel, a perverse and discouraging volume, with notable intervals of enlightenment and zest.



BREACH OF PROMISE: THE JURY VISIT THE SCENE.

Fantasy in Ruritania.

Backwaters are deceptive places; for when *Rozel Merton* had just settled down, at the age of seventeen, to being a mistress at her old school, with small prospect of leaving it, a mysterious but peremptory telegram from her wealthy godmother swung her right into the neap tides of Central Europe. It took her, as the old lady's secretary, to Irolya, one of those small mountain states packed with mineral deposits and internecine faction; and here Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH had thoughtfully arranged for her immediate implication in a number of unexpected adventures, including the strange business of *The Queen's Wigs* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). To make things more difficult for *Rozel* there was a young aviator-Prince, very devastating to seventeen, and an infinitely-understanding *Mr. Noblestone*, who had put Irolya on the map again by building the most advanced hotel in the world and curbing the eccentricities of the *Dowager-Queen* by quietly marrying her. Miss ROYDE-SMITH's prose is charming, and this novel contains delightful descriptive passages; but somehow it falls short of success. It is not that Irolya is exactly dull, but that it never really comes to life; and the intrigues with which the fantasy is balanced do not quite emerge from the Irolyan mist. Let me add hastily that this authoress treats her characters to the most perfect menus in modern fiction.

North of Queensland.

Captain C. A. W. MONCKTON remarks that his book, *New Guinea Recollections* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), is written without sequence or regard to time, so I must only gently complain that no dates of happenings are given (except for 1902 and 1906). In the illustration on p. 2 Sergeant BARIGI—a leading character—wears a Martini rifle: this dates him better than does the index. The author also suggests that one should never either believe or disbelieve stories from that queer island. The reader should take his advice. Cannibals, native police, governors (domineering or frail), ladies (ditto), he stirs together and serves with spice. Perhaps the first page gives the best sentence to quote: "Everything seemed so very peaceful. Private Maione was seated on the floor of my room, and with a wash-basin, a nail-brush and a cake of soap was polishing my spare false teeth." However, there is plenty of incident in the book to thrill the general public and those who were set in authority over the author. To face p. 12 an illustration shows local natives "repelling a raid." They appear to be throwing spears at the sea. The camera missed the enemy; but it is unfair to cast a fish-harpoon in these cinema days.

An Entertaining Dozen

The twelve stories which SAPPER has christened *When Carruthers Laughed* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) are so charged with thrills and excitements that they will be more than welcome to all readers of popular magazines. Subtlety cannot be numbered among SAPPER's many gifts, but as an honest story-teller who knows what he can do and does it he is unbeatable. For neatness of finish I award the highest mark to "The Madness of Tranter," but in other respects "The Loyalty of Drayton" and "The Great Magor Diamond" are the cream of the collection. It would perhaps have been wiser not to place "Dilemma" and "The Baronets of Mertonbridge Hall," both of which are concerned with dreams, next to each other.

A Modern Detective.

The sun-bathing establishment at Leadeane Grange was run on such strictly proper lines that to suspect the proprietor and his staff of being criminals seemed to be ridiculous. Naked the baskers often were, but apparently they had no reason to be ashamed. The fact, however, remained, that *Miss Frankland* of *The Daily Announcer*, in the search for news, had paid a fatal visit to the Grange, and in *Death Among the Sun Bathers* (BENN, 7/6) Mr. E. R. PUNSHON relates the history of an exceptionally clever crime. The main interest of this carefully-constructed story lies in the actions of the young detective, *Owen*; and those who do not study the tale's jacket too zealously may, as regards this youth, have a surprise in store for them.

Charivaria.

At the Royal Academy the workmen who carry the pictures to the judges are sworn to secrecy. In Chelsea it is believed that the judges themselves are blindfolded.

***

It is pointed out that an Easter falling between April 9 and 15, as stabilised by a suspended Act of Parliament, would coincide with Buchan's second cold period. The Government, however, is believed to be considering the possibilities of legislation to alter the cold period.

***

We understand that bookmakers are offering four to one against the Government's Betting and Lotteries Bill becoming law as it stands.

***

According to a scientist no one is able to tell exactly what electricity is. The opinion in some quarters is that it is too dear.

***

A man has been fined for entering a suburban garden and throwing the washing over the fence. It serves him right for casting clouts so early.

***

We learn that an English dramatist has written a play in fourteen consecutive hours. This shatters the theory that actors and actresses make up the plays as they go along.

***

A Yugoslav farmer who is barely three feet four inches high uses a miniature plough and a specially high milking-stool. We are not told whether he grumbles through a megaphone.

Experts maintain that wireless has no effect on the weather. The only reliable way of making it rain, snow, hail or sleet is to organise a picnic.

***

"By special feeding," declares a scientist, "it is possible to transform an engineer into a poet." Science can be very cruel.



Host. "Heavens, Laura! they're here already, and I wanted to run through that golf-story again with you."

Describing the advantages of a new wardrobe wherein each compartment is labelled, a writer says, "Studs should be under 'S' when you want them." Usually they are under the wardrobe—when you want them.

***

The discovery by geologists that Australia is slowly being blown into the sea is calculated to put a check on emigration.

***

The story is being told of a lecturer who has been a lifelong martyr to headaches. Relief is often obtained by giving up lectures.

***

A paragraphist mentions that he saw two of the most popular figures in the legal world the other day. Six and eight, we suppose.

***

"Where would the country milkman be without his horse?" demands an animal lover. Certainly not in the cart.

***

A West-End barber denies that beards are coming back. But ours does every morning.

***

Flying is recommended as a cure for whooping-cough. Many people, however, prefer to risk the ordinary cough-drop.

***

One good way to curtail armaments would be to hire plumbers to build the battleships.

"Complete Change of Shorts with Every Programme."
Cinema Advt.

Behind the screen, of course?

"But in all the drawing-rooms of the City tongues were wagging behind their backs. It was almost a scandal."—*Extract from Novel.*

It sounds almost an impossibility.

"Good Driday Cinemas."
Daily Paper.

With sunshine roofs?

"Spitable music was rendered by the choir."—*Local Paper.*

We feel sure they made the most of it.

Tantalising Titles.

It is very difficult nowadays to trace a novel that has been recommended to you unless you are quite sure of its title. My wife so seldom is.

"Oh, that reminds me," she exclaimed the other morning just as I was setting off for our local market-town, "you might look in at Mostyns' and see if they've got that book Mrs. Nutt was telling me about."

I felt for a chair. I was, as usual, heavily laden with shoes and other articles in need of repair, and when Ernestine mentions the subscription-library it is apt to be a long business.

"What book?" I asked resignedly.

"That one about the girl who goes out to India. What was it called, now? *Ducks* something . . ."

"Not *Indian Runners*?"

She frowned. "Don't be so obvious. Oh, bother! I nearly had it then. I *do* wish you'd be quiet! How can anyone think when——? Wait a minute! I believe it was geese, not ducks. *Geese by Night*, or something like that. Oh, *bother!* I made a note of it somewhere, but I can't think where."

I waited another minute. "I suppose it wasn't *Geese are Swans* by any chance?"

She glanced at me sharply. "*Is* there a book *Geese are Swans*?"

"I don't know," I confessed; "but it sounds vaguely reminiscent of something."

She shook her head. "No, I'm sure it wasn't that. Now I come to think of it I believe it was gulls, not geese."

"That sounds more likely."

"Why?"

"Well, obviously, if it was about a voyage there would be gulls in it."

"Don't be futile. It's a modern title. It has nothing whatever to do with the story. Wait a minute! I believe I've got it. No, it's gone again. Oh, *bother!*"

I waited several more minutes. "If I'm to get back for lunch——"

"Oh, well, you'd better ask the girl at Mostyns'. Tell her it's all about a clergyman's daughter who's going out to marry her old playmate in India. She falls in love with another man on the boat—a fascinating young Egyptologist—and they get off together at Luxor."

"How can they? Luxor isn't on the sea."

"It is in this book," said Ernestine.

So we left it at that. And in due course I drew aside the extremely well-read girl at Mostyns' and gave her the synopsis, as far as I knew it.

"That doesn't help us very much, I'm afraid," she said. "There are so many books about clergymen's daughters who go out to marry old playmates in India. And they nearly all meet another man on the boat."

"But they don't disembark with him at Luxor, surely?" I demurred.

"Oh, Luxor or Cairo or Baghdad or somewhere like that. It doesn't matter much where so long as it sounds romantic. Can't you give me any idea of the title?"

"Well, my wife seemed to think it had something to do with gulls. Or ducks or geese. But she was almost certain it was gulls."

The girl pondered. "There's *Gulls Be Mating*," she said. "But it couldn't be that. That's a study in repression at a big public school. It couldn't be *Whither Goest, Gull?* either, because that's a romance of Big Business. It might be *I Met a Gull*, though. I'll see if that's in."

She came back almost immediately. "It can't be that," she announced. "I've just remembered. *I Met a Gull* is one of those farmhouse tragedies set in the Welsh Marches."

"Try geese," I suggested.

She did so, but with no more success. Nor were ducks any more profitable. There was, it seemed, a wide range of works apparently dealing with these useful birds but actually ignoring them. In the final or penultimate scene one character might possibly look at another in a ballroom or somewhere and, *à propos* of nothing in particular, remark: "Once I saw a wedge of geese flighting over a silent marsh." But beyond that no mention at all.

"It is what they call symbolism, you see," the girl explained.

"It must complicate things for you," I said sympathetically.

She laughed. "Oh, it's rather fun. Trying to find out from the book, I mean, what put the idea of the title into the author's head. When you read as many books as I do you need something like that to keep up your interest."

"I see," I said, and picked out a book whose title had caught my eye on the shelf. "Well, never mind; I'll take this for myself—*Vultures of the Night*. My own taste runs rather to shockers."

She took it from me to stamp it. "I believe it's very good," she said. "It only came in the other day. I haven't had a chance to read it yet."

So I put *Vultures of the Night* in the back of the car, where it was duly discovered by my wife. Ernestine had emerged from the house on my return, as she usually does, to help me indoors with the inevitable parcels.

"Oh, you've got that book then!" she exclaimed. "Good! I remembered the title the minute you'd gone. I *knew* it had something to do with birds."

Lowbrow.

Lines on being invited to contribute to a Dictionary of the Tamil language.

I was born a lowbrow—
Thank the Lord for that;
I don't wear a halo
Or an out-size hat.
Lowbrows are ridiculous, highbrows are sublime;
Highbrows have the theories but lowbrows have the time,
And I'm just a lowbrow
From the proletariat.

Out here in India
Highbrows seem to thrive;
Mercy, how they argue!
Mercy, how they strive!
On castes and coleoptera, languages and laws,
Speechifying, lecturing and wagging of their jaws.
I, poor bonehead,
Am content to be alive.

I like the beaches
Blazing in the sun
And the warm surf's welcome
Ere the toil's begun,
A jungle walk at evening and a comfortable camp,
With a chair and a novel and a kerosene lamp.
Doubtless I'm a cretin
But I do have fun.

They've studied Sanscrit,
They can tell you why
Telugu infinitives
Never end in "i";
They joy in earnest philosophical debates
With a volume of statistics and another one of dates
That I, silly idiot,
Never learnt—and didn't try.

I'm for simple pleasures,
All that I can get—
Like sitting on a hill-top
To watch the sun set;
Temples in the twilight with the camphor-flares aglow,
And the colours and the pictures and the world's come-and-go—
A lowbrow, a lowbrow,
But a happy one yet.

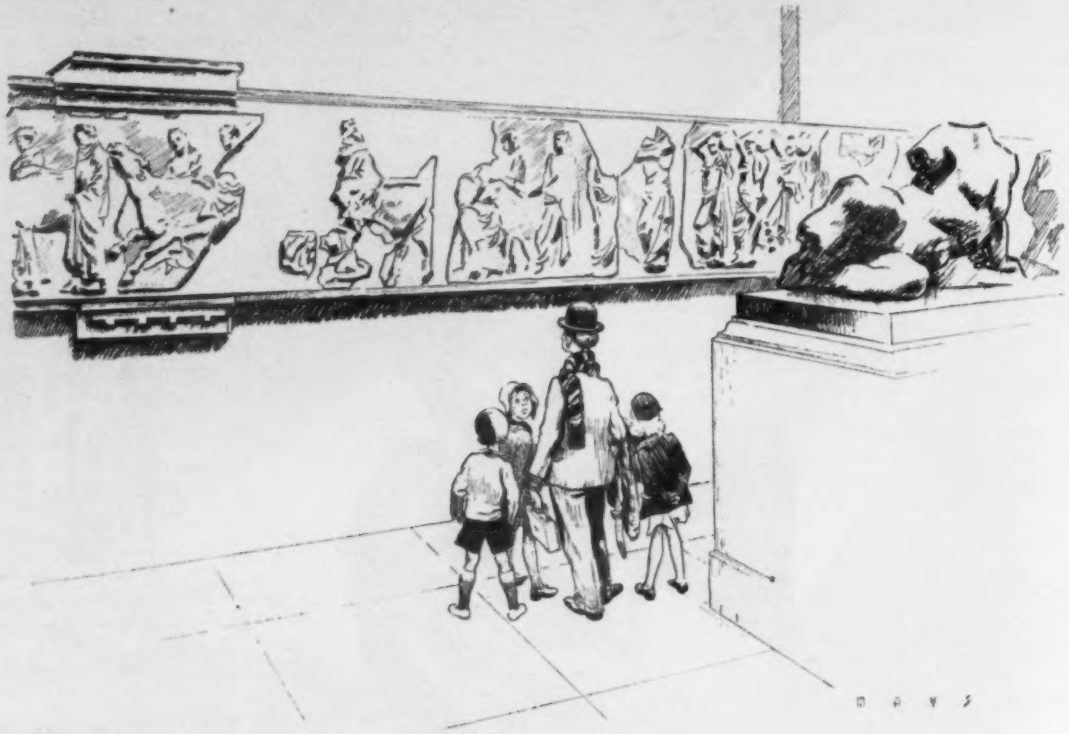
Lots of clever fellows
In the Secretariat
Have all the works of reference
And dictionaries pat;
'Course it's just jealousy, 'course it's only spite
To say they miss magic and they dodge delight;
But I was born a lowbrow
And thank the Lord for that!

H. B.



THE ALCHEOPTIMIST.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "I BELIEVE THE EXPERIMENT IS TURNING OUT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT."



VIEWING THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"WHAT'S THAT, FATHER?"

"ER—ONE O' THEM ANCIENT BRITON JIG-SAW PUZZLES."

The Incompleat Letter-Writer.

My sister Prunella is what is known as a good correspondent. That is to say, she spends several hours of each day scribbling furiously and faithfully to all the rest of us. As there are six of us, we each get a letter about once a week; and very welcome it is too, for Auchilhanzie is a long way off, our parents are too busy for more than a few brief lines, and if it were not for Prunella's industry we should be in danger of getting out of touch. As it is, we feel that we have a regular link with home, even if it is sometimes rather a precarious one.

For Prunella's only fault as a letter-writer is that she keeps no record of which of us she has already said what to. This leads her sometimes into repeating herself and sometimes into leaving gaps, both of which are misleading.

The repetitions do not matter so much. In some ways, in fact, they are rather a good thing, for Prunella has never been known to give two identical accounts of the same incident (she is not exactly untruthful, but her point of view changes), so that if she sends you two versions it is occasionally possible, by skilful comparison and deduction, to arrive at the facts. Here are extracts from two of her letters, written on successive Tuesdays:—

(1) ". . . Yesterday we all went over to the Show. Perfectly foul; poured with rain the whole time; everybody splashing about in waterproofs. Father pretty sick because we only got third in Galloways. Miss Mackay, Inverdufferty, marched up to the judges and made the most tremendous scene because she thought Mrs. Paterson, Forgs Wester, had cheated over bantam chicks.

Grizel brought her young man to tea this afternoon. He is not wildly interesting, but we all thought him very nice. They seem radiantly happy. . . ."

(2) ". . . The Show last week went off splendidly, though the weather wasn't as good as it might have been. We took a first in Jerseys and another in ducklings, and Spindrift's new foal got a Special, so Father was over the moon. The Inverdufferty faction were a bit disgruntled over bantams, but on the whole there was less ill-feeling about than usual.

By the way, Grizel came to tea the other day and brought her young man. He is quite nice but crashingly dull. I hope it'll work out all right." . . .

I think that you will agree that these two fragments, stirred well together and then cut exactly in half, give a pretty clear impression of (*a*) the Strathbracken Agricultural Show and (*b*) Grizel's future husband.

So much for Prunella's repetitions. The gaps are a more serious matter. Imagine my feelings when I received, after a sequence of perfectly uneventful letters, the following postcard:—

"DARLING J.,—Just a line to let you know that we've got your diamond brooch back all right, and the police seem to think there's every chance of your fur-coat being traced as well. The other things seem to have gone for good. Too sickening; such marvellous references too, and *such soufflés!* Love, P."

It was only after anxiously ringing up another sister and two brothers that I was able to piece together the full story of the new cook's perfidious flight and to find out exactly which of

my possessions I was expected never to see again.

Sometimes too into one's life of busied serenity this kind of bolt is hurled:—

"Frantic haste to catch post. Thought you'd like to hear latest report, which is slightly more reassuring, though of course we are still v. worried. No need for immediate op.; right eye untouched, but he fears left may be permanently damaged."

Your blood turns to water. You had no idea that anybody was ill or that there had been an accident. Who can it be? Father? Mother? Aunt Susan? Has Muffin, our old nurse, fallen off the stepladder during one of her indefatigable overhaulings of the linen-cupboard? Has Puffin the butler taken a toss down the wine-cellar stair? Or has M'Guffin the garden-boy stumbled headlong into a cucumber-frame and cut himself to ribbons?

This time none of the others can throw any light on the mystery. We send a combined telegram, our solicitude tempered by exasperation:—

"Doctor's report received who is ill please wire details immediately."

Back comes the answer:—

"Vet not doctor Rover injured Saturday fighting Carfrae's Airedale Rover won."

Even if your exasperation had not been melted by relief, it would have vanished at once before the typical and endearing thought of spending an extra twopence on the words, "Rover won." Good old Rover! Damn Carfrae! Good old Prunella!

But her lacunæ become still more mystifying when she is dealing with less concrete events. This morning, for example, brought me the following:—

". . . About that other matter I mentioned. The plot is, as they say, thickening, and I may be able to tell you more soon. Personally I can't help feeling that the last move was a mistake, but it certainly seems to have stirred the other side up a bit, though it's difficult to say in which direction. I can do nothing except sit on the fence and keep my eyes open. Of course the whole thing *may* be nothing but coincidence, but knowing what one does about their back history this seems unlikely! Besides, how is one to account for the tram-ticket and the viol da gamba?"

How indeed? I have been racking my brains all day. There are no trams nearer to Prunella than Glasgow. The viol da gamba is a rarish instrument and so far as I know none of the people who have recently been staying at Auchilhanzie either owns or plays one.

Moreover, a careful search through Prunella's last four letters reveals no previous mention of this Other Matter. I might of course ring up Donald or Alison or Miles. But there is always the danger that these cryptic remarks may refer to one of *them*. There are trams in London, and presumably viols da gamba. So it is safer to do nothing. Prunella's next letter perhaps will provide the key.

JAN.



Generous jilted One. "NA, NA, DINNA GIE ME BACK THE RING. YE MUN KEEP IT. I'LL HAE A' FUTURE INSTALMENTS TRANSFERR'D TO YE!"

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;

or, Business Explained.

VI.—WELFARE.

WHILE we are discussing this matter of how to Treat the Worker, we must make some reference to welfare work. Just as the modern conception of the worker as having a soul has produced the psychologist so the discovery that he has a body has produced the Welfare Worker. The Welfare Worker, by definition, is usually a well-meaning female, and it is her job to act as mother to the happy family of the psychologist. (I speak of course figuratively.) In the bad old days before workers *were* happy families it was believed that factories should be as uncomfortable, dimly lit and gloomy as possible. Nowadays, however, it is realised that if there is to be a happy family life one of the first requirements is a bright and cheerful Little Home. The following accordingly are the responsibilities of the Welfare Worker:—

(1) To be a sort of Lady with a Lamp. (The actual illumination value of the lamp at the working surface should be scientifically determined.)

(2) To see that the Eyes, Teeth, Nails and Morals of the workers are kept in proper condition, spotlessly clean and provided with spectacles when necessary.

(3) To insist on people sitting down to work on specially-designed chairs, rather than standing up to work on specially-designed feet.

(4) To make sure that nobody gets more tired than is absolutely necessary for the production of bassoons and dividends. If they *do* get tired, to draw graphs of them doing it.

(5) To run a canteen where cheap and nourishing food is available.

(6) To be such a dear that nobody has the heart not to use the canteen.

(7) To organise social events.

(8) To take so much trouble over organising social events that nobody has the heart not to come.

(9) To prevent accidents by putting guards on machines, designing goggles, earplugs, etc.

(10) To be so nice that everybody in duty bound uses the guards and the goggles and the earplugs whenever she is present.

(11) To take a keen interest in the workers' home conditions, wives and children, and to help them to organise their leisure.

(12) Not to mind if, with the best will in the world, people seem a little ungrateful and pretend they are out when she calls.

(13) To impress on management and workers alike their great responsibility towards one another.

(14) To realise that what they say when reminded of this is merely the rough crust round the heart of gold.

(15) Generally to potter round being ever so friendly and cheerful to everybody, and always to remember that, though few people in authority thought much of Miss NIGHTINGALE, it was apparently the general practice to kiss her shadow.

The position of the Welfare Worker is not a bed of roses. She is likely to have at least two parties to contend with—

(1) *The Management*—who will certainly object violently to spending money on making work more pleasant and comfortable. The clever Welfare Worker will overcome this objection by pointing out that greater output will result.

(2) *The Workers*—who will certainly object to having guards, stopping to drink cocoa and do Swedish exercises, sitting down when they want to stand up, and attending cultural and social functions when they want to stay at home or go to the public-house. The tactful Welfare Worker will overcome this difficulty by pointing out that it would be ungrateful not to take advantage of all the Helps to Happiness which a thoughtful and humane Management has provided.

In short, the job consists of making two lots of people do things against their wills because the things are good for them. Hence the term "Welfare." The true Welfare Worker must care nothing for public opinion. Her sole guide must be her own conscience. She must take Management and Workers firmly by the hand and say, "I brought you down here to enjoy yourself, and enjoy yourself you shall. Go on—paddle!"

Mottoes for Welfare Workers.

(A few of these hung about in the factory will soon get very dirty.)

(1) "The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Toiled upwards, onwards through the night."
(Suitable for the night-shift.)

(2) "Do as You Would be Done By." (Suitable for the Sales Staff.)

(3) "A Merry Heart Makes Light Work." (Suitable for the Foundry.)

(4) "Work Like Helen B. Merry." (Not suitable for girls, but a slight riskiness promotes good feeling amongst men.)

(5) "Stick It!" (Suitable for the old boy before-mentioned, who glues on the bits of kid.)

(6) "*Finis coronat opus.*" (Suitable for own office.)

(To be continued.)

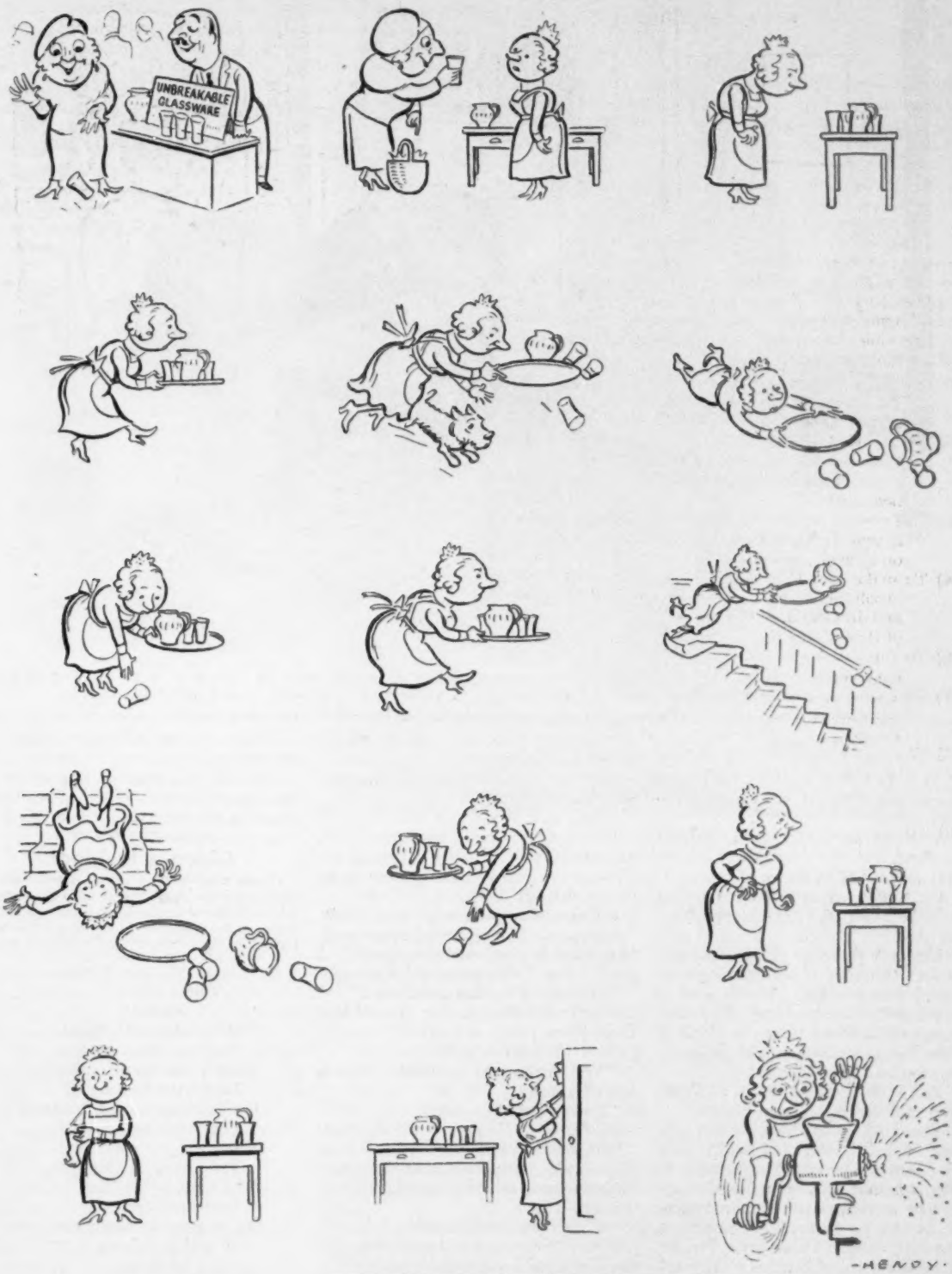
Decormitorio.

(The Warden of Bembridge School has assented to a system under which every boy, when in bed in his dormitory, can listen-in by means of ear-phones placed at the bedside.)

"No, no," Smith Major said. "No peccadillo,
No jape, no jest must desecrate this 'dorm.';
Bung not the bolster nor project the pillow—
Such *jeu de mains* is not considered 'form.'
Come, Brown, come, Robinson, come, Wilkins Minor,
Adjust your ear-phones, *please*," Smith Major said.
"What binge could better be, what frolic finer
Than listening to the Wireless in one's bed?

"No larks, you chaps; no ragging, now, you fellows;
Music to-night, and maybe from the 'Proms.'
List to the sound of fiddles, eke of 'cellos;
Hark to the note of trumpets, ay, and trombs.
Pick up the air of clarinets and hautboys,
Of flutes and flageolets," Smith Major said.
"Need we resort to vulgar brawling? No, boys!
Thanks to the Wireless and our kindly Head."

The boys responded scarce a moment after,
Their cherub faces wreathed in sweet delight.
No flying boots, no yells or brutish laughter
Disturbed the tranquil entry of the night.
The ear-phones fixed; what frolic could be finer?
O blessèd boy that boasts a Bembridge bed!
"Jack Stilton and his Band?" asked Wilkins Minor.
"The Mass in D, by BACH," Smith Major said.



THE GREAT UNBEATABLE.



Social Worker. "WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED ADDRESSING THOSE ENVELOPES FOR ME, RALPH, I WANT YOU TO RUN ROUND WITH THIS BASKET FOR MRS. TIBBS' CAT TO SLEEP IN. I THINK SHE'LL LIKE IT; IT HAS HAD FISH IN IT."

Progress.

"THE fact has to be faced that progress is a myth," I was saying as the music ceased.

"Well, let us face it sitting down," said Pixie.

We proceeded to do so.

"Of course, if it 's your dancing you 're thinking of, I am with you," she said.

"I 'm not thinking of my dancing. I wasn't thinking of my dancing even when I was dancing. That 's why it seemed rather bad perhaps. But there are more important things to think of in life than a mere tango. This progress, for instance. It's a myth."

"But is it?" asked Pixie. "What about cars and flying and all that?"

"That, my good child, is not progress. A little additional bodily comfort is not progress. The question is: Has the human mind progressed? Are you any advance upon CLEOPATRA or the QUEEN OF SHEBA? I doubt it. Your very names: CLEOPATRA, Pixie—the sublime, the ridiculous. Why are you Pixie, by the way? Is it short for Pixema or Pixbeth or what?"

"Neither, you ass. It is what 's called a nickname."

"Oh, after St. Nicholas, I suppose, who had one himself."

"Had he? What was it?"

"Father Christmas. But, given it 's a nickname, why 'Pixie'?" I went on. "There are many much better nicknames than Pixie."

"You are unpleasant," said Pixie. "Anyone at all decent would have said, 'Anyway, it 's an adorable name.' I got it when I was quite, quite young."

"'Definitely' is the usual word."

"Quite definitely young. I went to a fancy-dress party as a pixie."

"Oh! What is a pixie?"

"You really are ignorant! It 's a sort of gnome."

"I see. A nick-gnome."

Pixie rose. "My poor boy!" she said. "I may not have progressed much from CLEOPATRA, but your mind is definitely behind that of the average cave-dweller."

"Which proves my theory," I said. "If you 'll dance the dance after the next with me I will tell you some other things of equal value and interest."

"I really don't think I feel equal to it."

"Pixie is an adorable name," I murmured.

But she only made a face at me as she danced away. Which CLEOPATRA would never have done. A. W. B.

Chien à la Mode.

[Dogs now have a smart restaurant of their own in Paris. The new restaurant, which claims to be the only restaurant exclusively devoted to dogs in the world, has been opened in the centre of the Champs Élysées.]

ÉCOUTEZ, mes chiens!
Tout va bien.
Tiens!
Toutou! Loulou! Bijou!
Où donc êtes-vous?
Quelles bonnes nouvelles!
La Fortune est belle!
Quelle chance, quelle chance,
Pour vous en France!
N'importe s'il est cher,
Traversons la mer,
Et cherchons du bon
Dans le restaurant
Où les gens ne mangeront rien.
Je n'ai jamais vu
Un tel menu.
J'aime bien
Les temps des chiens.

As Others Hear Us.

Finding Our Way.

"It's after here that I'm not sure."

"Well, here's the map. Though I always think unfolding them is impossible, especially with the hood down."

"Not if it was a Rolls-Royce."

"But then it never would be. And if it was it would be a chauffeur. Now, where are we?"

"Better look for the Bristol bit. I know it's there; I saw it when we had lunch."

"Oh, it's bound to be *there*. Though the whole thing is frightfully weak. Why don't you try sticking-paper?"

"There used to be a roll of the sort you did music with in the library."

"Can one still get it? I think it's like wax flowers and things. You know, when people copied out music by hand."

"King Pippin's Polka."

"Daisy, Daisy and all that. Wait a minute, I'm not sure we don't turn off here. But they're coming round again like anything. You get them quite often at dances."

"The energy they must have had! Look at that sign-post, quick."

"It certainly wasn't Bristol, but it might have been Highbridge, only you went so fast."

"Highbridge would do. Can I back?"

"Yes. No, there's a pram. Oh, it's turning off. I wonder if it's going to Bristol. Priory Place only, it says, so it can't be Highbridge."

"I thought it couldn't be. Could you keep a look-out for a bridge going over a river or something, because we've got to turn off before we come to it?"

"Right off, or fork? Because as a matter of fact there was a bridge after the pony-and-trap place."

"Oh, dear, I wish you'd said!"

"Well, I didn't know. But anyway I don't think it could have been anything because I particularly noticed it was only a fork and some cottages and what looked like a path."

"Oh, well, then, that doesn't sound like anything. Because I know the bridge is either left or right. Quite definitely. Look at that cat."

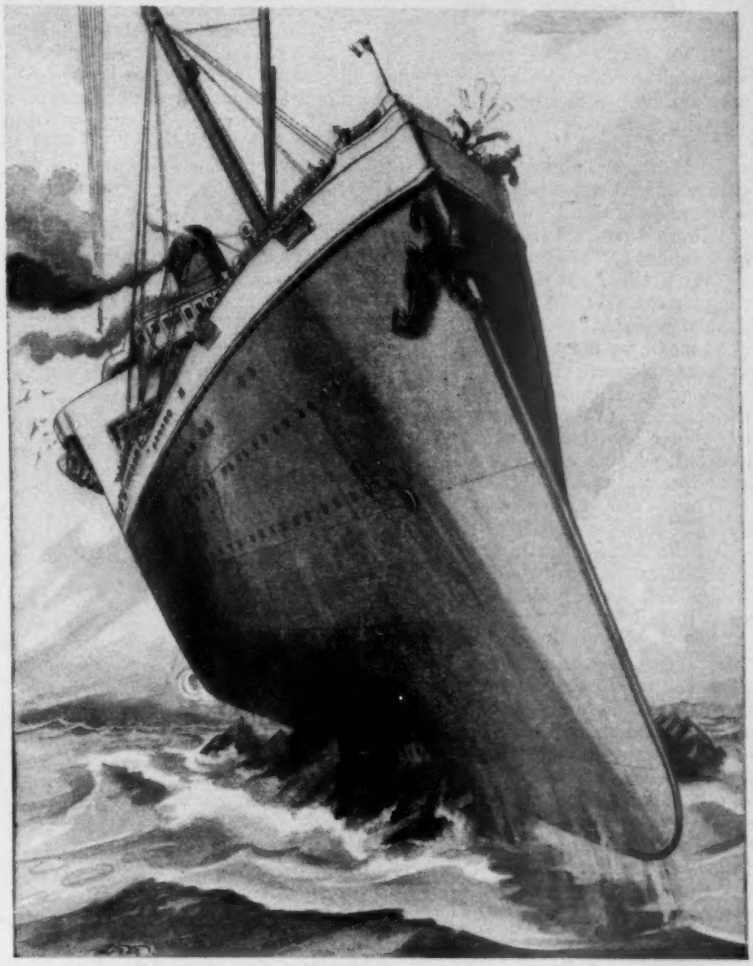
"Aren't they frightful? Almost like hens."

"Or rabbits at night."

"That's the lamps. They dazzle them."

"But not cats, in broad daylight. Besides, they can see in the dark."

"I often wonder if they really can. Like people saying no berries mean a hard winter."



Angry Passenger. "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL GET A MOVE ON AND DO SOMETHING QUICKLY, BECAUSE IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DANCE IN THE BALLROOM."

"Oh, that's simply the birds. Do you remember what time they lunch?"

"She said One."

"That probably means quarter-past. Especially with a car."

"And Clifton isn't Bristol either."

"Though I always like it. The Suspension Bridge."

"My dear, they've got a Zoo! Mind those children—little brutes!"

"I saw. Oh, yes, I know. Alfred. He's marvellous. They say he's the only gorilla anybody ever reared, and he's *exactly* like a human being."

"I know. He climbs a rope and swings by his tail and roars and everything."

"Are you sure it's not left here? I know it's got to be sooner or later."

"I think it ought to be here if it's anywhere; but there's a sign-post coming."

"Doesn't the map say?"

"If you'll wait a minute, I will. Oh, I'm so sorry; I think it ought to have been here, only I ought to have said sooner. I'm so sorry."

"Oh, it's all right. As a matter of fact I think this isn't the road at all. I think we went wrong at the pram."

"Well, what about that old man?"

"All right. So long as he doesn't say he's a stranger himself."

"They always do, don't they? Unless it's a foreigner or someone with a stammer or something."

"Tell him *Bristol*. Clifton will only make it more difficult. Besides I know after Bristol."

"All right. As a matter of fact when I do ask I never remember to listen to what they say. Do you?"

"Absolutely never. Still, we may as well."

E. M. D.

Belling the Mouse.

"I've just seen a mouse in the kitchen," exclaimed Julia, pouncing in upon me just as I had settled down to write a cheque—Self: £5.

"Good," I said. "Just the place for it. Plenty of nice crumbs to eat, plenty of nice water to drink—in fact, a mouse's paradise."

"Don't frivol. What are we going to do about it?" Julia demanded.

"We? Oh, *I* am doing nothing for the moment. Tell it I'm busy. Say I'll drop along later."

"I mean, we must get a trap or a cat at once. Which?"

"A trap, I think," I pronounced slowly. "A cat is always so liable to have kittens at any moment, whereas a trap never has trippens."

"Traps are rather cruel, though," Julia demurred, "especially the sudden-death kind which claims to break the poor thing's neck. Usually they only break its tail."

"But they're not so cruel as cats," I remarked. "Cats generally break up the entire mouse. We ought to have taken out a mouse insurance policy when we moved here, then the responsibility would have been taken off our shoulders."

"Oh, what about a water-trap?" suggested Julia. "The ironmonger sells them. They're advertised as the most humane trap on the market."

"Is there such a thing as the Mouse-trap Market?" I queried. "If there is, the financial papers never quote its movements. But what precisely is a water-trap?"

Julia explained. It's a trap which is quite innocuous to look at; no mouse would suspect the cloven hoof beneath the velvet glove; but the bait is adjusted upon a collapsible platform concealing a can of water, the mouse mounting a short wooden incline to get there—the whole forming a most desirable scaffold on which any mouse ought to feel proud to perish. We arranged that Julia should buy one.

"But you'll have to set it," I said. "The very thought of committing muricide revolts me. By the way, what precisely is the objection to mice?"

"They breed," said Julia.

"So do elephants," I retorted, "but that's not regarded as a sufficient reason for scotching them. On the contrary, you have to get a Government permit to slaughter them."

"I mean," Julia continued, "they over-run the place."

"One mouse can't breed," I said, "nor can we be over-run by just one mouse. Why can't we keep it as we might keep a squirrel, for example?"

"Oh, but we can't keep one solitary mouse," Julia objected. "The poor thing would pine away and die."

"Well, that's what you want it to do, isn't it?"

There's no pleasing some people. Julia bought her trap, but when it came to the point it was I who had to put it up and generally act as O.C. mousetrap.



"Something will come of this!" said Mr. Tappertit, pausing as if in triumph. "I hope it mayn't be human gore." ("*Barnaby Rudge.*")

[At the Annual Conference of the I.L.P., under the chairmanship of Mr. MAXTON, discussions were held "on the best way of securing the penetration of British Trade Unions by revolutionary principles."]

"Where shall I place it?" I asked that evening. "Where was the mouse last seen?"

"On the step leading to the scullery."

"It may be said to have done the scullery step, then. It won't want to go there again. I shall put it under the sink. What bait shall I use—worms or paste?"

"Cheese, you owl," said Julia tersely.

I did so. . . . I caught the mouse all right. I found it inside the tank next morning. Unfortunately I had omitted to fill it with water. The mouse jumped out the instant I withdrew it from beneath the collapsible platform.

"Any luck?" asked Julia when I returned to the breakfast-room.

I shook my head. "Strictly speaking, we can't expect luck the very first time with a new trap the mouse has never seen before. It doesn't know its way about in it yet."

The following morning the cheese was gone but I hadn't caught the mouse. I found I had forgotten to place the tank under the false floor.

"The bait was taken," I announced to Julia. "That shows it's nibbling. We're getting on."

"But surely if the bait was gone," said Julia, "the mouse *must* have——"

"Not necessarily," I interposed hastily; "it might have whisked it off with its tail."

I was most careful that evening not only to fill the tank but to place it correctly. It was not until I was in bed that I remembered that I had omitted the bait. . . .

"Any luck?" Julia inquired as I came out of the kitchen next morning.

"Not even a rise," I replied.

"You'd better change the bait to-night," observed Julia. "Try suet. Our mouse apparently doesn't like cheese."

"Or alternatively we might change the mouse for one which does," I suggested. "However, we'll give it another chance to die like a sportsmouse."

I set the trap earlier than usual that evening as Julia and I were going out. On our return Julia at once retired. I dallied. I thought I should sleep better if I first inspected the trap.

Yes, we had fairly got him this time. He was feebly treading water—a pitiful, desperately-scared little creature. It could only be a matter of moments before he went down for the first time. I grabbed a spoon from the dresser. . . . I opened the perforated zinc screen-window. . . . I leant out, spoon in hand. . . . A moist, glistening, bedraggled animal crawled miserably into the bushes. . . .

Julia was sitting up in bed reading.

"What's the book?" I asked.

"Ford - Draycott's *Coincidences*," Julia replied. "He quotes an extraordinary case of a murderer whom they vainly tried to hang three times. Then they reprieved him."

"And quite right too. I should have done the same thing—murderer or marauder."

"Our mouse, for example?" queried Julia with a smile.

"Just so," I agreed, and, blushing criminally, I retired to the dressing-room.

A Striking Event.

Among the outstanding events of that remarkable year in our history, 2034—a year in which the supply of large type for newspaper headlines could hardly keep pace with the demand—few caused more public excitement than the lightning strike of strike agitators.

Such a thing could hardly have happened in the free-and-easy days of the twentieth century, when strike-agitating was regarded more as a pastime than a profession. Early in the twenty-first century, however, the attention of Parliament was called to the pitiful state of the strike-agitating industry. Lord Blubber of Chagrin, ever to the fore in pleading the causes of the few underdogs who were not yet on top, made a passionate speech of so moving a nature that unemployment in the linen industry improved fifty per cent. during the following month owing to the increased demand for handkerchiefs.

His Lordship revealed a condition of things in the strike-agitating industry that seemed almost unbelievable. So poor was the pay of the lower grades in the industry that the wives of many agitators were forced to take in washing to keep the wolf from the door. There was no limitation to the hours of work, and Lord Blubber quoted a case where one agitator, like the sentry of old Pompeii, had stood at his post (leaning up against the wall of a public-house) for fourteen hours on end.

A Royal Commission was immediately appointed to inquire into the matter, and, spurred on by the urgency of their task and the knowledge that the very existence of the industry depended on their exertions, presented their Report after deliberating for barely ten years.

Their most important recommendation was that the strike agitators should form their own trade union to watch their interests and to consult with employers on all disputes between masters and men. The union was formed, but, owing to the disruptive influence of certain members suspected of Conservative leanings, a dispute arose early in 2034 and a strike of all strike agitators was called at midnight on March 21.

The Government was powerless, and, although the Prime Minister personally interviewed the leader of the striking agitators, negotiations ended in a dead lock. Meanwhile industry as a whole was getting restive and deputations from all the industries waited on the Prime Minister to urge him to introduce a Bill making strikes in the strike-agitating industry illegal.



"Blimey! I'll never try to cure an elephant's cold with whisky again."

As the General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress feelingly said in a statement to the Press, it was disgraceful that a strike of workers in an essential service like the strike-agitating industry should be permitted.

"Workers in industries up and down the country waiting to strike," he added, "are powerless and paralysed. How can they strike unless they are agitated, and how can they get agitated when those whose sacred duty it is to agitate them have so far forgotten their feelings as gentlemen and patriots as to strike?"

Such an appeal could not fail to rouse the country, and volunteers from every walk of life stepped into the breach. The newspapers of 2034 pay great tributes to such public-spirited volunteers as the Bishop of Buttermere, who, although he had had no previous experience of strike agitating, fomented an excellent strike in the drawing-pin industry. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, though in his eighty-first year, agitated a splendid strike in the granulated sugar trade, and the Southend pier-master's praiseworthy activities totally paralysed the cockle industry.

There were a few unfortunate incidents following attacks on blacklegs among the professional strike agitators who refused to strike, saying that it was against their principles; but by the end of the year the industry was once again in full swing.



Danger to Customers of Perambulation during Lunch-time Mannequin Parade.
"MPH!—DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS MATERIAL."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XVIII.

The Simplicity of the Sophisticated—The Bereaved Father—Grief's Mitigations—Epigrams Begin at Home.

ONE of the oddest things to be noticed as one passes through life, meeting all sorts and conditions of men, is the persistence of simplicity. Company-promoters, music-hall managers, cinema producers, Turf commission agents, political agents—even such calculating and sophisticated creatures as these are usually simple somewhere. There was a professional cynic, in other words a leader-writer, of my acquaintance, unhappily now dead, who was the strangest mixture of terror of being commonplace or in any way ordinary, horror of being taken in and caught napping, and the other ingredient.

I met him one morning in the Strand and was struck by his unusual attire. He was wearing a tall hat of obsolete shape, and, though not in black, he had a black tie and a black band on his sleeve. Falling into step with me he told me that he was in great trouble: his little boy had just died—only six months old. The child had never been strong, but they had hoped to pull him through. The funeral was to be on Monday. He told this with an expression of complete dejection, but he was pulling away at his pipe all the while and he was not displeased with the leader he had just written—for he was on an evening paper.

Soon, however, I discovered that he was enjoying the distinction that his bereavement gave him. He had never before lost a little boy and in the midst of his grief he was interested in the new experience.

Not long after I had met him we ran into another acquaintance and he told him. What astonished me was that, although I was within hearing, he told the story in exactly the same words that he had used to me. He still wore his air of profound sorrow, but he still puffed at his pipe. And then we met still another man known to him and again he recounted his woe and allowed me to overhear. From having mourned with him, I began to envy.

Without being either a LA ROCHEFOUCAULD or a VAUVENARGUES, I have from time to time had a visitation of sententiousness, and have made a note of the result. Looking through the collection last evening, I copied some of the least banal:—

A good description of a gentleman: "He came out of the top-drawer of God's tallboys."

There is no Mothersill for home-sickness.

Is it possible that the invention of the alarm-clock was aided and sanctioned from above in order that the idea of death might become less unbearable?

Nothing is so disastrous and sterilising as a feeling of self-satisfaction. Call no man dead till he is happy.

No kind of philanthropist is so conscious of his virtue as the chauffeur who is helping another chauffeur.

"I've always," said little Mrs.

Sparkle, "been satisfied with simple things: so long as they were very good and expensive."

The older I get, the more do I realise that everyone is right—and everyone is wrong.

If it were not for the advertisements in the Sunday papers there would be no literary genius in England.

There is no keeping pace with chance. One of the most interesting men I ever met was on a boat between Rio and Santos, a traveller in Worcester Sauce.

God made the walnut; man made the pickle.

Who was it that called the Germans the Impenitentsia?

There are few more dislikeable creatures than the mean man, now rich but still mean, who excuses his meanness by saying that he was brought up in great poverty, and therefore . . .

There is no satisfactory answer to the question: Do they say also of me as I leave the room, "Thank God that bore's gone!"? E. V. L.

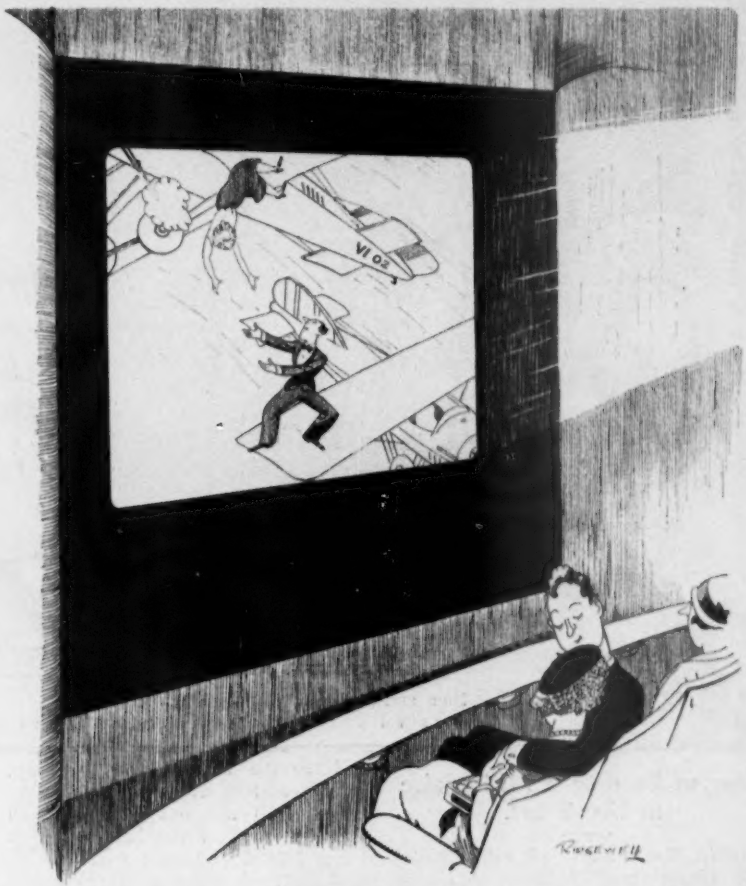
Shakespeare Makes the Grade.

BORIS M. GUGGENHEIM AND STUPENDOUS SUPER-FILMS INC.
(by permission of CYRUS P. VAN SCHUYLER)
present
AL JOHNSON, MAE MAXIM AND ALL STAR CAST
In *Hamlet.*

Scenario by MAYER WEISBADER.
Photography by PALUEL J. KIRSCHNER.
Producer—LINCOLN KNIEBERG.
Musical Director—CARL STEINKE.
Orchestral Conductor—GEORG KOLISCHER.
Stage Manager—CASIMIR SCHULTZ.
Technical Manager—HERMAN SCHWANNEN.
Lighting Engineer—YANDELL WINKENWERDER.
Art Director—SIMON HAMBURGER.
Sound Technician—RAYMOND KIMBAROCSKY.
Recorded by South-Western Electric Sound System.
(Book by Wm. Shakespeare.)

Lost and Found.

'Tis long since William fled the scene
That he adorned so well,
Passed softly out and vanished clean,
And whither none might tell;
We thought him rapt from mortal sight
By some romantic fairy,
And now at last he comes to light
A golf-club secretary.



"CERTAINLY I WOULD, DARLING, BUT IN OUR CASE I HOPE IT WON'T BE NECESSARY."

The reveller who loathed his bed
Save when the fresh birds sing
Turns in at ten, it's darkly said,
And dreams of catering;
The golfer erst of random force
But joyous to the bone
Roams conscientiously the course
Austere, aloof, alone.

The eye that sparkled well of yore
Now looks, in grave distaste,
On heel-marks on the bunker's floor
And divots not replaced;
That voice which often sang (alas)
Paints now in moving terms
The troubles incident to grass,
The tragedy of worms.

Of all there is of sad and strange,
And there is much, no doubt,
That he should undergo this change
Knocks me, I might say, out;
It were a foolish task and vain
To probe such mysteries;
I only know I am most fain
To see that mug of his.

Then, William, I would charge you, let
Us twain foregather soon,
Though as a fact I cannot get
Away, myself, till June;
But, in the meantime, here are shows;
Town is existing still;
It would be well should you propose
To toddle up, O Bill.

Come, then; and once again we 'll dine,
Enjoy once more a laugh;
I fear you take your present line
Too seriously by half;
Reason, with towering force, affirms
That time is swift to pass,
And none may deeply laugh at worms
Or chuckle much at grass.

DUM-DUM.

"Midland Bank Holiday
(including an Eye Witness Account of Hallaton Hare-pie Scrambling and Bottle Kicking)."—*Wireless Programme.*

We hope Lloyds and Barclays had a good time, too.



"Nice little beast. Is Susan his mother?"
"No, but I b'lieve he 's Susan's puppy-in-law or something."

How to Become a Millionaire in Six Years.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I must write and thank your brilliant business experts for their helpful lessons on "How to Run a Bassoon Factory; or, Business Explained."

I am twenty-two years of age. I have just left Oxford, and it is most essential for family reasons that I should earn big money very quickly. I have had no business training, but I am, in spite of my education, full of brilliant and novel ideas of money-making.

I have evolved a scheme whereby in six years I shall be one of the wealthiest men in the world. This great scheme germinated from one profound thought in the first article by your business expert. On March 7th he wrote:—

"*Nature of the Business.*

The grand principle is to make or sell something which people either

(*a*) Must have, *e.g.*, Food.
(*b*) Will have, *e.g.*, Clothes.
(*c*) Can be made to have, *e.g.*, Patent Medicines."

I underlined the word food and began to think hard. I sought to produce some food which was (*a*) cheap, (*b*) universal in demand, (*c*) easy to produce, (*d*) did not require much capital outlay. From March 7th to March 21st I pondered carefully all these great sub-divisions. On the night of March 21st, 1934, at exactly 9.27, in a moment of great inspiration, the answer came to me: Eggs. I shall never forget that moment. I was playing billiards at the time with my sister.

The following day I interviewed Richardson, our old gardener. "A good 'en, Sir, ull raise twenty chickens in a season."

Quickly I made the following calculations:—

1934: 1 hen.
1935: 21 hens.
1936: 441 hens.
1937: 9,261 hens.
1938: 194,481 hens.
1939: 4,084,101 hens.
1940: 85,766,121 hens.

In 1940 sell off all hens at two shillings each: *Total*, £8,576,612 2*s*. Add sale of eggs from 1935 to 1940, which I estimate at £15,000,000. *Grand Total*, £23,000,000 odd.

I am sure your business experts would like to share with me in this great enterprise. My mother says, "Morally those business experts are entitled to a small share." I agree. If, therefore, they will send to me one thousand pounds before the Whitsuntide holidays I will make all of them "Curious and Interesting Directors." This offer is not made to the general public. Readers of *Punch*, however, will be elected as "Guinea-Pig Directors" if they send one thousand guineas before the Midsummer holidays.

The name of the Company is:—

Minorca Park Poultry Dealers Association Co., Ltd.

Address: Yorkshire.

Telegraphic Address: Good Egg, England.
Managing Director: John William Jones, Esq.
Secretary: William John Jones, Esq.
Treasurer: Mr. J. W. Jones.
Solicitors: Messrs. J. W. Jones and Sons.
Accountants: Messrs. W. and J. Jones, Ltd.

All cheques should be made payable to "John William Jones," and not to the Company.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
John William Jones.



THE SAFE PASSAGE.

"IT CAN BE DONE, AND ENGLAND OUGHT TO DO IT."

[With Mr. Punch's acknowledgments to Sir JOHN MILLAIS' picture, "The North-West Passage," and his cordial goodwill to the National Road Safety Campaign.]



"I SAY, MAY I HAVE MY LAST DANCE WITH YOU, MISS BUTLER?"
"WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT YOU'VE ALREADY HAD IT."

Misleading Cases.

REX *v.* HADDOCK.

THIS was an appeal to the High Court upon a case stated from the decision of the —— magistrates convicting Albert Haddock of an offence under the Customs and Inland Revenue Act, 1869, 32 & 33 Vict. c. 14, s. 19, to wit, the wearing and use of "armorial bearings" upon a signet-ring without a licence.

The Lord Chief Justice, giving judgment, said:—

"In this case the appellant has raised the strange defence that he is not a gentleman, and therefore in law cannot carry arms and be assessed in respect of armorial bearings.

"In support of the first part of the proposition there is to be found abundant evidence in the correspondence which is before the Court. On the 14th of March, 1934, Mr. Haddock received a very civil letter from the County Accountant and Licence Officer to the Foxshire County Council:—

'DEAR SIR,—

Armorial Bearings.

On the 20th of January last I received from you a communication enclosed in an envelope which had been sealed with wax which bears an impression of an armorial bearing. I am, however, unable to trace that you hold the necessary licence in connection therewith, and I therefore enclose an establishment declaration form which, if you do not disclaim liability, should be completed and returned to me together with the appropriate remittance.

Yours faithfully,
J. BULLOCK,
County Accountant.'

"The appellant, instead of 'completing the establishment declaration form' and despatching the 'appropriate remittance' (which is the sum of one guinea, or two guineas if the armorial bearings are painted, marked or affixed on a carriage), addressed the following letter to the County Accountant:—

'SIR,—I am obliged for yours of the 12th inst. I note that the offending envelope of which you speak came into your possession two months ago. Why, I wonder, this long silence—and sudden eloquence? Can it be that my communication lay unnoticed and unopened for two whole months? Or do you treasure the envelopes in which my communications are enclosed, take them out from their pigeon-holes from time to time and lovingly regard them? I wish, Sir, that I could believe that. Or can it be that you have spent these two months vainly endeavouring to trace that I hold the necessary licence in connection therewith? If so, Sir, I offer my apologies freely for putting you to this trouble, however innocently. I have no licence whatever in connection with any armorial bearing, and do not propose to acquire one. Indeed, the suggestion that I should purchase such a privilege savours strongly of the traffic in honours, which I abhor. In short, your second guess was dead right—I disclaim liability.

I went to Putney to-day to have a look at Oxford, and, between you and me, they are not at all a bad crew,

though 5, I thought, has a tendency to hurry over the stretcher.

Yours faithfully,
ALBERT HADDOCK.

P.S.—The envelopes which, through penury, I am compelled to use, are cheap and deficient in gum. In order that this communication may reach you safely without a breach of the law I have impressed the wax sealing the same with a trouser-button. But if this is contrary to the Trade Marks Act, 1905, kindly return the communication and I will think of another plan.'

"This letter, though it is difficult to find fault with any particular word or phrase, appears to the Court to be undesirable in tone, having regard to the importance of the subject-matter, and, in spite of the reference to Oxford University, to bear the marks of a mind deficient in breeding.

"The County Accountant, it is clear, took the same view. He replied:—

'DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 15th instant, your comments and remarks are quite uncalled-for, and in the circumstances, as regards the use of the crest, I must request you to take out the necessary licence for armorial bearings, failing which the matter will be referred to the Local Taxation Licences (Prosecutions) Committee for the necessary action to be taken as decided.

Yours faithfully,
J. BULLOCK.'

"The appellant replied (disgracefully):—

'SIR,—Thanks for yours.

(1) My father left me an old ring bearing the engraved likeness of a bird, the name and nature of which I do not know. Below the bird are a few letters (written backwards in a foreign language), the meaning of which escapes me. Some say that the bird is the arms of my ancestors, and some say it is something in the Zoo, and some say it is a County Accountant. I neither know nor care. I wear the ring in memory of my father, and not all the County Councils massed together in one gigantic Joint County Council (obscene concept!*), will persuade me to take this ring from my finger or to deface the decoration thereon. So now then!

(2) At the head of the notepaper on which your urbane communications are typed I perceive (*a*) the arms of this distressful county and (*b*) a device surmounted by a crown and bearing the words "National Scheme for Disabled Men," the said words being printed in a circle round some ensign or flag. May I inquire whether the County Council has taken out the necessary licences for armorial bearings in connection with these two crests?

(3) As you are no doubt aware, armorial bearings are a device depicted on the shield of one of the nobility, of which gentry is the lowest degree. A person not entitled by the custom of the realm to bear arms cannot have armorial bearings, for he has nowhere to put them. It must be clear to you by this time that I am not a gentleman, and therefore I do not qualify for arms, armorial bearings or Licence Duty.

I have now seen Cambridge and they are better still.

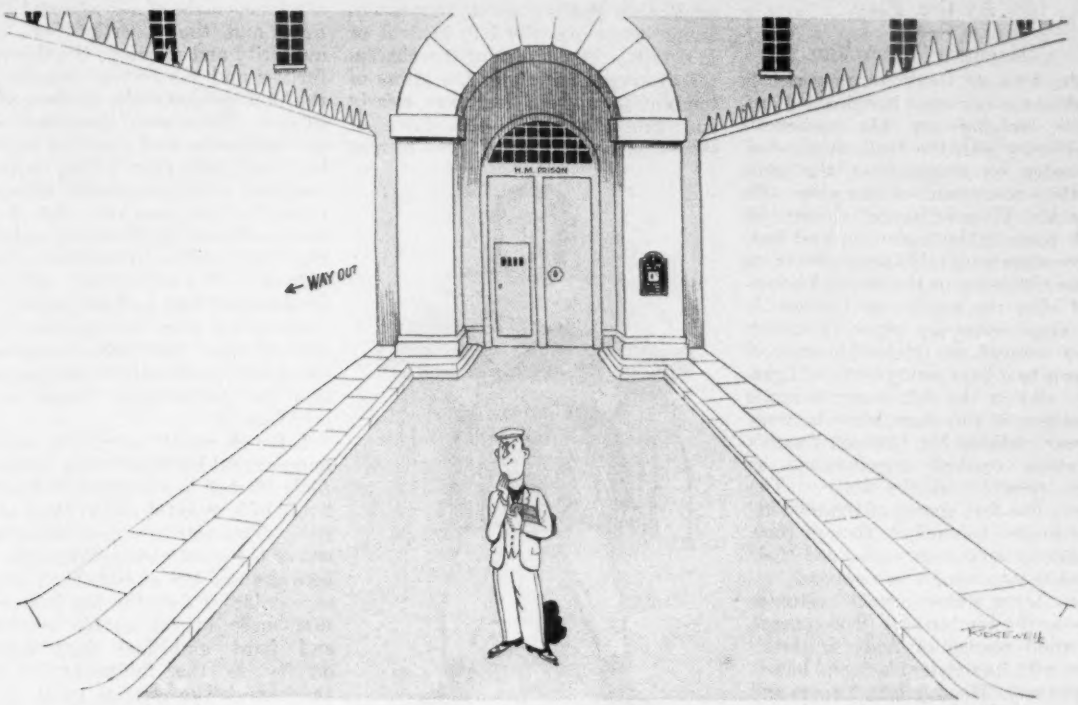
Yours sincerely,
ALBERT HADDOCK.'

"A prosecution followed; and the magistrates brushed aside Mr. Haddock's impudent defence. I have now to consider whether, if we forget its impudence, it has any substance in law. The matter is of great importance. In the year 1930–31, according to the evidence of a Treasury official, no fewer than 34,000 licences for the use of armorial bearings were issued, bringing in a revenue of at least £34,000 (we do not know how many licensees wished to use their arms on the doors of carriages (at two guineas) and how many were content with a more modest

* But why?—ED.



"SEND FOR THE CONSTABLE OF THE KEEP! I HAVE CAUGHT THE TWO MOST NOTORIOUS DRAGON POACHERS IN THE COUNTRY."



"NOW DID I OR DID I NOT PACK MY TOOTHBRUSH?"

exhibition on plates, notepaper or signet-rings). There it is, this colossal revenue—let us put it at £40,000 per annum—collected by the County Councils. There are in England forty-nine counties, in Scotland thirty-three, in Wales thirteen, and in Northern Ireland (I think) six—a total of one-hundred-and-one. The annual revenue therefore works out at about three-hundred-and-ninety-six pounds per county per annum. No Briton, I think, can entertain without a thrill of pride the thought of a hundred-and-one County Accountants vigilantly examining the backs of the envelopes which reach their offices, peering at the rings, plates, notepaper and carriages of their friends and neighbours, and thereafter patiently corresponding with them concerning the appropriate remittances.

"It is not for this Court to inquire whether the resultant revenue can be weighed against the time and trouble, the stationery and stamps, the salaries and staff involved in its collection. The duty was first instituted in the forty-third year of the reign of KING GEORGE III.; and now in the reign of HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V. it is still considered that a nobleman or gentleman who exhibits the arms of his ancestors ought to pay a fine to the Exchequer; though he may without charge exhibit the name of his firm or the form of a nameless lady (unclothed) on the back of his envelopes or even on his carriage. I do not know whether HIS MAJESTY THE KING holds a licence and pays duty in respect of the very lavish display of the Royal Arms; but if not, according to law, he should do so. And the same proposition applies to the London County Council.

"Duties are duties—taxes are taxes; and, however antiquated, silly, provocative, unjust or, in the long run, unremunerative they may be, the King's Courts must always regard with loathing those who, like Mr. Haddock, desire to avoid them. For it is of the essence of a good Englishman that he is prepared without complaint to pay any tax that is proposed to him, however stupid and inequitable. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that a being so low as Mr. Haddock may still be right. The Act of 1869 attempted to cover such cases as this by defining armorial bearings as including 'any armorial bearing, crest or ensign, by whatever name the same shall be called, and whether the armorial bearing, crest or ensign is registered in the College of Arms or not.' But the word 'armorial' is still the operative word, covering both 'crest' and 'ensign'; and 'armorial' means appertaining to arms; and no one lower than a gentleman is entitled to bear arms;* and without the right to bear arms there can be no licence to have armorial bearings or liability to pay duty thereon; and it is obvious that Mr. Haddock is not a gentleman. For these reasons the appeal must be allowed and the conviction quashed."

Mr. Justice Fish concurred. A. P. H.

Bad Blow for Hiking-Hogs.

"THE LAW TO CONTROL WALKING. THIRTY M.P.H. SPEED LIMIT IN TOWNS."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

"CLOTHIERS' UNSUCCESSFUL SUIT."
Fashion Paper.

We are wearing it now.

"Birds, for instance, make fascinating subjects for a camera, and domestic animals, too. You can snap them in your own garden or father afield in the heart of the country."
Devon Paper.

You 'll know him by his hat.

"NAMES OF DRAWERS OF HORSES."
Daily Paper Headline.

We had no idea they wore them.

* *Query:* Since the Firearms Act, 1920, is even a gentleman?—ED.

At the Play.

"MACBETH" (OLD VIC).

MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE, now clearly disclosed as our most imaginative producer, relying on his audience's familiarity with the text, chiefly concentrates on emphasising the swift hurtling movement of the play. He uses Mr. WELLS-COATES' austere set with remarkable ingenuity, and contrives some admirable mass-effects, as in the gathering of the startled household after the murder of *Duncan*; in the siege scene (in which, however, there seemed an intolerable deal of pursuit to a bare pennyworth of fighting); and in the rich essay in static pageantry at the close, when he went as near realising Mr. GORDON CRAIG'S notorious vertical imaginations as seems possible on the stage. The twenty-five-foot spears of the men-at-arms made their effect, though their precarious wobblings underlined their complete fatuousness as weapons.

Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG'S costumes were on the sombre side (if we except the vivid orange of *Lady Macbeth's* gown, with its sinister black and blood-red sleeves). His warriors, leaders and led, were kilted, a fashion which notoriously does not flatter every leg and which I should suppose to be a bold anachronism. Was there a wicked suggestion of Scottish parsimony in the job-lot of helms and hauberks, which included an excellent line of aluminium saucepans, sometimes worn with incongruous effect, more often carefully clasped to the side with the gesture of one defending hot rations against the cold? But this is gross flippancy; the costumes were effective and not unwarrantably assertive or eccentric.

I found Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S *Macbeth* strangely impressive; I would say unexpectedly impressive if that did not seem to carry an unflattering implication. We had to accept the fact that the pattern of the verse and the splendour of even the most inspiring passages did not interest him. He was for extracting the full emotional content in the most realistic mood. There were specially memorable moments—the ghastly numb horror of the murderer, blindly staggering down from *Duncan's* chamber; the huddled collapse and the swift darting movements in the encounter with the ghost of *Banquo* (I have never known this scene better contrived in general or in detail). The outline of the character disintegrating under the stress of temptation and of fear was clearly and firmly sketched—the dawn of the treacherous idea; the retreat



MACBETH IMPERSONATING CHARLES LAUGHTON AS *HENRY VIII*.

under cool estimate of the chances of failure; the desperate action; the despair and break-down (the producer brought out excellently the general movement of suspicion at the confession of the murder of the grooms); the momentary recovery helped by the suspicious flight of *Malcolm* and *Donalbain* and the assertion of kingly authority and majesty; the descent to further and yet further cruelties and the final collapse under pressure of conscience. There were, it seemed to me, inconsistencies and a certain tendency to bring into play telling tricks of laughter, carriage, gesture, intonation rather for their own sake than for the illumination of the character and situation. One of Mr. LAUGHTON'S natural gifts is a deep rich voice. We could have wished him to have used it as a medium for some of the more magnificent lines. But the intensely vivid, formidable passion of this interpretation lifts the performance above serious criticism.

I found myself, strangely enough, more moved by Miss FLORA ROBSON'S *Lady Macbeth* in retrospect (in the later hours of a wakeful night) than at the time. This actress's clear elocution is one of her great accomplishments, but here she was less audible than seemed reasonable. I found in her interpretation more of implacable resolution and hard ambition than queenly dignity in the fulfilment of that ambition. The strange quiet of the sleep-walking scene gave a sharp edge to the horror and pathos of it.

The soldierly, loyal, serious *Macduff* of Mr. ROGER LIVESEY (adapted from an earlier and excellent rendering of his to fit the mood of this production) was a distinguished and solid achievement; and Mr. MARIUS GORING'S kingly bearing and brilliant elocution as *Malcolm* gave us a hint of what had been sacrificed to circumstantial realism. The three *Sisters'* share in this business was curtailed (we were told) on the solidest grounds of scholarship; and with no loss to the play. The antics of these ladies, perhaps too varied and too long protracted, a little discounted the grim effect of their appearance, as of corpses fished up from a weed-bound pond.

A memorable season of selfless co-operative endeavour by a distinguished company ends on a brilliant note. T.



A BROAD READING OF THE PART.

Lady Macbeth (*Miss FLORA ROBSON*). "TO BE MORE, YOU WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE."

Macbeth . . . . . MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON.

"INDOOR FIREWORKS" (ALDWYCH).

Christina Parry (Miss FAY COMPTON), a well-known actress, has a cottage near Cambridge, to which she retreats at week-ends. She had once been married to,

but had divorced for a variety of sound reasons,

Pat Swanson (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK), an attractive cad of gigolic tendency.

Mrs. Parry (Lady TREE) is her mother, probably on the stage herself at a much earlier date. An outspoken and eccentric old lady, she is dependent on her daughter, and lives with her; so also does

Teddy Parry (Mr. REGINALD GARDINER), *Christina's* elegant brother, who looks after her business affairs and is further concerned to marry her to

The Marquis of Yore (Mr. JACK HAWKINS), a pleasant young man who is staying on our particular week-end and is extremely anxious to fall in with this plan. But his mother,

The Marchioness (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON), the unbending branch of a very straight-grained tree, is not. The upper drawer, she holds, must be kept firmly locked against the ingress of the stage. (Actually her author has seriously over-done her stiffness.)

Peter (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER) is *Christina's* other brother, a strong-minded, not to say ruthless, youth who is about to return from his honeymoon with

Eleanor (Miss JOYCE BARBOUR), who is herself not easily intimidated. Nevertheless they have been bullied into going to Majorca against their will by the more dominant *Christina*, who had laid the treacherous foundations of her own match on that island. The cottage is tended by

Cissy (Miss MARY BROUGH), a terrific old family maid, and on this week-end it is enriched by the presence of

Miss Benbow (Miss ROSALIND ATKINSON), a gushing journalist with a camera and an immutable conviction that everything is simply ripping.

Thus primed, you can now confidently read on, but first of all you must dispel any pretty notion you may have formed that we are dealing with a nest of filial or fraternal love. Far from it; for between them the *Parrys* contribute all the elements of the fiercest domestic explosive, which Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE touches off with a series of well-timed sparks to produce the display promised in his title.



THE ONE THAT WOULDN'T GO OFF.
Marchioness of Yore . . MISS HENRIETTA WATSON.

The air is heavy with the smell of squibs from the moment when *Christina*, secretly fond of *Yore*, discovers *Teddy's* plan to marry them. It is not cleared by *Mrs. Parry's* and *Cissy's* equal determination to make the apple-pudding for lunch; it thickens with the return of *Peter* and *Eleanor*, unable to conceal the fact that their expensive honeymoon has been one long Brock's Benefit; it is kept sulphurous by the lady-journalist's revolting good spirits, and it is not cleared by an acrid visit from the *Marchioness*.

So far rather amusing. But what on earth will Mr. MACRAE do with them now? we wonder. He resorts to an admirably simple expedient. He makes *Mrs. Parry* consume a packet of indigestible liquorice all-sorts, take to her bed and then pretend that she is much iller than she is. The result is startling, for the air is immediately so clarified by remorse that *Parrys* are to be seen tip-toeing about the sitting-room, setting cushions under each other's aching heads and brewing philadelphian cups of tea.

When next day *Mrs. Parry* descends she finds, as she had hoped, a household pulsing with relief and new affections; but she makes a bad error in tactics, for she tries it too hard by seizing the opportunity to suggest some nice long visits to her sons' flats. All signs of remorse vanish on the instant. *Pat*, the ex-husband, reappears to make amends for his former derelictions by giving satisfactory shape to the *Christina-Yore* affair; and the curtain falls as *Miss Benbow* presses the trigger of her camera on a family group in which a noble ferocity prevails.



GENERAL DISPLAY.

Mrs. Parry	LADY TREE.
Cissy	MISS MARY BROUGH.
Christina	MISS FAY COMPTON.
Marquis of Yore	MR. JACK HAWKINS.
Peter	MR. HAROLD WARRENDER.
Teddy	MR. REGINALD GARDINER.
Eleanor	MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.

There is not, as you see, very much to it by way of a plot, and no reason why sunshine and storm should not indefinitely chase one another through the *Parry* cottage; but all that really matters, pedantry aside, is that the chase is quick, the situations crisp and agreeably idiotic, and the dialogue skilfully handled. The evidences of Mr. HENSON'S production are everywhere, and chiefly, I think, in the authentic ring of the burlesques.

The balance is so evenly distributed that no character has much room for development, but the fooling is of a high standard, and each member of the cast could be praised. This deserves a long run.

ERIC.



Doctor. "As your boss has sent you to me for examination, all I can say is that you are bone lazy."
Patient. "Well, Doctor, what's the Latin name for that?"

Coup d'État, 1935.

Things happen that way, you know. The casual glance, the chance remark and the course of a nation's history is changed.

This happened in Whitehall.

A school-teacher, leading what appeared to be several girls' schools, stopped me and said, "Excuse me—would you tell me the way to the Victoria and Albert Museum?"

"Second on the right, Madam," said I carelessly.

"Thank you," she said, and a great column of school-girls went shuffling and chattering by.

By an odd chance the cohort turned into Downing Street. After that things happened quickly.

* * * * * *

The Prime Minister's "special agent" at No. 10 lifted the receiver: "Is that Scotland Yard?—Salary cuts demonstration—Send ten men."

Ten uniformed constabulary approached the end of Downing Street with batons drawn, and a crowd collected. Panic broke out among the girls. Their teacher turned sharply to see her girls in confusion.

With accustomed presence of mind she called "Order!—Girls!—Girls! 'Men of Harlech!'" whereupon the columns reformed and two hundred girlish voices broke upon the air, bearing aloft that famous tune far above the roar of the traffic.

A dozen Welsh miners who had been conducting a slow pilgrimage of song outside the Ministry of Health took up the strain and turned the corner into Downing Street.

The police meanwhile had formed a cordon round the teacher, who was bravely conducting her choir, which was soon to be reinforced by street musicians of every description—mouth and barrel organists, spoon-and-fork-ists, violinists, tin-whistlers, flautists, cornet-players, players of every kind of stringed, tinned and wind instruments of music and torture. The public gathered round and sang too. Soon Whitehall was a dense mass of people singing "Men of Harlech."

A quarter of a mile away, in a room in Parliament Street, sat David Lloyd George, brooding upon a national "come-back." In through the window came the sound of singing; the sound seemed to blossom in his brain into a march of triumph.

"My car," he said quickly and there was a light in his eyes.

Outside, bands of all the political organisations in Westminster had mustered; the song had risen to a roar.

Then down Whitehall swept a great open car; and in it, standing, singing as one entranced, was Lloyd George. The multitude surged round.

Someone had phoned the B.B.C. At 11.30 the announcement went forth: "News of national importance has just been received: a national demonstration against the Government is taking place in Whitehall, the largest of its kind ever held in this country."

By 11.45 the fate of the Government was sealed.

Lloyd George was standing with tears streaming down his cheeks holding up the national emblem of Wales and telling a spell-bound multitude that "Government must be for the people and by the people." When he had finished a great cry arose: "We want the Leek—we want the Leek!"

You know the rest. How the House was stormed and how Lloyd George was proclaimed Dictator amid great enthusiasm and rejoicing.

But I only thought I ought to tell you how it all began.



Charlady (after sending-in day). "'OW NICE THE STUDIO LOOKS NOW THE PICTURES 'AVE GORN, SIR."

A Song in Season.

BUDS are bursting on the trees
Now that April's here;
Hiking fans with purple knees
Hardily appear;
Lambs are frisking, larks are singing,
Swallows on their way are winging,
Bicycles are ping-a-linging
Now that April's here.

Poets gambol in the streets,
Spring is in the air;
Men are painting garden-seats,
Smooth the paint and fair.
Springtime is the birdie sing-time,
Is the only pretty ring-time;
Stocks are b(l)ooming now it's spring-time,
Spring is in the air.

Primroses and violets peep
Under hedge and tree;
Bluebells still are half-asleep—
Melodies to be;
Gallantries and high romances
Lightly turning young men's fancies,
Practisings of cricket stances,
Puttings-off of winter pantses,
Watercress for tea.

Past the acres of the rye,
Now that winter's done,
Charabanc excursions fly,
Paper-bags and fun.
Mossy banks and fragrant posies,
Heys and ho's and noninoses,
Gettings-out of garden hoses,
This and that, and *quelque choses*
Now that winter's done.

Compères Through England.

THE railways have already taken to the roads. Now they are taking to the air, and their directors are naturally anxious lest they should go off the rails altogether. As a matter of fact there is not the slightest need for them to worry, for I have had an idea which is brilliantly simple, if I may say so, and yet guaranteed to restore the popularity of the train by relieving the monotony of the most tedious journey. And what is more, I am going to present it to them out of a sort of silly affection I have for all the old buffers and sleepers which go to make up a railway.

Just this. Put a commentator in a microphoned observation-car on each long-distance train, see that he has made a thorough study of his route, and hang ear-phones in every carriage! Why on earth has no one thought of it before?

Take your seats, please. So that you can appreciate the magnitude of the suggestion I've arranged a trial over the most notoriously dreary section in England—London to Tumby-over-Tussock. Everything is free. Clamp on your ear-phones and listen.

The guard has blown his whistle and we are beginning to slide out. At any moment the commentary may start. Ah! The red light has gone on in each compartment. Here it comes:—

"Good afternoon, everybody. The time is 15.34 hours. The reason why we were three minutes late was an obstinate bit of coal-dust which found its way into Driver Arbuthnot's eye, but it was successfully removed by Carter Paterson—I beg your pardon, Porter Robinson—who is famous in the station for his remarkable way with coal-dust.

"I do hope you're all really comfortable. If there's anything you want just ring for the steward. . . .

"The first thing I want you to look at is coming now, on the right. It shares with the House of Commons the honour of being the most important gasometer in the country, and it's technically interesting because it rises when it's full, whereas the House only rises when it's deflated. . . .

"In a mile or so, on our left, we shall come to Acacia Terrace, where Dr. Niersteiner committed his fascinating murder last year by putting liquid cement in his wife's curry. You won't actually see Number 159 because the Terrace is a bit of a dog-leg, but all the houses in this district are exactly the same. . . There . . .

"You will be glad to learn that Driver Arbuthnot's eye has ceased to water. . . .

"Now we're getting to the country. The next station is Drooping Magna, and, although we don't stop there, I've asked Driver Arbuthnot to slow down so that you can have a good look at the station-master's whiskers, which are Drooping Magna's show-piece. They are the fruit of half-a-century of unremitting barbiculture, and a controversy has raged in the town for many years, frequently giving rise to bloodshed, as to whether they are self-supporting or held out on invisible props. But the secret is jealously guarded. . . . Terrific, aren't they? . . .

"I think it's time you had some tea. One must eat to get the best out of the country. Just ring and ask for the Company's new square crumpets, specially designed by our Chief Engineer for increased butter-capacity and greater ease of control. I'm eating some at the moment, and I'm told that both Driver Arbuthnot and Fireman Plendergast are doing the same. . . .

"Do you remember that tremendous fuss two years ago over a house-party at Lord Lucre's, when Sir Eustace Smirch swallowed Lady Lucre's diamonds just before the detectives searched his bedroom, only to find that they'd brought an X-ray machine with them? There's the scene of the swallowing, on the left, that revolting pile of yellow bricks squinting through the trees like a coy jam-factory—Pelf Manor. If you count seventeen along the windows from the clock-tower you come to Sir Eustace's. . . .

"The next big house, the chimneys of which you can just see, is the country seat of the Marquis of Chalifont, but he hasn't sat much there, or indeed anywhere, since an unfortunate shoot some time ago when they forgot to serve out blank cartridges to a French Count. . . .

"We are now well into the farming zone, and it may interest you to see some of the leaders of the industry whom I have had lined up in a field just coming on our left. Driver Arbuthnot is slowing down for you to see them. The first of the group is an armed detective thinly disguised as a Suffolk Punch. The second, his chief care, is Lactic Lucy, the Three-Thousand-Gallon Angus, whose moo is insured at Lloyd's for a milkman's ransom. On her right is Omelette Freda, the famous Tough Orpington, who has laid her way through so many records that she is an absolute egomaniac. The stout party at the end is Streaky Gertrude, ultimately responsible for millions of rashers of celebrated bacon. I think they would all appreciate a friendly cheer. . . . Thank you. . . .

"We are about to pull up for three minutes at Sludge Junction. It's no good pretending that the place isn't a wart on the fair face of England, and I would certainly advise you to shut your eyes if it were not for the girl at the bookstall, whose nose alone makes adequate apology for the town's existence. . . .

"Off again. . . . Can you see that line of Tudor chimneys on our left? That's Wrack Priory, where the Romboyd-Perks family has been increasingly embarrassed for over four hundred years by the playfulness of its ancestors. The shade of old Sir Hildebrand, for instance, invariably appears on the Eve of St. Ethelbert and those of three other saints to decant half-a-dozen bottles of vintage port over the head of the heir, which in consequence is usually ineradicably purple by the time he takes his seat in the Upper House. . . .

"In the next few miles I hope we shall catch a glimpse of the Squire of Truffle, who still rides to hounds on his tricycle . . ."

But you see what I mean? Surely this innovation would give the railways a tremendous puff-puff? ERIC.

Lyra Lunatica.

The Vernal Virus.

In the Spring, hearts sere and arid
Suddenly with rapture blaze—
"Even actresses get married"
(In PÉLISSIER'S famous phrase).

Hikers on a rural ramble,
Stalwart lass and hefty lad,
Brave the briar and the bramble
Though diaphanously clad,

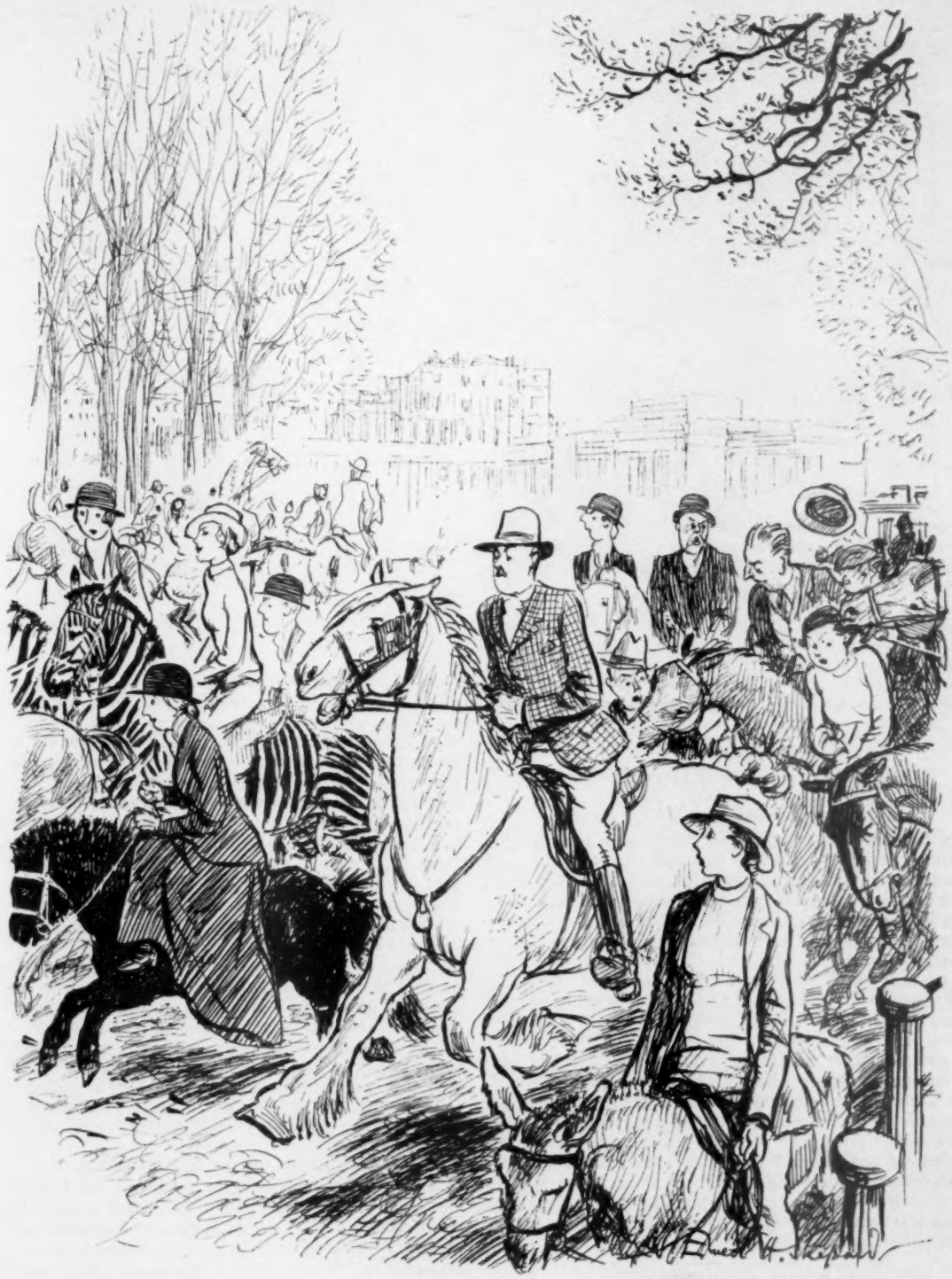
Happiest when their errant forces
Are controlled by Mr. MAIS,
Who in clarion tones discourses
On the "genius of the place."

Though beyond the age for mingling
With these energetic throngs
Agèd bards delight in jingling
Vernal versicles and songs,

Heedless of the Whence or Whither
Of our terrifying time,
But content to delve and dither
In the futile fields of rhyme.

Yes, no business propaganda
Shall monopolize my quill,
Rather would I sing of Handa
Where the seafowl shriek and shrill,
Or the Himalayan panda
Or the Arctic razor-bill,
Or the Uruguayan Banda
On the borders of Brazil
Where the blooms of Jacaranda
Their unearthly scents distil.

C. L. G.



RIDING IS BECOMING SO POPULAR THAT IT WILL SOON BE A PROBLEM TO FIND SUFFICIENT AND SUITABLE MOUNTS.



"THE GAS COMPANY'S INSTRUCTIONS *were* RIGHT AFTER ALL, EDITH."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Doomington Clouds and Silver Linings.

IN Doomington, not far from Magnolia Street—in fact in Oleander Street, which is part and parcel of the same Lancashire ghetto—Mr. LOUIS GOLDING has pitched the scene of a new novel which promises even more attractively than its forerunner. *Silver*, the honest little waterproof-maker, his inefficient warm-hearted wife, and the tribe of self-styled anarchists who flock (in pre-War days) to plot on tea-and-lemon and woo the *Five Silver Daughters* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), go to swell a stream of interest which I wish I could feel was augmented by subsequent developments. But as a matter of fact the several adventures of the girls and their men-folk are disappointing, apart from the tragedy of *Susan*, whose husband goes back to Russia with LENIN. The catastrophe of the family's return in her person to its birthplace on the Dnieper, and the contrast between the prosperity of the all-British scion and the blasting of the original tree is a memorable and well-proportioned study—which is more than I can say for the long-drawn wooing of *May* and her pacifist and the hectic intervention of *Elsie* the demi-mondaine in her sister's abortive love-affair.

The Common Weal.

"An attempt to discover a guiding principle in public affairs." It is a large undertaking and Mr. LIONEL CURTIS brings to it a corresponding largeness of conception and treatment. Starting from the very birth of the human race, he surveys the growth of civilisation in its various forms, touching on all the more pregnant movements and moments of history down to the end of the Middle Ages. His tact in the selection of the significant is unfailing. His argument never loses itself in a labyrinth of particulars, nor is it allowed to suffer in cogency through the lack of them. Through it runs the eternal contrast and conflict between the idea of authority, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," and that of the commonwealth, the service of each to all, based on spontaneous goodwill among men, as it has flowered, however imperfectly, in the Greek City State and the representative system of England. There is no need to say in which of these ideas Mr. CURTIS finds his "guiding principle." He looks forward indeed to the establishment of a world-embracing commonwealth; and the Founder of Christianity, as the greatest exponent of that ideal, is the central figure and the hero of the impressive and stimulating tractate which he has called *Civitas Dei* (MACMILLAN, 10/6). For "a commonwealth is simply the Sermon on the Mount translated into political terms."

Truth for Sixteen Minutes.

Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA is up to all the tricks of his particular trade, and now, in *The Undiscovered Country* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), he adds force to the confessions of his heroine by making her drift into reminiscences while going under an anæsthetic for an operation. After making a mental draft of her own obituary notice—"*Marcia*, wife of the fifth Earl of Bedlington"—she switches back to Victorian childhood and Edwardian girlhood and shows the result of marriages made in drawing-rooms. The four

Kesteven sisters all marry rather more than suitably: the first is awarded to a Knight, and the fourth (though she was in love with a man who had no prospects) to an Earl. As a result, she says that her own children shall be free to choose for themselves. They choose tiresomely and she tries to manage their affairs but is not very successful. This is queer when one considers how deftly she organises her own life, playing the double parts of shop-window wife and discreet mistress to her early love. *Marcia* is no more likeable than any one else in the book, but then Mr. McKENNA so seldom lets his characters be amused or amusing. All the same, when she recovers consciousness, one wants to know more about her and everybody else in the book, and that is a good enough test for a story.

The Shorn Shepherd.

Though much of STEPHEN GRAHAM'S tale
Reads like a yarn that's really true,
And though the crew
Who wander through
Its pages might be I and you;
And though we're far too glad to hail
The easy chance to fill our coffers,
There are, I doubt,
Few dupes about
To match the one the story offers.

A London priest it is whose mind
The Padre of St. Jacob's paints—
The mays and mayn'ts,
The half-restraints
That clog the steps of worldly saints;
And he's the "sucker" whom we find
Cast for the latest gold brick's victim;
And till the end
He treats as friend
The glib unblushing crook who tricked him.

Who, being bitten once, would let
The unmasked swindler stake his claim
And play the same
Deceptive game
Time after time immune from blame?
It's none the less a book to get;
I. NICHOLSON AND WATSON stock it,
And he who downs
The three half-crowns
They ask will not feel out of pocket.



"PERSONALLY I DON'T MIND HEAVY WEATHER. I RATHER LIKE ROUGHING IT."
"ROUGHING IT IS THE VERY WORD, SIR, WITH YOUR NATTY LITTLE MUFFLER AN' ONLY SIX MEALS A DAY."

The Day-Ahead Thinker.

The achievements of a famous Lancashire organiser are recorded in a book—*Salvidge of Liverpool: Behind the Political Scene*, 1890–1928 (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-)—that is far too good to miss. Written by his son, STANLEY SALVIDGE, and published, one notes with regret, posthumously, it is less attractive for its tale of the late Sir ARCHIBALD'S successes in winning elections by the aid of a Tory Democracy persuaded to be inordinately concerned about Church discipline or the safeguarding of Ulster, or even for the history of his forceful intervention at more than one crisis, than for its running commentary on men and things. Here is Admiral BEATTY, guest of honour at a city banquet, reconstructing Jutland with one of Liverpool's best coffee-cups as *Queen Mary* and an unlighted cigar as *Lion*. Here is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Prime Minister, beating time at his Downing Street window to the music of a distant band playing a favourite hymn-tune. Here is Lord BALFOUR in a glorious rage at treason within the ranks of his Party; and BONAR LAW broken with grief. Among the leaders SALVIDGE held his own and went his way. Very often the leaders were only too glad to follow.

B.B.C. Housekeeping.

I am afraid I cannot summon up much interest in books on housekeeping which merely embellish the present tradition. It is more entertaining to look back to a glorious past or forward to a more glorious future. When your notion of *The Happy Housewife* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 5/-) is associated with the scent of warm dough rising on the hearth, of beeswax and turpentine mellowing on the hob, of a garden run hand-in-hand with the kitchen and an enthusiast for both presiding over the whole, you are not likely to be either impressed or amused by the perfunctory spirit of to-day. Miss HELEN SIMPSON, of B.B.C. fame, undoubtedly does her best to enkindle something livelier; but a monitor who sanctions Irish stew in tins must be regarded, I feel, with caution. She is obviously an expert on Insurance, Notifiable Diseases, Ice-cream freezers and Cosmetics. But the first two might well be left to the head of the family, while renunciation of the third might do away with the necessity for the fourth. Finally she looks forward to the day when "the cradle, so to speak, is rocked by electricity"—with "tree-top" *obbligato*, I take it, from Daventry.

Hairs at the Vertical.

To say, as his publishers do, that Mr. E. F. BENSON's ghost stories react on the toughest spines, is no ro-dodomontade, yet I confess that I found *More Spook Stories* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) of uneven quality and would have welcomed a greater variation on the theme of the comfortable bachelor subjected in replete middle-age to the novelties of psychic phenomena. But some of the stories, especially in the latter half of the book, are good. "Pirates" is a delightful description of a sick man going back after forty years to the house of his childhood to die amongst the voices in the garden; in "Thursday Evenings" a Victorian art-hostess is puckishly transformed into an anti-Cubist *Poltergeist* which plagues the neo-Georgian occupants of her house into leaving the studio empty on Thursday evenings for a spirit-resuscitation of her *soirées*; "The Psychical Mallards" gives a very funny picture of the embarrassments attendant on the gifts of levitation and teleo-kinesis; "The Sanctuary" is a powerful if unpleasant sketch of the mysteries of Satan-worship; while those who question the efficacy of ancient Egyptian curses will find "Monkeys" uncomfortable reading.



"WHAT SORT OF A RESTAURANT IS THIS THAT HASN'T JELLIED PAMPAS BERRIES ON THE MENU?"

He Who Hesitates is Lost.

His Slav instinct for dramatisation caused M. KERENSKY to choose *The Crucifixion of Liberty* (BARKER, 15/-) as the title for his narrative of LENIN's triumphant rise to power. Yet his story is dramatic enough in itself not to need to have its contrasts still further heightened by M. KERENSKY's pen. The very opening reads like the beginning of a Greek tragedy. Fate willed that Simbirsk, on the Middle Volga, should be the birthplace of the three men—LENIN, KERENSKY, PROTOPOPOV—who embodied the three great contending forces of Bolshevism, Liberalism and Tsarism in war-time Russia. At the crisis of the World War these three men joined in a desperate battle for power. LENIN emerged the victor. Nor is the reason far to seek in these colourful pages. It is indeed not precisely the reason which M. KERENSKY himself assigns for his failure to lead Russia out of the morass into which she had sunk. All unconsciously M. KERENSKY reveals why Liberalism failed to win the day. A better title for his book would have been: *He Who Hesitates is Lost.*

Through the Air.

In the world of games Mr. K. C. GANDAR DOWER's skill provokes both the admiration and the despair of the orthodox, and now that he has plunged into book-land his style is as individual as it is effective. With his friend, Mr. A. C. S. IRWIN, he determined to fly in a second-hand Puss Moth from Heston to Madras, and he gives details of the flight in *Amateur Adventure* (RICH AND COWAN, 5/-). If he had curbed his tendency to be facetious I should not have been sorry, but he writes with a frankness that from a psychological point of view is of real value. This is no story of exceptionally heroic endeavour; it is the account of a thoroughly sporting adventure. And the photographs, though tardy in making their appearance, are worth waiting for.

North *v.* South.

The difficulties of *Lucille*, the heroine of *Secret Service Operator* 13 (APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY, 7/6), were increased by the fact that she was spying for the Federal States, while her lover, *John Gaillard*, was engaged upon similar work for the Confederates. Time and again they fought battles of wits and as frequently they found themselves in such perilous positions that the road to safety seemed to be hopelessly closed. Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS however, extricates them from the tightest of tight corners, and he performs these feats with so little fuss or flapdoodle that our powers of belief are seldom overstrained. Mr. CHAMBERS continues to write with the zest which has always been a refreshing feature of his work.

Suggestions We Cannot Too Emphatically Repudiate.

"That is a remark which you may think might find its place in the remarks that are sometimes published in Punch under 'Little Glimpses of the Office.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

A Trunk Call From the East.

"That great white elephant which is slowly emerging from the chrysalis at the end of Sepoy Lines has yet to be opened."
Malayan Paper.

"BUTTER STRONGER, BUT EGGS SOFTER."
Market Report in Canadian Paper.

Buttered eggs should be just right.

Charivaria.

NEWLY-MARRIED couples in Germany are given copies of Herr HITLER's autobiography to read on the honeymoon. The performance of this grim duty together is said to promote mutual sympathy in suffering.

***

Now that the sale of firearms in France is more restricted, gunsmiths are careful to ascertain whether customers require pistols for lethal purposes or merely for duelling.

***

On the other hand the invention, also in France, of a motor-car which executes the most complicated manœuvres without a driver is regarded as a big step towards the elimination of the human factor from the traffic problem.

***

The modern baby doesn't cry, we are told, because he has nothing to cry about. These modern children must have a reason for everything.

***

According to a trade journal bones are fetching good prices in this country. This will be good news for those who are slimming hard.

***

"What is your conception of a really difficult and trying job?" asks a correspondent. Looking up someone named Smith in the *Telephone Directory*.

***

"When walking in the street and you see a blur pass in front of your eyes, what does it mean?" asks an oculist. Not a telegraph-messenger anyway.

Three Cumberland lakes are to be sold by auction. But in view of the water-shortage they will not be allowed to leave the country.

***

It is suggested that dentists should have a "Harley Street" of their own. Well, there's always Long Acre.



Conscientious Caddiemaster. "NOW THE GENT YOU 'RE CARRYIN' FOR IS A FOREIGN COUNT, SO THROW THAT FAG AWAY, PUT YOUR 'AT ON STRAIGHT AND DON'T FORGET TO SAY SIGNORA."

Rumours that Professor EINSTEIN was engaged in some abstruse mathematical work were well-founded. He has just completed his first United States income-tax form.

***

An American millionaire admits he made his money out of lead. Many unfortunate men are doing time in this country for trying to do the same.

"You have nobody in this country approaching ROCKEFELLER," says an American visitor. But we have many who would if they thought it at all possible.

***

Scientists have discovered that the person who dusts a university don's study expends more energy in three minutes than he himself does in an hour's close reasoning. This explains why dons' studies are so seldom dusted.

***

The search for stainless metals, we are reminded, has been going on for centuries. Nothing looked sadder in the Middle Ages than an unemployed knight grown rusty with damp and disuse.

***

An explosive expert warns people that mysterious substances which we cannot identify should be handed to expert chemists, who will explain what they are. But what can be done with the merchant who still insists that that they are coal?

***

A foreign writer refers to "the sterling qualities of the British." This is just what the forthcoming Budget is designed to bring out.

***

On fine days the Crystal Palace can be seen from the Strand. Energetic American visitors are very grateful, as they are thus saved a good deal of valuable time.

***

It is claimed by the medical profession that kleptomania can be cured by an operation. Doctors who merely advise their patients to take things quietly are quacks.

In Time of Drought.



COME, South-West Wind and
fisherman's luck!
Come, infinite seas of falling
rain!
Till only the sound of the
singing duck
Is heard in the land, and we
wade in muck—
And let us be happy again!

Cataracts out of the clouds be wrung!
Ruin the dresses and shut down Lord's!
Jupiter Pluvius, loose your bung
Till you gladden the heart of HILTON YOUNG
And the heart of the Water Boards!

For the world is sick with a dreadful drought,
And all is dust where it should be dirt;
Fall on my head, sweet water-spout!
Am I the kind to be bothered about
Mud on my evening shirt?

But if in the end the streams are dried,
And fades the rose on the garden-path,
And the pitiful earth must be denied
And languidly runs the on-turned tide
Of the morning and evening bath,

Let me be neither the last nor worst
To help my country. And when I dine
(Even now be the act rehearsed!)
Oh, save the women and children first!
Bring them the water for which they thirst
And give me wine! EVOE.

Unilluminating Addresses.



"WE are anxious," said the man at the door, "to include your name in the next edition of our local *Street Directory*, and I shall be glad of a few particulars for that purpose."

I experienced that peculiar exaltation of the spirit which only a new or newish householder can understand. Since the appearance of our name in the *Telephone Directory* it had seemed that life had nothing more to offer. And now this!

"Certainly, certainly!" I said, and spelt out with a blush my Full Christian Name. What else would he want to know? I wondered. My profession or occupation? Whether married or single? The size of the garden? The details perhaps of my scholastic career? Rapidly as he wrote down the name of the house in his little black book, I went over in my mind the outstanding events of the past few years. It would never do, for instance, to forget that paper of mine in *The Apiarist* in the spring of 1931. Nor the fact that in 1928——

"May we send you," the man was asking, "a copy of the *Directory* when ready?"

And that, believe it or believe it not, was all. He simply jotted down a note to the effect that one copy was to be sent to the above address and went right away. Not a word, mark you, about my profession or occupation. Not a single question about my academic career, nor about any titles, orders, decorations, etc., that may have come my way since leaving school. In fact, for all he knows—and therefore for all anyone who reads the *Directory* will know—I might as well not *have* any titles and decorations or have played cricket for my preparatory school, or been mentioned in *The Tidhurst Parish Magazine* as a promising debater, or indeed done *any* of the things that put one perhaps just a little bit above the extraordinarily commonplace people who seem to live in this road. I shall be in the ruck; merely

A local habitation and a name

—and after that nothing. Not even a B.A.

Of course I realise, now that I have had more time for quiet reflection, that discrimination in a work of this kind would never do. If A's name is to be followed by a brief synopsis of his career, then B and C, however unworthy, will expect it too, and there will be rancour and discontent right through the alphabet if they don't get it. But in spite of the enormous increase in the size of the *Directory* that this would entail, I still feel that a splendid opportunity is being thrown away by the publishers in cutting down the questions they ask to such meagre limits. Here we all are, householder after householder, from Burnham Crescent to Lilac Row, willing and even anxious to provide the material for a volume pulsating with human interest—a volume moreover that not one of us could afford to be without, and not a publisher has the ordinary common gumption to take advantage of us. Invaluable for certain purposes as the local *Directory* in its present form undoubtedly is, does it, I ask, help us as much as it might when some caller inquires who are those extraordinary people at No. 28? It does not. We open the thing at the page devoted to our own road and, running our eye down the column, we read:—

25, David E. Jennings, Esq.
26, Miss Clara Sandover.
here is Wellington Crescent
27, Captain Anthony Hackaway.
28, Mrs. & Mr. Arbuthnot Robinson.

Well, what is the use of that? We can only say in answer to our inquirer that the name of the people at No. 28 is Robinson, that Mrs. Robinson's taste in curtains is beyond words deplorable, and that *he*, to the best of our belief, is a retired stockbroker or something, and takes his Irish terrier for a walk every afternoon. And we could not say even as much as that if it were not clearly understood that the expression "retired stockbroker or something" covers everything but colonels, doctors and clergymen.

How much better if we could take up the *Directory* and read:—

28, Septimus Arbuthnot Robinson, M.A., F.G.S., aged 59. Educated at St. Ethelbert's, Havant, where he took a prominent part in the life of the school, and afterwards at St. Mary's, Oxford. Rowed No. 6 in Third Torpid Boat, 1896. Assistant Master at St. Ethelbert's from 1898 to 1914, when work of national importance called him to America. Returning in 1918, he married Sybil Doreen Clump, three times holder of the Punctuality Prize at Miss Hubworthy's School for Girls, Ashton-under-Lyme, and later a member of the Marbleswick Women's Literary and Debating Guild. Senior Assistant Master at St. Ethelbert's from 1919 until his retirement to Fernleigh Terrace in 1931. *Hobbies:* Gardening and the emendation of very old manuscripts. *Clubs:* Combined Universities (1898–9).

Of course the above, admirable though it would be as a



HYDROPHIL AND HYDROPHOBE.

(A tragical episode more or less after "King Lear.")

THE WATER AUTHORITY. "BLOW, WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS! RAGE! BLOW!
YOU CATARACTS AND HURRICANOES SPOUT
TILL YOU HAVE DRENCH'D OUR STEEPLES——"

THE FLANNELLED FOOL. "NUNCLE, STAY.
WHAT ABOUT CRICKET? WHAT ABOUT THE TESTS?"



"Good morning, Constable. Would you mind standing just in front of the window while we give the cook notice?"

general guide to form, represents only the barest skeleton of the body of information that might eventually become available. In time, as the evidence of the residents themselves was supplemented by the statements of their neighbours and the carefully-documented reports of paid observers and private inquiry agents, the *Directory* would emerge as the most complete, the most absorbing and the most indispensable book of reference in the world. Only compare with the forbidding starkness of the present entry opposite No. 26 the richness and variety of this:—

26, Clara Sandover, Miss (though some say she married a Sergeant of Marines and left him on their honeymoon). Age uncertain, but known to be over forty, as No. 23 knew her before the War and she was no chicken then. Quiet, refined, and likes a game of bridge with 23 and the two 19's, but not on speaking terms with 11—nor with 36 since the parrakeet episode (*see* below, No. 36). Has a cousin in the Navy, who visits her occasionally, and knows Lord Cullinder, though only slightly; hence *persona grata* at 4, Wellington Crescent (*q.v.*). Takes a keen interest in local affairs, helps at Church bazaars and is a leading spirit in the Movement for the Dissemination of Embroidered Antimacassars among Elderly Persons in Zanzibar, which has a flourishing local branch. Spoke with conspicuous success at the Ladies' Social Union in 1927 on "How to Run a Cake-Stall," and in the following year wrote a letter to *The Times* on the same subject which was not published. Keeps a cat, "Mimbo," and two canaries. *Income:* £220 *p.a.*, with a bit extra from bridge. *Hobby:* Fond of playing the violin (*see* No. 25).

How dramatic and how well-timed after this will be the pause afforded by the words "Here is Wellington Crescent" before we proceed to the astonishing history of Captain Anthony Hackaway! And how eagerly and with what ever-heightening anticipation you, if perhaps not I, will hurry on, *viâ* the Arbuthnot Robinsons, to the culminating sensation of my own entry at No. 29! It is sad to reflect that this year, at any rate, you will find nothing there but my Full Christian Name. Not even a B.A. H. F. E.

April.

Welcome, young April, to the poets dear,
Darling amongst the months that make the year,
Bright with new sunshine, fresh with sparkling showers,
Month of ecstatic birds and opening flowers,
Month when the clocks go forward, cuckoos call,
And month in which, most notable of all,
The Chancellor speaks, to tell the listening land
The destiny of certain funds in hand!
Welcome, though dreaded, since you bring a date
Big with the secrets of financial fate;
Month which may addle any hopes we 've nursed,
Month in which, anyhow, we 're told the worst.

W. K. H.

"M. Barthou writes about security when his these is disarmament, and about disarmament when his there is security. The 'will to agreement' of the other Powers will be put to a hard test by such methods."—*Daily Paper.*

We confess we see little chance of an understanding.

As Others Hear Us.

Departing Guests.

"WAVE!"

"I have."

"But they still are. No, she's gone in. Anyway, I should have thought it was much too cold. It just shows what a success we were."

"Oh, did you think so? I always wonder, unless people actually *say* to come back again soon."

"How frightfully morbid!"

"My aunt's exactly like that too. It's in the family or something."

"Honestly, I call it frightfully morbid."

"Well, my aunt's exactly the same."

"I suppose it's in your family or something. Did you do the housemaid?"

"Yes, but only on the dressing-table. I never know what to say."

"I always think the dressing-table's a risk. Suppose the one who hadn't done anything for one got it?"

"They wouldn't. The others wouldn't let her. I believe they're most frightfully particular amongst themselves Did you do the parlour-maid?"

"Yes, but it's frightfully difficult. They're always clearing away or something. And you can't do it in the hall under everybody's nose."

"My aunt used to mind doing butlers more than anything. I don't know why, exactly. She was rather like that in a way."

"I always think that generation was like that."

"Fancy when there were footmen by the thousand. Like THACKERAY."

"I know. Silk stockings and all. And more or less everywhere too."

"Oh, not everywhere, do you think?"

"Well, perhaps not absolutely everywhere, but heaps of places. There might even have been here. Then, I mean. Like when my aunt minded about butlers."

"Of course, I suppose things have changed frightfully, like everybody's always saying, but it's always been the same after all. I mean, that lot, then our lot, and one day I suppose it'll be the next lot."

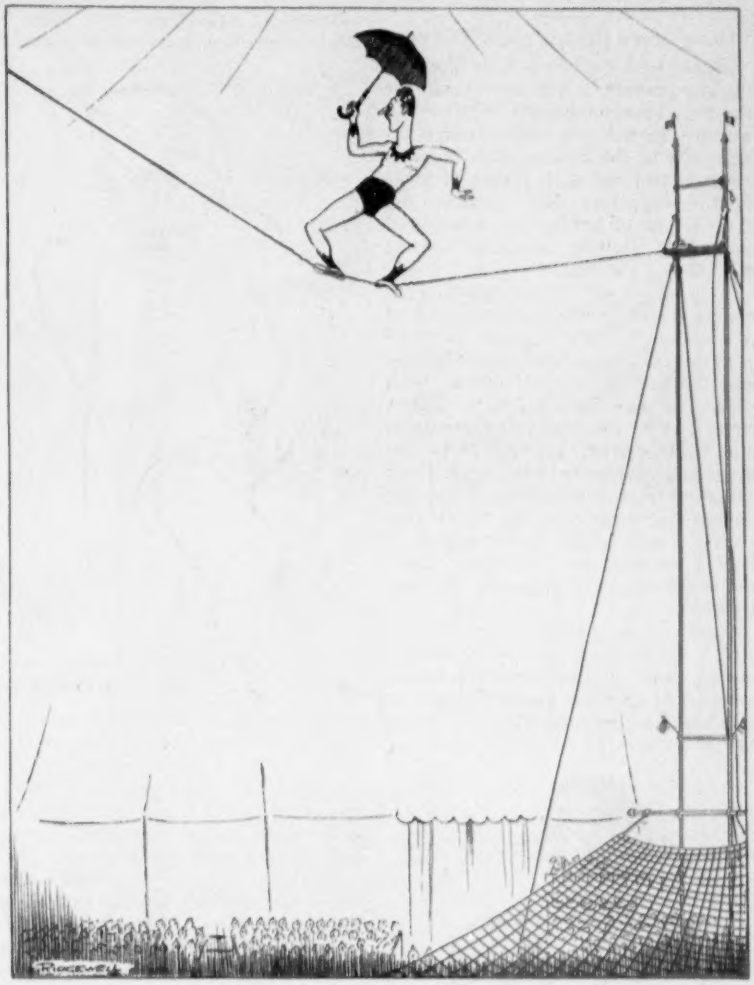
"Talk about being morbid, you're being simply frightfully. It's like SHAKESPEARE or somebody."

"I don't see why SHAKESPEARE."

"Well, didn't he say *Tell me not in mournful numbers*, or something?"

"My dear, what a coincidence! I did that at school!"

"So did I. But I don't see why we should go all literary and highbrow *now*."



"DEAR ME—THIS ISN'T MY UMBRELLA!"

"Like that awful woman reading poetry to herself after lunch. Did you ever find out if she was a relation or what?"

"In-law or something, with some name like Halliday."

"Oh, yes, that's right. Wilmot-Evans, it was."

"That's it. She writes or something.

"Do you mean really writes?"

"I think so. In a way."

"No wonder I thought *him* so much easier than *her*."

"They always are, anyway."

"Some people absolutely loathe brains. I don't really mind them one way or the other, myself."

"My aunt had brains. But she was quite a success, I believe. Anyway she was married twice, to two quite different men."

"My dear, how marvellous!"

"I think it must run in the family or something."

"I often think heredity's most frightfully funny, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, frightfully. I should think even DARWIN admitted that. After he'd discovered it, I mean."

"Look here—are you being funny, or what? First SHAKESPEARE and then DARWIN. Why not the British Museum while you're about it?"

"I'm terribly sorry. I think it's having stayed away for the week-end, sort of. Don't you know what I mean?"

"Oh, absolutely. It's quite all right. Only you know what I mean."

"Oh, yes, rather. My aunt used to say exactly the same thing. Always."

E. M. D.

At the Pictures.

"LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS" (TIVOLI).

HOLLYWOOD, when it feels like saying any prayers, might offer thanks for the great French novelists. Nineteenth-century French life lends itself magnificently to the Talkies, and the plots are rich and full with plenty of meat for the characters. ZOLA deserves the compliment of having his *Nana* used to display SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S latest star, Miss ANNA STEN.

The story of *Nana*, adapted of course for the screen, offers a part of extraordinary range, from extreme poverty to theatrical pre-eminence and deepening entanglements with officers of the French Army. ANNA STEN has to be everything by turns and nothing long. She has to be the vivacious midinette pushing a tipsy subaltern into a fountain; a pouting but cowed apprentice to the stage; then the talk of the town; and then baffled in love and deceived. Her career is broken and restored. Her end is tragic.

Inside all these large movements are other alternations of circumstance, testing in every direction an actress's power. ANNA STEN comes through it all with flying colours. Her good looks are not those of a statue; she has



HITCHING HIS GUNS TO A STAR.
Colonel André Muffat . LIONEL ATWILL.
Nana . . . . . ANNA STEN.

extraordinary animation, mobility and range. Her performance gains enormously from the realistic casting of the whole piece.

If her part and her playing of it put her in a place by herself, the film is still full of real characters, not the pasteboard subsidiaries we meet so often in modern American scenarios of



AN IMPRESSIONABLE IMPRESARIO.
Greiner . . . . . RICHARD BENNETT.

love and murder. The two brothers in the French Army, the great impresario, *Greiner*, *Nana's* early friends—all are complete and vivid people. That is one of the great gains from taking a story which has been powerfully imagined and articulated in prose. The nineteenth-century novelists were rather too difficult for the old silent film, which liked to be quite straightforward and to use short headings to explain simple if spectacular scenes. Now the talkies need not fear subtlety and can enter on the harvest that is waiting to be gathered. The great temptation to producers and star-raisers is to hack and prune classical fiction, because the great novelists have wide sympathies and crowded canvases. BALZAC and ZOLA are interested in scenes and conflicts, and conflict demands fairly equal antagonists.

The *Lady of the Boulevards* deserves its success for the intelligence with which its producer and makers have realised that, while it may be skilful publicity to make your star a creature apart—to omit her altogether from the book of the cast instead of leading up to her in heavier type, the place for those distinctions is before the story begins. A good film must be a good story, and that means more than one character; and the better the leading lady the greater the scope that can be allowed to all the other players.

"ONLY YESTERDAY."

At the New Gallery there is a picture from America called *Only Yesterday*, which also produces a new star. Miss MARGARET SULLAVAN is not the peer of Miss ANNA STEN, but she is a fine actress and deserved a better story than *Only Yesterday*.

It is a story of the *feuilleton* type—of the girl, *Mary Lane*, whose lover forgets her, goes to the War, returns and shakes hands perfunctorily, and marries someone else. The girl never tells him she has a son until she is dying, when the boy is about eleven, in the days of October, 1929, and the Wall Street crash. The man, being a stockbroker, is about to kill himself when the letter from beyond the grave tells him he has a son. He leaves his revolver and his wife and goes off on a hunting-trip with his newly-found son. That is the happy ending.

The story has the one advantage that it gives Miss SULLAVAN plenty of opportunities for getting a far-away look into her eyes and staring into space. She does this particularly well. Her son, acted by Master JIMMY BUTLER, is extremely good in a part calling for most of the emotions of young boyhood. These emotions are exploited somewhat crudely in this picture. Mr. JOHN BOLES as the father gives a good characterisation of the weak good-looking man of pleasure upon whom the unfortunate *Mary Lane* has fixed her early and unfaltering devotion. Miss BENITA HUME makes a good wife



A SON AS A.D.C. TO CUPID.
Jim Jun. . . . JIMMY BUTLER.
Mary Lane . . MARGARET SULLAVAN.

of the kind that is easily left and forgotten, hard and superficial, with a curly-headed lover. The people who throng her drawing-room are not an attractive lot, and arouse few regrets when we hear of them jumping in some numbers from twenty-second floors, coming down with their stocks and shares.

D. W.

Difficulties of Empire Trading.

I HAPPENED to be resting on a roadside seat after my morning stroll when my little friend, Podgy McSumph, joined me.

"Is this the first time ye've saw my new troosers?" he inquired, obviously affecting an air of indifference.

"I was just going to remark how nice they looked, Podgy."

"These is bought troosers," he explained, now frankly revealing his pride in them.

"Bought ones?"

"My mither's no' to make my troosers any more, an' I'm to have bought troosers noo for ever an' ever."

"They're splendid, Podgy. Where did you get them?"

"It was Sandy Tapes in the shop. He got them for me from a sheep in Australia. An' it's my own sheep noo —awa' in Australia."

"Your own sheep?"

"Ay. An' my sheep goes oot an' it eats grass on the wide, wide prairie," he went on glibly, "an' then it comes hame an' it gets its hair cut. An' its hair comes here in the big ship an' a man turns it into my troosers."

"No wonder you're proud of them."

"Hoo much sheeps is there in Australia?"

"Millions, I've been told."

"Well, my sheep's one o' them. An' Sandy Tapes says my new troosers an' my sheep is bonds of Empire."

"Dear me! But I wonder how you would know your own sheep among all that crowd if you went to Australia?"

"But Sandy Tapes told me its name. Its name's Angus."

"That's perfectly wonderful, Podgy."

"An' Willie Pilkie's sheep's name's Mollie."

"Have all the wee boys been getting new trousers?"

"Ay. An' Sandy Tapes has gave them all sheeps for theirselfs. But he's got into a terrible row from Black Geordie."

Black Geordie, I should explain, is the name by which a certain farmer in our district is commonly known. He is a huge disgruntled man whose family has suffered from agricultural depression for nearly two centuries.

"What was the trouble with Black Geordie?" I asked.

"He said he was goin' to knock Sandy Tapes's shop doon."

"Why did he say that?"

"Black Geordie said Sandy Tapes has nae right givin' us sheeps in Australia. An' Black Geordie said he had nae money because Sandy Tapes didn't get oor troosers from his sheeps."



"THAT WAS SIMKINS. NICE CHAP. KEENLY INTERESTED IN BIRD-PHOTOGRAPHY."

"What did Sandy Tapes say to that?"

"Sandy Tapes said it was for bonds of Empire. An' then Black Geordie shouted a lot o' bad words, an' Sandy Tapes ran oot the back-door, because he's a terrible wee man."

"That's a bit of a complication, Podgy."

As we walked slowly homeward we came upon a forlorn group of Black Geordie's sheep grazing by the roadside. They stopped eating to stare at us. I fancied there was a reproachful expression in their eyes when they looked at Podgy's trousers.

"It's a pity," I remarked, "that you couldn't get your trousers sometimes from one of Black Geordie's sheep."

"But," Podgy objected, "Angus'll be comin' in to get its hair cut for my next troosers."

"I suppose that's true. It's all very difficult, Podgy."

Podgy began to look dubiously at his trousers.

Then I remembered something my housekeeper had told me that morning. I decided to ask Podgy to lunch with me, and shortly afterwards, the necessary permission having been obtained from his mother, he and I sat down to an excellent lunch of boiled mutton.

"Well, Podgy," I said presently, "I think this balances matters. You got your trousers from your sheep in Australia and now you are lunching on one of Black Geordie's sheep."

"An' does Black Geordie get money for me eatin' his sheep?"

"Of course he does."

"That's good," exclaimed Podgy. "Could I please have some more?"

A moment later, however, he rather spoiled the effect by demanding anxiously, "But whit if a wee boy started eatin' Angus in Australia?"

How to Run a Bassoon Factory; or, Business Explained.

VII.—Time-Study and Costing.

Time-Study.

There are two main ways of deciding how much to pay people:—

(1) *Day Rates.* On this system the worker does what he is paid for.

(2) *Piece Rates.* On this system he is paid for what he does.

If you want to squeeze the last bassoon out of your factory I strongly advocate piece rates, *i.e.*, paying a man so much per bassoon produced.

You may remember that among the necessary experts I included a time-study man. It is his job to find out how long it takes to produce a bassoon, and, accordingly, how much you should pay men for producing it. He proceeds something like this:—

(1) He sets a man to work on making a bassoon and times him to a hundredth-of-a-second. This gives him a figure to work on.

(2) He then takes this figure and applies the following reasoning:—

(*a*) "It took old Sam two days to make that bassoon, but he wasn't working as hard as he might. Therefore divide by 2 = 1 day.

(*b*) Anyhow, old Sam *is* old and not representative. Therefore divide by 2 again = ½-day.

(*c*) On the other hand, old Sam has had a lot of experience. Therefore multiply by 2 = 1 day.

(*d*) But there were seventy-nine periods of two minutes when he didn't do anything. Therefore subtract 158 minutes = 5⅓ hours.

(*e*) But he'll get tired later in the day, so we'll allow him half-an-hour. Therefore add half-an-hour = 6 hours.

(*f*) On the other hand, if the rate is too tight old Sam will kick up a row. Therefore multiply by 2 = 1½ days.

(*g*) Anyhow, we always leave a bit of a margin, so let's call it 2 days."

This is now made into a formula, viz.—

$$\frac{\text{Old Sam's time} \times 2 \times 2}{2 \times 2} - 158 + 30 + 33\tfrac{1}{3}\%$$

and by taking old Sam's time and applying this formula we get the scientifically determined time of two days. The time-study man then works out what it is usual to pay old Sam for two days' work and there you are. This, however, is piece rate in its simplest form. If you particularly wish to encourage the worker, it is usual to say that you will pay him sevenpence a bassoon for the first ninety bassoons, and for each subsequent bassoon six-ninetieths of a penny. Thus the more he does the more he gets, but not so much, if you see what I mean. Then he strikes and you arbitrate and begin again. The majority of strikes about wages are the result of the worker being unable to appreciate an ordinary logical piece of reasoning like that.

Costing.

Costing is the way in which you find out why things cost too much. There are several sorts of costs—

(1) *Material Costs.*
(2) *Labour Costs.*
(3) *Distribution Costs.*

If these are added together and subtracted from what a thing *actually* costs we get

(4) *Overhead Costs.*

The following is a practical example:—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Wood for bassoon			4
Metal for bassoon			5½
Reed for bassoon			½
Making bassoon		7	6
TOTAL		8	4
Actual total cost of bassoon	29	9	6
Therefore overhead costs (lighting, heating, office staff, rent, rates, Directors' fees, Experts' salaries, Sales Staff, insurance, assurance, loss on canteen, money stolen by Cashier, loss on investments, depreciation of plant, etc., etc.)	29	1	2

To be perfectly frank with you, I don't want to go too deeply into the matter of costs, for I 'm afraid you might get a little lost, and we don't want to play Babes in the Wood. But I can outline the general principles very briefly:—

(1) Never worry much about inessentials like buying the stuff and making the bassoon. They hardly cost anything. On the other hand you can't have really modern production methods and science and things without paying for them.

(2) As long as you can make enough of anything you can give it away or pay people to take it, and you'll still make a profit.

(3) Don't be surprised if your Costing Department tells you one day that a thing costs twenty pounds and the next that it cost four-and-threepence. Costing Departments always do that, and they will certainly be able to produce figures which prove absolutely conclusively that they were right on both occasions. Anyhow, they probably were. It's just that there are several ways of looking at costs. Avoid the way that involves looking two ways at once. It is confusing and leads to strabismus.

(4) Remember that the ways of Providence are strange, and that since accountants are the only men who are really closely in touch with them it doesn't get you anywhere to question their decisions. Accept the fact that a thing which cost you seven-and-sixpence for materials and labour was a dead loss when sold for twenty-five pounds, gracefully. If you have that sort of accountant you will probably find that it all works out all right in the end.

(*To be continued.*)

Smith Minor Packs an Effective Portmanteau.

"There was a squirmish and three men were killed."
Schoolboy's Answer.

Curiosities of Continental Ceremonial.

"Leaving the Chateau Laeken, about five miles from Brussels, the new King will proceed to the capital in solemn procession. He will be received at the Parliament by the combined Senate and Chamber of Representatives, before whom he will take the bath."
Chinese Paper.

"You can keep moths from clothes and furs by wrapping them up in newspaper when storing."—*Woman's Journal.*

Yes, but you 've got to catch the little beggars first.

"Five old English songs of the 16th and 17th century were followed by a pleasing collection of modern English—Delius, Michael Head, Cyril Scott, Bax, Bridge, Quilter and Ernest Walker by whom 'Bluebells in the Clearing' by whom was 'Bluebells in the Clearings' which the listeners asked to have repeated."—*Canadian Paper.*

What, again?



"TALK—TALK—TALK!"



Auctioneer. "QUICK! ANY MORE? GOING WELL AT SEVEN-PUN-TEN."

The Man Who Broke the Bank at ——.

Do you realise that in a few months' time the word "sweepstake" will be an indecent word?

Let us ignore for a moment the general bicker about the Betting Bill and consider the implications of Clause Whatever-it-is— Curse! I cannot find the Bill now. But you know the Clause I mean. After the passage of the said Bill into law it will be unlawful to publish any information about the draw for a sweepstake or the results thereof, or "any matter of a nature calculated to act as an inducement to participate" in a sweepstake.

No doubt there is much to be said for this. But where are we? No doubt many newspapers will heave a secret sigh of relief to be rid of those tiresome lists of facetious names. No doubt the poor compositors will sing for joy. But really, where are we?

I mean, what a precedent! Freedom, as we know in these parts, broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent. The prohibition of lottery news is being justified by the limitation of Divorce Court news in the Act of 1926. But the two affairs are very different, surely, brother-Aryans? The Act of 1926 limited the publication of people's private affairs, for which there is much to be said. What we are now discussing is the prohibition of a bit of *public* news, of certain goings-on in another country, the idea being that we shall not be encouraged to invest our money in foreign sweepstakes. Good and noble, of course! But ought we to be encouraged to invest our money in foreign stocks and shares and things? Here in my *Times* I see long lists of foreign securities, some of which appear to be going up and tempt me to try a gamble. Should this be allowed? And, for that matter, leaving foreign complications aside, should the spectacular rise in British Hot-Water-Bottles Deferred be publicly recorded in a country which has to be protected from its gambling propensities?

And—pardon my absurd ignorance—if I ought not to read about a sweepstake, ought I to read about the odds on the Derby, the Call-Over at the Something Club and much other matter which is calculated to make me bet (not that it ever does—well, rarely)? Should I even enjoy the delightful prose of *The Times*' Racing Correspondent, whose cautious intimations that some particular horse may conceivably run faster than another have so often led me into moral danger?

However, let us assume (as good Britons should) that H.M. Gov. knows best in this particular matter. I still foresee practical difficulties for the authorities, for judges, newspapers and all. Suppose that I write a morality or historical play about the bad old days of 1933, when there was an Irish sweepstake and Englishmen won prizes in it. I do not see how the performance of such a play could count as the publication of matter calculated to induce the subject to purchase tickets in a lottery to-day. For no Gov., surely, can hope to expel the word "sweepstake" utterly from the dictionaries and the realm of art. But if a dramatic critic reviews the play, will this count as an advertisement of a lottery? And if a man is tried for organising the sale of sweepstake tickets in England, how are the poor newspapers to report the proceedings? They will, I suppose, have to use the good old formula—"Evidence showed that prisoner had in his possession tickets of a certain nature in connection with a certain arrangement concerned with a certain sporting event." We may even see that the man was convicted of "a certain offence"; and then he will bring a libel action.

The central authorities, no doubt, do not intend to interpret the statute harshly. They never do. But will it not be a severe temptation to far-off Watch Committees and zealous police-officers? I foresee prosecutions of the editor of *The Burbleton Times* for saying that it is high time to "make a clean sweep" in Whitehall. Say that

your enemy is as "black as a sweep" and he will hale you before the magistrates. And who, again, without a qualm of anxiety, will sing about "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo"? (Will it, by the way, be lawful to print those happy news-stories about successful gamesters in the locality already hinted at?)

Probably an entirely new code of language will spring up. *Wendy* (was it *Wendy*?) would have known perfectly well what a kiss was even if she had continued to call it a thimble. We shall see long articles about the Irish Pottery Trade, expressed in the respectable terms of the Financial Columns. For "reorganisation of capital" *read* "draw"; for "dividend" *read* "prizes"; for "bearer bonds" *read* "tickets," and so on. Indeed, with a little thought it should be possible for the foreign sweep to form itself into a pleasant-sounding Company—The Hospitals and Public Works Development Company, Ltd.—and get itself quoted on the Stock Exchange, where speculation does not exist, or, if it does, is apparently harmless.

Lastly, as we said before, what a precedent! Once you have established the principle that Parliament may properly pronounce specific items of news to be illegal, although not blasphemous, seditious, libellous or obscene, the road will be open to all kinds of reform. So far the list is a short one:—

(*a*) Divorce Reports.
(*b*) Sweepstakes.

In case (*a*) the idea, according to the Act, is to "prevent injury to public morals," and I suppose in case (*b*) the idea is the same. But it is to be observed that in both cases H.M. Gov. finds itself in a hole, because it refuses to carry out the recommendations of a Royal Commission appointed by H.M. Gov. In both cases something is going on of which H.M. Gov. does not much approve but cannot stop. So that the real idea, perhaps, is the NELSON-cum-Ostrich principle — put the head in the sand and decline to admit that the enemy exists. And upon that principle the list can be rapidly extended. It is widely held, for example, that cases of murder receive an amount of attention in the papers which is not in due proportion to the amount of murder that actually goes on in this country. Let us, then, add—

(*c*) Murder

to balance Divorce, and—

(*d*) Wines, Sweetmeats, Tobacco and Indigestible Delicacies

to balance Sweepstakes.



THE NAZI MOVEMENT IN ART.

"IT'S CERTAINLY AN IMPROVEMENT, BUT IT'S THE WRONG ARM."

Women, the poets insist, are frequently a source of unhappiness and danger; while I have heard it said that association with Men does not always enrich the spiritual life of Women. Let us therefore be on the safe side and forbid all public mention of—

(*e*) (i.) Women.
(ii.) Men.
(iii.) Love.

We have now, I think, removed most items of moral danger from the news. It remains to prohibit items which may be a source of political embarrassment to H.M. Gov. I suggest as a start—

(*f*) The Milk Marketing Board.
(*g*) India.
(*h*) War.
(*i*) Pigs.
(*j*) Geneva.
(*k*) Unemployment.
(*l*) Eggs.
(*m*) Road-Accidents.
(*n*) Water.
(*o*) Waterloo Bridge.
(*p*) America.
(*q*) Russia.
(*r*) Europe.

Or perhaps it would be simpler to give power to the HOME SECRETARY



Tactless Centurion. "HAIL, GREAT CÆSAR! THE GAULS ARE APPROACHING. IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, DO NOT WAIT FOR THEM TO ATTACK, BUT GO FOR THEM, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, BALD-HEADED."

to prohibit by Order the public discussion of any topic which from time to time may be deemed disagreeable. There is nothing after all about Free Speech in Magna Carta; and KING JOHN knew his business. A. P. H.

Persistency.

Push House, E.C.4
Jan. 18.

DEAR SIR,—

Re your letter on Hot Cross Buns in "The Little Plumpton Herald."

An extract from the above letter is among the quotations selected for the forthcoming volume of *Deep Thoughts of the Day*, a symposium of the most profound utterances of our leading thinkers. As it is earnestly desired to include your saying in this important work I trust you will return the enclosed postcard signifying your permission to do so at your earliest convenience. *This places you under no obligation.*

A folder fully describing the purpose and scope of *Deep Thoughts of the Day* is enclosed, and you will see that this is a work which no one interested in the trend of current thought can afford to be without. The publication price is 21*s.*, but one copy will be allowed to each contributor at the special pre-publication price of 18*s.* 6*d.* c.o.d.

As you will no doubt wish to have a copy of the book containing your quotation perhaps you will fill up the attached order form and return it as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR,
Deep Thoughts of the Day.

Egbert Hunk, Esquire.

Push House, E.C.4.
Feb. 1.

DEAR SIR,—

Re your letter on Hot Cross Buns in "The Little Plumpton Herald."

It is now about a fortnight since I wrote seeking your permission to include an extract from the above letter in the forthcoming volume of *Deep Thoughts of the Day*, and as your reply is not yet to hand it is possible that my original letter went astray. The aim of this book is to collect in a readily available form the most profound utterances of our leading thinkers, and as it is earnestly desired to include your quotation I shall be glad if you will return the enclosed postcard signifying your permission to do so without delay, as we are about to go to press. *This places you under no obligation whatever.*

A folder fully describing *Deep Thoughts of the Day* is enclosed, and as you will no doubt wish to have a copy of the book containing your quotation perhaps you will fill up the attached order form and return it as soon as possible. Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

Push House, E.C.4.
Feb. 12.

For your immediate attention.

DEAR SIR,—Looking through the advance proofs for the forthcoming volume of *Deep Thoughts of the Day* I was sorry to see that the extract from your letter on Hot Cross Buns was not included. In order to make the symposium really complete it is earnestly desired to include your quotation, and I shall therefore be glad if you will return the enclosed postcard *without delay*, as the matter is now urgent. *This places you under no obligation whatever.*

As you will no doubt wish to have a copy of the book containing your quotation perhaps you will fill up the

attached order form and return it as soon as possible. Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

Slumber Cottage,
Feb. 13.

DEAR SIR,—I have carefully studied all your letters and forms and things, and, though I have no particular objection to your quoting me in *Deep Thoughts of the Day*, I do not desire a copy of the book.
Yours truly,
EGBERT HUNK.

Push House, E.C.4.
Feb. 16.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for so promptly according your permission to publish the extract from your letter on Hot Cross Buns in *Deep Thoughts of the Day*. In order to ensure absolute accuracy in so important a work will you please check the details of your name exactly as it will appear in the index, thus—
HUNK, E.
and acknowledge on the accompanying postcard?

As you will no doubt wish to have a copy of the book containing your quotation perhaps you will fill up the attached order form and return it as soon as possible.
Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

Slumber Cottage,
Feb. 19.

DEAR SIR,—You seem to have succeeded in getting my name right, but I have already told you I don't want a copy of your book.
Yours truly,
EGBERT HUNK.

Push House, E.C.4.
Feb. 21.

DEAR SIR,—The following is a proof of your quotation exactly as it will appear in *Deep Thoughts of the Day*:—

"The hot cross bun has an interesting but little-known history."

To avoid any possibility of error I shall be glad if you will check the above proof carefully and indicate on the accompanying postcard whether it is passed for publication.

As you will no doubt wish to have a copy of the book containing your quotation perhaps you will fill up the attached order form and return it as soon as possible. Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

Slumber Cottage,
Feb. 23.

DEAR SIR,—The quotation is correct all right, but I should not have thought it particularly profound. In any case, I have already told you twice that I DO NOT WANT A COPY OF YOUR BOOK. If mine is a fair specimen of the "deep thoughts" I think I am wise—don't you?
Yours truly,
EGBERT HUNK.

Push House, E.C.4.
Feb. 26.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for checking the proof of your quotation and for your interesting comments on the forthcoming volume of *Deep Thoughts of the Day*. Your interest in the volume is very gratifying, and your remarks have been very carefully noted.

You will of course wish to possess this permanent record of your quotation, and immediately the first edition is ready our representative will call with the copy we are reserving for you at the special reduced price of 18*s.* 6*d.* net. Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.



The Star. "IF A TALL DARK GENTLEMAN WITH A LITTLE MOUSTACHE RINGS UP WHILE I'M OUT, GIVE HIM THIS TELEPHONE-NUMBER."



"GOSH! WHAT'S THIS JUST COME IN?"
"I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, BUT I HEARD MUMMY SAY HE'S ONE OF OUR LEADING INTELLECTUALS."

I Only Want to Spread a Little Sunshine.

I LIKE laughter,
Careless, free,
Ringing to the rafter;
Gay, that's me!
I like to smother men
With good cheer.
What makes other men
Seem so queer?

I only want to spread a little sunshine;
I just want to make a little fun;
A smile and a song just to jolly them along
Means happiness for everyone.
I like with my quips to bring laughter to the lips
And light to the melancholy eyes;
But if folk look so black when you slap them on the back,
Well, it's rough upon the man who tries.

I like putting sherbet in the ink-pots;
I like putting putty in a shoe;
I like putting ink in the salad, and you'd think
That others would have liked it too.
But no, they look blank when I venture on a prank;
They scowl when I'm funny with a hat.
Yet I only want to spread a little sunshine, Fred,
And what can be the harm in that?

Just more sunshine!
Gloom's so grey.
Why shouldn't fun shine
Out all day?
Why don't my brother-men
Share my glee?
Why don't other men
Feel like me?

I only want to spread a little sunshine;
I'd hate to do anyone a hurt;
But it's odd how they fret if they get a little wet
When I catch them with a water-squirt;
They flare up like squibs when I prod them in the ribs,
And view me with murder in their eyes.
When a whimsical poke isn't taken as a joke,
Well, it's rough upon a man who tries.

I like clapping people on the shoulder;
I like wringing people by the hand;
Yet my friends disappear when they see me drawing near;
It's difficult to understand.
My wife's gone abroad, and Felicity and Claude
Are moving from the next-door flat;
Yet I only want to spread a little sunshine, Fred—
To put a little life into a world that's dead,
To put an armadillo in Amanda's bed—
And what can be the harm in that?

P. B.



THE ANNUAL FOUNDLING.

JOHN BULL. "ONCE AGAIN! AND 'PON MY SOUL A STURDIER-LOOKING BRAT THAN LAST YEAR."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

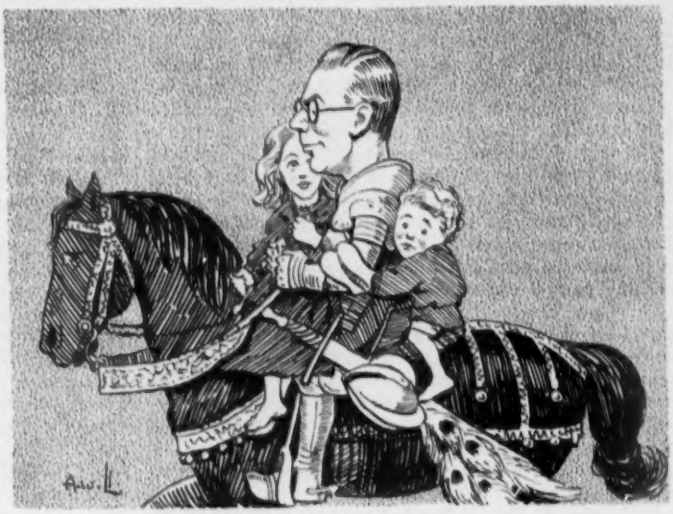
***Monday, April 9th.*—Commons: Debates on Agricultural Marketing Boards and on Housing.**

***Tuesday, April 10th.*—Commons: Road Traffic Bill Read Second Time.**

***Wednesday, April 11th.*—Lords: Debate on Indian Pensions and International Police Force.**

Commons: Army and Air Force (Annual) and Overseas Trade Bills Read Third Time. Supply of Water in Bulk (No. 2) and Arbitration Bills Read Second Time.

Monday, April 9th.—House reassembled in less curious frame of mind than usual, so that Question-time produced nothing more interesting than FOREIGN SECRETARY'S announcement that he has instructed our Ambassador at Berlin to make inquiries of German Government on subject of their greatly increased armament estimates.



SIR ISUMBRAS.
(*After* MILLAIS.)

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT CARRIES THE BAIRNS ACROSS.

Cheap Milk.

On going into Committee of Supply, House took opportunity of discussing Agricultural Marketing Boards, operations of that concerned with milk



RUNNING AMOK.

COL. MOORE-BRABAZON IN THE DEBATE ON THE ROAD TRAFFIC BILL.

coming in for much criticism. Sir H. CAUTLEY objected to proceedings of arbitrators, who had fixed 1*s.* a gallon as price for summer milk this year, though the distributors had offered a halfpenny more and Board had favoured 1*s.* 2*d.* That retailer is now getting too much was Colonel ACLAND-TROYTE'S view, and he held further that every pint of milk not required in liquid form could be used up in manufacture if only MINISTER would tax foreign milk-products.

In absence of Mr. ELLIOT reply was made by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, who pleaded that it would be most serious thing for British agriculture if Marketing Boards were to be damned because they could not work a revolution in their first twelve months. For Labour Party Mr. D. GRENFELL urged increased consumption in home market (naturally this would be ideal) and central authority empowered to buy and store emergency supplies of food.

Question of housing was raised by Mr. HICKS, who regarded result of L.C.C. Election as vote of condemnation on Ministry of Health's housing policy. Reviewing situation, Sir HILTON YOUNG said that programme outlined in White Paper would certainly be carried out in allotted five years, if not sooner, and that progress was being accelerated by every means.

Tuesday, April 10th.—Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS himself reflected general surprise this afternoon when he was granted leave to bring in rather amusing little Bill which aims at disenfranchising electors who fail, for no good reason, to vote either in Parliamentary or local Elections. There was something, however, in what Mr. TINKER said when he suggested that House should first clean its own doorstep, and asked how often a decent proportion of his 614 colleagues were present to vote.

A Measure of Safety.

MINISTER OF TRANSPORT then moved Second Reading of his Road Traffic Bill in speech which was model of clearness and brevity. This, he said, was national and not party matter. Between that time (3.30 P.M.) and Adjournment of House (11 P.M.) 180 people would have been injured on English roads. Even Liberal Party could on this occasion come down firmly on one side or the other—or both—without any thought of treachery to their past or disadvantage to their future. His Bill only covered part of action which would have to be taken. Its points were (1) to impose speed-limit of 30 m.p.h. in built-up areas, which he defined as those where street-lighting was in force. He was in full agreement with his predecessor's abolition of general speed-limit, but 75% of fatal accidents occurred in these areas; (2) to impose tests on drivers in order to instil sense of responsibility into road-users; (3) to sanction pedestrian-crossings, which had proved so successful in Paris; and (4) to adjust certain gaps in law of motor-insurance.



Mr. ORMSBY-GORE (*deputising for Agriculture and speaking as First Commissioner of Works*). "A FEW MORE BOARDS AND WE OUGHT TO TURN OUT QUITE A USEFUL PLATFORM."

Subsequent speeches were far more favourable to Bill than popular Press had led one to expect. Better footpaths, a sharper eye on mad motor-cyclists and penalisation of hustling employers were urged by Mr. PARKINSON, who welcomed Bill. Mr. ISAAC FOOT did the same, but, in words which recalled SYDNEY SMITH's letter about locking of railway-carriage doors, he doubted if public would awake from apathy until week's casualty-list included five Ministers, five other M.P.'s, two archbishops, two international footballers, and Mr. LEN HARVEY.

He was followed by Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, one of high-priests of internal combustion, who spoke too violently against Bill to be taken seriously. He refused to be intimidated by lists of motor-victims (7,000 a year), being confident that in time public would learn; and in support of this theory recalled days when he used to return from drives with his radiator stuffed with feathers. Even chickens, he pointed out somewhat callously, had since been taught the way to cross the road.

Interesting points came from Mr. FLINT, who recommended special magistrates for motor-offences and compulsory rear-lights for cycles (in which Mr. P's R. is heartily with him); and from Major LLOYD GEORGE, who went further and forecast special courts and also demanded speed-limit not fixed at 30 m.p.h. but decided by experts for each locality.

Wednesday, April 11th. — To-day Peers came back, bronzed and fit, to Westminster, and Lord DAVIES asked Government if they were doing anything about an international police force in view of fact that French had put forward concrete proposals. Answer, delivered by Lord STANHOPE, was in the negative. How, he inquired, could Germany consent to be subject to force controlled by League, in which she had no vote? And where could force be quartered to satisfaction of nations all anxious to benefit by its expenditure? Another difficulty, not mentioned, is creation of uniform pleasing to divergent sartorial ideals.

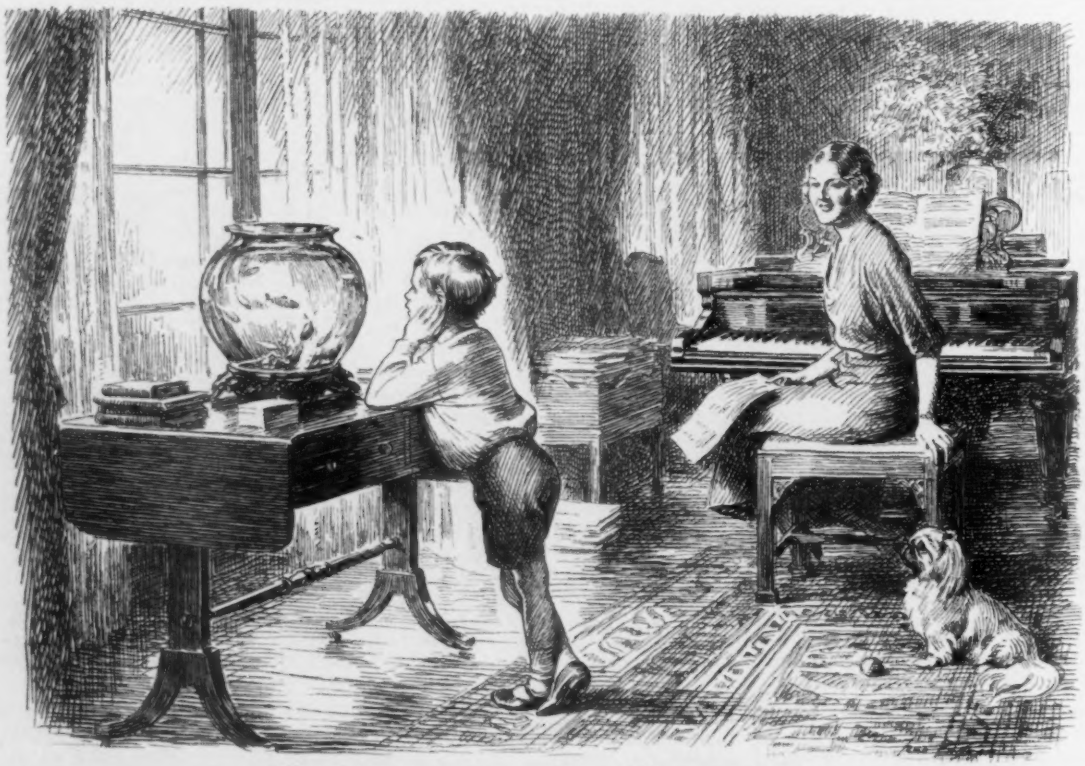
Anxiety expressed by Lord O'HAGAN about cruelty of proposed rodeo in this country was to some extent appeased by Lord FEVERSHAM, who pointed out that Private Member's Bill coming in another place would give opportunity for full discussion. Vigilant inspection should do much to prevent last-moment insertion of drawing-pins and thistles under saddles.

Question-time in Commons interesting for two reasons. First, British subject has, according to Mr. WILMOT, been arrested in Tokyo on beautifully mediæval charge of "harbouring dangerous thoughts." House was glad to hear that FOREIGN MINISTER has made arrangements for his care and defence.

Should Conservatives Wear Russian Boots?

Second, Captain DOWER rose to head of Question-ladder, inaugurated by Mr. P's R., with sublime inquiry as to whether girls in State-aided school at Tunstall should be permitted to continue wearing bérets of French manufacture. Mr. RAMSBOTHAM for Government declined to be disturbed by this information.

Leave was refused to Lieut.-Colonel APPLIN to bring in his Public House Improvement Bill, which aims by monetary inducements at bringing pub nearer Continental café in provision of edible food and non-alcoholic drinks. This sounds excellent, but view seems to be held that matter must be dealt with in comprehensive Government measure. But is this likely to occur without intermediate appointment of a few more Royal Commissions?



"YOU KNOW, AUNTIE, SOME OF THESE GOLDFISH AREN'T RIPE."



Constable (after long wait outside tavern). "IS THIS YOUR CAR, SIR?"
The Other. "TOO LATE, OLD BOY! I'VE JUST SOLD IT TO A MAN IN THERE."

Thoughts in the Third Rubber.

(*Dedicated to all those good people in South India Clubs who will start a third rubber of bridge at 7.50 P.M.*)

WHEN first, poor innocent, I joined this place,
This District Club, came villains, smiling still,
Craving to know the measure of my skill
At bridge; and, like a fool—nay, like the ace
Of asses absolute, I hawed and hemmed
And said I "played a little." Thus my doom
Was sealed and Freedom, shrieking, took her flight.
And here I am, poor imbecile, condemned
To pass a lifetime in this weary room. . . .
I wonder will we ever dine to-night?

Again this eve I'd reached the outer door,
Escaping homewards to my well-earned grub;
Again the summons stayed me: "Make a four—
The Doctor and the Judge are in the Club."
Again I fell to that familiar lure:
"One rubber more, and then we'll go and dine."
We'll go and dine! Poor optimistic wight!
One rubber more. Oh, Sirs, it will endure
Unending till to-morrow's sun doth shine! . . .
I wonder will we ever dine to-night?

Now folk at Home are well and truly fed,
And seated at the Talkies or the Play;
The luckiest have even gone to bed;
The second luckiest have put away
Three courses. Not a tavern in the town
Serves dinner now—at least they'd think it odd.
Even the Spaniard and the Muscovite,
Late-feeding peoples, now are sitting down
In Seville or in Nijni-Novgorod. . . .
I wonder will we ever dine to-night?

Hard laboured Hercules; Eternal Rome
Took time to build; stout Jason had to wait
Ere he could bear the fleece of Colchis home;
Not swiftly JACOB won the married state;
Long slumbered *Rip Van Winkle*; but I claim
All these were records of fantastic speed,
Velocities approaching that of light
Compared with this interminable game
That holds me foodless when I want to feed. . . .
I wonder will we *ever* dine to-night? H. B.

Lips Across the Sea.

"She told how Mr. —— had promised to marry her, not once, but many times, and how he used to kiss her and send her cablegrams when he was in Europe."—*Sunday Paper.*

"She turned towards the lemon in the western sky and walked quickly up the hill."—*Daily Paper.*

Seeking the old, old answer.

"It was stated that persons insured in Britain now exceeded 17,000,000, representing 80 per cent. of all persons officially described as painfully occupied."—*Indian Paper.*

As distinct of course from those dolefully unemployed.

At the Play.

"LIBEL!" (PLAYHOUSE).

Libel! makes no pretence to belong to any other class than what it is now the contemptuous fashion to call the literature of escape. No solemn problems of the day are illuminated; there is no deep delving into the recesses of the human heart. Characterisation, however, if conventionalised and trimmed to the pattern of the exigent plot, is by no means inept, and the ingenious and exciting story is most competently developed, masked, adroitly disclosed by degrees, and the whole presented with an edifying respect for the classic unities of place and time in the course of a trial in the King's Bench Court—*Loddon* v. *"Daily Gazette."* "WARD DORANE," the author, is, we learn from the paragraphs, a barrister of the Northern Circuit, and we may safely assume that the procedure in Court, which seemed to our uninstructed lay mind to be as authentic as it was impressive, was an accurate transcript.

The Gazette has persuaded itself that it is doing a duty to the public and its shareholders by denouncing *Sir Mark Loddon* (Mr. MALCOLM KEEN), Baronet, and recently elected Member of Parliament, as an impostor masquerading in the shoes of a dead man—with implications as to his being something much more sinister. *The Gazette* has briefed the formidable, sardonic, bullying King's Counsel, *Thomas Foxley* (Mr. LEON M. LION); the plaintiff has secured the sleek, apparently careless but shrewd and imperturbable *Sir Wilfred Kelling* (Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR), and it may be said at once that the duel between these two appears to be a real rather than a mere sham stage conflict of advocacy and sub-acid wit—the one with the worse cause appearing to have the better till his opponent produces his chopper to make mincemeat of him, and the battle swaying this way and that in a manner both perplexing and seemingly unreasonable to the layman. *The Judge, Sir Arthur Tuttington* (Mr. AUBREY MATHER), is a plump, bland, kindly, vain little man, always anxious to save the jury's time and his own, and asking the usual guileless question such as "Who is Edward Pea?" when an irreverent Canadian witness (Mr. JAMES CAREW) for the defence makes a flippant reference to an august person; and at the same time perfectly capable of preventing unscrupulous counsel (and counsel are apt to be unscrupulous, as the author perfectly well knows) from getting away with their more carefully-concealed essays in effrontery.

The nature of this excellent entertainment enjoins prudent concealments upon me. I may confess that, as the author intended, I put my money on the wrong horse, but I rather think that he was a little unscrupulous in the use he made of the tortured baronet's wife. There is generally some dishonest trick in the problem-play of this type, and the unlikely psychology of *Lady Loddon* is the trick in this one. But I freely forgive him. He plays a great deal straighter than most and with much more intelligence.



TRYING TIME AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Sir Mark Loddon, Bart. . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Lady Loddon . . . . . MISS FRANCES DOBLE.
Thomas Foxley, K.C. . . . . . MR. LEON M. LION.
Sir Wilfred Kelling, K.C. . . . SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

The excellently-contrasted parts of the two leading counsel were brilliantly interpreted by Mr. LION and Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who enjoyed the singular advantage of having their parts carefully typed on their briefs and could safely give an impression of resourceful extemporisation by not committing them to memory too scrupulously!

Mr. JAMES CAREW, in his interpolation as a witness of unsatisfactory character—I cannot safely be more explicit—was at the top of his form. Mr. ANTONY HOLLES most cleverly embroidered his rendering of the voluble charming egoist, *Dr. Emile Flordon*, who was so interested in British justice and the particular case that he was prepared to go on hearing himself giving evidence for ever. Mr. MATHER (for *Mr. Justice Tuttington*), having tried courtesy, finally quelled him with an "old-fashioned look"—the kind of happy touch that Mr. MATHER can be relied on to give at the proper moment.

Of Mr. MALCOLM KEEN I can say no more (for fear of giving the show away) than that he added a fresh triumph to his long series of interesting neurasthenics. To the producer (Mr. LION) one word. Why did nobody look at the face of the plaintiff at the crisis of the trial to see how he was taking the dramatic turn of the evidence? Isn't that inevitably the first thing that one does?

T.

"SIXTEEN" (CRITERION).

The psychiatrists have had such a good run since the War, both in their own sphere and in that of fiction and drama, that the single word "adolescence" is enough to make the public yawn; and therefore the first thing to be said about this play, which has come to the West End, as so many other winners have done, from the Embassy, is that, although it is concerned with the psychological difficulties of an over-sensitive girl of sixteen it never becomes morbid, is in fact really interesting, and frequently makes us laugh uproariously. For this refreshing miracle we must be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. PHILIP STUART, the authors, to a more than competent cast, and to Mr. JOHN FERNALD, the keynote of whose production is perfect naturalness.

The story is very simple. In essence it is about a girl who, adoring her young widowed mother, plans to shoulder some of her burden by going out to work, and who, idealising the memory of the father she has only known as the dashing subaltern of the photographs, resents almost to the point of suicide the intrusion of a step-father, despite the fact that she likes him very much as a man and that he is excellently qualified to make her mother happy.

Irene is the girl, and, although she may sound a neurotic little prig, she

is actually nothing of the kind, thanks to the beautifully sincere acting of Miss ANTOINETTE CELLIER. Until the dramatic moment when she finds her mother in the arms of their new friend, the large genial barrister, *Irene* is only abnormal in her thoughtfulness for others and her perception of the strain which a long struggle in the dress-business has imposed on a mother. She is a humorous and charming child, mature in odd corners of her mind, but on the whole rather young, as many children are who have been mainly brought up at home.

Very different is her younger sister, *Baba*, a hard-bitten little gold-digger in embryo, swift to explore any avenue which may lead to chocolates or other material thrills, poised to deal with and take advantage of any emergency, and yet, so well does Miss ALEXIS FRANCE get inside the part, always in proportion and always holding us with her bright metallic charm. Her reaction, naturally, to the notion of a step-father who is a potential pony-donor is entirely favourable.

Jennifer Lawrence (Miss FABIA DRAKE), the mother, might, I think, have guessed, knowing her *Irene*, that there would be trouble when she returned from her convalescence abroad with a suitor in tow—even such a pleasant suitor as Mr. GODFREY TEARLE makes of *Sir John Corbett*. But when, on the evening of their arrival, she accepts him, admitting that her first marriage had proved anything but the rosy romance which *Irene* pictures, it is clear that she is thinking as much of her family as of herself.

Old *Mrs. McNeil* (Miss HELEN HAYE), the grandmother, is the only one who guesses the reason of *Irene's* unaccustomed fainting and the true depth of her feelings. She can do little to comfort, but she persuades her to put up a brave show until the others have gone off to be married.

In the last scene, which is extraordinarily moving, *Jennifer* and *Sir John* return to find *Irene* raving, after attempted suicide; and as she recovers everything comes out. It is as tragic a group as you could imagine into which the family doctor (Mr. H. G. STOKER) steps, insisting on telling *Irene* the truth about her father; how he had been a brave soldier but an impossible husband; how it is now up to her to help her mother to seize a chance of real happiness. A new look in *Irene's* eyes lights the close of the play.

Less deftly written, less finely acted, this might easily have descended to the mawkish. That it does not do so, even for a moment, is sufficient compliment to the authors and to a cast which was exactly right.

In admiration I have left to the end any mention of Miss MURIEL AKED'S



MRS. QUEEN OF ARTS.
Miss MURIEL AKED as *Mrs. Queen*.

magnificent performance as the family maid, a full part well suited to her exquisitely comic fancies, which blew like a summer breeze over the tense



BITTER SIXTEEN.
Sir John Corbett, K.C. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.
Irene Lawrence . . . Miss ANTOINETTE CELLIER.

emotions of her employers. Is she widely enough recognised, I wonder, as the most sympathetic humorist on the stage?

ERIC.

"Smith-with-a-Hi."

SIGNING on in the *Emerald Isle*
Up comes a bloke in the shellback style,
All fish-hooks, spunyarn and Stockholm tar,
Fist like a block and wrist like a spar,
And he shifts his quid and he says to the clerk,
"I ain't no scholar; I makes my mark;
But I spells my name with a Hi,"
Says he,
"I spells my name with a Hi!

There's lots o' monikers twice as fancy,
Such as Fitzmedoodles and Montmorency;
There's plenty as there's a grander sound with,
An' chaps that's got 'em I wouldn't be found with.
I was shipmates once with a bloke called Percy
De Burgh de Bewfort de Lordamercy,
And I give you my word at sailorisin'
He was no more use than a jug o' pisin.
So write me Smith with a Hi,"
Says he,
"Just write me down with a Hi!

It's a name as 'as served me near and far,
From the Tail o' the Bank to Aastoria Bar;
It's a name as I've carried both far and near,
From old Point Lynas to Sandridge Pier.
And I've got no use for, I don't give a darn
For your *y's* amidship an' *e's* astern,
Nor yet no syphons nor nothink o' that;
I spells myself with a Hi—that's flat.
I'm just plain Smith with a Hi,"
Says he,
"You write me down with a Hi!"

C. F. S.

Custodian's Painful Mishap.

"Collins repeatedly saved his goals by fine work, but he had no chance with a shot by Stringer, after his back had been spread-eagled."—*West-Country Paper.*

"Special line in flannel trousers with invisible double seats."
Shop-window Advt.

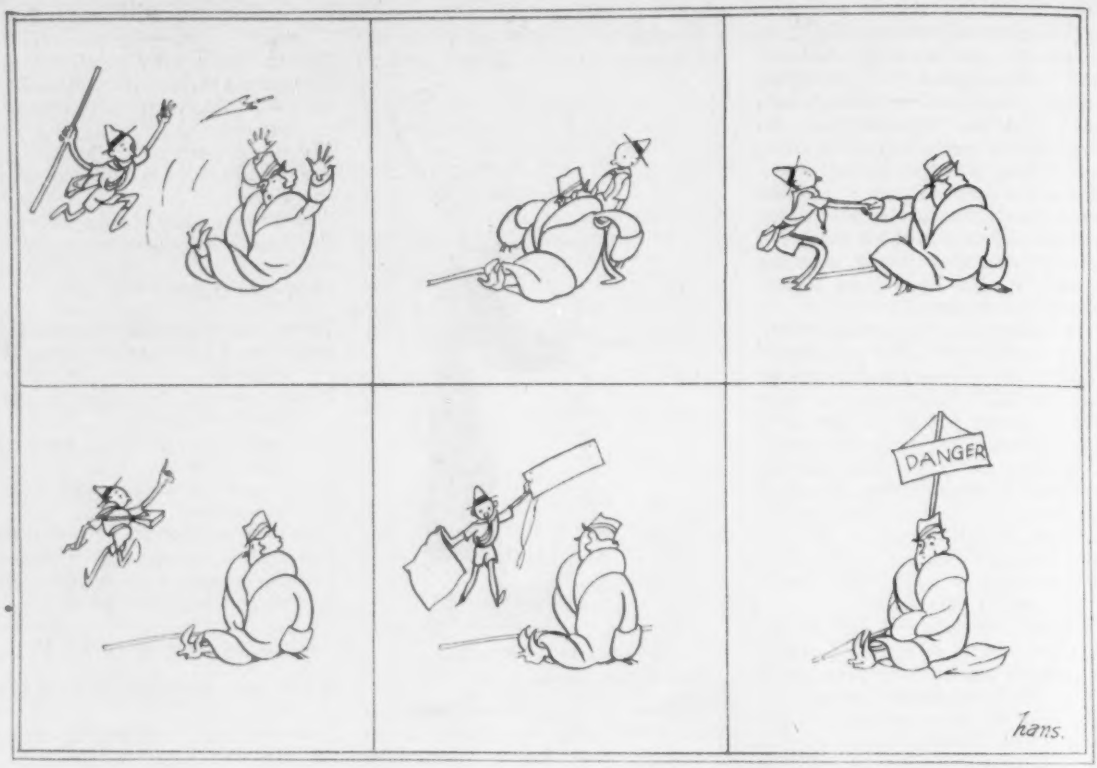
We hope the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb.

"For several minutes on Monday the under-master, who was trying to say grace, was unable to make himself heard."
Daily Paper.

By whom?

"When the congregation stood up to sing the opening hymn there was not an empty seat in the church."—*Scots Paper.*

We are not told what happened when they tried to sit down again.



Spring is Here.

THE man said he was a Spring Poet and, as his hair hung down over his ears and his boots were worn flat at the heels, I believed him. Otherwise he was not what you would call chatty. Or, at any rate, not until we were passing Farmer Appleday's big mangel-wurzel field. Then indeed he did break the silence, but it was only to remark:

"At dawn I killed a primrose. It hid behind a leaf, and, when I stepped upon it, the poor thing died of grief."

I gathered from the way he spoke that this affair—which, I don't mind admitting, left me stone-cold—had rather saddened him. So I adopted a breezy tone to cheer him up.

"My word," I exclaimed, "you *must* have been up early! Fancy going about at that time of the morning squashing little primroses! Whatever did your wife think about it?"

His only reply was a groan.

"Now, now," I said, moved in spite of myself by this evidence of his woe, "you mustn't take it too much to heart. After all, accidents will happen. Think of the number of people who are run over by motor-cars every day."

I stole a glance at his face. He seemed to be taking it worse than ever.

"And anyway," I persisted desperately, "any primrose that deliberately conceals itself behind a leaf is simply asking for trouble. It's bad enough having cyclists with no rear-lights, but if we've got to look behind every blade of grass before we dare put our feet to the ground, then life isn't going to be worth living."

Shaking his head as if he did not altogether agree with me, he thoughtfully observed—

"The bull it is a wicked beast; it does not seem to care. It will as soon as look at you propel you in the air. So do not bring it carrots or apples neatly cored, or cake or bits of sugar, or you're certain to be gored."

I rather admired the way he switched the conversation from a subject that was obviously painful to him, and hastened to back him up.

"Now that," I said, "is what I call sound advice. Pampering bulls is a mistake. They've got no sense of gratitude and they simply don't understand. You've only got to take the case of poor old Mrs. Musper in the village.

"Now there's a woman," I continued, "who would not hurt a fly. You've only got to look at her to know it. And yet the other day, for no apparent reason whatever, she was chased across two fields by a bull and her umbrella was literally torn limb from limb. Now I ask you, is it wise to offer a lump of sugar to an animal that treats umbrellas like that?"

A buttercup in an adjoining field caught his eye and he pointed to it with both hands.

"There was an old farmer named Todd," he told me, his eye still fixed on the distant buttercup, "whose whiskers resembled a clod. He was fair proud to own 'em, and never had mown 'em, but, lor', his appearance *was* odd!"

His gaze returned to the road ahead, and I gathered that the incident of the buttercup was concluded.

"Todd?" I repeated thoughtfully. "I can't say I remember the name. Are you sure you're not thinking of old Farmer Gillibrand? Now there was a wonderful old chap! It was said that if his beard had been plucked and the whiskers placed end to end they would have reached from John o' Groats to Van Diemen's Land, *viâ* the Suez Canal.

"I expect you heard about him. He didn't marry till he was over seventy, and before he packed up he'd buried two wives and been photographed nursing his twin grandchildren. In fact——"

"The ewe," he interrupted rather sharply, "is most maternal; she loves her little lamb. And yet you'll never see her wheel her offspring in a pram. Instead she'll let it gambol and stretch its tiny limbs—which shows that different parents have their different ways and whims."

I gave an appreciative nod.

"I'm glad you've noticed that," I said to him. "So many people are apt to ignore sheep. And in these days, when so much is to be learned from everything, one can't afford to ignore anything. Motherhood is the same all the world over, and what a ewe doesn't know about bringing up the young isn't worth knowing. I was only thinking to myself the other day when I saw a three-weeks-old lamb turn a complete somersault: if I could have done a thing like that at the same age, I could have got a job on the films and been a rich man by the time I was two."

By this time we were approaching the cross-roads.

"You can tell," he remarked, "that the sow has a musical ear, if you look at her size and her shape. And every so often you'll notice a grunt from her larynx will softly escape. It means she is practising hard at her scales, attempting to vary her note; but her obstinate grunt will not alter, for she hasn't a flexible throat. So don't stand and scoff at her efforts, for, although she is only a sow, she would sing like a lark in the heavens if she could—but she just don't know how."

With his head held high he kept well to the middle of the main road. Making sure that he was going straight on, I turned sharply and silently to the left.

It added another four miles to my walk. Still, what were four miles in the circumstances?



VIRGIN SOIL; or, THE LAST NEW HOUSE IN THE ROAD.

The Use of Merricks.

THE problem appears to be solved. What to do with our Merricks has been a burning question for long enough, but that chance discovery of Meagrim's has entirely changed our attitude towards him. As a plain individual he was a little trying, but now, looked at impersonally and in the light of an insecticide, he is a great success.

He suddenly finds himself a welcome guest, invited out to all the small informal parties of our bush-station—the veto on his dreadful tobacco removed. And if we leave a little early to attend to our various duties, there is no need for him to move.

"Stay where you are, old man," whoever happens to be the host will say, "put your feet up on the foot-rest and take it easy. Sorry we've got to push off for a bit. The boys will bring you in some tea at three-o'-clock."

And so we depart. And soon the bush-house is enveloped in a choking blue cloud of poison-gas that trickles out of window and doorway. But we bear no resentment now. We see that he has plenty of matches and leave him to it.

It was not always thus, for Merricks was a bit of a trial. A strong man in his pride is perhaps not a bad thing, but when his strength is as the strength of ten and lies entirely in his tobacco, and his pride consists of telling you about it, you get a bit tired of it.

You know the type. He cannot smoke ordinary tobacco—it is altogether too feeble for him. So he goes to great lengths to import a mixture of tarred rope and seaweed, which he calls tobacco and thrusts on his immediate circle.

"Try some of my mine," he would say; "this is man's tobacco, not like that schoolboy's stuff you smoke."

And in the pride of his heart he urges you to fill up from a pouch of coarse black stuff that reduces you to gasps and hiccups, persuades the vulture overhead to change its course, and



"I SAY, DOES HE OFTEN STRAY FROM HIS BAND AND PLAY DIRECTLY AT PEOPLE LIKE THIS?"
"YES. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE APPEAR TO BE CHARMED OR HE MAY BRING UP REINFORCEMENTS."

sends the baffled mosquito away with a petulant whine.

Our discovery was an accident. There had been some bridge at Meagrim's the night before, and Merricks had joined us later and cut in.

He was rather bucked. He said he had improved his tobacco by mixing dried banana-leaf with it, so he was allowed to smoke two pipefuls. It was, if anything, worse.

The following morning Meagrim spoke to Rogers.

"You remember how bad the sand-flies were in my house last night—before Merricks came in? Well, d'you know, that tobacco of his has completely debugged the place! My boy got a dustpanful of dead ones this morning, and there isn't an insect about."

This was important. It had to be looked into. Hordes of insects have flourished in the cracks in our mud walls, in the thatch of the roof, and at sundown made our lives a torment.

Merricks was invited about and results carefully noted.

And so it has come to pass that there is a wave of enthusiasm for Merricks. Do you suffer from sugar-ants in the home?—Try Merricks! Does your thatch bulge with spiders?—Use Merricks! The slogan, "Ask Merricks to-day and the insect's away!" is heard on all sides.

It is done like this.

"Hullo, Merricks," Rogers will say, "how about dropping in at mid-day for a pink gin and a spot of lunch? Meagrim and one or two others will be there. And, by the way, old man, bring some of that tobacco of yours—you won't care for mine."

Later in the day we settle down for a smoke. We have had a good lunch. Rogers has done us rather well. Conversation dwindles.

Merricks lights his pipe. Soon the eyes of Merricks close, but he continues to puff, and the ghastly cloud of asphyxiating smoke spreads about the house.

Meagrim hiccups as gently as possible. Rogers, very pale, tip-toes to the doorway. I follow suit. We leave Merricks to it.

Outside, in the sunlight and fresh air we recover quickly. We join Rogers, who is examining the cracks in his mud walls with deep interest. "Now we're off," he murmurs.

From every aperture comes signs of hasty movement. Ants, cockroaches, spiders are on the move. Creepy things that normally shun the light of day suddenly prefer it. A scorpion emerges in a hurrying blind rush to get away. Standing not upon the order of his going, but humping along in top gear, a caterpillar heads for the open world. Exodus has begun.

Wreaths of blue poison-gas curl from between the thatch and the mud walls.

Merricks, left to himself, smokes on in peace. He is doing good work. We go over to the club verandah, which is out of range. T. R. H.

"DIVORCE ON CIRCUIT."
Daily Paper.

Hollywood has it in rotation.

"The police, who entered after a fierce fight with the Nazis, found his unconscious on the floor."—*Daily Paper.*

So FREUD is right after all?



"WELL, I NEVER HOPE TO SEE BETTER GOLF THAN SMITH PLAYED THIS MORNING."
"WHAT DID HE WIN BY?"
"OH, I BEAT HIM TWO AND ONE."

To the Master of the King's Musick.

THE Master of the Musick of *King Cole*
Remains unregistered on history's roll,
Though I feel sure one of his fiddling trio
Excelled the others in attack and *brio*.
NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S orchestra, one finds,
Accommodated music "of all kinds,"
And yet the Prophet's record, closely scanned,
Withholds the name of him who led the band.

With us, where Music comes into its own
And prospers 'neath the ægis of the Throne,
The privileges of this high proximity
Do not entail invidious anonymity,
And all are free to hail as wholly meet
To sit in PARRATT'S or in ELGAR'S seat
Good WALFORD DAVIES, who, on wireless pinions,
Links up the Homeland with remote Dominions,
And with his soft ingratiating voice
Has made ten million listeners-in rejoice—
Potent, as *Everyman's* interpreter,
Our hearts to comfort, or our pulses stir
When from his organ-loft "in burning row"
He bids bright seraphim their trumpets blow.

C. L. G.



Enterprising Press Photographer. "SORRY, OLD MAN—WON'T BE A SECOND."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Lawrence the Best of the Brave."

A LIFE spent in shaping its own tradition in a country as full of incoherent promise as the young gunner who addressed himself to its service—this is the gallant and engrossing theme of *Lawrence of Lucknow* (BELL, 15/-). Anything but a pro-consul, rather a dedicated buccaneer, endowed with plain qualities heroically exerted, HENRY LAWRENCE appears to have improvised his doubled and trebled parts of soldier, surveyor, administrator and diplomatist as he went along. He strikes me indeed as Elizabethan rather than Victorian, save for the evangelical unselfishness that founded schools for European children and urged unremitting kindness to Indian under-dogs. His India gets so admirable a handling from Professor J. L. MORISON that you willingly suspend concern for your hero's next appearance while his biographer sets the stage. All "India before 1839," the North-West Frontier, Nepal, Lahore and Rajputana are dealt with, so to speak, in the *entr'actes*; and the description, with no morals pointed, of what LAWRENCE and his young men were up against has its bearing on the problems of to-day. With Oudh and its ill-starred capital the story ends—if "End" you can write to so salient a part of so indefeasible an historical inheritance.

Divorce and Diversion.

Mr. A. P. HERBERT has scored a left and right. I mean to say that while his new novel, *Holy Deadlock* (METHUEN, 7/6), may be read with the keenest pleasure for sheer entertainment, it is also a searching and drastic commentary, by one who is at once a brilliant satirist and a very serious reformer, on the English law of divorce. A worthy young man and a charming young woman, having committed matrimony and having discovered after a few years not only that the bond is intolerably galling but that there are for both attractions outside the bond, suppose, in the innocence of their hearts, that a timely hotel-bill from Brighton will set all to rights. But, alas! the law is not so simple as they, and gradually, and largely as a result of their own inveterate decency and honesty, they find themselves involved in as fantastic a labyrinth as ever legislative ingenuity conceived. Mr. HERBERT of course speaks on our laws with authority, and what he thinks of the law in question is here for all to read; but, whatever he may think of the law, his lawyers are as human (which is saying much) as his lay-folk. Hence some of the tears and much of the laughter in an admirable and provocative story, the conduct of which is as ingenious as the wit which goes to its telling is inexhaustible. As for *Mary*, that indiscreet and unfortunate darling of the gods, she is as enchanting a lady as even "A.P.H." has ever created.

Craft in the Air.

It is recorded that on one occasion in 1917, during the progress of a British offensive, three distinct air-battles, in which ninety-four machines were in combat, were taking place simultaneously over the same area but with thousands of feet of clear altitude between. The fourth volume of *The Official History of the War in the Air* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 17/6) is no dull statistical record but a living colourful recital. The period covered by it—eleven months, ending with the great German thrusts of 1918—was marked by British air supremacy both on land and at sea; and so cheering has Mr. H. A. JONES found this con-

dition that he has not perhaps wholly avoided the danger of representing war in the air as a glorious game in which the other fellow, who is outmanœuvred and shot down, counts mainly as an entry in the pence column of a war of attrition balance-sheet. But if the author, probably rightly, has decided that it is not his business to stress the undertones, he certainly has captured the glamour of the chivalry of the air age. Not only one or two, but many of his condensed narrations are almost unsurpassable.

The Walking Dictator.

If I had a mountain or two
And a few million acres of wood,
I should let every rambler pass through,
Or I fancy I should;
But just one exception I'd make:
I should bar every footpath and road
And all moorland and forest or brake
To C. E. M. JOAD.

For *A Charter for Ramblers*, his book,
Is so "fierce and polemical"—such
Are the words he employs—that I look
In vain for a touch
Which suggests that the landowning lot,
And all sorts of sportsmen as well,
Ought not to be shot on the spot
Or locked in a cell.

There's a case for the walkers. Agreed.
There's one for the landowners too.
But C. E. M. JOAD, so I read,
Takes a different view.
His diatribe knocks them all down
And socks them for daring to live.
It's a HUTCHINSON book; half-a-crown
Is the price you must give.

History, Pleasant and Profound.

A humanist to whom all humanists are endeared was obviously responsible for *Italian Studies* (MACMILLAN, 12/6). DANTE and his age were a territory of predilection with the late Professor EDWARD ARMSTRONG, and half the rightly-acclaimed "wisdom, wit, learning and imagination" of the present posthumous collection is devoted to this field. But fine as these lectures and essays are—from the "In Memoriam" of the DANTE Centenary at Oxford to the unpublished parallel between "Dante and Savonarola"—there is something peculiarly attractive about the miscellaneous eight that follow. Foes of "representational" art might do worse than peruse "History and Art in the Quattrocento," with its acute sense of the welding of an age's finest activities with its most notable genius for expression. And advocates of political "mergers" might usefully study survivals like "The Republic of San Marino" "as models and not as curiosities." For appreciative handling of notably diverse historical figures I commend that of the Piccolomini Pope PIUS II., and of TRISSINO, the Italian adventurer who shot chamois with MAXIMILIAN. The style leavens sober charm with impish epigram, and the whole has a generosity of temper which on ground so harrowed by controversy is in itself an achievement.



"NOW WE COME TO THE RAFFLE OF ONE OF MRS. HIGGINS'S WELL-KNOWN CAKES. OF COURSE WE CAN'T ALL WIN, BUT I'M SURE NOBODY WILL MIND THAT."

Clarke's Guide to the Antipodes.

Those who do not know their Australia—and that means most of us—may learn a good deal if they take the trouble to read *Marriage at 6 A.M.* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), which Mr. TOM CLARKE has evolved from a diary he kept when, on Lord NORTHCLIFFE'S death, "the bottom fell out of his world" and he disappeared from London for some three years to take command of the Melbourne *Herald*. The title

of his book may puzzle some; it is taken from the fact that he discovered a London girl somewhere near Mildura who was getting married at that unearthly hour. This seems to be the custom in the Murray Valley, for Melbourne is the only possible place to go to for a honeymoon, and only one train goes there during the day, which starts at 7.25 in the morning. Thus does the bush make its own laws, and thus does our author flit gaily from subject to subject. He has plenty to say on everything that caught his interest—and he is interested in most things. Mr. CLARKE'S view of the Australians is clear and candidly expressed. He found them not a little difficult at first. His appointment was not popular. Were they going then to import editors as well as Governors? But men who come to Fleet Street by way of Lancashire are not easily downed. The rival paper, which had led the chorus of scurrilous abuse, died; the staff of the *Herald* were tamed by degrees; and after three years came a triumphant return—with the notes and memories for this interesting medley.

The Square Quarter-Mile.

It is in Jubilee Year—the second Jubilee, of 1897—that we are introduced to the Square Quarter-Mile, which Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND does not disguise so carefully that those acquainted with him (and with West Kensington) will find much difficulty in laying their fingers, let us say, on Glastonbury Road. Thither, to No. 22, came in 1894 one *Tom Coventry*, bringing *Hilda* his wife, and old *Mrs. Coventry* his mother, and little *Cynthia*, who is, in fact, the *Child of Norman's End* (CASSELL, 7/6). An adorable name, *Cynthia*, and as enchanting a maid as you shall find in modern fiction. "Something happens," writes the author, "when you tap your childhood's memories." Here he is writing of the London he knew, the streets where he used to play, and, one imagines, a good many of the people whom he met there as well. And what happens, I take it, is that distance has cast a roseate glow over everything. Mr. RAYMOND writes of his characters as though he loved them, which is surely the right way. He is perhaps the least prejudiced of novelists; he finds it difficult to take sides; he can detect the good points in the least attractive of his creatures. Even when *Tom Coventry* begins to lead a double life and nearly ruins his family he handles him with sympathy. But it is *Cynthia* and the great *O'Kelvie*, that bearded artist, and young *Leo Damien*, blossoming surprisingly into a successful poet and lover, who give this excellent novel its distinctive flavour.

Shockheaded Peter Redivivus.

HEINRICH HOFFMANN'S *Struwwelpeter*, the best of all collections of "cautionary tales" for children, has always been a special favourite of Mr. Punch and a frequent inspirer of his cartoons—witness SAMBOURNE'S famous adaptation of *Fidgety Phil* at the expense of the KAISER in 1896. In spite of the efforts of emancipated "educationists," who deprecate the methods of "the great Agrippa" and "the great, long, red-legged scissor-man," *Shockheaded Peter* is still a best-seller; and here we have a reprint of the 587th edition under the title of *The Latin Struwwelpeter* (BLACKIE AND SON, 5/-). The original coloured illustrations are retained with the English translation—an anonymous masterpiece—but Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE has added a Latin version at once faithful and felicitous. He has chosen for his metre the rhymed "Goliardic" stanza best known in the famous mediæval drinking-song ascribed to WALTER DE MAP—*Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori*, and carried out his aim with unflagging wit and vivacity. Dedicated to his old pupils at the Perse School, this is a *Persicus apparatus* which, in spite of HORACE, Mr. Punch welcomes with gratitude and admiration.



HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

"SAUCE SABAYON.

A perfect sauce for sweet fritters, or a pudding, for a change. Put in a saucepan or a bowl four yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cook this standing in boiling water."—*Evening Paper.*

Vesta Tilley Remembers.

The subject of Lady DE FRECE'S *Recollections of Vesta Tilley* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) is too serious and sincere an artist in her own chosen field to expect easy compliments for the quality of the writing of this informal record and commentary. It is an artless, honest, patchy story, told modestly, without the customary crass egotism of the gods' darlings whose day is done. Among the many excellent portraits which give interest and value to this book the frontispiece shows the author wearing her seventy years (more than fifty of them filled with exacting work) lightly and gaily and looking straight out of the page with shrewd, candid, friendly eyes—unspoiled either by success or its material rewards, without an enemy, so one would judge, and certainly affectionately enshrined in the memories of all of her generation as an entertainer of genius. How great that genius was may be guessed from the emptiness of the words of her songs, which she is naïve (or subtle) enough to print. . . . Jolly good luck to the girl who made the girl who loved a soldier!

Crimes and Punishment.

Some very queer people were living on the south shore of Long Island, and when two of them, *Uncas Cresap* and his Chinese servant, were murdered scarcely anyone mourned their sudden departure from this world. The crimes, however, had to be investigated, and Mr. IRVIN S. COBB, in *Murder Day by Day* (CASSELL, 7/6), performs this task with commendable thoroughness. Moreover, he succeeds in avoiding the track that has so often been followed by sensational novelists. I cannot give details of Mr. COBB'S originality without handing over the key to the mystery, so I am content to say that this is a sound story in which the American language is sometimes used with amusing effect.

Familiar Faces.

I should imagine that the reappearance of *Dicky Lascelles*, in *The Flag-Lieutenant* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6), will be as welcome to the crowds of us who already know him as to those who have never seen him on the stage. Twenty-six years have passed since the play was first produced, but the spirit of life in it is so strong that Lieut.-Col. W. P. DRURY drew no bow at a venture when he decided to write the story in book-form. Although I would rather watch *Dicky* than read about him, I am prepared to testify that he makes a most satisfactory hero of a straightforward and pleasant romance.

Charivaria.

To keep cabbages from bolting the amateur gardener should make a slit in the stalk, we read. Another good plan is to keep the garden-gate closed.

***

It is said that scientists are now wondering what Professor EINSTEIN's new theory will be. This will be great news for all those of us who are still wondering what his last one was.

***

A cricketographer mentions that Surrey are not letting the grass grow under their feet. But surely this will make the Oval look rather bare.

***

A composite photograph of President ROOSEVELT and his Cabinet looks like an ordinary photograph of the President. On the other hand, an ordinary photograph of Signor MUSSOLINI is in fact a composite photograph of his Cabinet.

***

It is suggested that advertisements should be placed on pillar-boxes. On the other hand, many people favour the idea of having a "Post No Bills" notice on pillar-boxes.

***

HENRY FORD claims that he does not make cars solely for profit. Of course not; there's the funny side too.

***

"Hungary is this summer to send over some of its loveliest representatives to visit England. . . . In exchange for the first batch of Hungarian beauty . . . a group of twenty-five M.P.'s is leaving for Buda-Pest," says a gossip-writer. Twenty-five of the most beautiful M.P.'s, of course.

***

A fashionable shade for feminine wear is "Maiden's Blush." This is one more example of the present-day fondness for anything connected with the Victorian age.



"I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED, MARTHA, BUT I LIKE A MANTELPIECE ONE CAN REST ONE'S ELBOWS ON."

Everything becomes smaller when it is contracted, we are reminded. Even an apparently obvious statement like this should be accepted with reserve; there is, for instance, debt.

***

An artist's studio was recently broken into by burglars, who did not remove any pictures. Still, most artists are hardened to severe criticism of this kind.

***

Italian golfers are forbidden to use any but purely Italian words. Such as "*Maladetta!*" no doubt.

***

The captain of a newly-formed Welsh cricket team declares that he is going to put his village on the map this year. We do hope he will find room for the name.

***

Oil extracted from turtles is said to be a great beautifier. But it doesn't seem to act that way on the turtle.

***

"I simply can't make out my income-tax form," says a correspondent. We're afraid he'll have to, though, just like the rest of us.

***

"When a married man dreams of a former sweetheart," says a writer, "it means that life will be full of difficulties for the next few weeks." If, that is to say, he talks in his sleep.

***

A woman-writer says that holidays present no problem for the average man. Quite so. His employer tells him when to go and his wife tells him where.

***

A single pound of spider's web would reach round the world, states a writer. If you doubt this, try it yourself.

***

A Fashion journal declares that the seaside mannequin will be more daring than ever in her bathing-costume this year. Does this mean that she will actually enter the sea?

Rejoice, Everybody!

RAISE, Industry, thy sweet and languid head!
Commercial Houses, dry your girlish tears!
Avaunt, Depression, let dull Sloth lie dead!
Up, Tea and Oil and Motors, Bonds and Beers!
Deferred and Ordinary Shares, renew
With livelier strings the elegiac strain!
Debentures, Guaranteed and Preference, strew
Flowers at the feet of NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN!

Now is the moment when the trembling lyre
Is heard in Poultry and Throgmorton Street,
And Home Municipals have felt the fire,
And murmuring Railways caught the unwonted heat.
Now Banks, now Discount Companies, be gay,
Hotels and Aviation, weep no more,
Gas and Electric Lighting, lift the lay
And sing wild woodnotes to the CHANCELLOR!

I could go on like this for weeks and weeks
Telling how Produce foots it through the glade
With Trams and Mines, and cherubs burst their cheeks
Blowing sweet winds about the path of Trade.
I could go on like this till kingdom come,
But the high heart with exultation cracks—
Bird-song, be silent while I do that sum
Of sixpence taken off my income-tax! EVOE.

The Mystery of the Spring.

PROBABLY by that you will understand me to refer to the bursting of the buds and the annual rebirth of Nature; and by all the laws of probability you should be right. But for myself I have had enough of the annual rebirth of Nature. It has ceased to surprise me. For one thing, it comes off too regularly to be a genuine miracle; for another, I read long ago in a great Botany Book all about the rising of the sap—and once one has done that the shine is definitely off. One knows too much.

No, the real mystery of spring lies deeper than this—and it lies indoors. Every April, when the first warm days arrive and one's thoughts turn naturally to summer pastimes and punts and panamas, the same old unanswerable question raises its ugly head: *Who monkeys about with my white flannels during the long winter months?* What malignant being, human or occult, gets loose among my precious store of shirts and trousers and reduces them from the Gentleman's Tennis Outfit of a year ago to the sorry rag-bag now laid out before me? Every summer—I swear it—I do little else but buy new pairs of white flannel trousers. About the beginning of August, when I can no longer without open rudeness stave off the threat of tennis-parties, I buy the first pair. A little later, betrayed by a foolish urge to improve at this lowest of all ball-games, I invest in another pair, so that I may continue to beat the air in the proper uniform while my others are at the cleaners. And finally, towards the end of September, the fatal combination of two bad falls on two consecutive days and an urgent summons from the Robinsons on the third makes imperative the purchase of yet another pair. A fortnight later I put the whole lot carefully away in a drawer. And yet by April a glance is enough to show one that the things are patently uninhabitable. Can these sad relics, these lean and shrunken pantaloons—can these, I ask myself, be the spotless ducks of yesteryear? It is not that the moths have got at them; that would be understandable. It is simply that old age and obsolescence, a kind of galloping corruption, have unaccountably fallen on them before their time. If any fellow-sufferer has an explanation to offer or, better still, knows of a cure for this strange putrescent tendency of summer legwear I shall be glad to hear from him.

There are other spring mysteries, too, akin to this, which I cannot allow to pass unnoticed. For instance:—

(1) If my white socks were really in the condition at the end of last season in which I find them now, what on earth did I wear for the final game or two? I have no recollection of running over my ankles with a piece of chalk.

(2) I have had a good deal of trouble and worry over my bathing-dress. As usual nobody seemed to know or care where it had been stowed for the winter, but in the end they said they remembered now—it had been put at the back of the top shelf in the linen-cupboard. A most extraordinary place, surely, for as tasteful a piece of beachwear as ever came out of a Clothier and Haberdasher's establishment? However, when I went to look for it there was nothing there but an old blue dishcloth, which smelt of tombs and crackled when you touched it. The practice of storing up these old rags, which do no good and often harbour moths, has always seemed to me an objectionable one, and on my way out to the bonfire I paused to deliver a few words on the subject. After all, the thing might easily be septic.

"That's your bathing-dress, you poor fish!" was all they said.

And, do you know, I paid four-and-elevenpence for that costume as recently as last July.

(3) I intend to say nothing at present about the complete disappearance of my sun-hat, nor about the utterly inexplicable deterioration of my lightweight vests, but to pass straight on to the condition of the tennis-racket, which I still maintain is *not* the one I put away so carefully at the end of last season. It isn't the slackening of the strings to which I take exception—that one has learnt to expect; nor yet the devastation of the area just above the bottle-neck; it is the way in which the handle is coming away from the frame that has made the iron enter into my soul. And that's not all. If brute force has been responsible for the disintegration of my racket, what of the patience and ingenuity that have gone to the unravelling and subsequent entanglement of the binding round the handle of my cricket-bat? What, for that matter, of the extraordinary thoroughness with which some foul fiend has unpicked the stitches round the cuffs of my Old School Sweater? What, again, oh, what of the ruin of my once noble blazer?

It is very hard, I think, this winter-rot that sets in so regularly amongst my carefully-hoarded summer outfit, but apparently it is inevitable. So for perhaps the tenth year in succession I face the coming season hatless and batless, bereft of socks and bathing-dress and hope, unflannelled, disappointed and forlorn.

Meanwhile the following articles are for sale by auction (or could be disposed of by private contract if preferred):—

Lot 1. Two to three pairs white flannel trousers, very little worn and practically indistinguishable from grey. Complete with loops for sash, adequate supply buttons, usual grass in turn-ups, etc., etc. Just the thing for a little chap aged 7–8 years, so would make suitable pr. knickers for slightly older boy.

Lot 2. Very fine 1933 Stringless Tennis Racket (without handle). A genuine curio. Invaluable as picture-frame or collar for very small horse. (No dealers.)



SIXPENCE-TIME BEGINS.

"AND I HOPE I SHALL NEVER HAVE TO PUT THE CLOCK BACK AGAIN!"



"DOESN'T YOUR HUSBAND COME IN TO TEA?"
"I NEVER WAIT FOR HIM; HE 'S NO IDEA OF TIME."

Lot 3. The Housewife's *Vade Mecum*. Really exceptional assortment white-cotton cleaning rags, best quality blue dishcloth (or bathing-dress when required), quantity light-weight wool dusters (for summer use), and medium-sized lump triple-spliced willow-wood for firing. Also string.

Lot 4. Genuine Old School Sweater slightly frayed at edges, together with Gent's Blazer (with assorted crest). The very thing for the river.

Oh, and—

Lot 5. A very special surprise packet for Whitsun!

I have just discovered my sun-hat! H. F. E.

For Artists in Misfortune.

THE Annual Dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution will be held on Wednesday, May 9th, at 7.15 P.M. at the Savoy Hotel, Strand; and Mr. Punch appeals with confidence to his ever-generous readers to support a cause with which he is very closely in sympathy. Relief is given by the Institution to the widows and orphans of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Architects, as well as to those artists themselves who through sickness, old age or unmerited neglect are in serious distress.

Tickets for the Dinner (price 12*s.* 6*d.*, exclusive of wine) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 21, Cadogan Square, S.W.1., who will also welcome subscriptions, large or small, from those who find themselves unable to attend.

Town Buses.

(*A reply to "Country Buses."*)

I KNOW the country buses, how they travel up and down,
From Wippleton to Woppleton, from inland to the coast;
Indeed I do not grudge to them a localised renown,
But may I be permitted to correct a foolish boast?
For once aboard the lugger, naught
Compares with London's juggernaut;
We have a proud affection for the buses of the Town.

As brilliant as the Guards' Brigade, as nippy and as smart,
They thunder through the suburbs and the traffic's tangled skein;
They take the roads that vanish in a hinterland apart,
And then, returning cheerfully, they do it all again.
But more for me their beauty lies
In her resolve to utilise
A vehicle that's honoured by the girl who has my heart.

My love she lives at Hammersmith, and when she comes to tea
She boards a scarlet omnibus and swiftly bowls along
In comfort and security; so when I chanced to see
The pæan to the country bus (the poet pitched it strong),
The verses in a jiffy sent
My thoughts to that magnificent
Perambulating pillar-box that posts my love to me.

As Others Hear Us.

The Radio; or, Making Up Our Minds.

"On, or off?"

"Oh, on. If there's anything worth hearing. Is there?"

"It was Cold Meat a minute ago. At least, it *was*."

"Well, it can't still be."

"I rather like Cold Meat. She's quite amusing sometimes. Once she put in a bit about Elizabethan butteries, and it was quite fun."

"Like when the man said they used a lot of spice in cooking to hide the meat going bad. Only that was definitely historical."

"I know. For Schools. And they test your ear, and you have to write down if you heard Fold or Gold or Old. Only one never knows if one was right or not."

"Oh, probably not, I should think, don't you? I thought Schools was generally Why We Breathe and all that."

"Cullis is her name. She's a professor or something. I like her voice."

"One woman squawks. I forget her name. She sings. The *image* of a chicken."

"I know. Ballads and all that. Did you know they'd asked one to write and say what one thought about plays?"

"Well, I like Vaudeville."

"I adore Charles Laughton."

"I liked the thing they had once, ages ago, only about a week after ours was put in. It was really a stage thing."

"I couldn't bear one thing they had, all about a man and a woman."

"I thought they were so frightfully particular always."

"Oh, yes, so they are. I didn't mean that. It wasn't that sort of a thing at all."

"Well, personally I think they could go a bit further than they do sometimes. Not a *lot* further, but just a *bit*."

"Well, I think they're right. After all, it's Government."

"Look here—how would you like something in Welsh?"

"No."

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, *no*. Why not Christopher Stone?"

"Because he isn't anywhere, unfortunately. I've looked everywhere. Even Luxembourg."

"Well, you *know* it couldn't be Luxembourg. You might as well say the Eiffel Tower."

"The Eiffel Tower's utterly useless. I've tried it and it's some kind of politics. French ones."

"Well, isn't there a military band anywhere?"



"I pass by your window."

"There's glees and madrigals somewhere, if that'll do."

"Oh, I don't think so. I don't mind, if anybody wants it, but it's sure to be frightfully Sing Heigh Sing Ho, isn't it?"

"Anyway, I've just seen that it was on at seven o'clock, so it must be over, unless they're absolutely going on for ever and ever. And we've missed the news too."

"Will Frederick Jones, last heard of ten years ago at the North Pole . . .?"

"A depression is centering over the British Isles."

"You'd think they'd get sick of it."

"Oh, they probably do. Frightfully. But it's better than silk stockings, like Sunday afternoon in Paris."

"What about Henry Hall?"

"Too early."

"Too late, surely! Anyway, too something."

"Oh, dear, it always seems to be."

"Well, you can have Wales, or Sport in the Midlands, or some man or other singing some kind of solo in Italian, or Hop-Picking, or a bit out of the Symphony Concert, or an Introductory Talk."

"Well, I think let's put on the gramophone."

"So do I." E. M. D.

Grave Slur on the Force.

"Widow, in good locality, west end, has comfortable room; suit two policemen or respectable men."—*Advt. in Dundee Paper.*

Our Gallant Contemporaries.

"The Deanery will desire to offer their hearty congratulations to the Vicar of St. Chad's, Over, upon the occasion of his wedding, which occurred recently. Much has been done lately for St. Chad's Church in the way of additional beauty under the leadership of the Vicar."—*Church Magazine.*

The Contraband Kiss.

THE cat is out of the bag at last.

I have fought many wordy battles with many young ladies concerning the excessive application of lipstick. In the end they nearly all abandon the pretence that this strange practice is mainly designed for the comfort and attraction of the male through the beautification of the female. Nearly all can be reduced, with patience, to the last defence: "Well, anyhow, it tastes nice." In other words, the stuff is not so much a cosmetic as a meal.

And now an enterprising beauty firm (perhaps two) has capitalised this startling truth. This is from an American organ.—

> "They 've made wine for ages, but it took —— —— to find the cleverest use for it—*in a lipstick*. Smooth and subtle as the finest vintage of France—sparkling and alluring as the red, red wine, you 've never known such a lipstick!"

Quite right.

And this from a London paper:—

> "LIPS THAT INTOXICATE.
>
> Lips that taste like wine. The least romantic of women can possess them now for the price of a new lipstick. . . . Choose your drink—pardon, your lipstick. . . . Port is rich and dark in colouring and tastes rare and mellow. Burgundy and claret are also for the brunette. . . . But still, Grenadine, Chianti and Madeira, the blonde shades, are intoxicating enough. . . . Oh, won't we lick our lips! And the joy of them is that they are indelible. They do not lick off."

Charming, is not it? Fragrant. Poetical. I am particularly pleased, though puzzled, by the assurance that the refreshment contained in this form of lipstick, though permanently available, is indestructible. Mere dogs and men may lick their lips once or twice, but the pleasure is soon gone. The ladies, as usual, have leapt ahead of us. It is, I suppose, the answer to the pipe—an enduring solace with which to relieve the pains of solitude or the fatigues of company. But our poor pipes have to be continually replenished and re-kindled. One treatment with Fine Old Tawny Lipstick, I gather, and a girl is equipped with nourishment for life.

Looking up "LIPS" in Mr. BENHAM'S *Book of Quotations* I was astonished to find that the idea is not really new. Indeed, it is positively seventeenth-century. For the poet MASSINGER (1583–1640) writes in one of his plays—

> "Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's
> Unwillingness to part with such *marmalade lips*."

Had they been *indelible* marmalade lips the lady's reluctance would no doubt have been still more marked; but I suppose that in those old-fashioned days the trade had not advanced so far.

On the other hand the trade may still have a little to learn from the past. They seem to be concentrating on the giddy young girl, who needs the intoxicating lip. But what about the teetotal lip? What about the modern Marmalade Lip for the Steady Matron, fit instrument for the breakfast kiss of happily-married couples? And can there not be Milk Lipsticks and Lemonade Lipsticks for the Young Thing who is not Bright?

If the trade are going to pay any attention to the needs of men (which, I suppose, they are not), I should myself, I think, prefer above all to see the Sausage Lipstick, the Oyster Lipstick or the Steak-and-Kidney Pudding Lipstick. It will be exciting no doubt to take a lady out to dinner who has "Lips that Intoxicate," but in these hard times there is even more to be said for "Lips that Make it Unnecessary to Pay For Her Food."

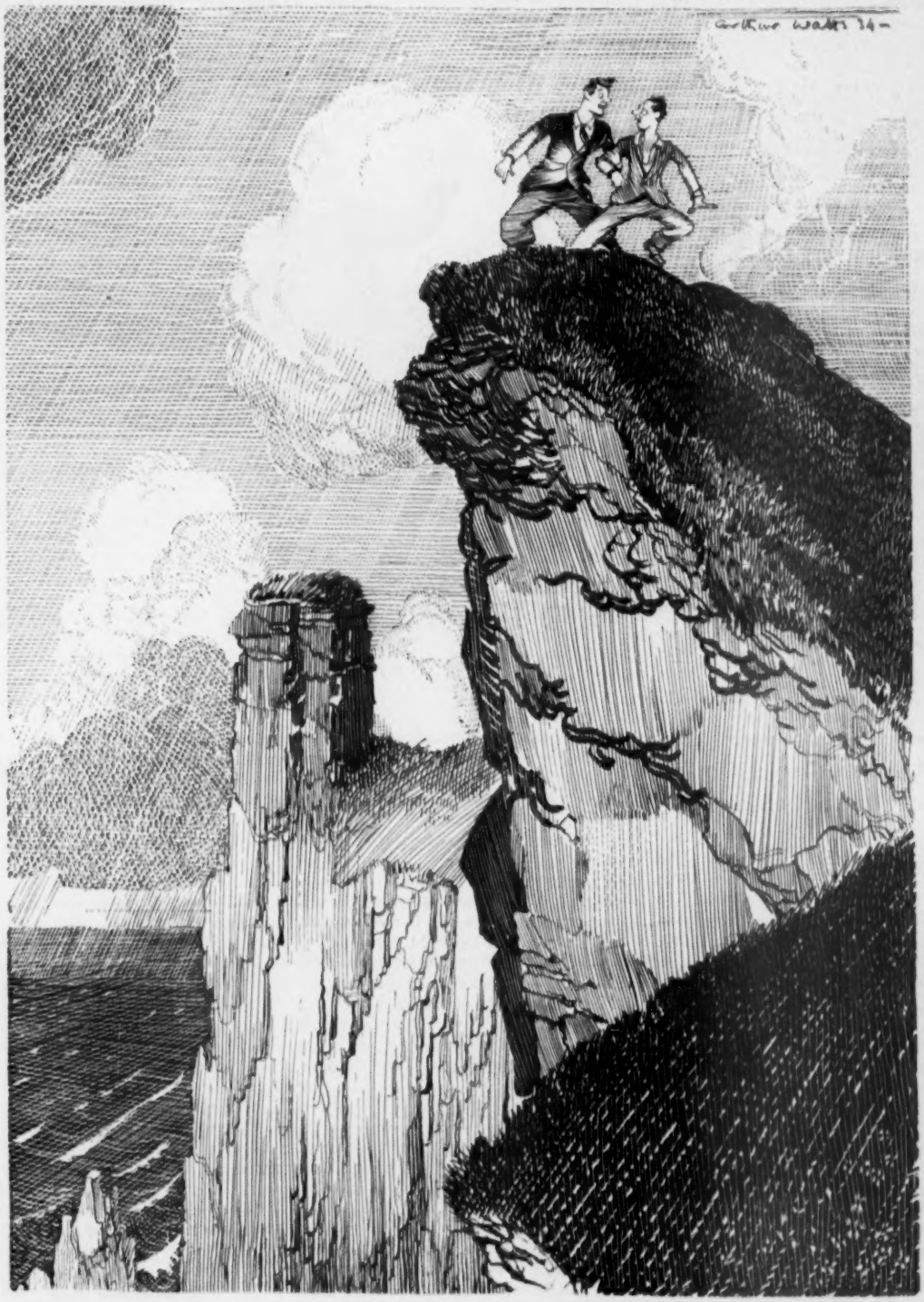
Anyhow, I advise the trade to think out new lines as soon as possible. For it will not be long, I swear, before in this country at least the law has something to say about the alcoholic lipstick. The general principle of the licensing laws is that intoxicating liquor may not be sold, supplied or consumed in any public place unless there is a licence from the justices or it is registered as a club. It is all very well for your young lady to sit at home and lick her intoxicating Liebfraumilch lips. But what if she walks along Bond Street or goes into an innocent tea-shop or omnibus licking the same? She is clearly nothing but a walking bar. She is consuming intoxicating liquor upon unlicensed premises; and all sorts of difficult legal questions instantly arise. For example, has the man who makes or sells the intoxicating lipstick an off-licence? If not—if he has only an on-licence, the girls, I take it, ought only to lick their lips while they are on the premises; and, strictly, they should stay on the premises till they have licked any alcoholic lipstick off. But if it is, as we are told, "indelible," they can't. So what then?

Again, take the Underground Railway. So far as I know, neither the London Passenger Transport Board nor anyone else has a licence to supply intoxicating liquor in Inner Circle trains. In that case, if a young lady travels from Victoria to High Street, Kensington, openly revelling in her claret lips, what is the answer of the L.P.T.B. to a charge of permitting the unauthorised consumption of intoxicating liquor on its premises, not to mention transportation and storing for the purpose of consumption on premises in respect of which there is no authority to supply the same? I cannot tell.

And, if they have no answer, what is their remedy? Obviously to refuse to transport passengers equipped in this dangerous manner. But *how is the Board to tell which the guilty passengers are?* And here we enter upon a really grisly field of speculation. The police know how difficult it is to establish convincingly the presence of noxious fluids in the system of a motorist. Customs officials know how simple the concealment and how embarrassing the pursuit of contraband may be in the case of a determined woman. But how much more delicate will be the position of a ticket-inspector who is charged to detect the presence of excisable liquor on a lady's lips! Visual evidence will rarely avail—unless the ladies go too far and take to lipstick flavoured with crême de menthe. Many, one would say, were wearing cherry brandy now who, for all we know, may be doing no such thing. On the other hand, a girl who smiled at you with lips of vodka or absinthe might be suspected of nothing more than jaundice or anæmia.

No, let us face it. There is only one way out. If any of Lord ASHFIELD'S excellent officials suspect that a female passenger has a champagne smile or a Curaçao kiss he will have to make no bones about it—*kiss the lady and find out!* A dangerous, difficult solution—but *que voulez-vous?* It may be impracticable to assign these duties to the regular ticket-inspectors at the barriers, particularly during the rush-hours, when the charming young lady-travellers are so numerous. Probably there will be a special staff, similar to those urbane officials who sometimes catch us in a first-class carriage with the wrong colour ticket. They will enter unobtrusively, take a discreet look down the compartment, and say politely, "Madam, allow me. Under By-law 367 . . . Thank you, Madam. Your name and address, if you please." We may rely on Mr. FRANK PICK to see that the thing is done with dignity, firmly and well.

A. P. H.



"NO, IT'S QUEER; *I* ALWAYS FEEL I WANT TO THROW SOMEBODY *ELSE* OVER."



Householder. "I WARN YOU! I HOLD A FRAMED CERTIFICATE FOR BOXING AT ST. MICHAEL'S. IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO THE DRAWING-ROOM I CAN SHOW IT TO YOU."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XIX.

Harry in a Dubious Mood—William's Niece—The Two Claimants—The Test—The Nature of the Fair—New Words While You Wait—Nomenclature in Nyassaland—The Desirable Rain-Coat.

Harry, while her kennels are under construction (with my money), has developed a new problem, being equally desired by two of her motoring swains and finding difficulty in rejecting either.

William's interest in everything to do with my relatives and friends is such that I had to tell him the situation. He tackled it at once.

"She'll choose wrong," he said, "as sure as eggs is eggs. Young people in love can't be taught nothing. And the reason is, their heads, never too strong, aren't working at that time at all.

"I remember a niece of my own, my sister's girl," he went on, "when she was hovering between two young fellows, Sid and Bert, walking out with first one and then the other and driving her poor mother half crazy. I asked my niece what she was going to do about it. 'Because,' I said, 'it's a very serious thing tying yourself up for life with a stranger. You ought to get to know something about him. To test him. Here you are, encouraging them so that they both think you think them the goods, and knowing nothing about either of them, except that they take you to the pictures and cheap dances. That's no guide to the lifelong stuff, because,' I said, 'once you're married, cheap dances and the pictures will very quickly disappear and vanish.'

"She asked me how I knew so much when I'd never been married myself.

"'Lookers-on,' I said, 'see most of the game.'

"'Well,' she said, 'tell me about these tests.'

"'You should ask them to supper one Sunday,' I said, 'and watch how they behave. Ask one on one Sunday and the other on the next, and then compare notes. See whether or not they pass the salt and attend to your mother and if they open the door for you. Those are the things that tell. That's how to spot an unselfish fellow who'll look after you.'

"So she said she would; and the next week I asked her about the previous Sunday, when the first one, Sid, had come. 'Did he pass the salt?' I asked her, and she said he didn't. 'Was he polite to your mother?' I asked, and she said he was awful to her. 'Did he open the door for you?' I asked, and she said he never thought of such a thing. 'It's going splendidly,' I said, tickled to death, and now we'll see what Bert's like next Sunday.'

"'I don't think so,' she said.

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Because I've accepted Sid,' she said.

"'Without seeing if Bert is all right?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she said.

"And there you are, Sir. As I said, you can't teach young people in love nothing. And, what's even worse, you can't ever teach a girl to prefer the better man. The worse he treats them the more they seem to like him. I give it up."

The complaint has often been made—usually by indifferent writers—that our vocabulary needs new words. The old ones, they say, are outworn.

How the new words are to be coined and what half-meanings and subtle shades and ultra-modern emotions they are to describe, I cannot say; but a typed letter that I received this morning contains an unconscious suggestion of help. "I owe you," it began, "an alopogy."

Now, there is an excellent new word which merely awaits adoption. Alopogy. And a careless typist will in a few minutes provide any number of companions, the principle being a re-distribution of letters.

In this way we get pure variants, to employ in whatever manner we will; but another way is to change the initial letter, not haphazardly, like the late regretted Dr. SPOONER, but scientifically, either by substituting the next consonant after or the next consonant before. Thus, the word, say, is "Perpendicular." You will leave that to serve its own pedantic purpose and add to the language which SHAKESPEARE found sufficient to his needs "querpendicular" or "nerpendicular," or both, meaning whatever the lexicographers decide. By this system hundreds of thousands of new parts of speech could be made in a moment, and the face of *The Vimes*, or, if you prefer it, *The Simes*, completely transformed.

A young friend just home from Nigeria, where he has been helping to build a church for the Nyassalanders, tells me that the schoolboys there, directly they begin to get some English education, want an English name and choose it in odd ways. One boy, for instance, on his staff, named originally George Pindi, chose his from a book he was reading at the time that the great decision was reached, taking it not from the author but from the publisher's imprint, and emerging as George Oxford Press Pindi. Other publishers are possibly similarly honoured. My friend showed me a letter from G. O. P. Pindi, which ran: "I was always preyed to help you in your way when you was going to your home in England. Please will you sand me that rain coat which you used to wore when you was here because here the rain started to rain? God may give you his grace do not forget to sand me rain coat." E. V. L.

"A young girl is happy in an evening frock," declares a fashion-expert. How little it takes to make a young girl happy!

★ ★ ★

"Rival Dustmen Come to Blows" says a headline. Another fight for the Ashes?



Old Porter (at remote country station). "EXCUSE ME, NOW, ZUR. TRAIN BE DUE IN THREE MINUTES. JUST TIME TO FIND ME WHISTLE AND CLEAN IT OUT."

Telling It With Tailorings.

(A Sunday newspaper states that two firms of English outfitters are vieing for the honour of dressing the Australian cricketers.)

THE envious glances freely fall
On WOODFULL'S new tuxedo
Or on the swimming-suit that WALL
Exhibits at the Lido;
There is no competition with
The trouserings of FLEETWOOD-SMITH.

Enraptured cutters nimbly wield
Their scissors for O'REILLY;
The fitter bows as CHIPPERFIELD
Esteems his waistcoats highly;
Ho, experts, ho! and plan a shirt,
Acceptable to OLDFIELD (BERT)!

Mark well those ties of STAN MCCABE'S
And PONSFORD'S daring check suits;
See BROWN and BROMLEY, both the "babes,"
In natty cruising deck-suits.

And say, what mortal hand or eye
Hath framed that wondrous GRIMMETTry?

While vaunted thus is England's kit
By tailors and cravatters,
Our cricketers will do their bit;
Take comfort, O ye hatters,
And see in each successive Test
Our bowlers proved by far the best.

You haberdashers have good heart
And watch with smiling faces
How VERITY will play his part
When BRADMAN'S bagging braces;
And may some epoch-making knocks
By HAMMOND give the Cornstalks socks!

Mrs. Birdikin's History of England.

I.—The Ancient Britons.

Mrs. Birdikin was a woman of superior education, and, had her birth been such as to render it incumbent upon her to earn her own subsistence, she might well have undertaken the regular instruction of young children herself. As the wife of a gentleman of substantial fortune, she was content to delegate the teaching of her own children to a paid instructress, but she gave a general oversight to their studies and thought it not derogatory to her position to impart some actual instruction herself.

Such instruction, soon after the arrival of Miss Smith as governess to the Birdikin children, she decided to give them upon the history of their own country, of which she rightly judged that every child should know something, so as to increase his or her pride in the name of Englishman or Englishwoman. Her motto in all she did was *Thorough*, and on two mornings a week she appeared punctually in the schoolroom, dismissed Miss Smith to some suitable household task, and set herself to convey to infant minds the fruits of her own study of historic events, which she had undertaken in preparation for her lessons.

"I would have you to know," she said on the first of these occasions, "that our beloved country has not always enjoyed the supremacy over other nations that it holds to-day. It was at one time inhabited by a race of people called Ancient Britons, who stained themselves blue with a dye called woad, paddled themselves about in coracles, and were under the domination of Druids. A Druid was a sort of rather wicked clergyman with a white beard, who lived chiefly on mistletoe, which he cut with a golden sickle whenever there was a full moon. His religion was not such as we should respect nowadays, though it included keeping the lower orders in their proper places. Part of it, I regret to say, was to offer girls of school age to his gods, of which he had a considerable number, on stone altars. But there were no schools in those days, which were extremely benighted. Only the Druids knew how to read, and it is doubtful whether even they ever got farther than runes. This shows, however, that the smallest degree of learning exalts those who have it over those who have it not, and it is my desire that my children shall devote themselves diligently to the pursuit of knowledge, so that later on they may exercise that authority over the vulgar herd which can alone keep the latter in the paths of rectitude and content with the lowly station to which, under Providence, they have been called.



Lady (very satisfied with the Budget). "I ALWAYS SAID A MAN WEARS A MOUSTACHE TO HIDE SOMETHING. IN THIS CASE IT 'S A KIND HEART."

"The Ancient Britons knew the use of the bow and arrow, and roasted their meat with fire. They were not well off for vegetables, and it is curious to reflect that the very name of potato was unknown to them. They lived in caves when there were any such handy, or in rude huts of wattle and daub. They buried their dead in barrows——"

"That is what we did yesterday with that dead hedgehog we found," interrupted Charles. "Did the Ancient Britons have carts as well as wheelbarrows?"

"The one would naturally lead to the other," replied Mrs. Birdikin. "We read that their war-chariots were furnished with sharp knives protruding from them on either side, with which they mowed down their enemies. Concerning this, the learned Dr. Smicker remarks that in the dark ages of mankind the arts of warfare not infrequently led to those of peace. But for these rude vehicles, somewhat resembling bath-tubs, in which our forefathers went to war, we should not now be enjoying the benefits of the stage-coach, the post-chaise or the private equipage."

"But if they had chariots to go to war in," said Fanny, "why could they not take the knives off and drive about in them when they had killed all their enemies? Did not the Ancient British ladies ever pay calls on one another?"

"They were not, strictly speaking, *ladies* in those early days," Mrs. Birdikin explained. "A Druid's wife might conceivably have called upon another Druid's wife, for she would presumably have had some garments to go about in, but, as I have already told you, the majority of the Ancient Britons were content to paint themselves blue; and you have only to reflect that a woman painted blue would not be likely to wish to sit in another woman's parlour, drinking tea and engaging in polite conversation, to understand that no such refinements of civilisation had any part in the lives of our remote ancestors. A measure of decency was observed by the use of the skins of wild animals, but woad was the national dress, if dress it could be called, and you may infer from that that the Ancient Britons were little better than savages, though it has never been brought up against them, as far as I am aware, that they put rings through their noses. Nor does the stigma of cannibalism attach itself to them. If not ladies and gentlemen, as we now understand those terms, they had qualities, such as courage, which in course of time developed into those which mark our race to-day as the foremost in the world."

"Would the Ancient Britons have beaten Napoleon Buonaparte?" inquired Henry.

"If they had known the use of gunpowder, certainly," replied Mrs. Birdi-

kin. "Had they had a Wellington to lead them they would have beaten Julius Cæsar, who landed on our island and annexed it to Rome, in the same way as Buonaparte would have annexed it to France or Corsica if he had not met his deserts on the field of Waterloo."

Fanny was here seen to be in the throes of concealed mirth, and, upon being questioned, said that she had been struck with the idea of the Duke of Wellington going into battle with his nose painted blue.

Mrs. Birdikin rebuked her for her ill-timed levity, and continued: "Queen Boadicea fought against Julius Cæsar, but, though a woman of the utmost bravery, with two young daughters to protect from the attentions of the Romans, she was no match for him. He was far better educated than she was, and indeed found time to write a school-book when he was not actually fighting. He wrote it in Latin, and you, Charles and Henry, when you go to school, will have the privilege of being taught that tongue, which is now what is called a dead language."

"If it is a dead language, what is the good of being taught it?" asked Fanny.

"For girls," replied Mrs. Birdikin, "none whatever; and indeed the indelicacy of much that was written by the ancient Greeks and Romans renders it unsuitable for female study. But a familiarity with dead languages is part of a gentleman's education and has a bearing upon our present subject. Had our scholars been unable to read Julius Cæsar's account of his conquest of Britain we should have known nothing about it. In our next lesson I shall recount to you the results of the Roman invasion of our country, which brought civilisation to our shores and ultimately led to the happy state of things which we now enjoy."

"Will there be plenty of fighting, Mama?" inquired Charles.

"I trust," said Henry, who was intended for the clerical profession, "that all the Druids were killed and human sacrifices done away with."

"Did the Ancient British ladies go on painting themselves blue, or were they ashamed to when Julius Cæsar could see them?" inquired Fanny.

"I will answer all questions at our next lesson," replied Mrs. Birdikin. "In the meantime reflect upon what I have told you and be thankful that you live in an age of enlightenment, and that under our gracious King neither you nor Clara run any risk of being offered up, as Henry has remarked, as human sacrifices."

This feature of Mrs. Birdikin's narrative, however, had made such an impression upon the children that they persuaded Miss Smith to allow herself to be offered as a human sacrifice in the course of their afternoon's play. Henry, in view of his clerical future, took the part of the officiating Druid, and the other three stained their faces blue to represent her sorrowing family.

In this manner the lessons of the morning were frequently dramatised by the children in the afternoon, Miss Smith lending herself willingly to this method of fixing them in their minds, while using her authority to prevent the play degenerating into roughness or licence. Thus work and play went hand-in-hand in this fortunate family, and knowledge was imbibed with smiles rather than tears. A. M.

(To be continued.)



"THIS BLOKE 'S AN OPTICIAN. DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE IT A BIT SMEARY; IT 'S GOOD FOR THEIR BUSINESS."

An Impending Apology.

"As a *coup de grâce* Dr. Thompson will give one of his delightful lantern lectures, this time on 'The Bee in the Balance of Nature.'"—*Report in Periodical.*



"It 's your young gentleman, Miss. I thought it was; I always know his ring."

Spring Moon.

(South India.)

Every year the moon of March
  Wakes anew the Indian Spring;
Day may burn and blind and parch
Underneath the blazing arch
  Where the sun goes swaggering;
But when evening dust-clouds whirl—
  Whirl and settle to the plain,
Stepping lightly as a girl
  Here 's the Moon of Spring again.

Day was barren; night 's a hive
  Rich with Springtime's own largesse;
Breezes kiss and dews revive,
Spring 's afoot, the air 's alive,
  Earth 's astir with happiness;
Hind's own gods on either hand
  Halt awhile in kindly mood—
Krishna dancing on the sand,
  Rama singing in the wood.

Life 's a thing of snags and traps,
  Spring 's a fleeting hour of ease,
Moons of March will quickly lapse,
Flaming May 's ahead—perhaps.
  Far am I from thoughts like these;
I can only think to-night,
  Like a lover held in thrall,
"O thou moon of my delight,
  O thou moon of carnival!" H. B.

My Neuritis.

"That," said the surgeon brightly, pointing to a vague smudge on the X-ray photograph of my interior, "shows that traces of barium still remained after seventy-two hours. It indicates an inflamed condition of the appendix, and means that, apart from the ever-present danger of a flare-up, you must be absorbing continual doses of poison into your bloodstream. This is quite sufficient to account for the neuritis in your left arm, and I should say that unless something is done about it"—(here he smiled happily at the thought of all the things he could do about it)—"the trouble will probably spread and you 'll stand a good chance of ending up a hopeless cripple."

"Dear me!" I said. "And all from one small appendix?"

"Yes," he replied. "You 'd better let me take the thing out for you."

I let him take it out.

The neuritis in my left arm remained.

"That," said the dentist cheerfully, pointing to a vague smudge on the X-ray photograph of the left side of my mouth, "discloses a septic condition of the roots of the two lower bicuspids. Quite apart from the danger of the formation of a painful abscess, it means that you must be absorbing continual doses of poison into your bloodstream. This is undoubtedly the cause of the neuritis in your left arm, and I should say that unless something is done about it"—(here he beamed at the thought of all the things he could do about it)—"the trouble will probably spread to the rest of your anatomy and you 'll end by becoming completely paralysed."

"Dear me!" I said. "And all from two wretched little bicuspids?"

"Yes," he replied. "You 'd better let me take them out for you."

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The neuritis in my left arm remained.

"That," said the chirosteopractor gaily, pointing to a vague smudge on the X-ray photograph of my spine, "shows a misalignment of the third dorsal vertebra, and indicates——"

"Stop!" I interposed. "I know exactly what it indicates. It indicates (correct me if I'm wrong) that my bloodstream is imbibing poison in vast quantities, and that (unless of course I let you do something about it) my neuritis will grow steadily worse, till I end up a gibbering paralytic imbecile. Is that right?"

"More or less," he said.

"And all because of one miserable displaced vertebra?"

"Precisely. Now, if you will let me put the thing in for you——"

"In?" I cried. "Did I hear you say 'IN'? Am I right in thinking that you propose to put something in—not take something out?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

I shook him warmly by the hand. "The idea certainly has the merit of novelty," I said. "Get on with it."

He got on with it. He got on with it three times a week for eighteen months, after which I stopped him lest he should inadvertently push the vertebra out again on the opposite side, when presumably I should have had neuritis in the right arm as well as the left.

Meanwhile the neuritis in my left arm continued as before.

After all this I felt entitled to a holiday, so, arm and overdraft notwithstanding, I went to Switzerland for a fortnight's ski-ing. Naturally I skied with great circumspection, being particularly careful never to fall on my left side; but one day, inspired by some imp of Fate (and possibly by the challenging presence of two golden-badged ski-damsels fresh from the forcing-houses of Mürren), I threw caution to the winds and charged boldly down a long icy declivity of considerable steepness known locally as the "Fly-walk"—a detestable descent which, had nobody been looking, I should have negotiated in very different fashion. Disaster followed. Halfway down the slope a difference of opinion arose between my two skis, and in a trice I was involved in one of those imperial purlers which sooner or later fall to the lot of every skier. The crash reverberated among the surrounding hills. So did the laughter of the Mürrenettes. When the noise had subsided I removed the tip of my left ski from under my right ear, picked myself up and, having made sure that no serious damage had resulted, proceeded more gingerly on my way. Immediately I became conscious that all was not as it should be. I suffered from a disquieting sense of loss. Something had been left behind. Rapidly I cast my eyes over the more detachable items of my equipment. Ski-sticks, both there; gloves, both there; skins, tied safely round my waist. What, then, was missing? Suddenly it dawned upon me. My neuritis had gone—completely gone, *spurlos versenkt* in that cataclysmic tumble. Nor has it since returned.

Needless to say, my friends the surgeon, the dentist and the chirosteopractor all claim credit on a delayed action basis for this remarkable disappearance. But I hereby give notice that their claims are inadmissible. I myself am the successful practitioner, and, what is more, I am prepared to initiate any sufferer from neuritis who will meet me on the "Fly-walk" next winter into the exact mysteries of the cure. Of course I shall charge a small fee. These spectacular falls are in the nature of major operations. Shall we say a hundred guineas?



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Could they mean May?



"A BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE, I CALL IT."

The New Celibacy.

["Harems are growing rarer."—*Press.*]

I HAVE a harem, where I park
Some fifty head or thereabout;
It's not enough to cause remark,
But quite enough to care about;
Some of the denizens are fair,
Some you could call brunettish,
This one assumes a modest air,
And that you'd find coquettish;
Some, too, are slender as a ghost,
Others are on the stout side,
Some have a mind of sorts, but most
Are stronger on the outside;
It follows, when I feel inclined
For feminine society,
In my small harem I can find
The element variety,
While, if averse from idle play
And indisposed to frivol,
As they are safely packed away
I can avoid their drivel.

Taxes of late have lopped my wealth,
So has the rise in victuals,
And keeping fifty-odd in health
Is not all beer and skittles;
I would not for a moment touch
On matters best unspoken,
But all those women eat too much
(I've told them, more by token);
What's more, a yearly bill for frocks
For which I'm being dunned is
Enough to put one on the rocks,
And that apart from undies;
The consequence is plain to see;
Although I ill can spare 'em,
If there's to be enough for me
I must cut down my harem.

I thought at first to thin them out,
But, right at the beginning,
Was checked by a romantic doubt
On where to start the thinning;
And anyway 'twould take too long,
Nor did I think the worse 'uns
Would, as a market, come out strong,
Though interesting persons.
Moreover, if I kept a few
For feminine society,
I should to some extent eschew
The element variety.
And so a great decision came
Of which, in brief, the gist is
To play the Man, like What's-His-Name,
And send the lot to CHRISTIE'S.

DUM-DUM.



LOVERS' LEAP.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "NOW JUMP! I'VE PUT DOWN A STEPPING-STONE TO HELP YOU."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, April 16th.*—Commons: Disaffection Bill read Second Time.**

***Tuesday, April 17th.*—Lords: Tithe Bill and Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill given Second Reading.**

Commons: Chancellor's Budget Speech.

***Wednesday, April 18th.*—Lords: Debate on Housing Compensation and Shipping.**

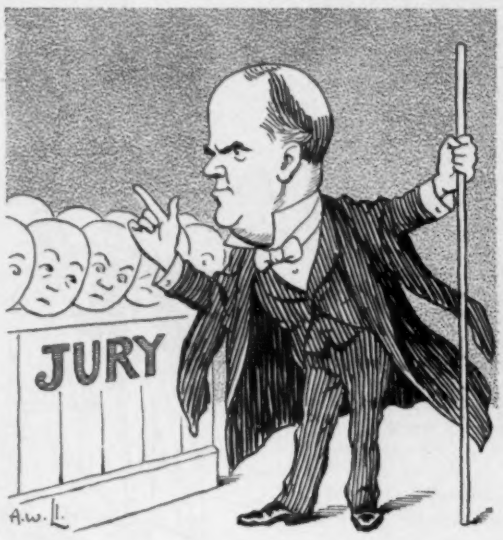
Commons: Debate on Budget.

Monday, April 16th.—All thoughts of Budget, to which everyone's attention was naturally straying to-day, were sharply dispelled by bombshell which Mr. CHURCHILL suddenly dropped at feet of Sir SAMUEL HOARE. Promising documentary support for his allegations, he declared that information he had received proved Sir SAMUEL and Lord DERBY to have been responsible for bringing pressure to bear last year on Manchester Chamber of Commerce to procure an alteration of evidence (on cotton industry) submitted to Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform—their final evidence being substantially different from that previously sent in. While he made no imputation against personal honour of these gentlemen, he invited Parliament to consider such tampering with witnesses, for whatever purpose, as most flagrant breach of privilege.

After MR. SPEAKER had decided that a *primâ-facie* case had been made out, Sir SAMUEL made brief speech welcoming investigation, assuring House that eventual alteration in Memorandum had been due to representations from Manchester delegation in India, and asserting that Member for Epping had only added another specimen to his collection of mares' nests. It was then agreed that matter should be referred to Committee of Privileges.

Rest of day spent on Disaffection Bill, which was read a Second time. This aims at summary prosecution of distributors of pamphlets designed to undermine discipline in H.M. Forces; and, although maximum imprisonment is fixed at three months, this may be amended to four in order to give accused right to go before a jury.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Such Peers as resisted temptation of listening to Budget Speech occupied themselves with Tithe Bill, which was given Second Reading. Its claims were presented by Lord DE LA WARR, who explained that it would do much to smooth out controversial issue by relieving burden of owner-occupiers whose land had fallen in value, and by making tithe recoverable at the county court.



TRIAL BY JURY.

"With stern judicial frame of mind—
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried!"
(*From "The Bab Ballads."*)

["If the Amendment increasing the period from three to four months is agreed to, offenders can elect to be tried by a jury if they desire."—*The ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the Incitement to Disaffection Bill.*]

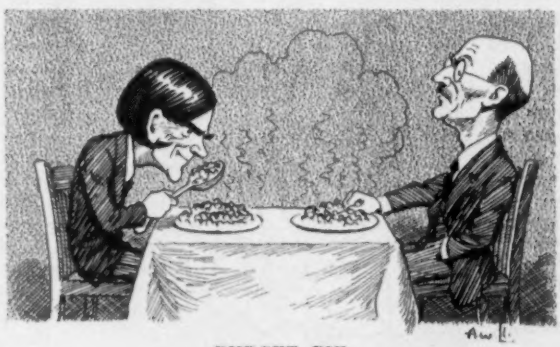
We Examine the Till.

Commons was so packed that Mr. CHURCHILL, entering late, was obliged to accept hospitality of Independent Labour Party; all Galleries were creaking under unaccustomed load as great as that from which their occupants hoped shortly to be relieved; and five ex-Chancellors sat by in mute sympathy, like the five Kings at QUEEN VICTORIA'S funeral.

The nation's housekeeper began his speech by referring to new spirit of hope and confidence reflected in mirror of industrial production. We had finished with *Bleak House*, he said, and were sitting down to enjoy first chapter of *Great Expectations*. He then analysed past financial year, for which his estimates had proved fairly accurate, although Customs and Excise were comfortably in excess (cheaper beer brought in £5,000,000 more than had been expected) and Estate Duties showed an increase of over £10,000,000, owing chiefly to one abnormal windfall.

After announcing his intention, "in the absence of new developments," to make no provision for debt payments to or from other countries, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN broke it gently to House that his prospective surplus would be only £29,100,000 and not fatter sums which rumour had forecast. To have such a surplus at all, however, as he later pointed out, was remarkable in comparison with foreign budgets and said a lot both for Government's financial policy and for solid virtues of British public. There was tremendous excitement when he came to his concessions, and paused for a few tantalising moments: Cuts in Unemployment Benefit fully restored; one-half of pay-cuts restored; 6*d.* off income-tax; and motor-tax reduced from £1 per h.p. to 15*s.*

No one could have reasonably expected more, but Mr. ATTLEE contrived ingeniously to find Budget an insult to unemployed, forgetting perhaps that it was mainly income-tax-payer who had hauled us out of slough of 1931. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL confined himself to well-chosen bouquet on exemplary simplicity of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S exposition; while Mr. MAXTON, in a gentle and fatherly manner, rose amidst cheers to give thanks as a Party-spokes-



BUDGET PIE.

LABOUR'S DIVERGENT VIEWS.

Mr. MAXTON. "BETTER THAN ONE EXPECTED—WHAT?"
Mr. ATTLEE. "IT'S THE KIND OF STUFF I CANNOT STICK!"



Inspector Snoop. "YOUR DISGUISE IS PERFECT, SERGEANT. NOW, FOLLOW THAT MAN, AND ABOVE ALL THINGS *DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU!*"

man for benefits which he had never expected from a capitalist system.

Wednesday, April 18th.—One of thorniest problems in housing campaign is that of compensation for property acquired for reconditioning, and to-day Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH called attention of Upper House to advantages of refund method, which he said could be understood by man in street; but in reply Lord GAGE declined to go further than brief speech of disapproval in view of Government's impending Housing Bill. Lord STRABOLGI also raised question of plight of mercantile marine, and Lord TEMPLEMORE promised to pass on his suggestions for a low-rate Government loan to help shipowners to renew their fleets, for a prohibition against sale of old ships to foreign owners, and for retaliation against foreign subsidies.

("*What do you think about the Budget, Steward?*"

"*It's only right and fair to say the Chancellor 's behaved very handsome, Sir.*")

In Commons, as Mr. HORE-BELISHA remarked in his reply, indignation of Opposition at being deprived, by Budget, of weapon with which they usually attack Government is quite understandable, but they failed to-day to make any sound points against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's arrangements.



HOMERUS REDIVIVUS.
SIR A. M. SAMUEL.

A Well-Cooked Omelette?

Mr. MORGAN-JONES held that as Budget has been balanced largely by aid of nest-eggs, no real surplus existed, and he charged Government with definite breach of faith in removing income-tax 6*d.* in advance of full restoration of salary-cuts and relieving burdens of indirect taxation. Being good Liberal, Sir HERBERT SAMUEL was bound to claim surplus as vindication of democracy, but he doubted wisdom of antagonising America by ignoring War-debts, of devoting last year's surplus to general reduction of debt instead of debt on Unemployment Fund, and also of raiding Road Fund, which was all needed for road maintenance.

Major NATHAN, borrowing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Dickensian metaphor, considered that we were being led back into *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

Readier sense of gratitude was exhibited by many other speakers, who paid CHANCELLOR compliments he has earned; amongst them Sir A.M. SAMUEL, who brought in HOMER as a witness.

I Want to be a Consumer.

"And what do you mean to be?"
The kind old Bishop said
As he took the boy on his ample knee
And patted his curly head.
"We should all of us choose a calling
To help Society's plan;
Then what do you mean to be, my boy,
When you grow to be a man?"

"I want to be a Consumer,"
The bright-haired lad replied
As he gazed up into the Bishop's face
In innocence open-eyed.
"I've never had aims of a selfish sort,
For that, as I know, is wrong.
I want to be a Consumer, Sir,
And help the world along.

I want to be a Consumer
And work both night and day,
For that is the thing that's needed most,
I've heard Economists say.
I won't just be a Producer,
Like Bobby and James and John;
I want to be a Consumer, Sir,
And help the nation on."

"But what do you want to be?"
The Bishop said again,
"For we all of us have to work," said he,
"As must, I think, be plain.
Are you thinking of studying medicine
Or taking a Bar exam.?"
"Why, no!" the bright-haired lad replied
As he helped himself to jam.

"I want to be a Consumer
And live in a useful way;
For that is the thing that's needed most,
I've heard Economists say.
There are too many people working
And too many things are made.
I want to be a Consumer, Sir,
And help to further Trade.

I want to be a Consumer
And do my duty well;
For that is the thing that's needed most,
I've heard Economists tell.
I've made up my mind," the lad was heard,
As he lit a cigar, to say;
"I want to be a Consumer, Sir,
And I want to begin to-day." P. B.



Tourist (*in small village*). "Call yourself Tobacconist and Newsagent and don't sell newspapers!"
Gossip. "Well, Sir, what was it you wanted to know?"

At the Play.

"THE LAUGHING WOMAN" (NEW).

"GORDON DAVIOT" makes a fine swaggering gesture in *The Laughing Woman*, as who should say, "Pray don't make the mistake of thinking I am dependent on romantic pageantry and the diminishing perspective of time for my effects. I can tackle the contemporary chronicle with as sure a touch." And in sober truth she can.

The Laughing Woman is, she takes pains to say, not a transcript of the life of that HENRI GAUDIER who, at the moment of his impending recognition as a sculptor and draughtsman of genius, was killed in the War, and of the strange difficult SOPHIE BRZESKA, who mothered him with such heroic self-sacrifice and solicitude. "The idea of the play was suggested by" them. This would seem to be an understatement to anyone with clear memories of Mr. EDE'S *Savage Messiah* and of the letters edited by him. *René Latour* is a little gayer, a little less "savage" perhaps than HENRI; *Ingrid Rydman* (a Swede here, not a Pole) a little younger, a little less extravagantly "impossible" than SOPHIE; while their relations to each other have been developed on somewhat different lines; but the general impression is remarkably like that conveyed by Mr. EDE'S vivid sketch. However, the value of the piece is clearly not to be measured by its degree of correspondence with the actual facts but on its intrinsic interest as a stage play. I found it consistently interesting and at times profoundly moving. The author here certainly gets under the skin of the artist, who is apt to suffer such strange metamorphoses on the stage. She develops and unfolds the characters of her two subjects with a delicate perception of the queer subtleties of human relations. Her power of telling her story indirectly through easy-flowing, plausible and well-managed dialogue is again apparent. And she is quite exceptionally fortunate in her two chief interpreters.

Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH (*Ingrid*) happens to have the kind of beauty which interests artists (rather than eupeptic stallholders and *entrepreneurs*). She plays her part in a deliberately repressed mood (varied by two outbursts in which the repressions are violently relaxed), and in that chosen narrow compass shows herself mistress of the subtlest gradations and differentiations of tone, being extremely resourceful in significant gesture and in the management of her flexible voice.

There are battles going on in the soul of *Ingrid* between her selfless devotion and her self-regarding fear of leaving



THE GRAVER MOMENTS OF A LAUGHING WOMAN.

Ingrid Rydman . MISS VERONICA TURLEIGH.

the peace of lonely independence for the hazards of affectionate association; between the house-proud (or house-ashamed) petty bourgeoise or peasant in her and her instinctive assessment of the true greatness of her friend and of the quality of his work. Miss TURLEIGH gives a vivid impression of the stresses of this conflict, and has a remarkable power of conveying the depth and the exquisite tenderness of her feeling for the gifted boy. *Ingrid* (like SOPHIE) is, technically speaking, an unsympathetic character, and the actress's triumph over this difficulty enhances the value of her really beautiful performance.

Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD has the advantage of the audience's sympathy. ("When I am rude, people are amused," *René* says to *Ingrid*. "When you are rude, they say, 'I must be going.'") He does not trade on that. His performance is so perfectly balanced where there is plenty of temptation to let it get out of hand, and so perceptive of delicate nuances of feeling that I can recall no feat of sensitive interpretation so mature and so genuinely moving in one so young. Whoever was responsible for the casting of these two parts knows his work.

There were other well-played parts, particularly the inquisitive and inquisitorial *Miss Slade* by Miss MAY AGATE, who doubled as a voluble French landlady; and Mr. MARCUS BARRON'S sketch of a dealer trying hard according to his lights not to be too predatory. But the honours are overwhelmingly with Miss TURLEIGH and Mr. HAGGARD. Mr. LESLIE BANKS, who has a deserved reputation among his professional colleagues as a sensitive producer has done his work well. No one who is interested in the natural history of the artist and no one who takes pleasure in sensitive and imaginative acting should miss this most moving performance. T.



BARGAIN SALE.

René Latour. . . . . MR. STEPHEN HAGGARD.

Hergesheimer . . . . MR. MARCUS BARRON.

"THREE SISTERS" (DRURY LANE).

It is difficult to believe that these were the hands which launched *The Showboat*; for in the whole programme Mr. JEROME KERN has only given us three good tunes, and they are not outstandingly good; while Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN in his lyrics and dialogue has kept a promising cast lamentably short of good lines and far too frequently englucosed in sentiments for which, with the best dictionary in the world, "mushy" is the only word. The pity is the greater since Mrs. CALTHROP'S racecourse, village and river settings are delightful and from the very beginning put us in a receptive and charitable mood.

Will Barbour (Mr. ELIOT MAKE-

HAM) is an itinerant photographer of the "Come on, Sir, you and the lidy for a tanner" brigade, who plies his shutter at fairs and race-meetings and lives in a caravan with his three daughters. Our story revolves around the love-lives of these ladies.

Seeing that they had always followed the gipsy calling, their alarmingly unsophisticated state of mind would be remarkable even if their parent were more protective than he is. *Tiny* (Miss CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD) is the eldest, very large, very maternal, and implicated in a long-term engagement with one of the constabulary, *Eustace Titherley* (Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY). *Dorrie* (Miss ADÈLE DIXON) is the next, ambitious to achieve the kind of complexion recommended in *The Home Burble* Beauty Column and to capture one of the long-nosed bundles of tweed poised on a shooting-stick and enmirrored in *The Babbler*. The youngest is *Mary* (Miss VICTORIA HOPPER), grown-up but apparently just out of the cradle. The time, I forgot to say, is 1914.

First of all we have the Epsom Summer Meeting, with two excellent sets and some Derby crowd scenes well arranged by Mr. RALPH READER. There we are shown all the bustle of the fair. We listen to two attractive and several idiotically saccharine ditties; we meet and admire *P.C. Titherley* and his rival, *Busker George* (Mr. ALBERT BURDON); we note *Mary's* attachment to the singer, *Gypsy Hood* (Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT); we grieve when *Tiny* and the constable lose their nest-egg on the big race; and we catch premonitory glimpses of the nice young aristocrat whom *Dorrie* is going to hook.

A little later comes a double wedding, from which *Tiny* and *Eustace* bowl off in sober triumph behind a live horse, and from which *Gypsy Hood* runs away, frenzied by a hard collar and the impending shadow of regular employment, leaving a broken-hearted *Mary*.

After that the War. *Mary* still deserted but faithful to her errant *Gypsy*; *Dorrie*, now a Shooting-stick in her own right, with a title; *Tiny*, the mother of twins. We go to France for a brief but entertaining view of *Gypsy* (who would of course have been shot at dawn for the length of his hair) and *George* and *Eustace*; then we return, through a mist of complications, to a peace which reunites all three couples.

Without harping on the sugar-content of this vintage (for the Drury Lane audience has a sweetish palate), I do think we might have been spared such scenes as the ballet of *Mary's* dream (seen through a romantic sheet of gauze), in which, wearing a lily-white nightdress, she begs her lover to ignore the gestures of a number of Romany girls who are endeavouring to lure him into the wings; and the wedding, when a spotlight bites through the pitch-blackness of the village church (it being a sparkling afternoon in July) and plays lovingly on the rapt faces of the contracting parties.

The most effective of the sisters is Miss CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, having most to do and doing it with a fine swing; Miss ADÈLE DIXON has only to be charming, which comes naturally to her; Miss VICTORIA HOPPER does her best with a preposterous part. I liked her very much in "Martine," an intimate play which suited her, but I think she must overcome a tendency to appear unnecessarily babyish. Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT has a good voice and manages to fill out the character of *Gypsy*; and the mild old photographer is neatly snapshotted by Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.

To my mind the honours go, after Mrs. CALTHROP, to Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, for his solemn honest policeman, whose absurd song outside the *estaminet* is the happiest moment of the show, and whose ponderous love-making is beautiful to watch; and to Mr. ALBERT BURDON, probably the smallest comedian on the stage, knee-high to a DOLLFUSS yet overflowing with quip and impudence. I should like to see him playing *Puck*. ERIC.



THE THREE SISTERS OF DRURY LANE
(with local colour in the background).

Dorrie . . . . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.
Tiny . . . . . MISS CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD.
Mary . . . . . MISS VICTORIA HOPPER.

Modern Melody.

["People must expect that their neighbours will play a piano, flute, harmonium or whatnot in the ordinary course of conduct of educated life."—*Mr. Justice Acton.*]

My neighbours play the 'cello,
My neighbours play the horn;
Their notes so rich and mellow
Awaken me each morn;
But one thing they have not got,
At least not up to date,
They never use a whatnot
To play their hymn of hate.

My neighbours play the wireless,
My neighbours play the bones;
They 're absolutely tireless
With "ukes" and saxophones.
Our music now is not what
It used to be, but, oh!
Why don't they play the whatnot?
I long to hear it so.

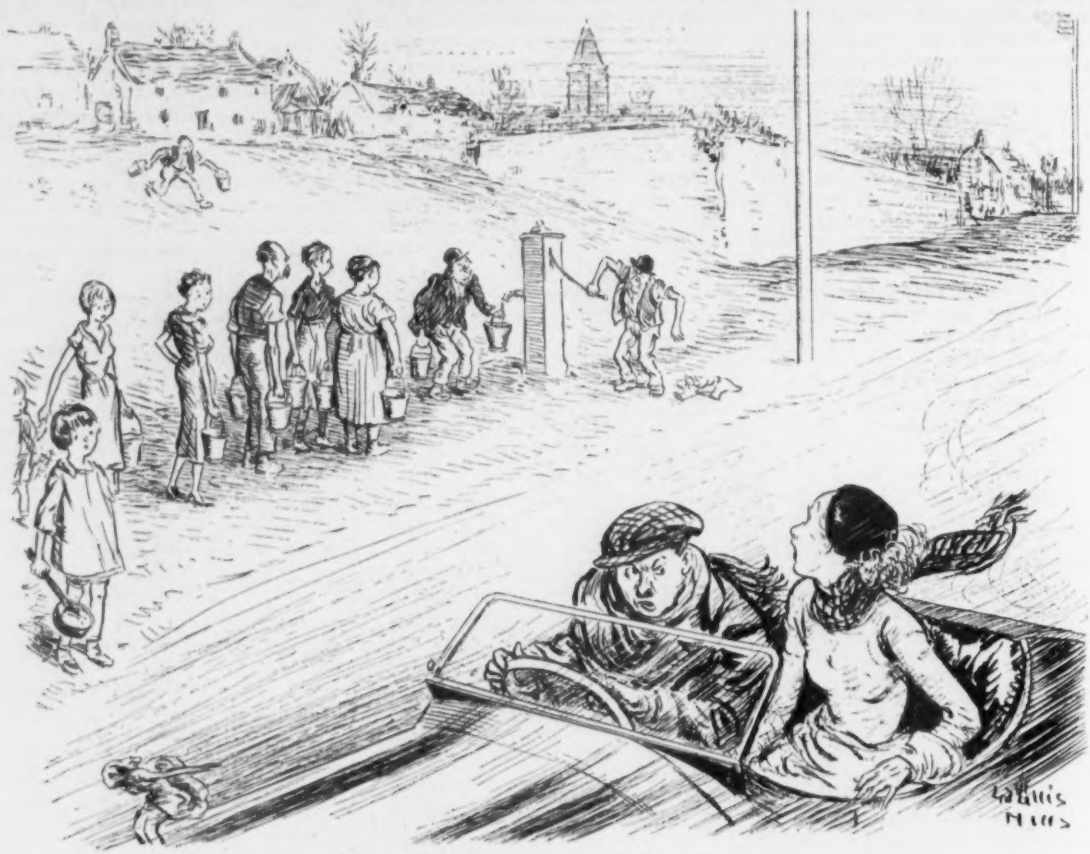
Now I have made a plot not
To rest until I know
Where people play the whatnot
And thither I will go.
But I would give a lot not
To hear the neighbours play
A thing that 's not a whatnot
Before I go away.

Truths that Stagger by their Simplicity.

"Every man employed by the Corporation, he said, would be unemployed, unless he were employed by them or by somebody else."—*Scots Paper.*

"He looked at her with eyes that had ceased to smile. They were wistful and quite clean."—*Daily Paper Serial.*

We know that kind of eyewash.



"AND YOU *still* WANT A COUNTRY COTTAGE!"

Edwin's Lapse.

I OFTEN wonder which section of the public clamours for the nature articles which consistently appear in the newspapers. Anyhow, that section may or may not find itself able to condone the conduct of Edwin (our *Erithacus rubucula*). I consider his conduct was scandalous. Fat, rollicking, with a bold black eye and a swaggering gait, the very devil of a robin, he came to us all the winter to be fed. He dropped in for a meal whenever he liked, and became quite a nuisance at the breakfast-table. In fact we had to keep the newspaper ready folded to give him a whack when he went into the marmalade-jar.

Naturally such a forward assertive sort of fellow began his courtship unusually early in the spring. He brought his girl to see us once or twice, but she was timid and retiring—unlike Edwin. She hovered on the window-sill and couldn't be persuaded to follow her swain into the breakfast-room.

Domestic cares descending upon her, she withdrew into enforced retirement. Later, the sight of Edwin fluttering round the ivy led me to discover a nest containing his four offspring. Edwin, in the *rôle* of householder and parent, rose in my estimation. He seemed so indefatigable in feeding his young. It was while watching him I made the discovery which will come as a blow to all nature-lovers and students of wild life. Although he made innumerable journeys carrying food to the nest in the ivy, he paid an equal number to the lilac-bushes at the end of the garden. I followed him, investigated, and the faint "whirring" cry of young robins led me to another nest. The bold black eyes of four more baby-robins revealed the awful truth.

Edwin was keeping up two establishments.

It will be a relief to all nature-lovers to know that this feathered *Lothario* has met with his just punishment. Too late he has discovered that he must feed the double brood, and it is wearing him out. He has lost all his swagger; he is thin and bedraggled. If he pauses in his labours for an instant to pick up a crumb or a chance worm for himself the urgent insistent cry of hungry young robins reaches him from both ends of the garden.

Sometimes he looks at me as if to say, "Don't be hard on a chap. Spring was so late this year, and I didn't know my own mind when I first mated."

Yesterday I discovered another robin's nest near the willow-tree. In it were four—— But I will give Edwin the benefit of the doubt.

Romantic Ramsgate.

(*At a recent dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in Ramsgate, which is about to celebrate the jubilee of the town's Charter, the President, Mr. Flowerdew, said that many couples returned year by year to Ramsgate accompanied by their families. He attributed these happy marriages to a special quality in the Ramsgate air, which stimulated enduring affection.*)

LOVE in Ramsgate is not fickle,
Not a trivial episode,
Or a titillating pickle
Jaded appetite to goad;



"DIDN'T YOU THINK IT MEAN OF MR. SMITH TO DOUBLE MILLICENT'S LITTLE SLAM AND PUT HER DOWN TWO THOUSAND WHEN HE KNEW HOW ILL HER BABY WAS WITH WHOOPING-COUGH?"

Not a languid predilection,
  Nor a sweet that cloys or tires,
But a lasting deep affection
  Kindling never-dying fires.

Would I had the brush of MORLAND
  Adequately to present
All the North or Southern Foreland
  Means to loyal Men of Kent;
Or suggest the peerless savour
  Ramsgate shrimps possess alone,
Or the intoxicating flavour
  Of her marvellous ozone.

Some find Clacton more appealing
  And for choice therein reside;
While the witcheries of Ealing
  Many simple souls arride;
I, since I was first short-coated,
  Heedless of the lure of Rome,
Have to Ramsgate been devoted
  As my spiritual home.

There in Spring the sportive lamb's gait
  Shows a more ecstatic grace
In the neighbourhood of Ramsgate
  Than in any other place;
And the amorous young man's fancy
  With a brighter rapture burns
When, with Harriet or Nancy,
  Bert or Alf to Ramsgate turns.

Cruises to the far Canaries
  Tempt me not to change my sky;
Underneath the sign of Aries
  I was born and mean to die.
Let who will crash Uncle Sam's gate
  In a livery striped and starred,
There 's no finer theme than Ramsgate
  To inspire the doggerel bard.

C. L. G.

"An earthquake, accompanied by a gigantic movement of the sea, is said to have swallowed up this forest and given the coast of France its present shape.—Reuter.
They were remanded in custody."
Evening Paper.

Charged with riotous behavour?

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;
or, Business Explained.

VIII.—Market Research.

If you have carefully followed the directions already given, you will now be turning out bassoons at the rate of knots from a beautifully-equipped factory with a happy and contented staff. Now all you have to do is to sell them (the bassoons—not the staff).

Before actually launching out on your sales campaign, however, let me earnestly entreat you to examine the market in detail. Interviews should be carried out in all parts of the world with representative members of the public (say 200,000 of them as a fair sample), and the following questions asked:—

(1) Name? (This doesn't really matter, but it's always done.)
(2) Age? (If any.)
(3) Sex? (Cross out word not applicable.)
(4) Colour? (If uncertain send photograph.)
(5) Do you play any musical instrument?
(6) Do you play the bassoon?
(7) Why don't you play the bassoon?
(8) Why do you play the bassoon? (Humour is deprecated.)
(9) Have you ever played the bassoon? If so, why did you give up?
(10) Why did they complain?
(11) Do any of your family play the bassoon?
(12) Have any of your family other bad habits?
(13) How, when and where do you buy your bassoons?
(14) Have you previously confined yourself to any one make of bassoon? Why?
(15) How do you like your bassoons packed?
(16) Did you find bassoon-playing affected your health?
(17) Did you find bassoon-playing affected anyone else's health?
(18) Yes, but she had never been strong. Are you sure it was the bassoon?
(19) Are you aware how little a really first-rate bassoon costs?
(20) Would you like to earn money in your spare time?
(21) Do you think bassoons should have moustache-shields?
(22) Have you ever known an accident occur through the absence of a moustache-shield? Give details.
(23) Are you in favour of Locarno?
(24) Do you know what a bassoon is, anyway?

The results of this questionnaire should then be collected, analysed and grouped in, on and under tables. The intelligent business-man will appreciate that the information will be of the greatest importance in deciding on a marketing campaign. For example, suppose that the figures reveal that bassoonists as a race tend to be over fifteen years of age and under ninety. We may deduce at once that an advertising compaign in *Rainbow* or circulars accompanying the Old Age Pension will be a sheer waste of money. Again, where do our figures show us that bassoons are bought? Grocers? Coffee-stalls? From travelling vans? Whatever the answer we must get distribution to the vital spot. What is the potential size of our market? There is no reason why any man or woman of average physique should not play the bassoon. Probably we see from our figures that not more than one person in ten thousand is a bassoonist. There is scope for enormous sales. Are there many child bassoonists? If not (or for that matter, if so,) why should we not turn out a half-size model for children? Who is our chief competitor? Tinthunder and Co.? Then we must take care that our product has some essential appeal which his has not. Perhaps his low B key is swinging the market? Then our bassoon must have an even lower A key.

You see the idea? Our market survey has put before us a clear-cut picture of the public, bassoonists and non-bassoonists alike. We have now before us, around us and up to our knees a mass of statistics, and whatever wild-cat schemes we may adopt for marketing our bassoons we may be quite sure that we can produce figures to prove that it is the only thing to do.

Let me suggest that you should get out your information under the following headings before deciding on any scheme of marketing:—

(1) *Market.* Size of, age of; nationality of; sex of; habits of.

(2) *Competition.* Danger of; strength of, reasons for existence of; scruples of (if any).

(3) *Medical Factors.* Is bassoon-playing considered healthy? If so, why? If not, why not? What is the yearly mortality of performers? Of listeners? Is bassoonic homicide common?

(4) *Social Factors.* Is bassoon-playing considered a social asset? ("They laughed when I put the bassoon to my lips . . .") If so, what is the name and address of the man who thinks so?

(5) *Patriotic Factors.* Is the bassoon the national instrument of anywhere? What national anthems have been written for the bassoon? Is bassoon-playing a democratic or an aristocratic habit? Popularity in Soviet? Among Fascists?

(6) *Religious Factors.* Is it possible to drag religion in at all? If so, how?

Don't feel that we are going into too much detail. This is all very much to the point. For next week we are going into the question of making the world bassoon-conscious.

(*To be continued.*)

The Passing of Winter.

The leafless grandeur of the winter passes,
The lonely beauty of the meadow fades;
No more the flashing gleams of frosted grasses,
The vague mysterious silence of the shades.

The gloomy tumult of the heavens warring,
The lowering menace of the clouded sky,
The gusty spatter of the black rain pouring
Stay but a while and now pass silently.

No more the jovial innkeeper shall gladden
The cold benighted guest with warmth and cheer;
Told are the tales of joy and those that sadden
And wring from an honest eye an honest tear.

No more the glorious gallop of the horses,
The rousing music of triumphant hounds;
Past is the sudden clash of football forces,
The cheer that from ten thousand throats resounds.

The season of good-fellowship has left us,
Gone the blithe carols that men used to sing.
Of winter joys the new year has bereft us,
Leaving the tasteless, pale, insipid spring.

The Gun.

As Spenlow lived in a village a considerable distance from Cairo he found it wise to supplement the vigilance of the local police by employing a watchman called Aly. Aly was an incorrigible liar and consistently slept on duty, but was otherwise a good watchman and a truthful man; and, since he was not actually a thief, Spenlow kept him on for fear of making a change for the worse.

Aly did his watching under a bush near the garden-gate, and every evening before going to bed Spenlow woke him up with difficulty and reviled him for his neglect of duty. And every evening Aly replied with indignation that he had not been asleep, that he never slept, and that he lay under the bush for strategic reasons only. As reiterated affirmation countered by emphatic denial proves nothing, Spenlow cast about for a more effective means of bringing Aly to a sense of duty, and after much thought he hit on the idea of allowing him a gun. He argued that a gun was an object so rare and desirable in the village that Aly would stay awake to protect it.

At first it appeared that this plan would be a success. Aly was delighted with the gun and very sensible of the unique dignity it conferred upon him. For a week he divided his time between parading in a soldierly manner before Spenlow's gate and sitting with the gun across his knees crooning over it. Then the novelty began to wear off. Aly grew familiar with his gun. He became casual and even bored. Finally Spenlow found him asleep once more with the gun by his side.

Spenlow was very angry. But he did not waken Aly. He removed the gun instead. It would be difficult, he thought, for Aly to explain its absence. He hid the gun privately in his own room.

The next evening Aly came on duty without his gun. Spenlow met him at the gate.

"What is this?" he said. "Why have you come without your gun?"

"*Ganabak*," said Aly, "the gun was becoming dirty. I was ashamed to appear before you with a dirty gun, and I have left it with my brother to be cleaned."

"Indeed," said Spenlow, somewhat surprised but not unwilling to see how the matter might develop. "Well, *ya* Aly, you have done wrong, but this time I will say nothing. Be sure, however, to bring the gun to-morrow."

Next evening Aly was again unarmed.

"Do you disobey me?" said Spenlow sternly. "Where is the gun?"



THE TRIALS OF BROADCASTING.

Early Cuckoo. "EGG-LAYING DOESN'T SEEM TO BE QUITE SO COMFORTABLE AS IT USED TO BE."

Aly's face assumed an expression of righteous indignation. "*Wullahy*," he said in an angry tone, "that brother of mine is a donkey and a son of a dog. Without my knowledge he has lent the gun to a man who wished to shoot pigeons. Soundly have I beaten him, but the gun I can by no means obtain until to-morrow."

Sure of ultimate victory, Spenlow decided to wait. "This is a shame upon you," he said, "but out of my kindness I will give you one chance more. Do not, however, for any reason fail to bring the gun to-morrow."

On the third evening Aly come on duty in a condition of extreme distress. There were tears in his eyes and he conspicuously cast dust upon his head.

"Alas!" he cried without waiting for a question, "a terrible thing has happened. The man who went pigeon-shooting has lost the gun. Alas! it was stolen from him as he slept."

Spenlow thought that the time was now ripe to expose the man.

"*Ya* Aly," he said in anger and reproach, "why do you lie to me? The gun is not lost, neither did any man take it to shoot pigeons. It is, in fact, in my room, and I took it from you myself while you were sleeping like the pig that you are."

"Sleeping, *ganabak*?" At this familiar accusation Aly's eyes grew wide with indignation. "*Wullahy, wullahy*, I was *not* asleep. Indeed, I saw you take the gun, but I said to myself, 'It is the Master who takes it, and it is not for Aly to dispute the Master's will.'"



THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.

"WASN'T I TELLING YOU THAT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THESE GOOD OLD NATURAL COURSES FOR DOWNRIGHT FUN?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Cossack Epic.

THE Russian novel which has been translated under the title of *And Quiet Flows the Don* (PUTNAM, 7/6) comes to us with a flourish of trumpets. Its success in its own country has been enormous and, be it said at once, well-deserved. But to compare it with *War and Peace*, as MAXIM GORKY has done, is rather absurd and rather unfair to the author. The book has neither the creative sweep nor the imaginative (and moral) depth of that magnificent masterpiece. Nevertheless, if he is not of TOLSTOY'S stature, MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV is a writer of very considerable power, brutal in his realism, employing the sharply objective method which is characteristic of this time, yet with an authentic and mitigating element of poetry. His story, perhaps of necessity, is something formless; its level of interest, very high at the highest, is not always sustained; but it gives the wild people to whom its author belongs, the Cossacks of the Don, a vivid and memorable place in literature. Individuals stand out, but it is the race which is the true protagonist. We are shown these Cossacks in peace and war, revolution and civil war, and, while the reactions of a little, secluded, hardly civilised people to events largely beyond their comprehending are excellently rendered, I find them most fascinating, because most idiosyncratic, in the passion and violence of their private lives.

Quixote or Sancho?

There is both poetry and restraint in Señor MARIANO TOMÁS' life of the author of *Don Quixote*, and the poetry arises out of and in the course of that sad and chequered existence, while the restraint is shown in rejection of every emotion not so qualified. Sympathetically translated by Mr. WARRE B. WELLS, *The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes* (ALLEN, 10/6) incorporates all that is known of a career that had only one high-water-mark and an intolerable share of low tides. Fighting under Don JOHN of Austria, CERVANTES was maimed at Lepanto and subsequently enslaved in Algiers, whence he was ransomed by the allied efforts of saintly friars and improper female relations. Between devotion and *joie-de-vivre* his own temper characteristically veered during a life largely composed of petitioning for big posts, filling unremunerative small ones, swapping mistresses and falling out with his wife, with (at its worst) spells of prison and (at its best) the long-deferred fame of his masterpiece. A fascinating chapter of a biography no Quixote enthusiast should miss deals with the prison folklore which went to inform the prisoner's enforced meditations.

Time's Wingéd Chariot.

To those who belong to the *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* school the spectacle of Mr. GERALD HEARD assuring the present generation of its uniqueness is not without its ironies. But whether you hold with his postulates or not his survey of *These Hurrying Years* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) was a task well worth attempting. An age

so cursed as the last three decades with specialists, most of them wholly oblivious of the wider ripples of their impact, badly needs a critic with broader views. That the broader view can also be the deeper is, I think, proved by Mr. HEARD's admirable indictment of the worst of our troubles. This he diagnoses as the impassioned endeavour of zealous adherents of half-truths to rule the world as if their half were everyone's whole. Humanitarians *versus* realists, nationalists *versus* internationalists, proletarians *versus* professional men, creators *versus* co-operators—and I think he might have added distributists *versus* centralisers and town *versus* country—render the globe a cockpit of good intentions. It is for his insight into these and his plea for mutual understanding that the book—always lucid and occasionally picturesque—is worth reading and meditating.

Preliminary Manœuvres.

STORM JAMESON'S *Company Parade*'s
Most aptly named, for here we find,
As on the drill-ground, countless grades
Of creatures of the human kind;
Bewildering as a mass to face,
Yet when, as colonel, we inspect,
We trace each in his ordered place,
All present and correct.

A tale there is, but chiefly here
We're introduced to an array
Booked, so Miss JAMESON hopes, to appear
(And I hope, too) another day.
At 7/6, from CASSELL, we
Are asked to approve the crowd on show,
And she, if you and I agree,
Will fairly let them go.

My answer's Yes. But I'm afraid
Lest she, encouraged by assent,
May summon up a full brigade,
Or, anyhow, a regiment.
I ask that this delightful lot,
Without additions, here on view,
Trot to their posts and do just what
She's got them there to do.

"A Little Bird Told Me . . ."

It must be difficult for the professional gossiper not to make enemies, but in *Valentine's Day* (METHUEN, 12/6) Lord CASTLEROSSE tells as many tales against himself as against all the people mentioned, sets himself up as target for his own wit, and appreciates the hits of others, as, when quoting Lady ASTOR's greeting: "Hello! here's Lord BEAVERBROOK's buttons," he adds, "She had, of course, noticed that in my case buttons do their duty—they certainly have no sinecure." On the whole he avoids hurting people's feelings, though it would have been kinder not to have repeated the unfounded rumour that CECIL RHODES took drugs. But usually he avoids personal criticism and gives evidence of enjoying life too much to trouble to hate anyone except smart crowds in general and golfing women in particular. In subjects he ranges from the War to bull-fights, from his own ideal house to the Tombs Prison, and tells many anecdotes, all generous, about his friends, among whom were counted EDGAR WALLACE, RALPH NEVILLE, Sir WILLIAM ORPEN and ASHMEAD BARTLETT. Personally I confess to having enjoyed the book, and hope it may prove that scurrility need not have a part in a gossip-writer's success.



Employer. "AN' ONE OF YO' CHIEF DUTIES AS A COMMISSIONAIRE HEAH WILL BE TO EMPTY DIS WASTE-PAPER BASKET."

Sail and Steam.

There can be no denying the fact that a good many of the nautical reminiscences which have seen the light during the past few years have been rather poor stuff both as to matter and manner. It is to be hoped, however, that no one will be deterred on that account from making the literary acquaintance of Captain PRYCE MITCHELL, for his *Deep Water: The Autobiography of a Sea Captain* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-) is one of the very best of its kind that has come my way. It tells with an abundance of observation, humour and incident the story of the author's progress from the status of ship's boy to that of captain, and his experiences in various vessels, both sail and steam. Some, such as the *Norseman* and the *Dunskeig*, were good, others decidedly the reverse, though it was to one of the latter class that he owed the material for some of his best yarns. Ill-treatment by a mate led him to "run" his ship in Australia; and during the year he spent ashore he sampled life among cockatoo-farmers, sheep-shearers and "blackfellows," with a party of whom he spent several days. The latter part of the book deals with the writer's life in steam, mainly on the West Coast of South America, where he was an eye-witness of an exciting revolution as well as a destructive "norther," closing with his attainment of the rank of commander of a mail-boat after sixteen years at sea.

A Great Connoisseur.

In the early 'nineties a young Irishman became an assistant in a Bond Street art gallery at a salary of one pound a week. By 1910 he had made for himself a considerable fortune from dealing in works of art and was making princely donations of valuable pictures to public galleries. In May, 1915, he was drowned when the *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine. This is the theme of Mr. THOMAS BODKIN's book, *Hugh Lane and His Pictures*, a very attractive volume containing fifty-one reproductions from LANE'S famous collection, published by Messrs. HARRAP AND CO. at eight-and-sixpence. Mr. BODKIN gives us a pen-portrait of Sir HUGH LANE as a gentle, persuasive, rather debonair young man with a wonderful gift of discerning what was really good in every form of plastic art. Besides being a brief biography of LANE the book is a clear and moderately-worded statement of Ireland's claim in the much-argued question of the ownership of the collection now in possession of the National Gallery of England. It should do something towards bringing to an end a war of words in which some of the best ink in both islands has been shed.

By Post.

Novels in letter-form are often disconnected and tiresome reading, but Miss MARION REID-JAMIESON and Miss NAN ROSE have skilfully avoided the pitfalls of the method and have kept their *Belated April* (JOHN MILES, 7/6) light and entertaining. The seams of their partnership are not easily detected, but it may well be that one of them took over *Jill*, who had just inherited an uncle's fortune and his small country house, and the other *Ann*, her great friend, temporarily exiled to a Swiss health-resort. *Jill's* is the fuller picture—of raids, recorded with a nice cynicism, across the frontiers of village and county social life, and of a late awakening to romance; but *Ann's* wit is as steady and calls up vividly the boredom and the humours of a convalescence abroad. I found *Jill* rather absurdly unsophisticated, seeing that for years she had knocked out a living in London, and I conceived a purely personal quarrel with the end; but this is a first novel to be welcomed for its sub-acid commentary and its clever turn of phrase.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER—RESERVE.

The Laird.

Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, in *The Portcullis Room* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), has collected a wonderful assortment of people who for one reason and another visited a small island "along the West Coast of the Scottish Highlands." *Stephen Garrison*, a rich American, was inspecting the island with a view to buying it, and a bevy of the toughest toughs were also present in the hope of blackmailing the unfortunate laird. It will be easily understood that to play the part of host to such a mixed bag of guests was difficult enough, and the position became even more embarrassing when one of the visitors was stabbed to death. Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, of "Club-foot" fame, controls the situation with his usual skill, and I doubt if a thriller has ever been furnished with a neater or more ingeniously contrived conclusion.

In and Out of the Foreign Legion.

Mr. J. D. NEWSOM'S *A Man Stands Alone* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) may appeal to many of us who do not ordinarily appreciate tales of the French Foreign Legion, because it contains two careful and clever studies of character. *Courtney Thorn* and *Bill Kesler* enlisted at the same time, but for very different reasons. *Thorn* was suffering from having too much money; *Kesler* was completely down and out. Their story is told in the main with admirable restraint, the lure of sentimentality being rigorously resisted. For, although *Kesler* is always a friend to the unfortunate *Thorn*, he is first and last a rough and ready one.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

An Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient is on view at The Public Art Gallery, Hastings, until April 28th; and at The Royal West of England Academy, Bristol, from May 5th to June 2nd. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at either of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

We read that scientists are unable to explain why fish cross a road in the Cold Lake district of Alberta. A sound theory is that they want to get to the other side.

***

On the eve of a new production in America the leading actor sent a wire to say that he would not appear. He evidently knew of a better *rôle* and went to it.

***

During a heavyweight contest a few days ago several members of the audience came to blows. We cannot help feeling that this was setting the men in the ring a very bad example.

***

An objection to a proposal that a statue of Queen Victoria at Southend should be moved to allow roadway improvements is that her outstretched arm points to the Thames Estuary as the gateway of the Empire. Consideration, however, is being given to the idea of moving the estuary.

***

Coal, in the opinion of a sculptor who has carved the figure of a miner on a huge block of it, is far from an ideal material. Another view is that too much of our statuary is open to the criticism of being non-inflammable.

***

"Watch thieves who work in gangs," announces a headline in a daily paper. Sorry, but we are much too busy just now.

***

"If of nervous temperament," writes a motor-expert, "you must be prepared to go through a good deal while learning to drive a car." Including, possibly, the windscreen.

***

A famous cricketer warns the Selection Committee against playing into the hands of the Australians. But surely the Selection Committee isn't going to *bat!*



"Can you see anything, Edith?"

"What is the best sentence in the English language?" asks a writer. "Enclosed please find cheque" would take some beating.

***

Darling, I Love You is the title of a play. This is rather embarrassing for maiden ladies ringing up the box-office clerk for seats.

***

"My wife celebrates her fortieth birthday next month," states a correspondent. "Can you recommend a good present?" We would suggest a cake with twenty-five candles on it.

***

An open-air concert in Germany was broken up by a gang of men armed with bricks and other missiles. No turn was left unstoned to make the affair a failure.

***

The cross-section of the trunk of a tree, a naturalist reminds us, shows a fresh ring for each season of its growth. Much the same as a Hollywood actress.

***

A motorist says that most of the old type cars are going out. Especially at week-ends, to the annoyance of fast drivers.

***

In the Upper Eden Valley, seagulls cut telephone-wires with their saw-like beaks. This is the most original excuse for wrong numbers that we have yet heard.

***

Naturalists have discovered that spiders live to a ripe old age. Nevertheless their life often hangs on a thread.

***

In the meantime a small revolving light in Epping Forest is puzzling local entomologists. Does this mean that even a glow-worm will turn?

***

Somebody has asked why so many cricketers have blue eyes. A possible reason is that they find them suited to the blue-eyed stance.

"Required—Minute Clerk for large association."—*Daily Paper Advt.*

Won't he feel rather overwhelmed?

Too Much of a Risk.

(Private lotteries are to remain legal.)

BRITTLE as pottery,
Broken at a glance,
Love is a lottery,
Marriage is a chance;
Money is a scramble
And hearts grow strange—
Everyone can gamble
On the Stock Exchange!

Tossing in the various
Fortunes of the game,
A little bit precarious
Is a politician's fame;
No one is sager
Than another with the odds
When it comes to a wager
With the all-wise gods.

But a National Party
So firm on its toes,
So hale and so hearty,
Can find, I suppose,
In the huge congregation
Of bookies that she keeps
A better speculation
Than jumping on sweeps. EVOE.

Our Indispensable Press.

NOT very long ago a correspondent to *The Times* pointed out the unique excellence of that newspaper as a substitute, when properly cut and trimmed, for wallpapers of a more commonplace and unintellectual pattern. Its pages, he said in effect, provide at once a greyish monotone pleasing to the eye and (if hung the right way up) a feast of high-class reading-matter for tall and short alike. Still more recently another correspondent, fired by the example of the first, has declared that the paper is also an excellent medium "on which to portray fish of which one desires a record." You simply place your fish in the middle of a page, "taking care that the 'rule' dividing a column comes just where the *mesial* line of the fish should be," run a pencil round the gentle creature and then fill in the outline with water-colours. And there you are with a permanent record of your fish, smell and all!

With the truth of the statements contained in these two letters no one, I dare say, will feel disposed to quarrel. What distresses me about them is the fact of their publication in a newspaper intended for the consumption of the educated classes. Is it possible, is it even conceivable that in these supposedly enlightened days the public—and more than that, the *educated* public—should still need instruction on the most elementary functions of the daily Press? Why, I was pasting newspapers on the wall almost before I could toddle! And as for fish, with their mesial lines on the column-rules, the thing is too obvious to be worth discussing; only a fool would draw a fish any other way. For goodness' sake let us have done with this nursery stuff and get on to something a little more advanced!

Here are half-a-dozen splendid things to do with your daily newspaper:—

(1) Take a single sheet and fold it across its line of greater length. Grasp the two lower corners in either hand and bring them together in such a way that the halves of the lower (or folded) edge lie along the middle rule or mesial line of the paper—you know how I mean?—then bend the top flaps down, tuck in the loose corners, open the thing out and put it on your head. This, with ordinary luck, is the well-known *paper-hat*, so popular at picnics and social gatherings of all kinds. Regular readers, however, will hardly be content with so simple a design as this. Instead, therefore, of placing the hat on the head, open it right out, when it will be found to fall into the shape of a square. Now turn up the two free corners to form a triangle, open out as before, turn up again, open out again, turn up again—and go on in this way until the time seems ripe to catch hold of any convenient edges and pull suddenly sideways. The result may quite possibly be a *ship* capable of remaining afloat for hours in the roughest bath. Or it may be a *butter-dish* or a *table-centre* or a smaller size in *hats*. You can never tell.

It may even be simply a *crumpled sheet of newspaper*.

(2) Spread out the central sheet of *The Times* on the kitchen-table and place a leg of lamb upon it in such a way that the thick end lies immediately over the first leader. Now wrap over the two long ends of the paper, close up the gaps at either side and secure with a stout piece of string—and there is your joint of meat all ready to send back to the butcher or stow away in the box-room, as desired! The same thing can of course be done with veal or mutton.

(3) Paper fans for fireplaces may be made from almost any newspaper—but not in this house.

(4) What can be more uncomfortable than an over-roomy pair of boots or shoes? Two or three columns of advertisements stuffed into the toe-caps will remove the discomfort as if by magic and make your walk to the station a pleasure instead of a pain. (Care should be taken to see that neither *The Morning Post* nor *The Times* is used for this purpose, as the stiff paper on which they are printed tends to gall the toes unbearably. Try *The Express* or *The News-Chronicle*).

(5) Don't throw away your old evening papers; the Stop Press columns are invaluable for the entering of loans, addresses and similar personal memoranda, while—except of course during the cricket season—room may often be found there for small sketches of pigs, men in top-hats and other simple subjects. I recommend *The Evening News* surface for crayon or charcoal work, but for pen and pencil sketches *The Evening Standard* is perhaps to be preferred. But it is easy to over-emphasise the importance of one's canvas. Many of my best pigs have appeared in the pages of *The Star*.

(6) Two or three copies of *The Daily Telegraph* dropped down a smoky chimney will clear away any obstruction and leave the fire burning more brightly than ever. Give it a trial.

These of course represent only a tithe of the hundred-and-one uses to which our splendid newspapers can be put. Space alone forbids mention of their unique fly-swatting, fire-lighting and draught-stopping properties, their value in scarecrow-construction, their widespread employment as props for unequal table-legs. Nor can allusion be made at this juncture to the honourable connection of the daily Press with the world of sport. Suffice it to say that, whether sat on at Lord's, stuffed inside the stockings of the hockey-player, or wielded in the office by the ardent golfer, the newspaper's place in the affections of every true sportsman is assured.

He even reads the thing. H. F. E.



PULLING IT;

OR, THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT NEWMARKET.



"YOU KNOW WHAT OMAR SAYS?"
"YES, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU 'LL SAY WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I 'VE LEFT OUR LUNCH ON THE HALL-TABLE AT 'CRAIG-Y-DON.'"

Whither?

OWING to the recent success of a little article of my own—and I maintain that a little article that hasn't winged its way straight back to the hand that penned it, accompanied by the rather sinister regrets of its intended editor may definitely be called a success—well, owing to all this I have now written another one more or less on the same lines. (Which saves me from having to think of a new idea, always the chief difficulty of the creative artist.)

The subject of the first article—the one that was such a success—was, broadly speaking, the treatment meted out to Scotland, Ireland and Wales in modern fiction. The painful conclusion reached was that it was calculated to make all right-thinking people avoid these countries like the plague.

It would send them abroad for their holidays. Yes.

But only if they didn't happen to read about foreign countries in the pages of—as usual—*modern fiction.*

China, for instance. You know the kind of thing that goes on in novels about the Chinese:—

"Li Poh Wing crossed the outer courtyard of the Palace. Passing through the gateway of Ten Thousand Dragons he entered slowly into the inner courtyard, beneath the archway of the Five Hundred Flowering Lotus Heads. There he stood still for a time repeating to himself the Twenty-second Maxim of the Wise Man: *Only fools make haste.* Presently Li Poh Wing opened the door of the Hall of the Seven Yellow Fish and passed into the presence of his parents.

Bowing before them, he stood silent for some thirty or forty minutes, after the rule laid down by San Ho Sen, the Great Learned One of the Ivory and Jade Pagoda. Fragrant tea in china bowls stood in every corner of the room, and presently, when enough time had elapsed, the parents of Li Poh Wing would invite him to drink, and after refusing thirteen times he would gravely accept, and it would be the duty of his wife to bring him one of the china bowls and stand before him with folded hands and downcast eyes whilst he slowly sipped."

How, in the rush age in which we live, is this going to attract the modern tourist? The country of Li Poh Wing is a thoroughly interesting one in its own way, beyond a doubt, but there is a want of *entrain* about the way in which life is conducted there, if one is to judge by the printed word. Or, for that matter, by the Hundred-and-Twenty-Five Thousand Printed Words, which is about what they usually come to.

There is no want of *entrain* at all about the United States of America—rather the reverse. Yet how is the allure of this famous country dealt with in fiction to-day?

"Hiram Switzer and Leota his wife climbed into their automobile in silence. They were going to eat out.

Leota had never taken to housekeeping. She would sit for hours and hours in the living-room of the apartment on Main Street, buffing her nails, eating candy, yawning, switching the radio off and on, and reading ten-cent motion-picture magazines.

Every evening the same dialogue took place between her and Hiram when he got in from his office down-town.

'Say, honey, what's for supper?'

'Why, Hiram, I guess I thought—well, maybe you'd like to step around to the cafeteria to-night. Their fried chicken is just swell.'

'Why, certainly, Leota—why, of course what you say goes, honey. But, hell! Leota, this isn't what mother brought me up to, darned if it is! Why, mother's fried pop-corns were the talk of Saint Louie 'way back when I was a youngster. They sure were!'

'Why, Hiram Switzer, that 's no way to speak to your wife!'

'I guess you 're right, Leota. Let 's come on out.' "

Frankly, is this worth crossing the Atlantic for? Frankly, no it isn't.

Of course there 's life in Iowa—or whichever the place is where they grow acres and acres of wheat—where life is one long romp with the elements.

"The man gazed up at the sky. Copper-colored clouds tore across a sulphur-colored background. The chipmunks had already climbed to the topmost branches of the redwood trees for shelter (or dropped to the lowest branches of the cotton-woods with the same end in view).

'We can't save it!' he shouted suddenly.

His woman, the five children under four clinging to her skirts—the eight elder ones were all at work in the fields—came out of the one-roomed shack that had been their home for fourteen years and two weeks.

'We can,' she said fiercely.

They were the first words she had spoken all winter.

Next moment she and the children were at work fighting the on-coming storm.

All that day and all that night and for ten succeeding days and nights they worked ceaselessly and in silence, the sweat pouring from them.

Then they stopped.

The crop was ruined.

The man smiled grimly.

Ten of the children were dead, two of the horses and most of the cows.

'I guess,' he said, 'we 'll have to start all over.' "

Rural life in America. Again the whole thing seems utterly lacking in appeal.

But, after all, you say, need one go so far afield for happy wholesome fun? What about France or Italy?

The answer is the Riviera.

France and Italy in fiction have practically become one—which is far from being the case in real life, as the League of Nations will no doubt readily testify—and are just classed together as the Riviera.

And how does life on the Riviera come out of it all? Not creditably.

"Tony, the most successful dramatist in London, had just arrived on the Riviera, driving the new car he had successfully stolen in Paris. It was his seventeenth birthday.

With him was the ex-wife of his ex-chief, a vicious blonde of eighteen with silver-painted nails and the drug-habit.

'Cocktail, my sweet?'

'——, no. When 've you ever known me touch anything before twelve except pure alcohol?'

'——?'

'——!'

'My dear, *too* old-fashioned! No one has said —— for literally *hours* now. Jane and her gang have just brought in —— ——. Didn't you know?'

'—— ——, no. But I do now.' "



"Your fellow downstairs said you couldn't see me. Well, you can now."

And if this is the kind of thing that goes on all night and part of the day on the Riviera, then it 's me for the Desert of Sahara, that 's all.

So far as I know, nobody has yet written a modern novel about life in the Desert of Sahara.

Triumph for Scottish Registrar.

"During last week the number of deaths registered in Edinburgh was exactly the same as the number of deaths—129."

Scots Paper.

"News for Women.

'Madness' in Hats.

Mae West, star of 'I 'm No Angel,' has chosen a number of bodels . . ."

Manchester Paper.

"Cub up ad see be sometibe id oned!"

At the Pictures.

THE TWO NEYS: DIS AND CAG.

THERE can be so much fun in the mere act of taking people at their word that I wonder that more has not been done with it. In *Lady Killer*, the new film at the Regal, in which JAMES CAGNEY plays the leading part, the



MONKEY BUSINESS.

best moments, although it is lively throughout, are those led up to by this particular form of literalness. Asking the Hollywood star with whom he is in love what she would like for her birthday to-morrow, *Dan Quigley* receives the bantering reply, "A dozen monkeys." Yes, and what else? She affects to think: "A band of yodellers." Yes, and what else? "Oh, an elephant," and the incident is forgotten. But the next day, in the midst of her party, they all arrive—the elephant, the yodellers and the monkeys; not one dozen monkeys but two, because *Dan* is a bit of a Napoleon and does things royally.

Then the monkeys get loose. Whatever merits the human performers of *Lady Killer* may have pale in comparison with the antics of these simian invaders, who, in the language of the theatre, steal the show and continue to steal it until the police dash up to the house with landing-nets to capture them.

For the rest, the picture follows lines familiar in the realm of crookdom, with, in the last minute or so, enough shooting to satisfy the most bloodthirsty appetite; but not enough to hit *Quigley*, who, emerging triumphantly to marry his star, carries her off in an aeroplane to live happily ever after, or its Hollywood equivalent of that period. Meanwhile she would be wise to take lessons in jiu-jitsu, for, when roused, he treats women exceeding rough.

And again the CAGNEY fans wonder as they leave the theatre what the chances are of the medical profession ever reclaiming this galvanic little man as a serious student, and, should he become qualified, what the chances of his patients will be.

Such is the profuse productivity of the WALT DISNEY studio that two new interludes, one plain and one coloured, are now to be seen. The plain one, called *Playful Pluto*, reveals *Mickey's* dog in a losing battle with such venerable but trustworthy antagonists as garden hosepipes and fly-papers, the best moments in it being those in which a tidy leisurely fly crosses the floor with careful steps an inch or two from *Pluto's* nose. The new Silly Symphony, called *Funny Little Bunnies*, lets us into secrets of the warren, one of which, all unsuspected by me, is that highly elaborate and ornamental sweets and pastry are made there. Why rabbits should be so much interested in confectionery I fail to understand; but we are melodiously and merrily forced to believe it.

This reminds me to put on record the fact that since, some three months ago, I made for Mr. Punch my last comments on the cinema, I have had the privilege of visiting the WALT DISNEY studio and meeting the magician in person. The creator of the most influential animal in the world I found to be a smiling easy-going young



Mickey. "MEET MR. DISNEY."

man in shirt-sleeves and a light-blue jersey, who, as he sat back in his chair with his long legs on the desk and smoked a cigarette, gave no sign of being concerned with his constant and far-reaching activities. But with the actual drawing of his pictures he personally has long ceased to be concerned. The assistants of the Old Masters in the studios of Florence, Venice and Rome took the brush only for certain parts of the work; but WALT DISNEY'S huge staff of young men in this pleasant sunny mountainous corner of Hollywood draw every line, of which there are many thousands. Not, however, until the Master has passed the scenario.

Anyone who says that the production of these animated cartoons and Silly Symphonies is done by machinery is ill-instructed; they are all "done by hand." I saw the draughtsmen at work, all in shirt-sleeves and blue jerseys, all smoking cigarettes, and in spite of the monotony of their task, all jolly; and that it is monotonous will be appreciated when I say that hours and hours of diligence on the part of one artist with ten underlings are



Star. "HOW DID YOU GET THE JOB AS AN INDIAN?"
Super. "ON MY NOSE."

Dan Quigley . . . . . JAMES CAGNEY.
Lois. . . . . MARGARET LINDSAY.

able, in a week, to account for only half-a-minute of screen time. A laborious beginning for so much liveliness!

I forgot to ask these young men if, as they add line to line, they ever give a thought to the resultant laughter as far away as Labrador, Valparaiso, Cape Town, London, Adelaide and Buenos Ayres.

The multiplication of drawings is, however, simple; what seemed to me more intricate was the wedding of every moment to a musical note, a mystery explained to me with great patience but not, I fear, to much purpose. Simpler was the exhibition given by the gentleman—I think his name was SHAW—who talks the baby-talk and whose voice is with me yet. I remember him also as offering at last an opportunity to vary the standard American courtesy. "Pleased to have heard you," I said as we parted.

English readers will be surprised to learn that *Mickey Mouse* as a money-maker is more powerful off the screen than on. It is the various toys and nursery accessories bearing his effigy that produce, I was told, the real revenue. No self-respecting American child, for instance, would be without a *Mickey Mouse* watch, even though it sets his parents back a smacker and a half.

E. V. L.

First Love.

WHEN I was young and very small,
If ever life began to pall
I used to suck a brandy-ball
To cure my melancholy;
Acquiring them at small expense
By sacrificing sticky pence,
I found their pungent succulence
Particularly jolly.

Though other kids preferred to suck
At aniseed and some such muck,
I treated them with scorn and stuck
To brandy-balls unshaken.
And now that I am six foot tall,
Though tempted, I refuse to fall;
Indeed, the humble brandy-ball
I never have forsaken.

'Twas thus it came that, fortified
By brandy-balls, with conscious pride
I offered some to Mabel Hyde
And whispered to her, "Mab, let's
Be married, dear; be my betrothed."
Her answer, though with kindness clothed,
Betrayed a love for wholly loathed
Acidulated tablets.

And so, heigho and lackaday!
I sadly passed upon my way,
A little hurt that feet of clay
My idol should discover;
But still I seek and hope to find
A partner who is good and kind,
But she must show a proper mind
Ere I will be her lover.

So when I pop the question to
The sort of girl I think will do,
I'll ask her to accept a few
(She'll take them if she's clever).
And she shall have the half my heart,
But not indeed the other part,
For that was given from the start
To brandy-balls for ever.



"THEY 'LL NOT ARF ASK YER NO QUESTIONS ABAHT IT, BUT NOTHIN' CAN'T 'APPEN IF YER ACT AS IF YER NEVER KNOWED NOTHIN'—SEE?"

Results of an Accident.

"Vienna: Schubert's flat Mass."
Wireless Programme.

Another League of Nations Hash.

"Restaurant sur la Mer
Aujourd'hui: L'Iris-Stew à l'Ecossaise."
Advt. in French Paper.

"Every comfort. Baths, shower (always boiling water)."—*Boarding-house Advt.*

Thanks; we know the kind.

"The highest rates in London were 16/- in Popular."—*Sussex Paper.*

This doesn't sound right to us.

"Bridlington is to hae a new coat-of-arms, as the present one is not registered at the College of Heralds and the Latin is bad."
Daily Paper.

But will their Scots be any better?

2034 Test.

More than ordinary interest attached to the First Test Match of the 2034 season, as it was the earliest match played after the passing of the Cricket (Equalisation) Act of 2033. The Bureaucratic Government had found it necessary to abolish the M.C.C. and to administer the laws of cricket through the Department of Sports. Fortunately the Bureaucrats were also in power in Australia, and many happy cables passed between the Departments of Sports of the respective countries, who were responsible in about equal proportions for the Act which was to revolutionise the game. The Act was hailed in both countries (by supporters of the Governments) as a masterpiece of legislation, and the only casualty was *Wisden*, which refused to applaud the proposals and was suppressed.

The Minister of Sports had laid his finger unerringly on the real weakness of cricket as played heretofore. In the ancient game there lingered that competitive spirit which had been abandoned in every other department of life, and it was obvious that the first step was to exclude the competitive spirit altogether from future matches. If both sides won, they would be willing to forgive any trifling breaches of etiquette on the part of their opponents. So it was settled that the totals to be attained by England and Australia should be decided beforehand. They were each to score five hundred in the first innings and four hundred in the second innings.

Then there came the question of individual jealousies. Men who made long successions of "ducks," it was suggested, were in the habit of looking with a sour eye on men who seemed unable to score less than a century—another proof of the necessity for totally abolishing the competitive spirit. So it was decided that each player should be allowed to score forty-four runs, with sixteen "extras." If by any unfortunate chance one of the batsmen was clean bowled before he had scored forty-four, he would simply go in again after having a little refreshment in the pavilion.

Each player must also take one wicket and make one catch. A member of the Committee formed to frame the Bill pointed out that only ten wickets fell in each innings, but the difficulty was met by a happy suggestion from the Chairman that the umpires could be allowed a turn with the bat.

Under these new rules, then, the First Test Match opened at Lord's on a fair June morning of 2034. Knowing that they were sure to make forty-four each, the opening batsmen started briskly, and murmurs of applause went round the ground as it was seen how the new Act had brightened the game. Bosher, Australia's No. 1, was out eleven times in making his forty-four, and was then caught, according to plan, by Slosher off Josher. Slogger, Australia's No. 2, reached his forty-four a few minutes later, after being stumped three times and clean bowled seven times. It had been arranged that Slogger should be caught by Nogger off Hogger, and here the first hitch occurred. Anxious as the batsman was to be caught by Nogger off Hogger, he could not send the ball anywhere near Nogger. Sometimes he missed it altogether, sometimes he hit it into the pavilion for six, sometimes he was caught, but never by Nogger. Three times he was caught by Slosher, but as Slosher had already disposed of Bosher, his efforts were worse than useless.

At the close of play Slogger was still batting. His score of course remained at forty-four, although he had actually hit many hundreds. He had altogether been "out" twenty-nine times, and he was carried shoulder-high to the pavilion. The rest of the team were all out for forty-four each, and in every case they had managed to get caught by the right fieldsman off the right bowler. For three days Slogger remained at the wicket, vainly endeavouring to get caught by Nogger off Hogger. Then, to the relief of everybody, but especially of Slogger and Nogger, RAIN STOPPED PLAY.

The Professional Touch.

My house was burgled last week-end. It was, my friend Bowcher said, a very neat job indeed. Bowcher is the local police-sergeant, so he should know what he is talking about. It was quite a pleasure to see the joy he took in such a clean and artistic performance. I felt rather honoured that my poor possessions should have been chosen as the subject of an exhibition which could delight a connoisseur like Bowcher.

"This is a bit of Battersea Jimmy's work," he said with the finality of Sir Charles Holmes pronouncing on a Tintoretto. "It's just his style."

"Oh, you think so?" I said. (Feeble, perhaps, but what can one say on these occasions?)

"Not a doubt of it. He's been doing a lot of work round here."

"Then I suppose there will be no difficulty in getting him?" I asked.

"Get him? I shouldn't think so. We shall make the usual inquiries, of course, but he'll have got rid of the stuff by now, and there won't be a ha'porth of evidence. He's smart, is Jimmy." His eyes glistened with appreciation of the great craftsman as he tenderly ran his fingers over the splintered edge of my dining-room door.

Bowcher told me a lot about criminals and their methods. A true professional like Jimmy, he said, never varies his technique. And as in all professions, it seems, specialisation is the key to success. The lad who in his teens receives a call to bicycle-stealing or the breaking of offertory-boxes remains thereafter wedded to his craft. His skill may increase with years, but his method does not vary. The practised poisoner would be covered with confusion if he ever found himself with a smoking revolver in his hands. "Of course," Bowcher added, "with amateurs it's different."

You or I, obviously, might decide on a little blackmail to-day, to-morrow a spot of banditry, and so on. Not so the professional. The forger forges and the burglar burgles with the regularity and monotony of stockbrokers catching the 9.50 to Waterloo. It all seems very depressing. Why should our criminals be such slaves of habit? Where is the spirit of adventure and enterprise in our young British thughood?

I suspect that it is their womenfolk who are to blame.

"Where are you going, Bill?" demands Mrs. Sikes as her son tries to slink out of the house after dark.

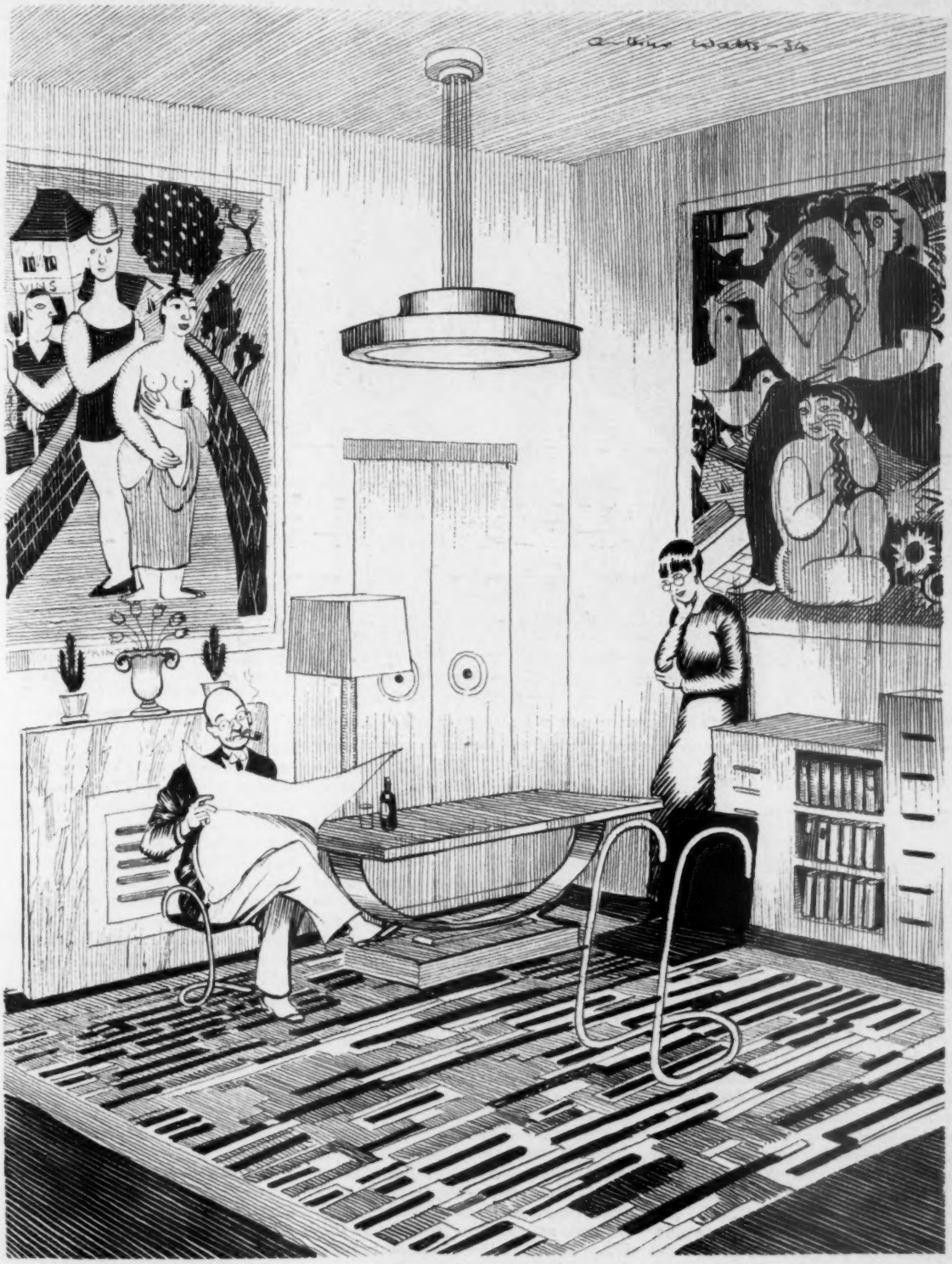
Shamefaced, Bill mumbles, "Thought I'd go out and try a little house-breaking."

"Bill!" moans his mother. "Is this what you're coming to after all the trouble I've taken to bring you up straight? When I'd apprenticed you to a decent honest smash-and-grab man! How do you expect to make a success of life if you don't apply yourself properly to your profession? Now just sit down by the fire and read your *Ten Ways with Plate-Glass Windows*, and let's have no more of this wild nonsense."

And Bill sits down. Presently he marries a steady young woman in the shop-lifting line and becomes a regular unimaginative family man.

That is what I imagine happens. What I know has happened is that Battersea Jimmy has got my spoons and the silver frame of Auntie Emma's photograph. But Bowcher doesn't seem to bother about that. He is not so much a collector of Battersea Jimmies and Bills, or so it would seem, as a virtuoso—a connoisseur.

"Loch Monster Cruises."—*Daily Paper.*
As far as we are concerned he can have the ship to himself.



THE FALSE NOTE.



"YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN TO YER TEA LIKE THAT *TO-DAY*, ALBERT; IT'S MY BIRTHDAY."

Pageant of Parliament.

(Suggestions for the same.)

I.

["The hon. member has not been long enough in Parliament to know that the art of obstruction is one of the main things on which Parliament rests."—*Sir H. O'Neill.*]

SCENE 1.—*It is Friday—Private Members' Day. This is the day on which the oppressed Back-Bencher has an opportunity to assert himself. All the week the arrogant and wordy Front-Benchers have prevented him from uttering. Ministers have moved the Closure on him. The Speaker has guillotined his Amendments. The Whips have lashed him into the Lobbies. Now at last he has a chance to speak up for the Plain Man—even, it may be, to make an original contribution to the Statute Book.*

There are twenty-seven Members in the Chamber.

Mr. Pobble *is speaking on* Mr. Waggle's *Bill for the Betterment of the English People—a big, indeed an inspiring subject.*

Mr. Pobble. . . . if the Honourable and Gallant Member for East Loathly will look at page fifty-one of the Report of the Joint Committee of Associated Councils on the Gradual Elimination of Work he will see that the Report of the Committee on Occupational Ennui from which he quoted, although in one particular it may seem to coincide with certain expressions of opinion in the Report of the Joint Committee, at the same time there is a very marked divergence between the two Committees' conclusions, the first Committee mentioned being diametrically opposed to the second Committee, and indeed to Lord Waddle's Committee as well. . . .

SCENE 2.—*Seventeen Members still drink in the hon. Member's eloquent words. Eight Members have gone out.*

Mr. Leggy Slater *sits high up on a Back Bench, not listening to* Mr. Pobble. *He does not care two hoots about* Mr. Waggle's *Bill. He is waiting to introduce a Bill of his own. It is not a very outrageous or revolutionary measure—only a Bill to carry out the recommendations of the Majority Report of a Royal Commission made twenty-two years ago. The Bill has twice passed through the House of Lords.* Mr. Slater *considers mildly that it might be a good thing to have it at least discussed in the House of Commons. And when* Mr. Waggle's *Bill is disposed of it will be his turn. But it is now* 3.15 *and the House rises at* 4.0.

Mr. Pobble. . . and, therefore, when the Honourable and Gallant Member says that this Bill is intended to implement the recommendations of the Joint Committee he fails, I think, to distinguish between the functions of a Committee which . . .

[*Four Members go out.*

SCENE 3.—*Just outside the Chamber the two villains of the episode,* Messrs. Black *and* White, *have their heads together. They do not care two hoots for* Mr. Waggle's *Bill, but they very much dislike* Mr. Slater *and his Bill. They dislike the Bill so keenly that they are*

determined that it shall not even be discussed. Since the purpose and function of Parliament is the public discussion of Bills, this may seem odd—but there it is.

Mr. Black. We'll take a count.

Mr. White. So will Slater.

[*They enter the Chamber.*

Mr. Pobble. . . . I have here a letter from a social worker in Hancorn who was a member of the Special Committee on——

Mr. Black. Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present.

[Mr. Pobble *sits down.*

The Speaker (*rising*). Notice having been taken that there are not forty Members present, strangers will withdraw.

[The Speaker *turns his sand-glass and rings the electric bells.* Mr. Slater *glares at* Mr. Black.

Three Members come in from the Smoking-Room.

Mr. Slater *and* Mr. Waggle *go out to look for Members and beg them to come in.* Mr. Black *and* Mr. White *go out and attempt to dissuade Members from coming in.*

Two Members come in from the Bar. A Very Old Member, disturbed by the bell, wakes up in the Library and approaches the Chamber. Mr. Slater *seizes one arm and* Mr. Black *another. They reason with him.*

Two Young Members play hide-and-seek behind a policeman.

Inside the Chamber Mr. White *and* Mr. Pobble *anxiously count the Members. The two minutes are nearly up. If there are then fewer than forty Members the sitting will come to an end. There are now thirty-nine.* Mr. White *goes out. Thirty-eight.*

Outside in the Lobby Mr. Slater *has captured the Very Old Member. They enter the Chamber together. The sand-glass runs down. The doors are closed.*

The Speaker, *using as a pointer his black beaver three-cornered hat, proceeds to count the Members. When he reaches the fortieth Member he cries "Forty!" in a loud voice and resumes his seat.*

The debate continues. Twenty-seven Members go out.

Mr. Black *whispers with his friends, for* Mr. Pobble *shows signs of bringing his remarks to a close.*

Mr. Pobble. . . . and things have come to a pretty pass if we are not to pay attention to the recommendations of Committees. [*He sits down.*

[Mr. Waggle *moves the Closure. Four Hon. Members rise.*



"AND LISTEN, EUSTACE—ONLY THE *TIPS* OF THE ASPARAGUS SHOULD BE USED IN THE MAKING OF THIS SOUP."

The Speaker. Mr. Black.

[Mr. Waggle *sits down.* Mr. Slater *swears. It is* 3.35.

Mr. Black. In my opinion the people are quite good enough already, and anyhow there is absolutely no point in bettering——

An Hon. Member. Buttering. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Black. —the people. But if it is thought desirable to pass a Bill for the Betterment of the People it would have to be a much better Bill than this is before it could bring about any appreciable betterment of the people. I am surprised not to see the Right Honourable Gentleman the Under-Secretary for Betterment in his place. The Government should give a lead to the House in this difficult matter. This Bill is a Bill which, if there ever has been a Bill of this character, is no better a Bill than other Betterment Bills of the same or a similar character, and in my opinion it is a Bill which . . .

SCENE 4.—It is 3.52. *There are nine Members present.* Mr. Black *is still talking.* Mr. Slater *and* Mr. Waggle *are fuming.*

Mr. Black. . . . and therefore I want to say that in my opinion this Bill is not a Bill to which this House ought to give a Second Reading. [*He sits down.*

[Mr. Waggle *moves the Closure. Three Hon. Members rise.*

The Speaker. Mr. White.

Mr. White. I want to associate myself with the remarks which have just fallen from the Honourable Member for South-West Warplewick. This Bill is not a Bill at all. It is a ramp. It is a Bill which strikes a savage blow at



FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DICTATOR OF KHOOT HAS INVENTED A SALUTE THAT IS DIFFERENT.

the very heart of all that Englishmen hold dear. It is a Bill . . .

[*An Hon. Member goes out.*

Members. Order, order!

[*The Hon. Member, being a new Member, is inadvertently wearing his hat as he passes down the gangway.*

The Hon. Member (*mutters*). What is the matter?

Hon. Members. Hat!

[*The Hon. Member fumbles in his pockets and looks about him, bewildered.*

Hon. Members. Order, order! Hat!

[*The Hon. Member finds his hat and takes it off. Cheers and laughter.*

It is 3.59 and 52 seconds.

Mr. White. And, as I was saying, if no better Bill than this Bill can be conceived for the betterment of the people, then it would be better if there were no betterment of the people at—

[*It is four o'clock.* The Speaker *adjourns the House.*

Mr. Waggle's *Bill has been talked out.* Mr. Slater's *Bill has not even come in.*

The Mother of Parliaments has proved herself again.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A. P. H.

Dreams and Drudgery.

How pleasant to have for one's home
A great lapis-lazuli dome,
Built out o'er the echoing foam
Of the Dodecanesian Sea;
To wear a red Cardinal's robes,
With no Jeremiahs or Jobs
To pour their complaints in the lobes
Of my ears at my breakfast or tea;
Or to dwell in an ivory tower,
Or build me a roseate bower
With a rosewater bath for a shower
And ranging from "h" to low "c"!

What joy with a place in the sun
To write what you like and for fun,
Refreshed not with milk and a bun
But the choicest of victuals and wine,
Ripe nectarines plucked from their stem,
With oysters and Château Yquem
That glows like a magical gem
From the heart of a mystical shrine;
While a dulcimer softly is played
By a swart Abyssinian maid
In diaphanous garments arrayed
As you duly and daintily dine!

"Instead"—(oh! the pity)—"of which"
My tent from compulsion I pitch
In the purlieus of sordid Shoreditch—
Far, far from the blest Xanadu,
Or even Victoria Park—
Where daily I rise with the lark
And toil from the dawn to the dark
For a perfectly beggarly screw
In a suit of deplorable rags—
A jumper and grey flannel bags—
As I dish up familiar gags
For *The Latterday Garbage Review.*

C. L. G.

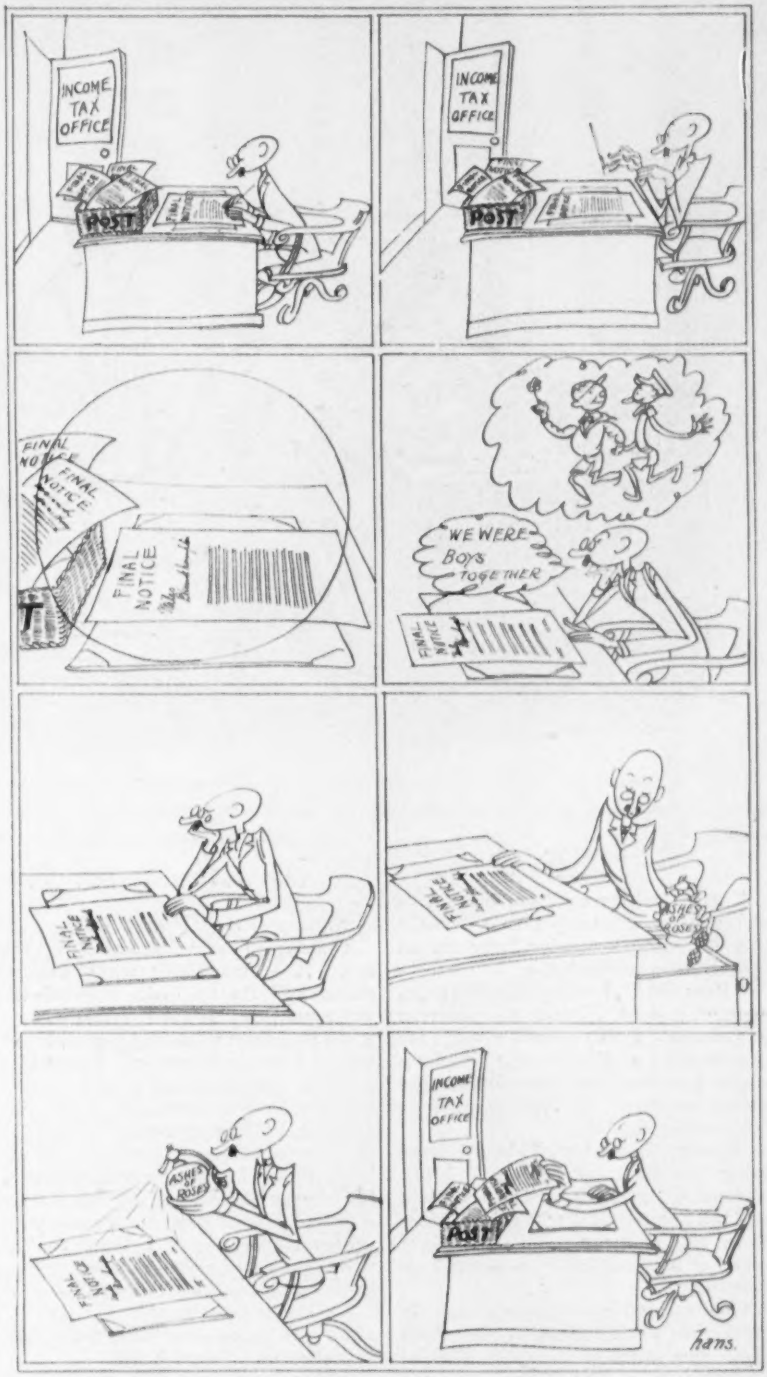
Commissions.

"The Coconuts,"
Jamaica.
Sunday afternoon.

DEAREST PATRICIA,—Thank you so much, darling, for those marvellous shoppings; you really have the most miraculous flair! The pyjamas are divine, and they suit Harry as nothing ever has before or since. He was coy about wearing them at first, even though it was strictly *entre nous*; but I pointed out that he was behaving like a *perfect* toad after all the trouble I'd had with the Customs. So that was all right.

You ought to see them on their way to church on Sunday morning (the natives, I mean)—arrayed like the lilies, my dear! Their shoes are too tight to walk in, so they carry them on their heads. Harry says this shows how little they've progressed, but I can think of millions of occasions, at Lord's and all that, when I'd have progressed better myself if my shoes had been anywhere but on my feet.

And now, darling, comes the point. Would you think me the most terrific pest if I asked you to do yet *another* shopping for me? It's *such* a drawback being so far from civilisation, and they simply *don't* understand what I'm driving at here. It's comparatively simple. What I want is some stuff that *falls* well for curtains. It's got to tone in with my chintzes, a pattern of which I enclose. On second thoughts I can't send a pattern as there's no chintz left, but I can describe it. It's mostly pink, yellow and green, with definite touches of red and blue. Speaking generally the effect is *mauve*. A colour that would tone angelically, I think, would be *orange*. I can't exactly describe the stuff I want. It's *hairy* like a carpet, but not so thick—that is, you can see the stuff the hair is *attached* to—but what I mean is, it has a *pile*. Do you know the sort of stuff I mean? I wish I could draw; though I don't quite know how one would draw pile. It isn't velvet or even velveteen, because that's too *shiny*. Actually it's more like the stuff of the bags the old men used to wear who mended the roads when we were children. Do you remember? Stuff with sort of *stripes*. Harry suggests corduroy—yes, corduroy, that's it; only this stuff hasn't any stripes. I'll tell you what it's like. Do you remember the old charbody that used to clean the flat before we both got married? Well, she had a collar of it—before she went into ermine. Yes—now that's almost *exactly* what I mean.



It's *too* bad to give you all this trouble, darling; but if you could *possibly* send me enough for the whole house . . . ? You'll know better than I how much is necessary.

In frantic haste,

ERMYNTRUDE.

P.S.—The pile doesn't *lie down*. It *stands up*.—E. P.

Marconigram.

Mrs. Potts, "The Coconuts," Jamaica. Have despatched sixty yards of coconut matting.—PATRICIA.



"MUMMY, YOU LOOK MARVELLOUS—NOT A DAY OVER FORTY!" "DARLING! REALLY?" "WELL—FIFTY."

George.

EDITH, looking up from her letters at breakfast, announced that Matilda had gone into a nursing-home for an operation. Appendicitis.

"How sad!" I replied, trying to remember whether Matilda was a cousin or an aunt. Edith always expects me to remember which of her relations is which, but they are as the sands of the sea for number. So I looked grieved but non-committal.

"And she is *so* worried about George being left alone for so long," Edith continued, "so I will write to Matilda and tell her that *we* will take George while she is away. Matilda has a horror of handing him over to a *strange* woman."

This seemed reasonable, even in these days when husbands and wives allow one another a good deal of latitude.

"And she has always been so careful not to let him stay out late and that sort of thing," added Edith reflectively. By this time I had got what I thought was a pretty accurate idea of this mysterious George in my mind. A bit of a lad, evidently. To get a more definite picture, however, I added carelessly—

"Let me see—how old will George be now?"

"Seven or eight," said Edith.

Once again I saw that tact had saved me. It is wonderful what a little *finesse* will do to make married life run smoothly. If I had admitted that I had forgotten who George was, Edith would have been upset. Instead of which I had found out what I wanted to know without confessing ignorance. However, I was not too pleased at the idea of adding a small boy to the household. For some reason that I have never been able to fathom, I don't seem able to inspire the young with proper respect. But I knew that it would be bad policy to raise objections at this stage, so I said cheerfully—

"When is he coming?"

"I will drive over and fetch him this afternoon," said Edith.

"Then I will come home early from the office to welcome him," I said gallantly.

"I hate you when you are sarcastic," said Edith. An unreasonable remark, but I am not one of those husbands who expect their wives to be reasonable at breakfast. Human nature, after all, is human nature, and breakfast is breakfast.

As I had promised, I left the office earlier than usual, and then, to show that I was interested in George, went to a toy-shop and bought an engine, some lines, and four coaches. Edith had not returned when I arrived, but I unpacked the toys and set them out on the sitting-room floor.

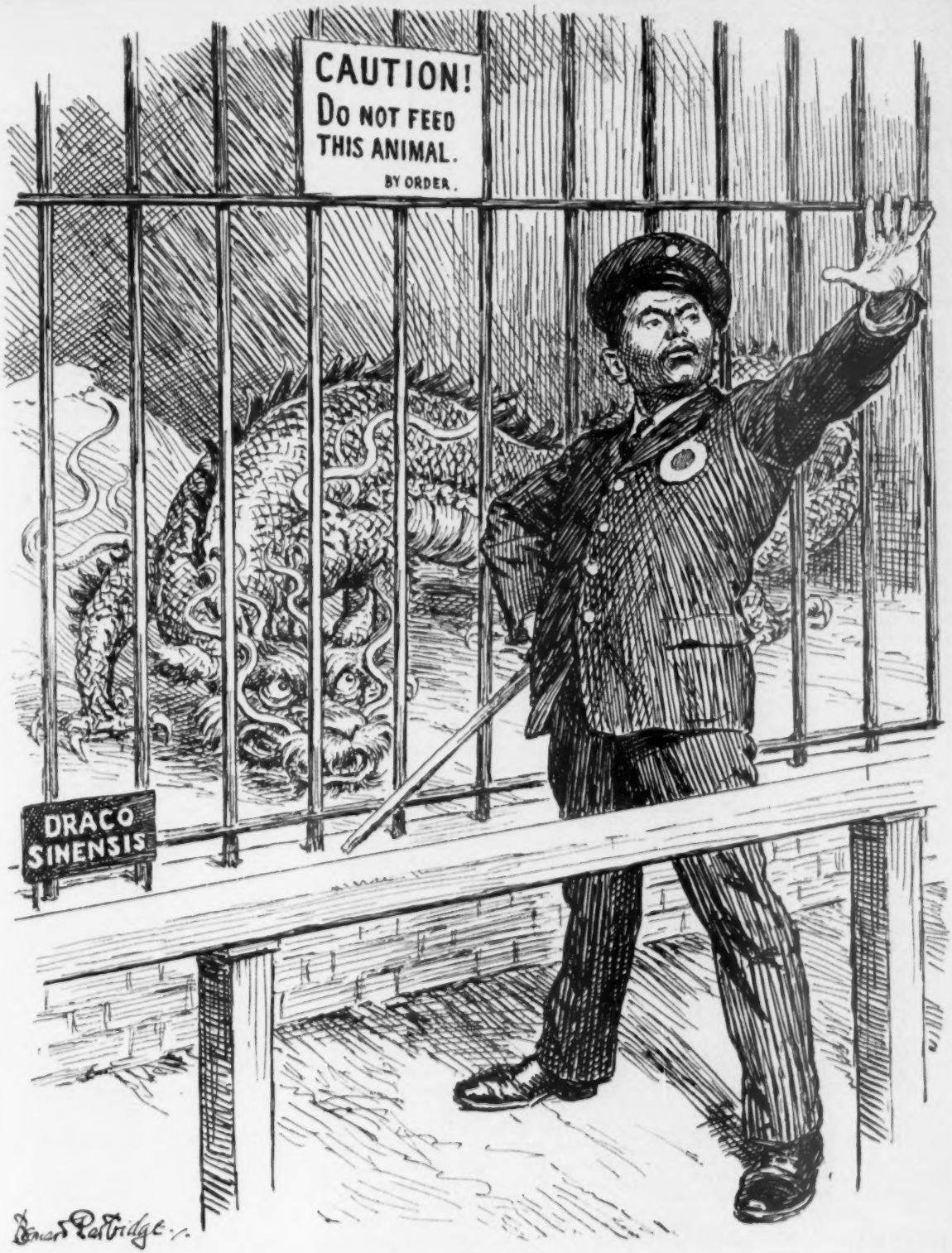
I am not one of those childish men who *like* playing with toys, but I thought I might just as well see whether the engine worked properly. I tried it first with two carriages and then with four, and then I made a gradient with a copy of *Webster's Dictionary* and Edith's work-basket to see if it was good at hills. I was still on my knees, constructing a tunnel with *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, when Edith returned.

"Are you *quite* mad?" she said.

Some husbands would have been offended at her tone, but I just smiled cheerily and asked where George was.

"In the kitchen," said Edith, "asleep in front of the fire. He is *so* sweet!"

It was extremely difficult to explain about the toys without incriminating myself. But it was really Aunt Matilda's fault for giving her cat a silly name like George.



THE KEEPER?

(Suggested by the recent declarations of Japanese statesmen with regard to their Government's policy in China.)

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

***Monday, April 23rd.*—Commons: Unemployment Bill, 12th day.**

***Tuesday, April 24th.*—Lords: Many minor Bills advanced.**
Commons: Unemployment Bill, 13th day.

***Wednesday, April 25th.*—Lords: Debates on Preservation of Historic Houses and Misgovernment of Liberia.**
Commons: Unemployment Bill, 14th day.

Monday, April 23rd.—No fewer than eight Members wanted information to-day about declaration by Japanese Foreign Office disapproving of foreign loans and other assistance to China, text of which had appeared in British Press, and received from Sir JOHN SIMON reply that, while Japanese statement had been informal and had apprehended certain dangers to integrity of China which could not possibly arise out of British policy, he considered that despatch of friendly note, with object of clarifying position of H.M. Government, was justified. He promised further to keep House fully informed of what takes place.



THE ST. STEPHEN'S HYMNAL CHOIR.
I.—CEYLON'S ISLE.
"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."
MR. MACQUISTEN.

Asked by Sir ALFRED KNOX about U.S.A.'s projected recognition of Manchukuo, FOREIGN SECRETARY could only say that rumour had been officially denied in Washington.

Members welcomed news that potato and tomato crops in Jersey will provide work this year for 2,600 visiting men, whose fares and accommodation will be paid by Jersey Farmers' Union. Pay will be on piecework basis, calculated by the vergee, strange Jersey measure rather less than half English acre. Mr. P's. R. foresees difficulty in persuading men ever to leave such paradise of sun and cheap refreshment.



"WELL, NANNA, THOUGH I 'M SWALLOWING THE JAM THIS ONCE, DON'T IMAGINE THERE IS NO UNPLEASANTNESS."
MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD AND SIR HENRY BETTERTON.

Old Bill.

When House returned to consideration in Committee of its ancient friend Unemployment Bill, discussion centred round fact that whereas income-tax payer will receive his concession as from April 1st, full rates of Unemployment benefit will not be restored until July 1st. Sir HENRY BETTERTON said that to make restitution of cuts retrospective from April 1st would cause inextricable confusion, and reminded Opposition that the extra 6*d.* on income-tax had been imposed six months before cuts had come into force. Later in debate he made point, frequently forgotten, that while rates fixed in 1930 by Labour Government are being restored, those rates are now worth considerably more owing to fall in cost of living. Seventeen shillings to-day equals twenty shillings in 1930. For Labour Party Mr. GREENWOOD, while accepting restoration of cuts, described Government's action as gilding the pill of reduction of income-tax.

Tuesday, April 24th.—Their Lordships had short sharp day. In session of thirty-two minutes they advanced mass of legislation dealing with all manner of problems on and under the land, in the sea and in the air—Pigs, Marriages, Coal-Mines, Fish and Air Force; and then dispersed with happy smiles born of business well and quickly done.

When in the Other Place Mr. CRAVEN-ELLIS asked FOREIGN MINISTER for list of countries still in arrears with subscriptions to League of Nations, laughter was sustained and loud, for Mr. EDEN had to admit that answer was so long that it would have to be circulated in Official Report. Altogether twenty-five countries are still owing.

Feathers Flying.

It is doubtful if Mother Nature will ever accept arguments for air disarmament; but Mr. PIKE urged that pirate fighting-craft in shape of peregrine falcon should be removed from protected lists in view of their uncalled-for attacks on peaceful homing pigeons. Many a fancier sits up all night awaiting the familiar rustle of some fat friend whom he will never see again; and Mr. P.'s R. trusts that the pathos inherent in this thought will move HOME SECRETARY to greater sympathy than he displayed.

Renewed conversations occurred on Unemployment Bill, in which offensive phrase, "young persons," was freely bandied, question being whether juveniles should or should not enter into benefit immediately on leaving school.



THE ST. STEPHEN'S HYMNAL CHOIR.
II.—AFRIC.
"They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."
LORD STANHOPE.

MINISTER was against it, and debate continued in atmosphere as heavy as lead, in which this endless Bill has come to be discussed. Until suddenly Lady ASTOR arose, and in a moment gloom was dispelled. Like an indulgent Nanny to a pack of nice but errant children, she let fly in a long string of delightful irrelevances. First, Labour Party caught gale of her invective, literally, since she was behind them, in the neck; then Government, for not raising school-age. Time and again DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN did his duty and tried to show her that she was wide of official mark, but everyone was really with Mr. BUCHANAN when he pleaded chivalrously for latitude for what was first spirited speech of day.

End of evening was chiefly notable for generosity of Mr LOGAN, who, taking "umbrage" at Government's proposals, offered to give a dictionary to those not knowing meaning of the word. A gesture which may prove expensive.

Wednesday, April 25th.—Lord CONWAY, who knows all about architectural restoration, called attention to lack of provisions in Ancient Monuments Act for maintenance of houses of historical or artistic importance, citing French law by which interesting *châteaux* were marvellously preserved at expense of State while they remained inhabited by families whose associations were bound up with them—public having, of course, frequent right of entry. An empty house, he said, lost three-quarters of its charm and became a mere museum. Lord MOTTISTONE supported him, suggesting that historic houses should be treated as pictures were and exempted from death duties.



UNSEEMLY MERRIMENT.

Mr. LOGAN. "I TAKE UMBRAGE (*Laughter*) AT THE TERMS OF THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSAL. (*Laughter.*) I DO NOT KNOW WHY THERE SHOULD BE ANY LAUGHTER." (*Laughter.*)

To Mr. P.'s R. there appears much to be said for these arguments if true value of English countryside is to be preserved; but Lord MUNSTER, for Government, regretted that state of public purse would not permit of such relief.

Their Lordships went on to discuss present maladministration of Liberia, on which all were agreed. The matter is to be taken up at next meeting of League Council.

Moscow has not yet learned to allow for sense of humour of British A.B., and sound sense of psychology lay behind idea for combating Communist propaganda put forward by Mr. HALL CAINE. Describing unconscious funniness of new Soviet film, *Sailors of the Royal Navy*, he said it would be a pity to prevent lower decks from enjoying it.

Debate on powers of proposed Unemployment Assistance Board was mainly an engagement between the lawyers, in which Government warriors inevitably proved victorious.



Mother. "GIVE THAT CHAIR TO YOUR DADDY, DEAR."
Little Girl. "CAN'T, MUMMY. I 'VE PROMISED IT TO THE CAT."



MAY-DAY FESTIVITIES TO CELEBRATE THE CONNECTING UP OF A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

[THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL ANNOUNCES HIS INTENTION OF GOING IN FOR MORE INTENSIVE ADVERTISING.]

As Others Hear Us.

In the Holidays.

"WE don't have to go for a *walk*, do we?"

"Well, not a walk exactly. Only just I thought it looked nice out-of-doors. Besides, what about the dog?"

"Good little dog, come along. Has my Report come yet, and can I have some new gym shoes? Come on, Puck."

"Here, Puck, come to me. *Good* little dog. Isn't he sweet? We haven't got to go for a walk, have we? Has mine come?"

"Both."

"Is that why Daddy looked like that at breakfast?"

"Like what? I didn't see him look. Isn't Puck absolutely marvellous? Has he read it yet?"

"Can I have some new gym shoes? They're much too small."

"Are they *again*? It was only just the other day too. And everything you've got will have to be let down and let down. Don't do that to the piano, darling."

"I'm *so* sorry. Mummy, if I have new gym shoes can they be brown? Everybody else who has them are."

"Oh, look at Puck! Jump up, Puck!"

"Not on the chair-covers, darling. And don't do that to the piano."

"I'm *so* sorry."

"What about taking the dog out?"

"Not for a *walk* we don't have to go, do we?"

"I think you ought just to go out."

"Oh, yes. So long as it isn't a walk."

"How many times must I tell you not——"

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. I really didn't do it on purpose."

"And this afternoon the little Robertsons are coming to tea."

"Coming to *tea?*"

"The *Robertsons?*"

"Oh, *must* they?"

"Don't do that to the piano, darling. I thought you liked them?"

"Oh, yes. Quite."

"Oh, they're *absolutely* all *right*. It isn't that at all."

"Well, they're coming to tea this afternoon."

"*Must* they?"

"I've asked them now. And they've suggested your going over there on Monday to tea."

"To *tea?*"

"With the *Robertsons?*"

"*Must* we?"

"Well, I thought—besides, you've just said you like them."

"Oh, yes. But not *tea* with them."

"Or ask them to tea *here*."

"You'd better move right away from that piano altogether."

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. Was it a good Report? I bet Scripture and Music wasn't. Could I give up the fiddle, please, and have some new gym shoes?"

"Brown."

"Oh, yes, I meant brown."

"Well, you'd better go out now. And really, if I've told you about leaving the piano alone once I've——"

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. I keep on forgetting. Can we go up to the village?"

"I thought you didn't want a walk."

"Oh, *that* isn't a walk."

"Not going up to the village isn't a walk. Not like a *walk*, I mean."

"Come on, Puck. Clever little dog! Oh, dear! I'm so sorry. I forgot about the piano *again*. . . ." E. M. D.

At the Play.

"DARK HORIZON" (DALY'S).

A PLAY which sets out, as this does, to remind us of the ugliness and futility of war, starts with the advantage of our full sympathy and the disadvantage that propaganda, especially destructive propaganda, is not as a rule good dramatic stuff. It is very hard



MAKING PIE WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

Peg Taylor . MISS MARGARET WEBSTER.

to make your characters utter telling phrases against war, even the simple things which every sane person feels, in such a way that they shall not sound either like professors of political theory or else like sentimental idealists; and Miss LESLEY STORM has only partly overcome this difficulty.

Her initial error, I think, is to introduce too much material on which to demonstrate. She takes a block of flats in a converted Kensington house, reveals in a series of short sketches the private lives of their occupants developing under the shadow of a major war, and then, in her last (and best) Act, gives us a taste of what that next war will be like. The method is not particularly effective, because until the last Act one's interest is drawn, except momentarily, from the dark horizon of war and diffused amongst a number of rather irrelevant personal horizons.

The whole action is confined to one evening. In the First Act we discover the ambitions of each flat; that *Taylor* the porter and his nice wife are about to leave their stuffy basement for a little chicken-farm which they hope will cure their daughter's cough; that the scientist, *John Wilton*, of Flat 1, is on the verge of a tremendous discovery which will revolutionise obstetrics, and that he is in love with *Daphne Bennett* of Flat 3; that *Ronald Lane* of Flat 2 is a rising young architect who plans to build marvellous flats (with sliding roofs) for tired workers, and that his pretty wife is going to have a baby; that not only *Daphne Bennett*, but also her mother, a war-widow, is in love with *Wilton*; and that *Ian Hammond* of Flat 4, an earnest—a somewhat over-earnest—young journalist, is making love to his brother's girl in the brother's absence.

The Second Act takes the separate threads a step further and twists them loosely together. *Wilton* hears that a final test has proved his long research entirely successful, proposes to *Daphne* and is accepted, *Mrs. Bennett* taking this knock-out blow with unselfish courage; *Hammond's* brother returns early from his tropical fastness and has to be told the unpleasant truth; a small party begins which the *Lanes* are giving to commemorate their first wedding anniversary. There have already been rumours of war, yet as usual no one really thinks it will come.

But it does. They get the news at the party. The young people greet it with none of the 1914 enthusiasm, and the two men who went through the last one say little; only *Mrs. Bennett* is bitter. Half-an-hour later the first bomb is dropped, and within a few minutes London is a pandemonium. There is nothing for it but descent to the *Taylors'* basement; and we see the party making the best of it in gas-masks, listening to reassuring messages from the B.B.C. (a momentous thought) and impotent against the rain of bombs which draws steadily closer. Whether we remember an air-raid or not, this is a powerful and well-handled scene and the play's strongest argument, though little is said in it. A direct hit from a gas-bomb brings the end.

There are few hints here for the better keeping of the peace, but at least a healthy reminder that it is worth keeping. As a play this lacks cohesion, and the drawing of the characters is not always very certain—the sentiments expressed of the journalist, for instance, being rather wide of Fleet Street; and a further weakness lies in the fact that the sub-stories leave two principals with nothing much to look forward to had they lived.



John Wilton (*Mr. GEORGE THORPE*). "IF I KNOW ANYTHING OF STAGE SOLO MEALS I SHALL NEVER GET A CHANCE AT THIS ONE." (*And he doesn't.*)

THE FRATERNAL TRIANGLE.

Ian Hammond . . . . . MR. JAMES RAGLAN.
Joan Cobham . . . . . MISS ANN TODD.
Dick Hammond . . . . . MR. LESTER MATTHEWS.

As sad plucky little *Mrs. Bennett* Miss MARDA VANNE gave a distinguished and compelling performance; Miss ANN TODD was good as the brothers' lover; and of the men I liked Mr. ERNEST JAY'S *Taylor* the best.

Unilateral propaganda is not enough. What is wanted is that the League should offer a prize for a peace play, the marks to be awarded partly for capacity to frighten and partly for constructive suggestion, and arrange for simultaneous production in every capital city. Given world-publicity, I believe the managers would jump at it; and surely if a large public in each country were violently

moved against war *at the same time* the effect might be marvellous. ERIC.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (PALACE).

If only for the opportunity it offers to come up and see Miss FLORENCE DESMOND sometime, one feels inclined to endorse the implied invitation of the title. Whether officially so or not, Miss DESMOND emerges from Mr. HERBERT FARJEON'S occasionally woolly-clouded sky as this revue's bright particular star and her impersonation or (should we say?) re-creation of Miss MAE WEST, singing—

"I'm no angel, but no girl's lonely
Who 's been passed For Adults Only."

as one of its most sparkling moments.

Counting one's blessings is of course a not unfamiliar exercise to the experienced connoisseur of revues, who is well aware that, except with the very choicest specimens, *e.g.*, NOEL COWARD vintage, it is advisable to cultivate post-prandial benevolence and be to their faults a little blind and to their virtues more than kind. Even as at an auction—to vary the image—it may be quite worth while to buy a "lot," including a typewriter, a trousers-press, two chairs, an oil-painting and a parrot in a cage, so long as you can see your money's-worth in the painting, which may be from a Master's hand.

Miss DESMOND, I have no hesitation in saying, is first-class money's worth, whether as brilliantly audacious thief of others' thunder or doing a flash of lightning on her own. Her Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD—easy prey, perhaps—is a masterpiece, and when she arrived on the stage in black tights, a large black hat and diamonds, to sing an "Old-time Variety" song in refined accents about a lady who made a wealthy marriage but failed to attain real happiness, even the ranks of Tuscany (in the shape of a professional rival sitting just in front of me) could scarce forbear to cheer.

There is also Mr. NELSON KEYS. I am not sure exactly how many parts he plays in this revue because after about twenty I stopped counting, but a whole bunch of them anyway. As to his actually best effort, I leaned very strongly at first to his Grandmother, in voluminous skirts and black bugles, instructing a child (little FLORENCE) as to the periodical discovery of new babies under various garden plants.

When Mr. KEYS appeared as Mr. JACK HULBERT in *Jack Ahoy*, complete with song, dance, and chin somehow miraculously emphasised, that again seemed to be the zenith of mimicry until in succession he became a music-hall comic of the "eighties," a moustachioed colonel with sun-helmet and patriotic song, a Lauderish Highlander in kilts, Mr. GORDON HARKER and Mr. LIONEL BARRYMORE in his latest film. The task of appraisement was then abandoned in despair, an Alpha Plus being awarded by the examiner without further question, however, for general merit.

The title of "Public Blessing No. 3" in this revue should go, I think, to the DIAMOND BROTHERS, three young men—American, if we are to believe our ears—who dance and knock each other about with the most refreshing vim and vigour, exchanging wisecracks even when somersaulting in mid-air or lying on the ground in what should by rights be a critical state of concussion. "There must be an easier way to make a living," as one of them remarked after having his head resoundingly smacked and his face pulled out of shape in the mutual interchange of rough-stuff. All the same I for one venture to hope that they will not too soon discover the more primrose path.

Clever Miss GINA MALO (who has hardly been given enough to do), a charmingly pretty and efficient batch of "girls," M. IDZIKOWSKI'S classical dancing and Mr. WALTER CRISHAM'S more modern jazzy-stuff are other parts of the show that are really excellent. And already, when these words appear, they may have been duly reinforced, since in revue, fortunately, it is at least possible for the egg to be re-laid as good as new. M. D.

Nicky's Cross-Word.

YOU might like to try Nicky's Crossword puzzle. Nicky, otherwise Veronica (abb.) is eight years old and the youngest member of a largish family. The solution and construction of Crosswords has latterly been occupying much of her spare time. These efforts culminated, a few days ago, in the achievement of an original Puzzle based, as will be observed, on the most approved models. The rest of the household were invited to compete in the following terms:—

rules

here is a crossword for you to do you have to pay 1*d* you *musent* copy and neateness in writing and neatness by itself and age of compeitor is taken into consideration when awarding prizes it is to be in by to-morrow morning to the address of "the Editor" "CROSSWORD PUZZLE," 45, Whirls Court Crescent, S.W. the Editors decsion is final

Name.....

Address.....

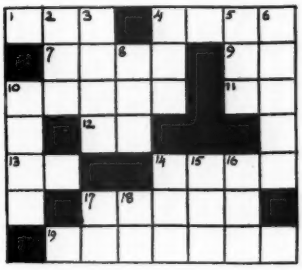
Age..... *Birthday*.....

across

1. a vehicle
4. the inside
7. distintion
9. first class (abb)
10. Seen from the roof
11. cent (abb)
12. tiny Yatch (abb)
13. compass points
14. what mimi is
17. beside a stream
19. Mothers and farthers

down

2. insect
3. floats
4. consent
5. a large sum of money in India
6. furry and small
8. attempt
10. On the beach
14. implorement
15. great high nation (abb)
16. what we all want
17. what daddy wants to be
18. a bible Town



It should here be explained that 14 (across) is an elder sister and Daddy 17 (down) is an Artist of sorts.

The result of the Competition was announced on the day following its issue and was received with mixed feelings by nine entrants. As no one had submitted an entirely correct solution, the Prize was not awarded. "Compass Points" (not "point," mark you) turned out to be "N." "S.", and objections to the spelling of 17 (across) and to the final letter of 16 (down) were over-ruled.

The entrance fees were retained by the Promoter.

"LOCH NESS MONSTER.
SEEN BY A LONDON SURGEON."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

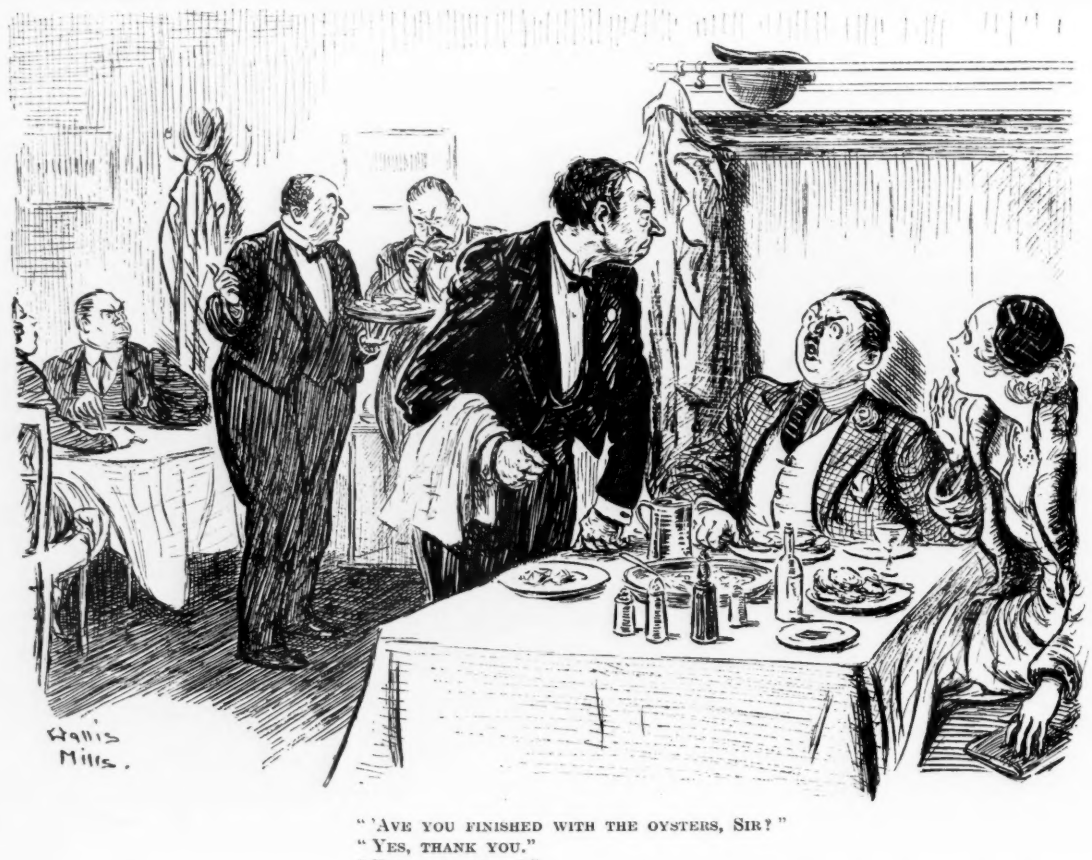
The fee has not yet been disclosed.

"Take out of the room all ornaments, and as much of the furniture as you can, then the remainder of the furniture in the centre of the room, and cover this with dust."
Liverpool Paper.

This we fear has already been done.

"The competitions for this month were thick soup and singing competition (member's own choice)."
Women's Institute Report.

We chose the soup.



"'AVE YOU FINISHED WITH THE OYSTERS, SIR?"
"YES, THANK YOU."
"FEEL ALL RIGHT?"

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XX.

The Invalid—When Lies had Other Names—The Deceitful Profession—Death-bed Regrets—Rejected Morilles—Accepted Morilles—Good Reasons for Immortality.

I HAVE just come back from a visit to the bedside of Old Claus, who had a sharp turn last week but is getting better.

"There was a time," he said, "when I thought I was for it. I knew because, when I asked the doctor and he assured me I should recover, he looked so thoroughly dishonest. I could tell he was lying, or at any rate that he feared the worst."

"'Lying'?" I said. "That's funny. I was thinking only this morning how odd it is that after any number of slang words for lies we have returned to the original. Do you remember how as boys we used to call a lie a 'cram'?"

"Of course I do. Or 'whopper.'"

"Yes," I said, "or 'whopper.' There was even a joke about the business-men's messages to their wives saying they were detained at the office being 'tell-a-crams.'"

"I remember," said Old Claus.

"Well, and now," I said, "we just say 'lie' once more. I doubt if, in the nursery, 'fib' is any longer used. But go on with your story."

"I was saying that doctors rarely tell the truth anyway. As if one wants to live for ever, too!"

"What did you think about when you knew you were dying?" I asked. "The next world?"

"No," he said, "oddly enough I didn't. I found myself thinking of this, and very regretfully, because I was remembering things I hadn't done and now should never have a chance to do: and I tell you, Beeny, that kind of remembering is no fun. Do all you can while there is still time: that's my advice."

"I have always been told," I said, "that one's last hours should be spent in preparing for Eternity—in making what is called a good end."

"No doubt," said Old Claus. "But no one can control his thoughts, and mine went backward, not forward. What do you think was occupying my mind to the exclusion of all else? But you couldn't guess. A dish of morilles. You know morilles, I'm sure: that feathery fungus which we probably call poison and the French serve up hot in milk: in flavour far beyond even the best field mushrooms."

"Yes, I've had them," I said. "I had them first at a place called Nantua, high up in France near the Swiss border."

"Good, aren't they?" Old Claus asked.

"Very," I said.

"Then you'll be able to appreciate my dying thoughts," he went on. "The only thing I could think about was the first time I ever saw morilles. They were brought to me, black and insanitary-looking, in a swagger Paris restaurant by the *maitre d'hôtel* himself; uncooked, heaped up on a dish. 'For you,' he said. 'They have just come in. Delicious!' 'What are they?' I asked.

He said they were morilles. 'Fresh. For you. Delicious!' But I didn't dare. Having always been a coward about strange fungus, I waved them away. So even at the risk of damping any honest fellow's excitement—which one hates to do—I refused."

"Aren't you talking too much?" I asked.

"No," said Old Claus. "Certainly not; but I'll sip that beastly barley-water, if you 'll hand it to me."

"Well," he resumed, "that was the first time I had seen morilles. And then a year or so later, in France, I stopped at a small mountain inn for lunch and a great bowl of them was set before everyone as part of a rather meagre meal, and, being very hungry and seeing the others eat them without fear, I ventured too. 'Delicious' is not the word. They made a pig of me."

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Beeny, I repeat: a pig of me. But at the same time they soured my nature; for from that moment onwards I have never been able to forget that the first time I saw morilles I refused them. And that is why I could think of nothing else the other day, balanced between this world, where morilles grow, and the next, where they probably don't. After all, there's no impiety in it. The good God ordained morilles, just as He ordained THOMAS À KEMPIS. And here am I, rising seventy, and I've eaten them only once."

"I too," I said, "only once. But I've tried often to get them and found them out of season. '*Je n'ai plus*,' the waiter has said, in that explosive final manner that the French employ when they are disappointing you. You know it?"

"Don't I!" said Old Claus. "A Frenchman is never so happy as when he is out of stock."

"And now," I said as I took my leave, "you will proceed to live for ever."

"I am going to," said Old Claus, "and we both know why." E. V. L.



"THAT'S A FINE PARROT. CAN HE TALK?"
"NO; I FOUND OUT HE'S DEAF AND DUMB, SO I'M TEACHING HIM TO SPEAK WITH HIS CLAWS."

The Burmese Schoolmistress.

SHE 's still in her teens, but the teens are staid
When they sit in a teacher's chair,
In a snow-white jacket buttoned with jade
And a skirt the colour of marmalade
And jasmine in the hair.

The little mat hut is reeking hot
And it hums with the mid-day flies
And round her the guinea-gold goblins squat,
Some of them dressed and some of them not,
Staring with owlish eyes,

For she reads them the tale of a missing shoe
And the princeliest of men,
Who spurs his steed and follows a clue,
And finds his maid (as they always do)
In the humblest but and ben.

A pariah puppy sleeps agape
In a sand-tray near the door,
And every wriggle spoils the shape
Of a mountain-range or an ocean-cape
Or a neatly-moulded shore.

KING GEORGE looks down from his frame of teak
And smiles at Ma Ohn Shway,*
And a fat brown lizard starts to squeak,
For this afternoon is the end of a week
And to-morrow 's a holiday.

And it 's then that our teacher may be seen
With parasol atwirl,
Flaunting a scarf of apple-green
And little blue slippers of velveteen—
An ordinary girl. J. M. S.

*Ma Ohn Shway—*anglicé*, Miss Golden Cokernut.)

How to Run a Bassoon Factory;
or, Business Explained.

IX.—ADVERTISING.

IT is clear that if we are to exploit the wide market for bassoons revealed by our questionnaire, we must advertise. Above everything the public must be made thoroughly bassoon-conscious—completely bassoon-minded. It is curious how often we have found that there are two main sorts of almost everything, but it applies equally well to advertising. There are two main sorts of advertising:—

(1) *Reminder Advertising*, which says in effect: "There are bassoons," "Don't overlook the bassoon," or, peremptorily, "Play the bassoon."

(2) *Sales Point Advertising*, which gives, also in effect, irrefutable reasons why every man, woman and child should and must play the bassoon.

Reminder Advertising.

This is easy. One merely chooses appropriate sites (places where a lot of people go or are) and puts up large notices with suitable captions, such as "BASSOONS," "BASSOON—THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS," "HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR BASSOON YET?" "PLAY THE BASSOON!" and so on.

Sales Point Advertising.

This needs more thought, and it is here that your market research can help you. Remember that all successful advertising depends on an appeal to some great deeply-rooted human instinct. Let me now run through a few of these instincts with illustrations of how they may be utilised:—

(1) *Fear.*

(*a*) *Medical Appeal.* Your object here is to appeal to the fact that nobody ever really feels well. All you have to do is to convince people that if they play the bassoon they *will* feel well, or at least better. For example:—

"BASSOON YOUR WAY TO BETTER HEALTH"
(*Picture of a gent who clearly needs something done.*)

Do you feel tired in the morning? Is food repellent to you? Is tongue coated, nose stopped, arches fallen? You are suffering from under-blowing, that great curse of modern civilisation. Eminent medical men (*picture of fictitious eminent medical men with piercing eyes*) agree that the exercise of the lungs in bassoon-playing (*picture of lungs*) definitely benefits the bronchioles (*more about the bronchioles*). TUNE YOUR BASSOON AND TUNE UP YOUR SYSTEM." Conclude with a few touching testimonials.

(*b*) *Social Fears.* (*Picture of very nasty-looking female saying good-bye to down-trodden female.*)

"DOES SHE REALLY MEAN IT?

She says she enjoyed herself, but what is she thinking? Very probably: 'How old-fashioned and ignorant! Not a bassoon in the house! Can it be that she doesn't know that *everyone* plays the bassoon nowadays?' YOUR FRIENDS WILL COME AGAIN IF THERE IS A BASSOON TO KEEP THE PARTY GOING."

(2) *Desire for Self-aggrandisement.*

"I USED TO BE A DIM BULB (*picture of gent being a dim bulb at a party*), NOW I REFUSE FOURTEEN INVITATIONS A NIGHT. It all happened this way. Madge's party was being a flop. 'What a pity nobody can do Greek dancing or conjuring-tricks or anything!' said Frederick. I hardly dared, but I thought I'd take the plunge. 'I'LL PLAY THE BASSOON IF YOU LIKE,' I said. THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN ON MY BASSOON, but when I began to play there was a sudden hush. Everyone was holding his breath (except me). The first notes of 'God Save The King' bleated magnificently across the silence. . . ."

I needn't go any further, need I?

(3) *Snob Appeal.*

This depends upon insinuating that bassoon-playing is the favourite occupation of the aristocracy. It is rather expensive, because you have to *pay* the aristocracy to allow you to say so. But if you can only get a leash of countesses and a couple of bankrupt earls you can run this sort of thing:—

"FOUR LOVELY BASSOONISTS.
(*Picture of them.*)

It would be difficult to find more sharply-contrasting types than the Countess Why, the Countess of Parvathorpe, Lady Henrietta Date and Count Yourchange. BUT THEY HAVE THIS IN COMMON. THEY ARE ALL ARDENT BASSOONISTS. Read what Lady Henrietta Date says:—

'As one of the most beautiful young women in the older set of the younger set of Society, I naturally play the bassoon. When you hunt all day and dance all night ten quiet minutes with the bassoon prevents that weather-beaten look. . . .'"

But again I perceive that I can leave the rest to you.

Even if the aristocracy is too dear for you there is no need to abandon snob-appeal entirely. Simply run one of those advertisements with a gent in faultless evening-dress handing a bassoon to a girl in a Rolls-Royce, with the caption, ". . . AND, OF COURSE, YOUR BASSOON."

(4) *Appeal to Instinct of Acquisition.*

You are always on safe ground here. No one ever has enough money. The mere suggestion that the ownership of a bassoon will increase income will be sufficient to send your sales sky-high.

"ADD TO INCOME IN SPARE TIME.

Do you know that men and women without previous experience are earning their £5, £10 or even £15 a week as spare-time bassoonists? YOU CAN DO THE SAME. If there is latent power in your lungs make it pay for that new car. Get out of the rut and join the hundreds of prosperous and satisfied bassoonists. C. W. (Bootle) writes:—

'When I came to you I was a chub-fuddler at £2 10*s.* a week. Within a fortnight I had begun to earn and in a month I had earned quite a reputation. I now have a regular engagement with the Salvation Army, and hope soon to be able to abandon chub-fuddling and devote my whole time to this fascinating new profession.'

THE DEMAND FOR BASSOONISTS EXCEEDS THE SUPPLY.

Send now for free booklet, etc., etc."

(5) *Appeal to Patriotism.*

I must confess that the patriotic appeal has difficulties in this instance. We can of course make a sort of slogan out of "British Bassoons for the Bulldog Breed of British Bassoonists." The only alternative is to go all historical and make out that when DRAKE talked about bringing his drum to England, hanging it by the shore and striking it when your powder's running low, pom, he really meant his bassoon. But taking it by and large there is no doubt that your best bet is—



Stranger (unable to find Club House). "WE WANT TO PLAY GOLF HERE, MY BOY. WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO?"
Small Boy. "YOU PUTS A BALL ON A PEG AND 'ITS IT."

(6) *Appeal to the Sex Instinct.*

Clearly the thing's a cinch.

"Why did this cross-eyed bow-legged 'tweeny marry a millionaire? Because she had a nice skin? Because her teeth were white? Because she had read *Traps and Lures for Shy Males*? No, you've got it all wrong, girls. THE THING HE COULDN'T RESIST was the caressing tenderness of her plaintive bassoon. . . ."

Or, again, one of those conversational things:—

"*Enid.* Who is that dark tall handsome man with the walrus moustache carrying what appears to be a miniature telegraph-pole? Everyone in the room is cricking her neck to look at him.

Maud. Hush, darling! That's Clarence Mulberry, and the thing he's carrying is his bassoon. He's just back from the East. They had to send him home because his playing broke up whole harems.

Enid. How fascinating! I have always wanted to know a bassoonist. Will you introduce me?

Maud. No, you little cat, I won't. *I* want him. Go and find one for yourself."

I think that is enough about advertising. If none of these pull you'd better give coupons with the darned things. I would suggest free insurance, but I'd doubt if you'd get anyone to underwrite the risk.

(To be continued.)



"It 's all right; George is concentrating on the follow-through these days, and it always makes him run halfway down the fairway when he drives."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"London—The Anti-Paris."

M. Paul Morand has known his England as schoolboy, undergraduate, *attaché* and visitor since 1903, and, wishing to add his own metropolitan landscapes to those of Voltaire, Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo, has done so with admirable success in *A Frenchman's London* (Cassell, 8/6). His potted history may indulge in questionable generalities. It is too much, I feel, to say—oblivious of Arden and the orchard of *Justice Shallow*—that "the whole of Shakespeare is in London." But get him going on what he has seen and heard and he is responsive, vivid, kindly critical and almost invariably sympathetic. He was at M. Cambon's heels when Viviani telephoned to know the mind of England on the War; but he is naturally not at his best on the London of those dark days. What he does perceive is the national temper and taste that persist now in spite of cinemas, "sham Russian" architecture, good native cookery spoilt by refrigerators and haste, and a race of good theatre-goers "successfully discouraged." He knows his London from Dean's Yard to "hot spots" in Soho, and has always found its humours lovable. "The sarcasm of Voltaire has become the smile of Mr. Punch."

Love Me, Love My Cottage.

The cult of rusticity and retirement seems to be rapidly gaining a hold on the least rustic and retiring of our younger writers. Mr. Beverley Nichols has already told us all about his dear little place in the country, and now Mr. Cecil Roberts assures an admiring public that he too has *Gone Rustic* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6). Indeed, the transformation might possibly, it appears, have taken place within a few yards of that of his friend Mr. Nichols were it not for the obvious disadvantages of overcrowding a village with celebrities. "Fame," as Mr. Roberts tells us with a modesty all his own, "is a jealous god." Ultimately his choice fell upon that "Pilgrim Cottage" which formed the setting of his delightful novel of the same name published last year; and here, in a rural seclusion broken only by week-end house-parties and frequent trips to London or the Continent, he plants his bulbs, hobnobs with the "locals," and broods with justifiable if rather too obvious self-satisfaction on the pleasantness of his lot. The possession of what pictures, text and publisher's "blurb" combine to assure us must be the "cottage of our dreams" has led Mr. Roberts into discoveries natural, horticultural and historical, about which he writes both interestingly and well; and the fact that it has also inspired him to break a silence of twenty years and burst into song must not be allowed altogether to discount the debt we owe it.

A Practical Visionary.

If "Rhodes stock has been going up" and "interest in his ideas (as the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts maintains) has quickened," it is largely owing to Rhodes' own enthusiasm for creative work, an enthusiasm which, while Rhodes himself was alive, was less apparent to outsiders than his political activities. An intimate picture has now been drawn by his architect, Mr. Herbert Baker, of the "practical visionary" of Lord Rosebery, the "dreamer devout" of Mr. Kipling. This complementary account of

Cecil Rhodes (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6) relates how the last ten years of his life saw him endeavouring in Periclean fashion to fortify South Africa's national tradition by building in magnificent or homely, but always characteristic style, by planting, by cherishing native monuments. All this South Africa inherits. RHODES himself died in a stuffy iron-roofed cottage, economising for the sake of the scholarships which were the last of his "thoughts," as he called his visions, and the last of his solaces. The story of his achievement is, you feel, sufficient answer to the innuendo of less knowledgeable biographers. Mr. BAKER, however—the loyal admirer of his friend and patron—is at pains to face old scandals and refute them.

The Right Companion.

Cobbers, by Dr. THOMAS WOOD
(From HUMPHREY MILFORD and OXFORD PRESS),
Is not, so he says, a guide-book. Good.
It's a great deal more and a trifle less.
Omitting statistics which most guides give,
It puts in things that the guides leave out—
Bits about people and how they live.
And what, you'll ask, is it all about?

Well, Dr. WOOD had a job to do
Somewhere out Australia way;
The job is nothing to me or you,
And what was its nature he doesn't say;
But it took two years, and while it was on
There wasn't much that he didn't see;
And that's what he's written the book upon;
And a very good job for you and me.

For shrewd observation directs its blend;
Humour and wit are there at large;
And thitherward travellers all should spend
This seven-and-six as their earliest charge.
And, being no globe-encircler, I'm
Storing the book on a handy shelf.
For dips in its pages from time to time
Will be nearly as good as going myself.



"THE WAY YOU TALKS TO ME, BO'SUN, MAKES ME FEEL I'LL BE LUCKY IF THERE'S EVEN 'ARF A WREATH AT MY FUNERAL."

This Side Idolatry.

It might reasonably be argued that only the discovery of significant new data were sufficient excuse for another biography of *Mary Queen of Scots* (LANE, 15/-). But Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, having decided to write one, has justified herself by performance. Though she has nothing to add to the familiar story, and indeed makes no claim to "original research," her vivid, full and accurate narrative, in which native imagination is kept in custody by a sound sense of the value of evidence, will be welcome to many who do not ask for the impedimenta and apparatus of scholarship. To some, however, her most interesting chapter will be the last. If the external facts of the Queen's tragedy are in the main well known, her character is still enigmatic enough to admit of individual interpretation, and Miss BOWEN'S "postlude," a carefully reasoned essay in historical criticism, is a drastic and devastating but on many points convincing analysis of romantic legend, which leaves poor MARY the credit for little wisdom, less virtue and only a dubious charm. On the other hand a tentative identification of this ill-fated Queen with both

JOHN WEBSTER'S tragic heroines is an example of one of the least profitable forms of literary speculation. The case is admittedly not proven, but the advocate, it may be remembered, has given countenance to the thesis that the plays we call "Shakespeare's" were written by Lord OXFORD. Some of Miss BOWEN'S sentences, by the way, might easily hasten a grammarian's funeral.

Tudor Fashions.

It was a good idea while the TUDORS are so fashionable and Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S manners and Mr. FRANK VOSPER'S pathos are still colouring the popular conception of HENRY VIII., to print a new edition of Miss M. ST. CLARE BYRNE'S delightful volume, *Elizabethan Life in Town and Country* (METHUEN, 7/6), first published nearly nine years ago. It is a book rich with the fruits of scholarship and research, and yet carries its authority so easily that it is more readable than most novels. For myself I found it hard to decide whether Miss BYRNE'S account of the religious attitudes of the Elizabethans or of their education interested me the more; and then there are chapters on agriculture and on the theatre and on music which compete with them for attractiveness. There is, in fact, something of most things, so that everyday life under ELIZABETH becomes for the reader as understandable as our own, and he learns, too, how much of our twentieth-century existence is broadbased on what those same Elizabethans crystallised or created. A book overflowing with good things, and with added richness in a new Introduction dealing brilliantly with recent changes in our estimate of the period.



Boy (to departing Angler). "FATHER SAYS IF YOU HAVE ANY WORMS OVER DON'T WASTE THEM—HE 'D BE GLAD OF THEM."

Angler. "TELL FEYTHER I'M NO WASTING THEM—I'M TAKING THEM HAME FOR THE BLACKBIRD."

Eastward Ho!

On *An Eastern Chequerboard* (LOVAT DICKSON, 12/6) the pieces set out by Sir HARRY LUKE'S clever hand are even more fantastic in shape and colouring than the knights and bishops familiar to chess-players. My own fancy likes to linger upon the strange figure of the KHOJA NASR ED-DIN, whose soul, I hope, has been reposing in peace for five centuries or more. Undoubtedly Sir HARRY LUKE has the gift of making the dead past live again in the noisy unromantic present day. For noise and bustle, that are the seemingly inevitable accompaniment of modern mechanised civilisation, have invaded even the desert roads to drive before them "the civilisation which built and peopled rich and flourishing cities." It is that civilisation and its artistic treasures that are commemorated in this entertaining and splendidly illustrated book of travels.

Juices of Gironde.

Late conversion is not without its compensations; and, although Mr. MAURICE HEALY may kick himself at the thought of the many good bottles of which his earlier teetotalism robbed him, he has gained from it an extra enthusiasm which illumines every page of *Claret and the White Wines of Bordeaux*, the latest addition to Messrs. CONSTABLE'S excellent little five-shilling Wine Library. Into this small compass he compresses a great deal of interesting information, but in the main his method is that of a personal record, for he knows his vineyards at first hand, and his tasting has been both liberal and acute. Whether the pundits credit it or not, I at least am delighted by his extremely ingenious theory that Château Haut Brion, of glorious renown, derives its name from a certain BRIAN or O'BRIAN, an Irishman known to have been a speculator in Bordeaux wines during the sixteenth century.

A "Not Impossible She."

In *No Such Word* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 3/6) Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE and his hero, *Larry Odell*, do their best to make us disbelieve that anything is impossible. *Larry*, who has the resource of a *Sir Percy Blakeney*, some of the wit of *Berry* and his *Co.*, plus a charm, chivalry and insolence seldom met with outside *Ruritania*, goes to the South American State of Sao Pedro because it seems to him a likelier place than Bognor. He meets *Daryl*, beautiful (but, to the reader, deadly dull) daughter of the President and object of barter between him and a rich man. So here we have all the ingredients of romance, and Mr. PERTWEE makes the best possible use of love at first sight, audacity, kidnapping and general fooling.

A Standard Work.

From a prefatory note I learn that *The Book of Cricket* (DENT, 7/6) first saw the light some twenty years ago. Mr. P. F. WARNER, however, has "thoroughly rejuvenated" the original volume and in the process has taken the opportunity to state his views on matters that have caused such fervid discussion in all places where cricketers do congregate. I welcome this new and most attractive edition, which with its numerous illustrations and diagrams provides both excellent instruction and pleasant entertainment.

Mr. Punch at Home.

AN Exhibition of the original work of LIVING "PUNCH" ARTISTS will be held at the "Punch" Offices from May 14th to June 8th inclusive (excluding Saturdays).

Invitations will be gladly sent to any reader on application to the Secretary, "Punch" Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

The Collection will also be shown at the Galleries of Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS, Ltd., 43, Old Bond Street, W.1, from June 19th to July 14th inclusive. Admission will be free. Catalogues will be for sale, price one shilling, the proceeds being devoted to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

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